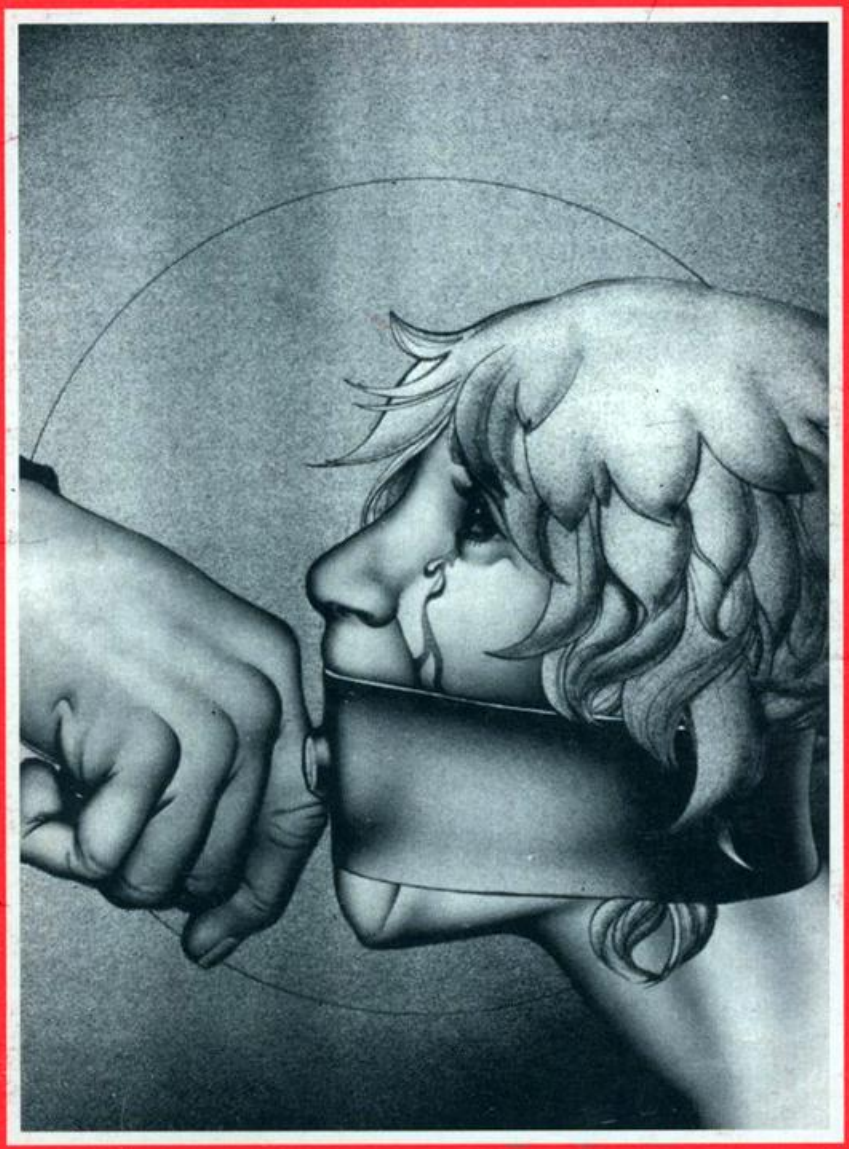
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# WHIPPED HEIRESS



F. E. CAMPBELL

Whipped Heiress - HIT-197

- by F E Campbell

- Chapter ONE - Suggestion to a Spoiled Young Lady

Lady Cutliffe-Hynd smiled benevolently across the tea trolley at her only granddaughter who was staring at her in open eyed disbelief. Firmly she continued with what she had to say. "Patricia, dear, you won't find this easy to understand at first, you may probably may attribute it to the ravings of senility. Believe me, dear child, I am far from senile. Your behavior has been increasingly outrageous and, since there was no one else to do the job, it is my intention to remold you as a girl I can once more love. The process will be long and painful. And I want you to understand this before you make submission. Do I make myself clear?"

Patricia Terrance paused to give herself time to think. This elderly woman across from her was the only person in the world who could talk to her in the manner she had just been talked to. After a sip of tea she said, "I could probably go to the family doctor and a psychiatrist and get you committed to an asylum. Please stop talking such nonsense."

"Tell me what is nonsense, child."

"Well, all this business about stripping me naked and locking me in a cell to be chained and bound and whipped, and all those other disgusting things! Please, Grandma, you've been reading too many novels."

Lady Cutliffe Hynd sighed and poured more tea. "You have been spoiled, Patricia," she said gently. "You are twenty-six years old and I shouldn't have to be talking to you like this. But I was present the other day in David Suffcliff's office when you strode down the center aisle as if you owned the place. It was easy to see that every member of the feminine staff both envied and hated you. I soon picked up the fact that you have been sleeping with David Suffcliff for a long time." Lady Hynd sniffed disdainfully. "I suppose this is nothing more than the custom of the day, but it is a custom of which I do not approve. It is an indulgence that will cost you dearly."

"You mean I'll get my bottom whipped a few extra times?" Patricia's tone was still flippant. She was working hard to suppress any expression of credence in what she had been forced to listen to. She supposed her grandmother would recover from this strange mood, and there relationship would return to normal. But just the same, the older woman had panted the germ of unease, a mental disturbance the grandmother's words not did nothing to change. "I have total control of the Cutliffe-Hynd fortune," she pointed out evenly. "I can make you either very rich or very poor. My choice in this will depend upon you willingness to show a bit of humility,

and to terminate a lifestyle of pure self-indulgence. Can't you understand the disgrace you have brought upon this house? And the need for you to pay retribution?"

"I can't, and I won't. I've never heard such rubbish in my life!"

It was an angry and bitter young woman who piloted her car back to London. At first she angrily denied everything she had heard but there was an increasing feeling that the older woman was perhaps not crazy, that perhaps she had the power to do something along the lines she had described. Lady Cutliffe Hynd was a power to reckon with. It was all impossible, of course, but just suppose... ?

Patricia Terrance fought a lonely battle. She found the idea of discussing medieval punishments with her friends distasteful. They would laugh and whispers would go around. So she didn't. But she quickly found out that her grandmother was serious. At least about the money. When the bank informed her she was overdrawn due to the lack of monthly transfer of funds, Patricia angrily picked up the telephone. Her words were an accusation. "You have canceled my money! Would you like to tell me why?"

"You know why, dear. The cancellation will remain in effect until you come to your senses."

"But you can't expect me to deliver myself back into the dark ages!"

"Is the only means by which you can again become the beneficiary of my will, child. Think about it." As though to emphasis her words, grandma hung up the phone with a good, solid click.

If you think about something long enough, it become rational. So it was with Patricia Terrance. At first there was only angry rejection, but little by little she found herself studying her grandmother's demands. While she found them ridiculous, she was also painful aware of having been something of a bitch in her daily life. She now surveyed the possibility of the punishments her grandmother had out-lined as something to consider. With the rent on her flat falling due during the following week, Patricia once more phoned a power she had previously taken for granted. But there was nothing conciliatory in her tone. "Grandmother, you've cut off my allowance. I haven't any money. Next week I have to pay the rent. I hope by now you're willing to be reasonable?"

"No, dear child, I have not changed my view. I am glad you are without funds. I am glad you cannot pay your rent. It is only by these realities you can fact the true reality I out-lined for you. Why don't you pay your debt and get it over with?"

"You mean to deliver myself to torture and imprisonment?"

"Yes, if that is the way you see it, dear." Once again there was the click as Lady Cutliffe Hynd returned the receiver to its cradle to leave her granddaughter breathless and angry and very much afraid.

David Suffcliff was no help. As the family lawyer he knew what he spoke about. He had carnally enjoyed the woman across but what he now spoke was the advise of a lawyer to a client. "You grandmother has total power, sweetheart. You are utterly dependent upon her. If you want to get yourself a job to make a living... I don't suppose you want to do that. And what kind of job would you be trained for? You've been a rich and spoiled woman all your life." He paused to look at the large breasts straining under that silk blouse. "Or I could set you up in an apartment but I'd want every bit of you and you wouldn't like that, either. Why don't you take the old girl up on her proposition. Why don't you go down to Hastings and more or less dare her to do her worst. There's a couple of approaches you could make. One is the legal angle of how outrageous her demands are. On the other hand, you could be extremely humble and quite probably touch her ladyship's sympathy. Surely I don't have to tell you of how fond she is of you. Go ahead, take a change."

"But, David, can't you help me!"

"There isn't anyone who can help you. Your best bet is to go done to Hastings and throw yourself upon the mercy of an old lady who probably doesn't mean half of what she says."

"But why should this happen to me! Damn it, David, surely you can understand how impossible this whole thing is!"

David grinned. "You, dear girl, should take a good look at yourself the last few years. You and I have shared something no one else has had. But for the rest of the world... Patricia has been a spoiled and arrogant bitch. Damn it, girl, you've walked all over everyone, taking whatever you wanted and laughing the rest to scorn. And you whole life has been financed by Grandmother's money." David leaned forward earnestly. "Look, Patricia, there is no use our trying to outguess Lady Cutliffe Hynd. Why don't you let me set you up with an apartment and give you a monthly allowance?"

"You mean I become a 'Kept Woman'?"

"You're a kept woman now, sweetheart, with grandmother doing the keeping. At least you give me good value for my money. Look here, you precious thing, I'll go all the way, will you marry me? That ought to end all your trouble."

"No, I won't. Thanks for the offer. What I want is to continue exactly as we are, exactly as I am. I don't see any reason for changing anything. And tomorrow I'll go down to Hastings and tell that to grandmother face to face."

It had been shock upon shock, and the metallic bite of the handcuffs had demoralized Miss Patricia Terrance every bit as much as grandma's clever manipulation of a delinquent grandchild. The words were still revolved in her mind, "It is unkind of me to expect you to make a decision, Patricia, my dear." Lady Cutliffe Hynd's voice was unusually crisp. "I've decided to relieve you of the task of making up your mind, I will make it up for you. I have employed a woman, completely competent in the matter of dealing with young women such as you." Her ladyship's tone was caustic. "It appears you're not alone, dear, in being judged a haughty bitch. You will find the stories Inga Fergusion has to relate immensely entertaining and perhaps they will be comforting, as well. I place you in good hands, dear child, and wish you well." Her ladyship paused and it was at that moment the handcuff clicked and bit an unsuspecting wrist. "I am sure you will feel it right and proper to resist, dear," she continued. "Please do so, you will be handled. Your mind is, I'm sure, is at this moment alive with rebellion, outrage, and a conviction life is treating you ill." Lady Cutliffe Hynd swept forward to embrace and kiss a baffled and bewildered young woman before gently turning her granddaughter towards the door.

Inga Fergusion waited until they were in the Great Hall. "I know what you're thinking, Patricia," she said without emotion. "I would rather you didn't become violent. It would be quite useless -let's go up to my room and get acquainted. I'll ring for tea."

Patricia longed to fight this cheerfully attractive woman to whom she was attached by links of metal. She judged this feminine intrusion on her life as perhaps thirty-five years old, and possessing a muscular figure which could only come from an active life, perhaps even from some kind of weight lifting routines. Perhaps the best course was to let Inga Fergusion talk and try to get her to remove the bond upon her wrists and go back from where she came. Patricia had already planed to make a strategic retreat and marry David Suffcliff.

Upon arrival at one of the better guest rooms in Hastings, a room Inga could obviously call her own, a small key appeared as if my magic, and a moment later Miss Patricia Terrance found herself seated in a good, solid chair, to the arm of which her handcuff was now solidly anchored by a series of clicks, sound with which she was to become all too familiar. She looked down stupidly at the shinning metal, shaking it angrily as though to test its worth, but producing only the grating of chain. That sound made her feel ashamed, both by being thus controlled, and

by giving away to an emotion Inga Fergusion's laughing eye had not failed to comprehend. It was outrageous and the delinquent heiress sat in seething fury while swallowing the bitter words she longed to utter. This was Hastings, this was her home. Inga was an intruder to be dealt with by the police, and Grandma undoubtedly belonged in an asylum. But in the meantime she remained firmly shackled to this chair.

There is a belief among the English that Tea cures everything. And the arrival of the trolley with its steaming pot and tiny delicacies took Patricia Terrance half way back to normal. The youthful maid who now hastily departed from the room had obviously worked hard at striving to remain oblivious to the handcuffs. Patricia was made to suppose that the entire staff of Hastings had been briefed on her new status. Inga avoided an awkward pause by simply pouring tea, pretending not to notice Patricia's flushed cheeks as she sought to cope with the cup and saucer, and a watercress sandwich at the same time with a single hand. She had to resist the temptation to fling the cup in Inga's face.

Patricia positioned her cup within reach upon the trolley and then coped with the sandwich with one free hand while its chained twin clutched the solid oak to which it was chained.

"It think you're handling things very well, Patricia," Inga commended warmly. She laughed. "I'm not going to do or say anything you expect, but if you have any questions, please ask them."

Patricia knew herself manipulated. This had all been carefully planned, and no doubt Grandma was counting on its absolute normalcy to bring the rebellious grandchild back into the comfortable fold of compliance. She bit into her sandwich before demanding of her companion, "How much money will it take, Miss Fergusion, to make you remove this beastly thing from my wrist?"

"Your wrist is not for sale, Patricia. Let's talk of something else."

"I suppose you realize that I'll go straight to the police whenever I'm released? You could go to prison for years and years!"

Inga's voice was patient. "You will not be freed, dear, until you have changed your mind about a great many things. I am one of them. It would be best if you did not think of freedom as a possibility."

"You mean this could go on and on! Indefinitely!" Patricia was shocked.

"That's exactly what I mean, dear. And, well it would be nice for me to be your companion, you also have to regard me as your jailer. I will look after you completely but I am not subject to bribery. That is something you had best forget."

"I'm being sort of managed." Patricia was speaking out loud. "You breaking it to me gently, is that it? This horrible thing on my wrist tells the whole story."

"That's true, dear. You're sort of catching up with things."

"So now, if I say I'll be a good little girl and do whatever Grandma says, you'll forget the whole thing? Allow me to go back to London?"

"I'm afraid that's not it, Patricia, dear. Your grandmother believes you must endure certain... Well, treatments. She believes these 'treatments' will turn you into a better person than you are."

"Horse shit!" Patricia stared and tugged at her shackled hand. Conceding her first defeat, she said, "Very well then, give me another cup of tea and you can tell me about the whips and rack and the hot irons. They are hovering around somewhere, aren't they?"

Inga only smiled. She poured the tea and offered the sandwich plate. "That's a bit lurid, dear. But you know that portion of Hastings which is always called the 'old wing'? It's quite small and sticks out sort of by itself. Well, that's where you and I are going to spend our days. Our Ladyship tells me you've never explored that part of Hastings."

"If I had I might not be sitting here like this."

"You'll find the old wing comfortably livable. It has been modernized and a lot of special training equipment has been added."

"You have to be joking!"

"Don't feel so badly about it. It's just a case of modernizing and keeping up with the time."

"You mean it's being turned into a place where, if a girl doesn't agree with her grandmother, a girl gets herself tortured."

Inga laughed. But Patricia Terrance was secretly admitting to herself that this woman, who was undoubtedly her jailer, was a pleasant companion, the very last sort of person she

would have expected for so unpleasant a task. But that task was no doubt being exaggerated in her mind, and Inga would drop sufficient hints to keep this idea well stirred up by fear. The whole thing was simply part of a softening up process to which Patricia mentally resolved never to fall victim.

"When do I get chained in the dungeon," she inquired acidly. "Or do you hang me up by my thumbs?"

"Your first ordeal will be a good, sound thrashing with a whip, Patricia, dear. For a girl like you there is something very basic about being whipped. The ordeal is very therapeutic in urging you to face the realities you now face." Inga chuckled. "You must remember your grandmother is a lady of the old school. And I suppose I belong to it too. But don't worry too much, there is nothing we will do to you that you can't take. We won't cause injury, just good, old-fashion pain. Pain is a good tool for making a girl see the error of her ways."

"I don't believe a word you're saying. You're trying to frighten me.

Inga's voice was suddenly crisp. "I will constantly be changing the fastening on you. Every time I do so, you will be tempted to fight." The voice softened. "But please don't. Please don't make me use force. I can get the best of you so easily. I am stronger and I am trained."

Patricia sniffed. "I'm sure you are. I expect you can handle me like a baby. But if you think I'm going to stand passively and allow myself to be chained or tied or whatever, you'd best think again. You surely can't expect any girl to be such a wimp."

What Patricia's jailer did then was totally surprising. She unlocked the captive wrists from the chair, and then did the same for the shinning bracelet on Patricia's wrist. She resumed her seat and said, casually, "There you are, Patricia, what are you going to do now?"

Patricia did not wait to reply but made a leap towards the door, in full determination of making her escape. But before she could make it, she was neatly tripped and swung around to lay face down upon the rug, a hard, strong knee firmly in the small of her back while strong fingers took possession of her hands. They were quickly brought up behind her and there followed the familiar clicks. She was helped to her feet, this time with both her hands firmly locked behind her back. In this shame she was thrust down hard into the chair beside the trolley while Inga laughingly explained, "You had to do that, sweetheart. Both of us know you had to do it. But now, if you ask me nicely, I'll unlock those things you pretend to hate and you'll be a free girl again. How's that for fair?"

Patricia was panting, her eyes solemn in defeat. "I'd only try to run away again and you know it," she said disgusted. "I may as well stay the way I am."

"You feet are free, dear, you can still run." "What! With my hands locked behind me?" Patricia rattled the links between her bracelets. "I'd be so ashamed if anyone saw me. What's the next thing on the schedule?"

"Your grandmother wants me to tell you some of my experiences with girls like you. I'd enjoy doing that and I won't mind a bit if you run for the door every once in a while. You're simply becoming accustomed to something very new and very strange. Believe me, you have my sympathy even though you do not have my help."

The captive girl found herself strangely interested in the stories Inga had to tell, even to the point of sharing laughter with the woman who had locked the handcuffs on her wrist. Patricia lulled herself into a pleasant euphoria in which she felt certain that at the end of the afternoon she would cease to be a prisoner and become once again the honored granddaughter of Hastings Castle. Sometimes she considered making a run for the door but thrust the thought aside. She found herself increasingly drawn to this woman who was her jailer and who told stories with such skill. Patricia even toyed with the quaint notion of asking why one of these delinquent maidens could not share her own captivity. She supposed it was something easily contrived but that, of course, the wrong attitude, by evening she would be free."

Evening brought no freedom but only the worst humiliation of all. It appeared that Miss Inga Fergusion and Miss Patricia Terrance were to dine with Lady Cutliffe Hynd. It was further explained to an astonished young woman that she would sit at the table with her hands exactly where they were and thus require the presence of one of the junior maid servants to lift the food and drink to captive lips. At first Patricia refused to believe a word of it, but, as usual, Inga made it sound completely rational. "Your grandmother wishes to see you after your first afternoon of captivity," Inga explained. "She insists that you remain handcuffed to avoid unseemly incident. So far as the maid goes, you'll simply have to put up with it. The girl has been briefed and will treat you with proper respect. You will carry on a normal conversation. It is suggested, dear, that you own good sense in what is proper will govern your behavior, which will, at all times, be that of the perfect young lady." Inga laughed. "We can simply consider you as a guest who has no arms."

Lady Cutliffe Hynd often advanced the precept that to any member of the British nobility with an open mind all things were possible. There was no situation with which they could not deal. While the compliance was possibly unwilling and unintentional, her one and one granddaughter now proved her point. Seated at the Hastings dinning table with all the glittering glassware and silverware, it seemed inconsiderate to Patricia Terrance that she should make a

fuss or be anything less than she had been. The wrists handcuffed behind her back had become a mere incident in the incredible day. She ate the food and drank the wine offered by the main who stood by her chair while she joined comfortably into the conversation. Perhaps the wine had something to do with it but the handcuffs became comfortable on her wrists and she maintained calm exterior.

Lady Cutliffe Hynd delivered something in the nature of a lecture. "This pleasant social event will not be a regular part of your schedule, Patricia. Miss Fergusion is about to lead you down pathways that you have never been down and are more unusual than you can believe. Any association between us would be counter productive. I am so glad and happy to leave you in such good hands."

There was brandy with the maid servant still in attendance to rise the glass to Patricia's willing lips. In a strange, perverted way, Patricia Terrance was beginning to enjoy herself and was prepared to drink entirely too much of the potent liquid. She was in a happily uncaring state of mind when Inga's firm grip upon her arm piloted her upstairs to bed. It was in the bedroom that Patricia Terrance discovered one more river to cross.

It was pleasant to be rid of the handcuffs and the prison of Hastings Castle felt no need to run or to fight. But she found herself up against an entirely new command. 'Take off your clothes, dear, I want you completely naked." Inga ordered with a touch of steel in ever word. "You mean we're going to bed?"

"There are other occasions when a girl sheds her clothes. I'm sure you know of them."

"I don't think I want to. But, if we're going to bed, I hope you have a pretty nightie for me."

"No nightie, and it's not yet bedtime. I want you naked for other reasons."

Patricia suddenly realized she had been led far along a path she had never intended to travel. The handcuffs had so far been no problem for there had been a maid to do the tasks she could not do. But to be naked... ! She demanded, "If I do take my clothes off, what are you going to do to me then?"

"You'll find out."

The flight of the captive girl towards the door was almost successful but, once again, strong female hands threw her to the rug and a knee clamped her face down as in a vice. Inga's voice was entirely reasonable, "If I let you up, will you strip for me?"

"No, I won't strip for anyone!"

There happened then something Patricia would not have dreamed possible. The knee let up but the hands were suddenly tearing at her clothes while her efforts at self-defense were painfully struck aside. It was only a couple of minutes before Patricia was once more face down upon the floor but this time completely nude, robbed even of her shoes. While the hard, cruel knees held her down, her wrists were crossed behind her back and professionally tied with thin cord. The cords felt like hot wire to Patricia and she knew that this cord was chosen to make her feel pain from her bondage. The heiress of Hastings was panting by the time she was permitted to stumble to her feet.

Inga surveyed the bared youthful body with approval. "You're very lovely, Patricia," she said with envy. "It's easy to see how you get your way in everything. Do you realize it's over?"

The naked girl frowned at her captor while her hands were tugging and twisting against the biting cords, the tight constriction of which told her all too plainly she would never get loose without a knife or help. Her angry demand contained a touch of fear, "Untie me, you idiot, this is going all too far. My wrists are hurting and you've no right to do a thing like this. Untie me this instant!"

Inga said no word but from a draw selected a slender length of yellow cane, at sight of which the sweating nudity demanded, "What do you think you're going to do with that?"

"You know perfectly well what I'm going to do with it, dear. Every time you do or say something stupid, like running for the door a few minutes back, you will receive appropriate punishment. In this case it is going to be six hard strokes across that pretty bottom."

"You can't! You don't dare!" The hands behind the naked back now struggled in fury. "In any case, you don't think me stupid enough to stand still while you do a thing like that. I'd have to be out of my mind."

Surprisingly Patricia's hands were now untied except for a single noose cutting deep into the skin of each wrists. Patricia was caught off guard and was easily dragged to the bed by the tether on her right wrist, pushed over on to her back, and her right hand swiftly secured to its comer of the bed. When the same treatment was about to be given to her left, she fought with all her strength, using one fist and a pair of angry feet. But the thin cord gave Inga a terrible advantage. Despite anything Patricia could do, her left arm became as firmly tethered as her right so that she lay upon her back tugging painfully at well-tied wrists and looking up at Inga's smiling face.

"So, all right, you're clever at this sort of thing. I expect you've been well trained: On top of that you're a hell of a lot stronger than I am. But now you have proved your point, you can let me free and stop this outrageous nonsense once and for all. Untie me."

The ropes were kinder to the skin than had been the thin, cruel cord. Inga had no trouble in noosing a wildly thrashing ankle, and then to the captive girl's shock and surprise, pulled it up and over and back to join the already tethered hand at the top of the bed. When her other foot was similarly dealt with, Miss Patricia Terrance found herself with her bottom raised high and spread wide enough to display everything a girl normally tried to hide. The position was such that her view was almost entirely taken up by her bushy curls of pubic hair and the neat slit of her pussy, which seemed to her in danger of being split apart by the revealing stretch of both legs. She struggled angrily but scarcely moved. Inga affectionately patted the taut rounds. Their owner could scarce believe she had been bound thus.

Patricia held her angry words in check. Inga no doubt expected a flood of indignation, but why give her satisfaction! Patricia clenched her teeth in determined silence, saying only a haughty, "If this behavior amuses you, I suppose there's nothing I can do about it."

Inga checked and tightened each brutal bond, then knelt upon the bed to gaze down between her victim's wide-spread legs at lovely features Patricia wished she could hide. Leaning against nakedness she had made so helpless, she quietly surveyed a pair of angry eyes and tight-clenched lips. Thus the two girls stared until Inga shrugged in unconcern and left the bed to pick up the yellow cane.

Patricia had hoped the obscenity of her bound exposure would have been punishment enough, but terrible as her posture might be, she realized with a thrill of horror, how perfect it was to make available each cheek of the bottom she could not move. Staring in disbelief, she beheld a firm hand raise the cane.

The single stroke across the tender flesh shattered Patricia's defenses. The pain of the wicked instrument across stretched skin was terrible. But there was another factor which hurt her pride much more. "It's only children who receive this sort of punishment," she said with a gasp. "And I'm sure no child was ever fastened as you've got me tied. Please don't strike me again, the pain if too awful to bear."

Inga struck again. She was pulling no punches in this the first of Patricia's punishments. She gave the full strength of her arm so the cane whistled through the air with a hiss of joy before impacting deep within the soft, bare flesh of Miss Patricia Terrance. Despite a grim

determination to deny acknowledgment of pain, let out with a yelp of agony and fought her bonds as violently as she could. The ropes held.

Inga caned her subject with methodical precision. Each blow was measured and spaced and delivered with a quiet venom against which Patricia had no defense. Before the sixth stroke cut viciously into defenseless curves, the fastened girl pealed out a scream in a mixture of shock, anger and agony. When the brief punishment was over and Inga's loving palms were gently caressing Patricia's wounded flesh, the punished girl lay panting, sweating and afraid. It was the most terrible experience of Patricia's life.

"This will happen to you, dear," Inga purred, "every time you are disciplined or stupid. But it will not always be a travail half dozen strokes. You can expect ten and on up to twenty, according to the degree of your transgression. Do you understand?"

"I... I suppose so. But you just wait until Grandma hears about this!" Despite the burn of punishment, Patricia's tone was firm.

The yellow cane bite and bite again to reawaken maiden screams and to change the tenor of maiden voice. "All right, all right, I'm sorry! Don't hit me again! Please don't hit me again. And, yes, I do understand. How the hell can I fail to understand anything so bloody awful?"

The gentle fingers against caressed stripped flesh as their owner traced a path down between wide-spread legs to gently tease the scarlet ridges left by the instrument of punishment.

"What has just happened to you is only the beginning, dear," she explained without emphasis. "You will get caned and whipped. And, even if your behavior is perfect, something I consider highly unlikely, I shall whip you just as part of your training. Every time you see the whip or the cane or strap, you temperament will improve until you thank me for what I am doing and you feel only gratitude to Lady Cutliffe Hynd for her concern on your behave. Your grandmother is very fond of you, and, after you've been whipped many times, you will look back at past behavior and be appalled. Would you like me to cane you some more now?"

"Good gosh, no!" Inga laughed at the sincerity in her captive's voice. "I'm not going to tell you everything that lay in store. But each day will bring you restraint and pain, and some enjoyable conversation in which you and I may exchange ideas. I'm going to lead you step by step to an eventual fate you could not possible comprehend even if I told you what it was. Leave it as a pleasant bit of suspense I'm sure you'll enjoy."

"What are you going to do to me?" Patricia demanded. "Don't sound so alarmed, dear. You will become accustomed to punishments and obedience. You won't belief this now but I

assure you the day will come. In the meantime I demand a reasonable response in doing what you're told. I don't want to be involved in a tussle every time I wish to tie your hands or put a collar around your neck. Do you think you can be that sensible or shall I continue with the cane?"

"I can't be sensible when you hurt me so terribly."

"Well, we'll see. I've got a few things I wish to do now and you can stay as you are until bedtime. I'm sure you've got things to think about."

Patricia bit back angry words as her jailer left the room. The fearful contortions into which she was firmly tied denied any return to coherent thought or acceptance of her lot. She could scarcely believe what had just been done to her but with a terrible clarity saw a future in which painful things would be done to her every day. She doubted if she could come to terms with Inga or get word to her grandmother about what was being done to her. Lady Cutliffe Hynd could surely not approve of this. Straying into fantasy, Patricia envisioned Inga naked and bound like this to the bed while it was she who held the yellow length of cane. The scene was pleasant and she enjoyed it until the interruption of her jailer's return brought her back to reality. It was time to go to bed.

Patricia's punished bottom reminded her to be careful. After she had been untied and told to cross her wrists behind her back, she did so without complaint. She was sulky and frightened but silent. And wondering if she could sleep with her wrists so unkindly fastened by the cord.

"Well, you handled that pretty well," said Inga, good-naturedly. "Think you can get your hands free?"

"You know I can't. I'm not even going to try."

"Lay down and I'll fix you for the night." The collar around her neck provided the anchoring point for a rope tether that quickly linked her to a ring in the wall at the top of the bed. The rope could easily have been untied by Patricia if she could only reach it, but her hands being bound behind her back prevented that. In the same sulky silence, the heiress to Hastings Castle arranged herself as best she could and watched Inga undress to disclose a slim and supple figure. It was a warm and lovely nakedness which gave strange comfort through the night. Patricia simply told herself that she was tied up and could do nothing to prevent this other woman from pressing her body against hers. And, yet, there was comfort in contact with warm flesh against hers.

"In the morning Inga was once more talkative as she fed the girl who had no hands and held hot coffee to Patricia's lips. "You won't always sleep as comfortably as you did last night," she offered. "And don't worry about the bathroom. After we've shared breakfast, I'll free your hands and you can return to normal. The big questions is whether you're still willing to be obedient."

Patricia didn't reply. Inga waited a few moments then pointedly said, "Perhaps I didn't use that cane enough. Will you behave and allow me to tie your hands again after you come out of the bathroom?"

"Don't talk about that, it was horrible. Are you telling me that's what I'll get if I'm not what you describe as a 'good girl'?"

"That's right, dear. That and other things."

"Well, all right then. I'll be that good little girl that you want and I loath. I don't see why you insist on trying to break me down like this. You don't leave me many choices, do you?"

"You can fight... " Inga offered with a smile. "You've got me naked and helpless," she said. "How about giving me some assurance I won't be whipped again today?"

"There will never be a day, Patricia, dear, when that lovely cane won't be a possibility. I'm going to make you remember it always, and after a while you'll realize how lucky you are."

"Lucky!" The single word was loaded with indignation. "You have to be joking!"

"I could have used a whip up and down your back. I've got several whips, and you'd hate all of them."

Patricia bathed in silent fury, longing to discover some fault in Inga's armor. But yesterday's cane had taught her the wisdom of taking care in what she said and did. She longed to ask for clothes to cover her bare nakedness, which she found almost as intolerable as physical punishment. But when she joined her waiting mistress, she was indeed the bright and cheerful girl, freshly scrubbed and perfumed in the manner Inga had demanded. Without waiting to be told she held out innocent wrists to ask in sour tones, "Are you chaining me in front or are you tying them in back again?"

"In front, darling. I've got a cute notion I want to try on you. Come to this wooden bench and spread your fingers out on it. And then don't move."

The bench was heavy, the height of a table. And since the request seemed innocent enough, the naked girl pressed her open palm hard down upon the surface and looked at Inga inquiringly.

"What I'm going to do to you is quite novel, Patricia, dear. It's quite possible you may be able to free your hands when I'm done with them. And even you do, it doesn't matter because the door's locked and you'll still be a prisoner when I come back." Inga laughed cheerfully. "Naturally there'll be a penalty for that."

"Yes, I'm sure," Patricia replied icily. "Do I have to stand like this all day or are you going to glue my fingers to the wood?"

What happened then was quite incredible. Inga produced a number of staples and a hammer. While her prisoner watched in frozen fascination, she fitted a staple below a knuckle of a waiting finger and with several short, sharp blows drove it hard down, hard into the wood until her victim yelped in dismay. While Patricia was gathering her forces to protest, her other hand was pulled to the table and similarly fastened. Inga stepped back and surveyed her work with obvious amusement, and paid no heed to Patricia's vocal alarm about smashed fingers and broken bones. Then, calmly, she positioned both staples and the fingers well apart and once again the hammer snapped to drive the staple home into the wood. But no maiden flesh was touched by the hammer. The girl who owned the fingers tried to tug and twist but the metal was snug and tight and she could move none of them. When the mistress started work on the second hand, Patricia exclaimed, "You could break my fingers! All you have to do is miss just once. Don't be so mean. This is awful!"

"I won't miss," Inga retorted sternly. "You're going to have pretty fingers in a few minutes. Don't complain."

The girl who had once more lost her hands continued a breathless silence as the hammer did its work and she lost her fingers to the metal bands. When all eight fingers were firmly secured and her hands a couple of feet apart as though she were playing the piano, Patricia knew herself as helpless as any girl could be. She met Inga's laughing eyes and had to exercise hard control not to smile back. "What is this suppose to prove," she demanded. "I think it's a beastly idea and Grandma would be horrified if she could see it. You aren't going to leave me like this, are you?"

"Yes, I am, dear. You look very pretty standing there like that and I shall be thinking of you constantly."

"But just having to stand here! I'll never get my fingers loose, you know that as well as I do." The stapled girl stared aghast at her jailer, then watched, almost in disbelief, as Inga waved goodbye and departed into the world of freedom. She heard the lock click in the door and then the sound of a bolt being slammed shut on the other side. Alone to look down at her stapled fingers, the captive girl wept.

The tears were a relief. And when Patricia had contrived to dry them on the bare skin of her arms, she turned her full attention to the fingers imprisoned on the wall. Perhaps it was a trick. Perhaps Inga had left some invisible way to rid herself of the restraints. But the staples were secure in the wood and laughed at all her efforts, even when she bent down and tried to move them with her feet. At the end of an hour Patricia Terrance knew she was there to stay.

It was intolerable, and when she had once more the ear of Lady Cutliffe Hynd she would make certain that Inga Fergusion was sent packing without delay. Possibly there were things about her present predicament she would laugh about at some later time, but that time was certainly not now. The heiress of Hastings Castle longed only for release and to be properly clothed and free in the sunlight.

It was hard to settle down to wait. With Inga she could not be sure, she might be fastened thus for an hour or for all day. The fastening itself was absurd and verging on cruelty. But Patricia felt no pain so long as her fingers remained passive. Patricia knew herself torn between more tears, screams of fury and outrageous, or perhaps hysterical laughter. It was still difficult to believe what she beheld when she stared down at the bench.

Patricia Terrance was not yet resigned to nakedness. It was not so much being a prude but more potently the way it spoke of punishment. It mattered little that Inga should see her in the nude, but the things Inga could do to that nudity were best not thought about. And yet she thought of them constantly. Instinctively her hand sought to once more caress her wealed bottom. But those fingers were firmly held and she was rewarded only by pain.

It was demeaning to stand as she was forced to do. It was also tiring. Patricia was also painfully conscious of how convenient it would be for Inga to whip her bare skin while she could do nothing and stand and take the punishment. With a shiver of apprehension, the stapled girl realized this was probably what Inga intended to do upon her return. Patricia was no longer certain she should complain. Should her protests become too loud she could easily be gagged and she did not wish for that to happen. That turned her thoughts into another direction.

Overriding all other considerations was the austere figure of Patricia's grandmother somewhere upstairs in the ancient castle that was the family home and would one day belong to Patricia herself. It seemed impossible that the old lady who had loved her so many years was so

close and yet so far. Inga had created for her captive a domicile of her own limited to the room of punishments and the bedroom upstairs. There was also the hated cell with bars and menacing locks. But the fact remained that help in the form of her grandmother was never far distant. If only it was possible to make contact. Looking down at her splayed and stapled fingers, the prisoner had to recognize how unlikely it was she would ever bring about this by her own efforts. Grandmother would have to decide to come and visit to hear the appalling story Patricia had to tell. But Grandmother had affirmed that such a visit would be well in the future. It was not likely to come about today or tomorrow or next week. In the meantime, Patricia knew she belonged totally to Inga, who's kindnesses and cruelties were unpredictable. It was a frightening prospect.

For the naked girl standing against the wooden bench the hours were slow to pass. Patricia discovered she could kneel with arms held awkwardly against the bench. There was no possibility of sitting down and the kneeling become as painful and disagreeable as when she stood. Alternately she resorted to one posture or the other, becoming more weary and increasingly angry with herself with every minute. She knew now she would be better off as a shop girl or a clerk, and, of course, a great deal better off as David Suffcliff's mistress. She was sorry now she had rejected him. In a story book he would have come charging through the door on a white horse to rescue her and take her away to come comfortable luxury but without the power of her own money. David Suffcliff would be no help. Manlike, he was probably chuckling over a vision of the heiress of Hastings Castle having her bottom caned by hired help. Patricia snorted in disgust and shed a few more tears of self-pity.

Inga's cheerful, "How are you doing, sweetheart?" was strangely comforting. But what she did next was not. Examining with satisfaction the firmly stapled fingers, she chided, "You were not suppose to kneel. You were suppose to stand up and accept your punishment like a lady. I'll fix you so you'll know how to do it next time."

The "fixing" was simple: the lifting of one of Patricia's legs to bend it back against her thigh, encircling them both with a two inch leather strap, buckled so tight as to weld Patricia's heel to her bottom. It took but a few moments and left her standing on one leg.

"You don't have to do this, you're being an absolute beast." Patricia sniffed. "I'm sure I look ridiculous standing like this. Please unfastening your lousy strap."

"That's right, dear, you do look a bit odd. I'm wondering if I shouldn't balance the picture by fixing your other foot the same way. That would leave you really and truly on your knees."

"It's hateful making me stand like this all day. And now, when I hoped you would let me loose, you tie my leg so I'm worse." Patricia's voice under the strain of emotion and an

unfamiliar humility. "Inga, dear, let me loose. Don't punishment me anymore. I promise I'll be obedient."

"You'll be obedient even if I don't let you loose, dear girl. I've got another strap and it would be a shame to waste it. Lean on the bench while I fix both your feet the same way. The effect will be cute."

She was so helpless! So utterly at Inga's mercy. In utter desolation, Patricia Terrance leaned against the bench as best she could against the protest of stapled fingers and held the posture long enough for her second foot to be welded up as tightly as the first. Inga slowly lowered the nude girl to the floor so that she now stood on two stumps of her knees. It was instantly painful. The punishment had seemed impossible but was proven practical. It was only a little time before Patricia was pleading most earnestly for release.

"Don't be silly, dear." Inga's tone was cross. "It's passed four o'clock and I can leave you all evening if I chose. Really, dear, you must learn to take your punishment gracefully. Anytime you become too vocal about what I do to you I can always strap a gag in that lovely mouth."

"I don't deserve this. You're just being cruel."

"It's not for you to judge what you deserve, dear, that job's been left to me. Right now I'm getting a tremendous enjoyment out of seeing you on your knees and to hear that little trace of humility in your voice." Inga laughed. "I know you're feeling sorry for yourself so I'm going to give you a stroke or two with that little cane. Just so you'll understand things can always get worse. Isn't it nice, dear, that I don't have to tell you to hold still."

Speechless in outrageous, Patricia watched the approach of that wicked length of yellow cane then responded to its bit with a yelp of anguish and indignation. A second stroke cut hard above her upturned soles. In total defeat she unashamedly sobbed.

Inga perched herself upon one hip beside a captive arm. Gently and lovingly she played with the hair of the weeping girl who was so totally in her power, and to whom even the most modest punishment came as a shock. Inga used her own handkerchief to wipe away the maiden tears as she remarked, "You're just too beautiful for words, Patricia, dear. The way I've got you fixed displays everything delightfully. And being on your knees is so properly symbolic to the training I inflict. Sob your heart out, it will do you good."

"I don't want to cry like a baby. But you're being cruel and I'm hurting so bad. Please unfasten me. Please!"

The mistress said no word but continued to stroke and arrange the lovely silken hair. The kneeling girl was now coping with pain that seemed to envelope her totally as her stressed bent knees sent pain signals up and down her nakedness. The stapled fingers had been painless when she stood but now, relying on them for balance, they were throbbing distressingly. And the two cuts joined in with a burn all their own. "Granny never gave you permission to do things like this to me, I'm sure," Patricia complained. "When I tell her, you'll be in trouble."

"And when will you tell her, dear?"

"I know you think you've got me prisoner forever but one day Granny will come marching down the stairs and that will be the end of you."

"Your grandmother and I have a perfect understanding, dear. And I really must bring your constant references to Lady Cutliffe-Hynd to a close. From now on every time you use her as a threat or even mention her, you will wear a gag as a punishment. In fact, we will start that part of your training right now."

It was hateful and altogether too much along with all the other miseries the kneeling girl was enduring. But Inga had no trouble in forcing open the sulky lips and insert a stubby replica of a male penis, and to strap it tight in place with a buckle behind a helpless neck. Patricia could only gaze up pleadingly as muted teeth and tongue savored the rubber horror they could not eject.

"There, darling, this will be a nice change for you and I'm sure you'll learn a lesson," Inga said encouragingly. "I'm going to leave you for a while now. I have things to do. And while I'm gone you should try to fix in your mind a determination not to speak of Lady Cutliffe-Hynd again. Do I make myself clear?"

Patricia's eyes spoke volumes but she managed only small sounds from behind the gag. Once more the door slammed and the bolts shot home to leave the nude girl alone in wonder and disbelief that this was really happening. A few days ago she would have considered it pure fantasy.

Desperately the punished girl tried to rearrange herself to minimize the pain of tortured knees and painful bottom. But her stapled fingers held her fast as she realized she would stay in this pose until Inga chose to set her free. Each separate pain nagged constantly. She could make restless motions with her shoulders and toss from side to side her lovely hair but this was all she could do. Experimenting with tightly bend and bound knees simply added to what she must endure until she remained motionless, almost scared to breath.

Patricia Terrance, in her posture of penitence, wondered if she was truly broken to Inga's will. In truth, she knew she would say yes to anything if it would gain her freedom. She comforted her self with the thought of storing rebellion in the deep recesses of her mind. Patricia was determined to cling to rebellion with all her strength and she feared that hidden part of her would be sensed by Inga. Inga was wise in the ways of a prisoner.

To free the captive fingers, Inga used a special tool, and the staples quickly popped out. When the straps at ankle and thigh, she slid thankfully to the rug to lay motionless while Inga knelt and used playful fingertips up an down the lovely naked body. Until, tiring of the diversion, Inga rolled her naked captive over and removed the hateful gag. Then she crossed limb wrists and bound them with unkind twine from which there was no escape.

"You've had quite a day," she said cheerfully. "But don't worry, we'll do something else tomorrow!"

- Chapter TWO - The Punishment of Hastings Castle

The leash was humiliating but most effective. A noose tight knotted below the knuckle of Patricia's thumb and from it the length of cord by which the mistress exercised control. Apart from this tiny bond Patricia was entirely free, and in the journey from the bedroom to the room of punishments had been constantly tempted to fight and damn the consequences. But, as though reading her mind, Inga tugged at the tether to impart the certainty in the captive that she had best behave. It was just one more of the irritating constrictions the prison of Hastings Castle had to bare.

Arriving at their destination, Inga released the cord and pointed towards a wooden contraption whose function was uncertain. But with a good night's sleep Patricia had the courage to protest, "Look, do you have to torture me everyday? I don't think Grandmother wanted this at all. I think she wanted you to whip me ever so often and keep me locked in one of the cells. I can't stand another session like I had yesterday."

"What are you going to do about it, dear?"

"I could fight. I've got my hands and feet. I could probably hurt you."

Inga quickly repossessed the cord and flicked it viciously to evoke a squeal pain from Patricia. "Don't be silly," she said soothingly, "you don't have a chance against me. All you're trying to do is salvage a bit of pride. You're ashamed of having to obey me all the time. But you're going to have to obey me now." Inga paused. "You will obey me, won't you?"

Patricia longed to scream. And to beat her fists against Inga's smiling fact. Angry at being so controlled, she grasped the cord by which her thumb was held and pulled it will all her strength at the same time as she let go with a vicious kick aimed between Inga's legs. A moment later she was face down with Inga's knees hard pressed into her back, and Inga's voice being loaded with sweet reason.

"The punishment for this silly bit of rebellion should be fifty strokes with the whip, and you would deserve every one of them for being such an idiot. But this is all so new to you. I'll forgive you one more time. That is, if you promise to behave yourself when I let you up. I want to hear you say it."

"Oh, all right." Patricia's voice was tearful. "I feel like a silly kid. But if you let me up, I promise I'll be obedient." There was a breathless pause before the defeated girl added, "Is that what you want? Will that shame me enough?"

"Don't wallow in self-pity, dear. Actually I'm pleased with you. You're coming along fine. I'm sure you don't want to know this but one of these days I'll have you a perfectly behaved young woman. Now go and sit on that bench."

It seemed innocent enough but there were other wooden contraptions along with the bench. And the shape and nature of them gave Patricia a clue. She sat slowly down and looked up for the next order.

"You can see where your ankles belong, Patricia, my pet. So put them there. Go ahead, don't keep looking at me like a lost sheep."

Gingerly the captive girl placed her ankles in the waiting half circlets. But immediately complained, "They're too wide apart, Inga. When you fasten them the way I think you're going to, my legs will be split wide open. It's indecent!"

"It's also attractive, dear. And there'll be no men around to look at your little twat. You look nice. Hold still."

Patricia watched the upper yoke as it was carefully lowered into position and locked with hasp and padlock. The effect was as though she had no feet, as through her legs ended where her ankles found snug contact within the clasp of wood. It did not hurt and her complaints were silent. If this was all the day might have been a bore but could not be described as torture. But the stocks on her feet were not all Inga had in store. When Inga pushed forward another hardwood masterpiece, the heiress of Hastings glimpsed her fate.

"It's the same as your feet, sweetheart. I raise the upper half and you insert your wrists in the holes provided." Her enjoyment of the whole proceedings was evident. "Here, I'll move the whole thing a few inches closer and then you know what to do."

The naked girl who was already helpless with feet firmly locked in the stocks, realized bitterly she had no choice as the upper yoke rose invitingly she slipped her hands within the half circles. When Inga lowered the yoke to imprison Patricia's hands within wood, the padlock made a most final sounding click. The punished girl looked in desolation at a panel of hardwood that held her hands out of her sight. It was all beautifully simple and she wondered if there was something else.

Inga walked around the helpless nude and the stout oak which held Patricia prisoner. Nodding in satisfaction, she asked, "Shouldn't you say thank you, darling? Just think: you don't get whipped, you don't get caned, you don't get clips on your nipples! All you have to do is sit. You're really a very lucky girl."

Patricia was not amused at her good fortunate. Her first discovery was that she could not do much of anything except toss her head. But she said a thank you, but added, bitterly, "It's okay now but I suppose it gets worse and worse as the day goes no. I suppose you realize I can scarcely move?"

"That's right, dear, you can't move much. But, after all, why should you? You've been naughty and you're being punished. I'm sure you would prefer this to being whipped?"

"Yes." Patricia was reserving judgment.

"I'm going to leave you alone, sweetheart. Solitude is an important part of the punishment you're fastened in. You'll come to understand that. You can tell me all about it when I come back. But, look, I don't want you getting hysterical so I'll come in every once in a while and have a look at you. I won't undo you and you'd best be polite. Even if you'd like to murder me. Is that understood?"

"Yes, it's understood. I'll try to behave. Please don't leave me too long. The way you've got me held is frightening."

The naked girl was soundly and left within the embrace of the double stocks. The doors slammed and Inga was gone. In its way this was almost worse then the stapled fingers of the day before.

The girl serving her punishment could now feel certain that every day was going to tax her to the limit. There would be no broken bones, there would be no blood, but Inga's corrections would tax her to the limit of her strength. Unhappily the helpless nakedness suppose it would always be like this until the day her grandmother came down the stairs to set her free. The heiress signed and tried to make herself as comfortable as might be.

There was no comfort. Patricia's wrists were held at a level to prevent a comfortable slough on the bench. She was forced to sit upright if she did not want the oak to hurt her forearms which were spread as cruelly apart as where her legs. Little by little it was brought home to the delinquent girl that she could scarcely move without pain. If she sat absolutely still she could avoid pain, but sitting absolutely still was a punishment in itself. Soon she began to feel that pain in an unexpected way. Patricia's bare bottom on the bench soon went numb and, while she could rock sideways a bit, she always ended in the same position. Had she been fastened only by her feet, she could have used her hands to lift herself from the hard seat and give ease to her sore bottom. But her hands were not hers anymore. Within an hour Patricia Terrance was fighting back her tears.

To have no knowledge of passing time was a punishment in itself. After what seemed like hours in the stocks she could only guess how long she had been sitting there. She shifted uneasily again and again but could not ease the numbness and pain in her bottom. In desolation she looked down at her captive breasts and then beyond their loveliness to her pubic hair, so completely exposed. She wondered unhappily what David Suffcliff would think is he could see her now.

When Inga came, her captive was in full retreat. The stocks had worked their will upon female flesh. In abject surrender, Patricia pleaded, "Let me loose, Inga, oh, please let me loose! I can't stand any more of this. It seems innocent but it's awful."

"I am glad you discovered that, dear. My I say you look utterly charming?"

"I don't care how I look. I'm aching all over. This punishment is terrible. Please let me loose and whip me or whatever you want."

Inga surveyed her unhappy prisoner with undisguised amusement. "My, my, darling, you have got yourself into a dither. Don't you realize I could whip you until my heart is content with you sitting there just the way you are? Not your bottom, obviously, but your back? And other... things?"

Patricia glanced down at her breasts with shock on her face. "Don't be unkind. You know I don't ever want to be whipped again." There was a pause. "If I ask you to let me loose and whip me instead, would you do it?"

"I might. Is that what you want?" Patricia knew that to be whipped was not what she wanted at all, but, on the other hand, she had no wish to stay pinioned in the wood for the rest of the day. Doubtfully she inquired, "How long have I been sitting like this?"

"A couple of hours."

"How long are you going to keep me here?"

"I won't tell you."

"It's so awful sitting here like this. Couldn't you give me a break? Give me ten minutes to stretch myself and get back to normal?" Her beautiful voice was close to tears. "I promise I won't fight, I'll let you fasten me again whenever you wish. Please, Inga, give me a break."

Surprisingly Inga tilted up the lovely chin and kissed the lips so ardent in their need of reassurance. It took but seconds to unlock the locks and loose the hasps and give the naked girl her freedom. Stiffly and with many a grimace, Patricia stood erect and stretched her arms before wrapping them around her mistress in an embrace of gratitude. The two girls stood thus for a long time before Inga suggested, "Why don't you walk around? You needn't think I'm forgiving you anything. I'm relying on your promise to behave when I put you back in those stocks. Run along and enjoy your freedom."

Patricia Terrance walked and ran around and around the huge chamber with all its promise of future punishment. The cord was still tied to her thumb but she made no effort to free herself from it. For the moment she was interested only in pleasing the woman who was her mistress. After ten glorious minutes, Inga issued the fatal command, "Come here, sweetheart, and give me your cord. I mean the one around your thumb." She chuckled with the pleasure of the moment. "After all it's the only one you've got, dar ling. Come over here."

For the moment Patricia knew herself beaten. She was a slavegirl who had been give a privilege, and had best show gratitude. Humbly she knelt at Inga's feet, her head bowed, but with one had raised, the hand on which the thumb had the knotted cord. For a few moments the mistress played lovingly with the captive's hair before tugging the thumb cord as a signal to raise. Making her mind a blank and refusing to think of the rest of the day stretching endless ahead, Patricia Terrance sat once more upon the bench, stretched her legs wide apart and placed her ankles within the wooden circles. The hasp snapped down and the padlock clicked. When she

paid the same tribute with her hands and watched as they were clasped within the wooden embrace, she wondered how well she would endure the balance of the day, and if there might be other periods of freedom. She looked deep into Inga's eyes and said, "Thank you for being kind, Inga. Thank you!"

It was painfully lonely to sit once more held in the embrace of the merciless stocks. Patricia knew only that if she had even a single hand, she would have used it to play with herself and relieve the tedium of a punishment that went on and on with nothing happening except for the pain and turmoil of her thoughts. Again and again Patricia made up her mind that when Inga came again, she would ask to be whipped. But how could she know how severe the whipping might be? And again and again she changed her mind. The stocks were a punishment and she had best endure them until the end, an end that seemed a thousand miles away.

The captive girl knew for sure it was hours and hours before her mistress came again. This time she carried water to drink and an apple to eat, an apple she sliced and peeled before feeding it, one piece at a time, to a grateful girl. Finally Patricia asked, "Is this my supper? Aren't you going to let me loose?"

"Maybe. Just eat your apple and drink your water and be grateful."

Patricia was not the least bit grateful but was too tired and defeated to say so. She ate the slices and wondered how much longer the day would drag on and on while she was held prisoner. When the apple and the water was disposed of, the prisoner was soundly kissed. Inga's laughing voice spelled liberty. "It's five o'clock, dear. You've put in a pretty good day. We'll now go and have a descent dinner. How does that appeal?"

Patricia Terrance was ashamed how quickly she offered thanks. As the yokes of the stocks lifted to free wrists and ankles, the naked girl knew for certain she would be obedient to Inga's every wish. With the command, "Give me your hands, dear," she offered them without much concerned as her wrists were once more locked within the embrace of handcuffs. She even failed to complain when her ankles were similarly joined by silver bracelets and about twelve inches of silver chain. The sarcasm and the bitterness of this fresh helplessness never left her lips. If Inga wanted her thus, that is the way it would be!

Dinner was almost formal. If a naked girl with chained hands and feet can ever be said to be normal. The maid who served them showed no concern at the condition of the young heiress in both nudity and chains. She simply did her job and Patricia, after the first embarrassment, realized she probably had been a witness to this scene before. The captive girl was realizing more and more the complexities of the woman she would be forced to call mistress. The food was wonderful and she gave it her full attention, the clink of handcuffs impeding nothing.

Sometimes she made the same sounds with the leg irons on her ankles, as though to tell herself for certain she could not run away. It was all wonderful and quite absurd.

"Beginning to enjoy yourself?" Inga asked casually.

"I'm enjoying the food. I hated those damned stocks you fixed me in all day." Patricia sniffed. "Look, Inga, you've got my feet tethered together about a foot apart, my wrists are handcuffed. This way I can look after myself and I don't see why you can't keep me like this all the time instead of making me endure all those horrible discomforts all day long."

"The discomforts, as you call them, are to build your character, dear. Each day will help you to understand that you're not simply the young and beautiful heiress to this estate. But you're also a girl who must be taught not to be so damned snooty as you've always been." Inga shrugged. "I, too, like the way I've got you fixed right now. Steel on your wrists and steel on your ankles is most becoming. They make a nice conversation piece. And that's what we're going to do right now, we're going to talk. Tell me, are you in love with David Suffcliff?"

"I'm not in love with any man." Patricia sniffed disdainfully. "But don't get the idea I'm a lesbian. I'm not!"

"I could easily compel you to become one... "

"No, you couldn't. The whole idea's horrible! Can't we talk about something else?"

"The way you cope with those handcuffs around your wrists is pretty to watch, dear. And you're right about them not limiting you much. Supposing after dinner I get a whip and promise to use it on your skin, to mark it with scarlet lines, unless you perform the rites of Lesbos with me? You'd do it, wouldn't you?"

"No I wouldn't. It's something I've stayed away from all my life. Good knows I've had plenty of opportunities."

"Oh, you'd do it, darling. You'd hold out for six or seven cuts across that pretty skin and then you'd be on your knees and nuzzling my fur. Naturally, I'd make myself naked for the occasion."

Patricia ate busily, well aware that pink was beginning to fill her cheeks. She deliberately made as much music as she could with the single link joining the bracelets on her wrists. If she could please this strange woman that easily then why not! But in spite of a brave front she knew a shameful fear that the whip would ultimately subdue her in the way Inga suggested. With a

shutter she shut from her mind the vision of her lips seeking the private place between her jailer's legs. Patricia rescued herself by returning to the subject of which Inga was obviously curious.

"I suppose you heard I've slept with David Suffcliff," she said demurely. "The stories are quite right, I slept with him a great deal. I found him more than adequate in bed. He's one of those me who, when he's finished with you, leaves you limp and gasping. And wondering if you dared ask him to do it again. Is that what you wanted to know?"

"Not really. I was wondering if he ever did the things to you that I now do." There was a sneer in Inga's voice.

"Good heavens, no! What ever gave you such an idea!"

"Men play such games when they have the right girl. Often they don't bother to wait for the right girl, they just take whatever's handy."

"You're thinking of sadists?"

"If I hadn't already told you not to use that word, I'd tell you now," Inga said sharply. "What I do to you will never go as far as sadism, never. And the games we play stops short of it, too." Inga shrugged. "I just wondered about David Suffcliff. I met him once. I had never been more totally stripped naked by male eyes. He does it charming."

"David asked me to marry him but I refused. Incidentally, he knows a little about what's going on here. When Grandma broke the news, I went to him for help. I didn't get any. I got the impression he thought it would be an excellent idea if someone did whip my bottom. Men are the pits!"

"I'm with you there. But they do have their uses. Seeing you fastened in these delightful poses sparks and idea. Supposing I fix you in some way so your pussy is wide open and I then invite a man in to get a good look? Would you love it or hate it? Be honest now."

"I'd hate it!"

"You said that too quickly, you didn't stop to think. What I had in mind was the stocks we used today. Just the bench and the yoke we used for your feet, of course. Then I tie your hands behind your back and introduce you to a carnal male -all males are carnal! With your wrists corded behind your back, you couldn't cover anything. You'd just have to sit there and let him look."

"I think it's a beastly idea. I'd absolutely die."

"You wouldn't. The first thing you do is ask him to help you to get away from me, to help you to escape. Wouldn't that be the way of it?"

"Yes. I would. And the moment I was free I'd go straight to Grandma and get you into trouble. I'm sure she doesn't want all these things done to me."

"I might not be joking!"

"Well, I hope you are just so we can stay friends. I know it's crazy, but I see you as a friend." Patricia paused dramatically. "You won't spoil it, will you?"

"Okay, we can drop that subject, too," said Inga good-naturedly. "Aren't you curious about tomorrow?"

"I can't help but be curious. I suppose it's something bloody awful?"

"It's something very cute, but I won't tell you what is it. I love to see that look of disgust on your face every time you catch the drift of what's to happen. Today was a beautiful example. Those stocks baffled you for a minute or two before you caught on to how you were going to spend you day. You should have seen your face!"

"I think we've exhausted that subject, too," said Patricia. "Couldn't we talk about politics? Or, better still, about setting me free? Honest, Inga, isn't there some sum of money I could get for your to let me go?"

"You know there isn't."

"Well, most girls would be glad to have a great deal of money without having to work for it. All you have to do is unlock these handcuffs and unlock the leg irons on my ankles, and push me out one of the back doors into the garden. After that I'd manage on my own. And don't think I'd be embarrassed by being naked."

"Forget it. And any more suggestions about letting you loose will earn you ten stripes with the cane across your bottom. And, believe me, I'll make them hard."

They exchanged glances but it was no more than Patricia expected. She knew with a terrible conviction that for her there would be no freedom until Lady Cutliffe-Hynd gave the word. And that word might be long in coming. It was a strange relationship she had been thrust

into with Inga, but this woman for whom she could find no other name than Mistress held a tremendous power over her no matter what they did. The delicious dinner she now enjoyed made an most frightening contrast to the way she had spent the day. Unable to think of any more approaches to the subject of her freedom, Patricia fell silent, quietly sipping her wine and enjoying the food. She was secretly thankful for not being held to bread and water. Or maybe an apple. But this punishment might still come and, anyway, it was best to keep silent.

Patricia had become accustomed to the way she must spend her night, to have her collar tethered to a place she could not reach was infuriating. Just as with her wrists crossed and tied tightly and hurtfully behind her back. Ruefully she speculated on just how much a girl could endure without reaching a breaking point. But she knew, almost with regret, that she had not reached anywhere near that point and could not even imagine where it would be. She saw herself as a thing of rubber, able to survive ordeals of pain and discomfort, and an infinite variation of bondage without injury. Her first visions of laying bleeding and battered on the rug were obviously figments of her imagination. Now, secured safely for the night, she thrust her head towards the woman who's property she had become and went to sleep.

It did not require acute discernment to guess what the cage was for. It was on castors and could be easily pushed around and had previously been well hidden behind other devices of discomfort for young ladies. "Isn't it beautiful," Inga breathed happily as though they were viewing the crowd jewels. "And it's so strongly made and has a wonderful lock. I'm sure you won't mind crawling in through the door, Patricia, dear."

Patricia knew she would mind a great deal but refrained from saying so. Her wrists were still crossed and corded behind her back and this would make the proposed crawl difficult. Firmly she said, "That thing's not big enough to hold a girl. And with my hands tied I can't work my way in anyway."

"You never know until you try, dear."

"That's so small it's impossible for me to go in there and stand up or even kneel. Inga, you have to be kidding!"

"I don't want you to stand up or to kneel, sweetheart. Would you like me to get the riding crop?"

"No. Never mind. I'll do my best but I think you're being terrible mean. I'd like to see you crawl into the damned thing."

The motions were instant. With a frightening agility, Inga inserted herself through the open door of the cage to sit within and laugh at Patricia's face. "You'll love it in here," she mocked. "I'll admit there's no hot and cold running water, but it's a sweet little home. And you'll be thankful for its comforts as the day wears on." Inga extracted herself easily from the little cage. Standing erect and gazing eye to eye, her voice took on a note of steel, "Get in there, you little idiot, and stop quibbling."

It was one of those awful moments when Patricia felt she should have some decision available to her but knew that there was none. She got to her knees and thrust her head within the heavy wire mesh. With head bowed, she used her free feet and legs to achieve a slow and painful progress into the tiny prison. Immediately her feet were safe within, Inga snapped shut the door and used a couple of padlocks with the usual solid click of utter security and freedom lost. Patricia slipped over onto one hip to gaze up at her tormentor. "I still think you're being mean, Inga. But please don't tell me I could fare a lot worse, I know I could. And please don't tell me you'll whip me if I don't behave. I have to behave inside this cage. It's horrible, I can't even stretch my legs."

"No one wants you to stretch your legs, dear. I'm sure you'll wiggle around in there until you find reasonable comfort. And the nice thing about this darling little cage is I can push it around. Even with you inside." Inga demonstrated by pushing the tiny prison to the center of the floor of the big chamber. "There, darling, you're in perfect view of anyone who might happen to come along. And you're easy for me to keep an eye on. When I come to visit, I expect you to be reasonable polite."

Patricia choked back the words she would have liked to use. Instead, she asked humbly, "If I'm locked in here, I can't possibly escape. I don't see why you have to leave my hands tied. I could get a lot more comfortable if you would cut them loose."

"That's just wishful thinking, dear. I'm not going to free your hands. You can do the best you can with them tied the way they are. After all, you have been a naughty girl who is supposed to be punished! I'm not a bit sure that this little cage is anywhere punishment enough. But make the best of it while you can. Tomorrow maybe worse."

The prisoner now sitting up with head between her knees said miserably, "I'm going to hate this, Inga. It's like all those other things, all right at first but it gets worse and worse all day long. Who the devil thought up all these tortures for a girl?"

"Never mind, dear. He or she was undoubtedly a genius. Just wiggle around and enjoy the experience while you can. I think you're a very lucky girl to have all these experiences to look back to in later life. Don't bother to say thank you."

There was not much she could do in the cage. When Inga departed the way she always did, the occupant within the wire mesh tried out every posture she could contrive but found no comfort in any of them. Most ardently she longed for the freedom of her hands but she had long ago ceased to try to free bound wrists. When Inga had knotted the cord, it stayed knotted. It was better to leave it alone rather than suffer the pain of chaffed wrists in useless efforts. In any case, the cage itself had the strength to hold an elephant -if one could have gotten inside. In the sadness of resignation, the captive girl held close within the steel tried to go to sleep.

Patricia's convictions had been correct. More and more as she fought the tiny tolerance of the cage, she realized that as a punishment it equaled the stocks of the day before. If only she could have her hands not tightly bound behind her back but free, she could have sought some comfort and coped with the punishment. But to wiggle this way and that without finding a position that did not hurt was a frustration which brought tears to her eyes and made her long to scream. When, after an infinity, Inga returned to have a look at the captive girl, the two of them gazed at each other through the wire in silence until Inga mocked, "Don't look so sad, dear. You look very sweet in there. I'm sure you'd sooner be running around out in the garden or down the street, but we can't have everything we want, can we?"

"Untie my hands, please untie my hands."

"You know I'm not going to do that, dear, so save your breath. To untie your hands would spoil the whole beautiful effect. I really should get the camera and take a few pictures."

"You wouldn't dare send them to my grandmother."

"I might. After all, what's wrong with a girl sitting in a cage. It's a bit unorthodox and you don't have any clothes on, but actually, I'd say it was about in line with what her Ladyship expects. Never forget, dear, your grandmother wants you taught a lesson."

It was quite useless. Like all the other punishments, it would drag on and on throughout the day to leave the captive girl more and more aware of her condition as a slave. The trouble was, there was tomorrow and tomorrow, stretching out without end.

Patricia pleaded the next time Inga dropped in. "Please," she said with real feeling, "take me out of this cage. I'm so uncomfortable. There's no way to get comfortable. Whip me instead. I don't care how hard or how long you whip me, but take me out of here. This rat trap will drive me crazy."

"If I whip you, Patricia, my pet, you would very soon plead with me to put you back inside the way you are. If I ever do forgive you a punishment in return for the privilege of whipping your lovely skin, a privilege I posses anyway, I'll whip you so hard and so long that you'll wish you had never opened your mouth. Remember this, dear, it will help pass the time."

Time did pass. Slowly. Very slowly. But it always does and all punishments end. First there was the bathroom and then dinner. Patricia was so stiff from being bend over all day in the cage, that she thought she would not be able to walk at first. But the youthful muscles worked out the kinks and she was soon able to walk.

Inga watched her prisoner painfully try to function normally with a smile on her face. When she could stand, Patricia's ankles were locked together by leg irons. From the collar she wore there trailed heavy links, the end of which Inga locked somewhere under the table. But her hands were left entirely free to deal with dinner.

The conversation was entirely civilized. "I think you look prettier this way than you did in the cage. Or maybe not. You were awfully pretty all bend over like that. And with your arms behind your back and unable to help you. You can just wipe that sulky look off your face before I'm forced to do it with the riding crop. Do you realize how little I'm actually whipped you since I've taken over your care?"

"Okay, I'll try to smile and look jolly," said Patricia bitterly. "But you expect a hell of a lot out of a girl who is being punished every day, all day. You torture me all day long and then expect me to be a bright conversationalist."

"Torture? Are you sure that's the word to use, dear?"

"Okay. I think you see it as a sort of compromise, just the way you see this chain." Patricia grasped the tether to her neck and rattled it. "If what you did to me today isn't torture, I don't know what other word I can use. Surely this goes beyond simple punishment?"

"Come now, aren't you exaggerating?"

"I simply don't know." Patricia's voice held despair. "By the end of each day everything you do to me has no other name but torture. I hurt, I'm helpless. And, even if I was free, I'd have to do whatever I was told. Please don't expect me to laugh out loud."

"Really, dear, I've been kind to you. Don't you realize that? I'm wondering if tomorrow I shouldn't suspend you by your thumbs... In my experience that punishment is rather disagree able. Would you rather be hung up by your thumbs, dear?"

Patricia knew that most of her knowledge of such horrors came from fiction or historical records. To be suspended by her thumbs seems something so horrible and improbably she could not contemplate it. She gulped wine before saying, "I can't imagine you'd be that cruel, Inga. I don't know anything about being hung up by my thumbs but I'm damned sure it's awful. Please do something else."

"There's lots of things, dear. How about doing it in reverse and hanging you up by your big toes? I'm sure your sweet little toes wouldn't like that a bit. But it's a thought."

"You're teasing. You're getting me all worked up so I can't enjoy dinner. Oh, Inga, why can't you be kind to me sometimes?"

"I'm kind to you right now. You're not hurting, are you? You're enjoying a good dinner and wine. You'll sleep comfortably throughout the night next to me. I think you're simply feeling sorry for yourself."

It was always the same. Inga's logic was indisputable and the captive girl cursed her recognition of the many ways in which her condition could be worse than it was. Grandma had been wise in choosing this woman to be her jailer. Patricia knew that, should she ever get free, she would revert to begin exactly what she had been. But for now there was only the ashes of repentance. But she would shed these immediately she got a chance. Frustrated beyond belief, she kicked the chain between her feet and once more rattled the metal links from the collar on her neck. Courageously she retorted, "Well, okay, so you're going to hang me up by my thumbs tomorrow. I can't imagine a punishment so awful but if you must do it, I'll just ask you to be merciful."

"Beautifully said, dear. I couldn't have dictated it better. Even though you don't believe it, you are learning. One day I'll have you in a totally submissive frame of mind." Inga laughed. "Drink your wine and stop worrying."

Wondering what it would be like to hang naked from her thumbs, Patricia did as she was told.

## - Chapter THREE - Spread-Eagled Girl

She was not suspended by her thumbs. This was the uppermost thought in Patricia's mind as she was tied spread-eagled on the rug. The rings had been there all the time but there were many things is this room of punishment she had not noticed. Now she was stretched wide open with her feet so wide apart that she felt as if she could be split apart. When Inga checked her

knots and cords, the punished heiress could not move. But Patricia had a feeling there was more to come. Just leaving her spread-eagle and helpless was not in keeping with the other punishments she had experienced so far.

Inga brought forward a bowl and a spoon to kneel between Patricia's wide spread legs. A spoonful of something white was dumped on one nipple, followed by another one on the other nipple. Then several spoonfuls were piled high upon Patricia's open sex and some even spooned inside. When she realized what the stuff was, Patricia didn't know whether to laugh or cry. It was whipped cream!

"There you are," said Inga with a smile. "You're beautiful live bait, darling. And I'm going to watch and see how many orgasms this is going to provide you. I've got the cats all ready"

The captive girl could only raise her head a bit. But she did that enough to behold the mother cat and two kittens which Inga carefully placed upon the naked girl's chest and within the widespread legs. The mother cat got positioned directly in front of Patricia's own pussy where she could hardly miss the large amount of cream. The kittens immediately discovered the tasty substance on female nipples. It was only moments before the rigidly bound and tightly stretched girl was suffering the rasping tongues working with a will at removing every bit of whipped cream from her naked skin.

"I've doctored the cream, darling, so they can't lick it all off at once," Inga informed. "It's going to take the three of them a little time. I intend to watch your orgasms. You mustn't try and hold them back, I want to enjoy them all." Inga sighed, "You're such a lucky girl."

Patricia did not agree but once more dared not utter complain. Three hungry, small mouths were busy upon her erotic zones and she was ashamed by the knowledge of her body's response to a stimulus she could neither shrug away nor control. She was so tightly bound that the cat and kittens would somehow knew that she could not push them away. While Inga watched her captive yield the gasps and spasms of a woman being built up to orgasm, she encouraged the naked girl. "This is wonderful fun, darling. You needn't worry about any lack of interest by cats may show. There's lots of stuff in the bowl here and I'll keep adding more until you simply can't bare it anymore."

The feline tongues had an unexpected rasp. It was having a strong effect on the tied down girl who found herself panting and heaving against the ropes. She looked up at the kneeling woman to behold the bowl and spoon held in readiness to regenerate any lagging interest in either cat or kittens. All of them were licking happily with an occasional bit from sharp, small teeth to evoke a startled yelp. It was hard for Patricia to know whether to laugh or to scream, but

of a certainty she would climax for as often as she held interest for her feline guests. She could not move and the tongues worked away with unrelenting interest. Inga's eyes were bright as she looked down on three cats and a girl.

The first orgasm, when it came, was a small explosion which lifted the curved bottom from the rug with all Patricia's young strength surging painfully against tied wrists and tied ankles. Never had the naked girl felt so utterly shamed.

It did not stop. When one application of cream was consumed, it was immediately replaced by another as though Inga was carefully decorating a cake for someone's birthday. The inevitable happened again and again with explosions of female nerves. Genuinely interested, Inga inquired, "Did you enjoy that, dear? I know the cats did."

"It was horrible and I think you're mean," the tied girl replied sulkily. "I'll admit there's a few moments when a girl forgets everything else, but tied down as tight as you've got me, the whole thing is shameful and obscene. I'm not a girl anymore, I'm simply a twat."

"But a beautiful one."

"You've had your fun, could I be untied now?"

"You don't get untied, dear. This is it."

"You mean you're going to keep me tied like this all day!"

"Of course, dear. What else did you expect? Your discomfort will be in line with the other things I've been doing to you. Don't complain."

Patricia most earnestly longed to complain but kept silent. After she got her temper under control, she said with calm reason, "You've got me tied too tight. It's going to be torture in an hour, I'm hurting already. And the way you've got my legs spread apart is torture. And indecent. I don't want even you looking at me like this."

"Don't be such a fuss. It's all in your mind." Inga playfully tweaked a nipple. "Besides, you're nicely available for anything I want to do to you. Do you want me to pinch your other tit?"

The naked girl bore the playful pain with nothing more than a flinch but begged most earnestly, "Please, Inga, loosen me just a little. That's not asking too much, is it?"

"I warned you about things like that. When I get you in a more suitable position you'll get five strokes for that little mistake. I'll have to start by being lenient with you." The mistress leaned down and kissed the pouting lips before picking up bowl and spoon and leaving her charge alone with an solid closing of the door.

Patricia's violent wiggles had gained what little slack there may have been in Inga's cords. She now discovered it was best to lay quiet and relax to the limit of her ability. This way she could take shallow breaths which made as little demand on her stretched nakedness as possible. The incident with the cats had taken little more than an hour so the day no stretched out forever with its promise of boredom and pain. Even thought there was none to see her shame the punished girl bitterly resented the wide-spread legs and open pussy which was so exposed. Without intending to, she fell asleep.

Any time spent in the land of dreams was pure profit. The opening of the door was an irritating interruption as it dragged her back from the a sweet land of escape and freedom. Her first thought was of saying something cross to her jailer and thus earning another five marks on her skin. But she remembered the gag Inga loved to use and the last thing she wanted was to have that beastly contraption strapped into her mouth. Fighting a terrible ache, she forced her head up a few inches to be ready for Inga's cheerful greeting. Instead she found herself staring into the amused features of David Suffcliff.

Motions to cover her sex were instinctive but ridiculous and impossible. Her first utterance was, "You shouldn't see me like this. Go away."

David did not go away but took up a stance where he got a very good view of the wide spread sex its owner longed to hide. His greeting was casual, "It's nice to see you like this, sweetheart. Inga tells me you're making great progress."

"Don't be horrid. I don't look nice at all, I look obscene. And I can't move so there's nothing I can do about it. David, get me loose!"

"Aren't you glad to see me?" He sounded hurt.

"Of course I'm pleased to see you, idiot. But don't waste time, get me out of this." Patricia was suddenly flooded with hope. David would cut her loose, take her back to civilization and everything would be wonderful again.

"Sorry, dear. Cutting you loose is not in the near future. I expect Inga will let you loose sometime, so not to worry."

"David, don't tease. This is no time for teasing. And don't say you've seen me naked before because you've certainly never seen me naked this way. I'm so terribly ashamed. Don't... Don't you have some sort of knife?"

"I'm trying to tell you, Patricia, dear, that I'm not the handsome knight in shinning armor on a white charger come to rescue you. I'm not going to rescue you. This is just a friendly visit to judge how well your grandmother's theory is working. Judging from our conversation thus far, it hasn't worked at all." David smiled. "But then we mustn't expect too much too soon. You've only just started on the course. Perhaps after another month or so... "

"David, stop it. You're being horrible, you're being beastly. You're being just like a man. I'll bet you have always wanted to see me like this and now you're getting a good look. If it will make you happy, I'll spread myself out like this when you get me home."

"Good gosh, Patricia, you're taking a long while for this to sink in. You're not going home, you're not going anywhere. Just a minute, dear, I'll find a chair so I can sit down while we talk."

"A chair!" Patricia's cry of agony filled the room. She suddenly realized that what David was saying was actually the truth, he was not going to rescue her and for the time being she would remain in this tightly bound and painfully exposure. It seemed impossible that this man who had done so much to make her happy in the past could be so cruel. Patricia's rage was further inflamed when, before sitting down, her former lover playfully tickled on of her nipples. "Really sticking up, isn't it?"

Patricia could not move. David, or for that matter anyone else, could do as they pleased with her. She was wide open for anyone's carnal pleasure. Bitterly she accused, "And to think that once I believed you were a gentleman!"

"I still am, dear girl. Being witness to your grandmother's somewhat archaic methods of guidance and correction doesn't change anything. I'm simply keeping track of an interesting experiment."

"I hate you, go away!"

"That will pass. Perhaps next time I come to visit you'll be less exposed and less embarrassed at having to show a man that little treasure between your legs without getting paid for it." David made a hasty gesture to still her angry outburst. "I don't mean in cash, sweetheart. But when you figure all the dinners and all the fur coats and all the trips to the south of France,

that little hairy part of you has always brought you a pretty good income. I hope you're planning to make the most of it when you get your freedom back."

"You're being horrible, David. You make me want to cry. This is the most terrible situation for a girl I can possible imagine."

"Go ahead and cry, dear. I'll dry your tears. And let me tell you, your situation could be a hell of a lot worse."

"Couldn't possibly be worse. To have you sitting there and laughing down at me and me unable to cover a single bit of myself is the absolute pits. Look, David, surely you've got something you could lay across... Across my private parts?"

"That would look ridiculous." David was obviously enjoying himself. "The beauty of a naked woman, a pretty one, is infinitely preferable to a covered one. Stop worrying, you look lovely."

The helpless girl kept silent, her mind furiously trying to find ways to get this man back under her thumb as she had always believed him to be. David Suffcliff had never been a weakling or a lawyer easily influenced. But if humility was what he wanted, she would give it to him full measure and pick up the pieces after she was free. Surely sometime her grandmother would relent and put an end to these indignities. In a sweet, pathetic voice she asked, "There has to be something I can do or say to stop you from going away and leaving me like this. Some of the things Inga does to me are pretty close to being torture."

"You're not being tortured now, dear girl."

"That's what you think. I'm stretched really taut. I'll admit this wouldn't be too bad a punishment if she would let me wiggle a bit. I don't see why you can't untie something so I'm more comfortable while we talk. Why don't you let me free altogether so I can be nice to you?"

"You can be nice to me now. I can't think of a more suitable posture."

"That's horrible, don't think of such a thing. I wouldn't enjoy it a bit, neither would you. Please be nice to me the way you used to be."

It was then Inga reappeared. She and David Suffcliff appeared on easy terms and had undoubtedly been discussing the prisoner. "Doesn't Patricia look absolutely sweet like that," she cooed. "I do hope you approve of the training I am giving the dear girl, Mr Suffcliff."

"She seems to have a long way to go," he said gravely. "She started snapping her demands before I said hello. Right now she's trying the other tack and butter wouldn't melt in her mouth."

"We mustn't be overly in a hurry. We are remodeling an unusually independent young woman who has had her way far too long. It would be easy to double the severity of her punishments, but her Ladyship and I both agree we should break the poor child slowly."

"Well, if you say so. I don't think you know Patricia the way I do. What she probably needs is one of those medieval husbands who would whip her everyday and keep her barefoot. I suppose you have tired the whip on her, haven't you?"

"She's turned over the wrong way for you to see the marks," Inga said simply. "I haven't been too severe as of yet." Inga sounded anxious to please. "Whipping her is actually within the terms of reference. If you would like to see her whipped, Mr Suffcliff, I will arrange it now or at any time you wish. Perhaps you'd like to whip her yourself?"

"Thanks, no. These matters are in your hands. I have no intention of interfering. But I have a belief that a girl respects the whip and responds favorably to a riding crop across her bottom far more sincerely than the punishment she is enduring at this moment."

The naked object of this polite exchange seethed with outrage. David and Inga were discussing her as though she wasn't even there, or as though she were something to be beaten and bound without listening to a word she said. In a voice bitter with hurt and shame, she flung sarcasm at her tormentors, "That's right, talk about me as though I'm a cat or a dog. Don't pay any attention to my feelings. And if you think you've got me frightened with all this nonsense about whipping my bottom, you can damned well think again. You wouldn't dare!"

No one appeared to have heard a single word. The bound girl knew she might as well have kept silent. But this too was part of her punishment. There was no way she could win. David's voice was thoughtful. "I think I'll take you up on your suggestion, Inga," he said quietly. "It would please me to be present when you give this lovely creature a good thrashing... "

"Fifty lashes on her back and bottom, sir?" Inga's tone was sweet. "Or would you feel a hundred more appropriate?"

David waved the questions aside. "I leave it entirely to you. But I will admit I'm looking forward to seeing the dear girl's reaction. I suspect having me present will make her punishment more potent. Can we arrange it for tomorrow morning?" He turned his attention to the bound girl. "Sorry about all this, old girl. I hope you don't think too ill of me. You really have brought

all this on yourself, you know. I'm looking forward to seeing how you handle whatever it is Inga decides to give you. Don't hate me too much. In a way I'm just helping carry out your grandmother's orders."

"David, take me away from here. Please, please, please!"

The only answer Patricia got was the closing of the door.

Everything was worse now. There would be no going to sleep, and no way of ridding her mind of the awful image of her naked body being whipped before the intent regard of the man she would have been willing to marry as an avenue of escape.

Patricia knew David Suffcliff was a kind man. She was in no way stupid and was well aware of the dark recesses of the male mind and the savage sexual hungers which sometimes lapped over into anti-social behavior. But David was a lawyer and would watch her being whipped with the same judicial interest he would bestow upon a new client stating a fresh case. He had already demonstrated an intellectual concern as he had viewed the bound nakedness of a distraught girl he had asked to be his wife. But memories of books and stories and films told the captive too well that her lover possessed a unique opportunity most men would never have, but would desire as a pretty dream throughout their lives -the vision of a girl beneath the whip.

Now, with a strange sense of guilt, the naked girl recalled something almost forgotten in her past. It was when she had been nine years old and had Miss Marples as a teacher at school. Miss Marples was a young woman, barely thirty, and Patricia, working at her desk in the school room, had long been aware that the teacher's gaze often fastened upon her and did not easily go away. This interest culminated in some make-believe sin by which the nine year old was kept after class and, instead of being punished by some scholarly task, was taken to Miss Marples' study where the door had been locked and the voice of feminine authority demanded, "Take off your clothes, Patricia. You know what I intend to do."

"You're going to cane me, Miss Marples?"

"That's right, dear. You're wasting far too much time. I want you completely naked."

Miss Marples was nice. And without trying to understand anything, the school girl did exactly as told, and then stood in the center of the room to shyly display her nudity. "You will have nicely shaped breasts, dear, when you get a little older," Miss Marples encouraged. "And you're already starting to grow a pubic patch. You're a sweet child and I shall enjoy caning your bottom."

Patricia supposed this was where the guilt came in. She had not become hysterical or battered at the door to seek escape. When the teacher had produced a length of cord it had seemed entirely natural for Patricia to extend her hands that they might be bound. Miss Marples joined the young wrists with an almost brutal tightness, and then raised them high to tie them to a hook on the wall. While Patricia's heart was beating and she trembled in longings, she stood upon her toes with Miss Marples' fingers running up and down her flanks creating a feeling the girl to be punished would never forget.

She had not stood stupidly against the wall but had half turned to watch what Miss Marples did next. And as the teacher divested herself of all clothing except for the elegance of shoes, this too had seemed completely natural to the nine year old. It was like the resurrection of a memory from another life, and the young eyes continued to watch in wonder as the bare loveliness of her teacher selected a thin and whippy cane from a collection kept in a tall piece of pottery. In simple innocence, that child had asked, "It will hurt me terribly, won't it, Miss Marples?"

"Of course it will, my dear. But I know I can trust you not to scream. I want you to remember that the first stroke across your pretty little bottom will make you think that you're going to be killed. But by number three you will have adjusted and find yourself able to handle it." Miss Marples kissed a young, bare shoulder. "Of course, dear, if you ask me nicely, I'll be quite willing to gag your sweet little mouth. That way you won't disgrace either of us."

Patricia had made up her mind to avoid the shame of making undue noise. She determined to be stoic as Miss Marples took her stroke by stroke into a fresh new female world of wonder. As the teacher swished back the yellow cane to deliver the first cut, the little girl turned hastily to thrust her forehead against the wall.

It had been a terrible and a wonderful beginning, an agony entirely beyond baring. But as Patricia gasped through clenched teeth and swayed the scorching fire of her bottom back and forth, there had come into being an entirely new sensation which the girl child did not recognize at that age as pure lust.

The yellow cane made a spine-tingling whine as it flashed its supple arc and cut towards its target of maiden flesh. For a nine year old girl each cut was wicked, but the panting and quivering girl managed to absorbing them by dancing from one foot to the other and some times raising them completely off the floor. After each couple of blows Miss Marples sought the secret place again to cup it hungrily in a seeking palm. And each time she did this she wiped away juice from the hot skin of a girl who did not understand why the hand was wet. Patricia had received a total of ten wicked cuts which took long to deliver because throughout this infliction of agony, Miss Marples had constantly hugged and kissed the youthful nakedness.

When the cane had been set aside, Miss Marples seated herself before the still bound girl who politely turned to face the mistress while thrusting bruised flesh against the coolness of the wall. Patricia was still panting and her flesh was bedewed with the sweat of pain. She said nothing, knowing it was not her place to speak. But when the teacher's voice gently inquired, "Shall we do this once a week, dear? You don't have to be naughty, we don't need an excuse, do we?" the girl with the stripped bottom had whispered, "Yes, oh, yes! Please!" At that moment Patricia had no awareness of good or bad in her eager acceptance of a female rite.

Miss Marples and Patricia had played their enchanting game every week for many months before they were separated by the normal events of their lives. During this period Patricia remembered how careful she had been never to allow her mother to catch a glimpse of a bottom stripped with purple and scarlet. The state of Patricia's bottom was a secret she and Miss Marples cherished lovingly through all the time of their association. And when Patricia had sat down after being whipped she deliberately thrust hard to induce wave after wave of the most intense sensation she had ever known. The young woman now spread eagle on the rug realized that when Inga had used the cane, the sensations had been similar. But she had little hope of pleasure from the whipping promised for tomorrow. Once more she struggled against the cords but failed to move.

When Inga returned, Patricia blurted out the indignant question, "Why did you bring David Suffcliff in here to see me like this!" she demanded. "I've never been so ashamed in my whole life. And as for this business of his sitting there and watching get whipped, you know what you can do with that. Really, Inga, you're going much too far."

It was maddening the way in which others could quietly ignore anything said by a girl securely bound. It enhanced the feeling of being just a Thing. It was this way now as Inga took David's discarded chair and leaned forward to survey her handiwork. "You still can't move, dear, can you? I did a really good job," she breathed happily as she took careful note of the indentations in her victims ankles and wrists. "I seem to remember promising you a bit of relief, dear," she continued in a more businesslike tone. "How would it be I free one of your ankles? It will ease things up all over."

"Couldn't you let me have one hand?"

"Of course, dear, if that's what you prefer." It took but a few moments to bestow the small freedom, and then the arm was stiff. It was painful to get back to normal. When it was accomplished, Inga suggested quietly, "Untie your other hand, dear. I know it's what you intend to do immediately I leave you alone."

Wondering the still bound girl reached across her breasts and up her secured arm to the cords tight on her wrists. She got as far as her elbow before realizing she was still helpless. Struggling she managed to raise one shoulder enough to gain several inches but was still short of her objective. Unhappily she sank back and allowed her free hand and arm to lay limply on the rug. "Go ahead and laugh," she said fiercely at Inga's all too evident amusement. "You've got me foxed and you knew it all the time. I'd have been better off with a freed leg."

"But, darling, you wouldn't be able to scratch your nose."

"Funny, funny. I could cry the way you've got me fixed. You can just do whatever you want with me." Tears were forming in Patricia's eyes but she blinked them back as she asked, "Please tie my wrist again and then let me have one free ankle. At least that way I won't be doing the splits."

"I like you as you are, Patricia, dear. You'll get a good deal of amusement out of that one hand. I think I'm being very kind. You can probably play with yourself if you stretch a bit."

Patricia immediately stretched as though to defiantly achieve the conquest of her pubic patch but discovered she could reach just the top of her triangle but that was all. "You're treating me like a bitch," she accused as she relapsed into unresisting captivity. "I don't deserve any of this."

"Your grandmother and Mr Suffcliff think differently, dear. Don't get sulky or I'll whip you, dear. And that will change your mind. I hate a sulky girl." Inga chuckled. "Why don't we talk about tomorrow and your tremendous adventure?"

"You mean my being flogged?" Patricia did not die. Even when the wicked whip found the innermost recesses of her body, she flung her young strength against the bond which compelled her to stand for the most terrible punishment imaginable. Once again it was something quite beyond belief.

David Suffcliff's dark, brooding eyes were intent upon the scene. Sometimes, when meeting Inga's gaze, he nodded approval. When the riding crop searched and cut the tender flesh so helpless before its hunger, Patricia realized that this could go on forever -she was completely within their power.

Patricia's screams were varied, a mixture of howls of agony and broken pleadings that the punishment should stop. There were yelps and moans, and terrible sounds to acknowledge pain beyond bearing. Her nakedness jumped and jerks, but no matter how she contorted within her chains, the riding crop followed with expert ease. As the count mounted to where the victim

hoped it might pause long enough to give her change to plead for reason and catch up on her breathing, she was disappointed that no pause came. Ten strokes were passed and the eleventh landed solidly across her upper hips, sending sharp pain shooting through her body. It was the worst yet.

Then there was silence. Inga came to stand beside David Suffcliff's chair to share his vision of a punished girl gasping for air, glistening with sweat and clutching feverishly at chains as if they gave her strength. After a while Patricia realized the whipping had stopped and she returned the gaze of the watching man and woman to moan, "No more, please no more!"

"There will be no more." The simple words in the quiet male voice took moments to register. When they did the whipped girl looked from one to the other of those who held her captive to beg in disbelief, "Please don't tease. Please don't give me hope and snatch it away again. Please let me loose."

"If I were to tell you I would soon begin whipping you again, dear, what would you offer to make it stop?"

Patricia managed to avoid the old cliche, "I'll do anything," but blurted out pathetically, "I'll be obediently, I'll do what I'm told. I'll do any of the things you ask. I'll try and be whatever you want me to be." She sucked in air and added, "You can't know how you've hurt me. You wouldn't whip me like that if you knew how bad it was. I'm marked for life."

Inga freed the shackled wrists to allow the naked girl to feel those wounds her fingers could reach, and then to gasp at contact. She looked at her companions with tears in her eyes. Her ankles were still ironed and no thought of escape even crossed her mind. Instead she uttered thank-you's for the cessation of her punishment, not much caring what would happen next.

"I'm going to take you home with me, Patricia. Would you like that?"

The whipped girl struggled to comprehend David Suffcliffs simple statement. It was what she had been pleading for from the beginning. But now it was happening, she was aware of faint unease. Wonderingly, she asked, "You mean you're going to set me free?"

"Not exactly, dear girl. You're going to be my prisoner instead of Inga's. You'll still be a captive girl in chains."

"But, David, that's crazy. I... I... I don't understand."

Suffcliff laughed. "You're not cured, you know. Neither Inga or I expected these few strokes to work miracles. We just believe it's too soon to give you a hundred which one day we hope you'll ask for yourself without prompting. Think that's possible?"

"No."

"What's your preference, stay here or go home with me?"

Her skin still burned and scorched, and it was David who had wished to see it happen. She was no longer sure of him so demurely said, "If I go home with you, will you sleep with me the way you used to do?"

"No fun in bed while you're under sentence, sweetheart. Naughty girls are not permitted fun in bed." David chuckled without humor. "I'm denying myself for your benefit. I can't punish you during the day then give you pleasure all night."

"I don't see why not."

"Well, you'll see. You may sleep comfortably at night but not with me."

"They I would just as well stay here with Inga!" That burst from angry lips without thought.

"Very well, it that's your decision." David took her in his arms and kissed her in a fine, brotherly fashion then left the room before she could say another word. Now she knew she had thrown away her most cherished wish and cried out after his departing back. She lunged towards the door only to be tripped by the chain between her ankles and fell painful to the rug. By the time she got back to her feet, it was too late. David Suffcliff had gone.

"That's wasn't the way you wanted it, was it, you little idiot?" Inga asked. "No matter how many chains he put on you, I'd be surprised if you couldn't sway his resolve between the sheets. Want me to see if I can catch up with him?"

"Yes! Oh, yes!"

It was a fruitless effort. When Inga returned she grinned and shrugged her shoulders. "I think you hurt him, dear. He seemed in an awful hurry to get away. I saw his car disappearing down the drive. Seems like you still belong to me."

They stood and stared at each other in silence before the whipped girl sank to her knees, buried her face in her hands, and wept with all the pent-up emotions of the last hour. Inga allowed the tears to run their course, then lifted the girl with chained feet erect and nursed her in affectionate arms as one might nurse a child. When the grief had subsided, she quietly raised Patricia's hands to lock them back in the shackles from which they had been so recently released. It was as though the prisoner was in a comma and unconscious of what took place, standing there stupidly while she was once more made helpless. It was as though David Suffcliff had taken with him all the fire and spirit of the girl he had watched being whipped. When Patricia was once more left alone, she stood listless with hands above her head and a cheek resting against one bare arm. She stood thus a long time, acknowledging the security of her bonds by failure to either test or struggle against the chains holding her wrists above her head and the handcuffs which joined her ankles. Probably Inga would come and whip her again, but nothing mattered anymore. In losing David, she had lost hope. From now on she would suffer Inga's punishments while keeping in the dark recesses of her mind a determination to escape. Surely sometime Inga would get careless!

It was at that moment that David Suffcliff returned. The securely fastened girl refused to cherish the joy she truly felt at her lover's reappearance. When he stood before her, surveying her nakedness from head to toe, she stared back stonily, her only motion being to toss her hair away from her face. David spoke no word but when his eyes had drank their fill of her chained nudity, he went back out of view to run exploring fingers back and forth across her wealed bottom so that despite her intention to keep silent she gasped slightly as her wounds were fingered and her curves patted in approval.

"I am going to do things to you, Patricia," he said at last. "I want you silent and I don't want you struggling. Is that clear?"

"Yes." The single word was spoken in a dull monotone. Inwardly the female prisoner seethed with fury but maintained a listless posture as her hands were freed but only to be placed palm to palm behind her back with some very thin cord designed to hurt. Patricia bore this male attention in sulky silence, but when a thicker cord circled her elbows and was cinched tight to make them meet, she could not forego a gasp of pain and the utterance, "That's far too tight, you're hurting me terribly. There's no need to tie me like that."

The male said nothing but continued his encirclement of bare skin until his final knot insured the obedience of a girl who could do nothing to defend the outrage of captivity. The handcuffs still clasp slender ankles to make a mockery of thoughts of running for the door. But the pretty steel was now unlocked to enable her to walk under the control of a leather leash now snapped to the collar. Bitterly she said, "You wouldn't treat a dog like this. David, what's gone wrong with you?"

The only answer was an affectionate pat on a flushed cheek and a less gentle tug upon the leash. Seething with anger and humiliation, the naked girl was forced to follow her master through the passages to a remote back door of the castle where David's car stood waiting. She was propped up and onto the front seat where her ankles were once more firmly cuffed in steel. The end of the leash was snapped solidly to the handle of the door. When David climbed in and started the motor, the fastened girl said in disbelief, "David, I'm naked! You can't possibly drive me around like this. Be sensible and call this whole thing off."

"A spicy bit of suspense for both of us, sweetheart. I suppose you'd welcome it."

"Let me loose."

"No."

"David, the way you've tied my elbows hurts terribly. And I hate this leash thing which turns me into a pet."

"You are a pet, love. And a pair of elbows hurting the way yours do will keep you nicely aware of the fact. Stop asking me to let you loose because I'm not going to do it."

"All right then, what are you going to do?"

"Take you back to my place. You'll be flattered by the preparations I've made for you."

"That means I'll be sure to hate them. David, are you going to whip me?"

"You future is a sealed book, my pet. You and I will turn its pages together and each one will be something you won't like. By the way, I should explain that Lady Cutliffe-Hynd and I have discussed your training and she has more or less given me carte blanche. Inga will also be in residence. I've got a law practice to attend to and can't waste time on your during the day."

"You're wasting time on me right now."

"It's in a good cause, believe me, Patricia. And since tomorrow is the beginning of the weekend, you'll have my full attention until Monday. I going to make you beg."

The mind of the unwilling passenger was chaotic with conjecture and guesswork. The bound girl remained convinced that if she ever got half a chance she could twist this lawyer/lover to her own ends. But what hope had she of doing anything. A girl about to seduce a male needs

hands and arms and feet. But she had been robbed of all three, and even wore a collar and leash to boot. She had little hope of subjecting her captor with words alone. Or even tears. David would be prepared for tears and know how to deal with them. In pure frustration she weaved bare shoulders in futile struggles against the cords and made as much noise as possible with the handcuffs on her feet while the car sped smoothly down the highway. A painful effort it was and David Suffcliff paid no heed.

For the first fifty miles the prisoner was one huge blush. But those in passing cars apparently saw no hint of her condition, and even the occasional policeman on the street spared not a second glance. Patricia knew she could and perhaps should scream along with an expression on her face denoting distress. But the thought was accompanied by visions of both of them being led to the nearest police station where she would be incoherent with embarrassment and totally unwilling to sign die forms of complain by which this man might end up in prison. But once more in frustration, Patricia knew that prison is not where she wanted David Suffcliff. She wanted him back on the footing that once had keep them friends. Moreover she would not dream of inflicting upon Lady Cutliffe-Hynd the humiliation of admitting to a granddaughter stark naked and tightly tied in a vehicle for all to see. Defeated by more than cords and cuffs, the heiress to Hastings Castle crouched low in her seat and ceased to struggle. Bound elbows burned steadily beneath the rope.

It was natural that a successful lawyer should have an expensive home. Patricia knew half of it very well but there had always been areas devoid of interest to a young woman intent only upon making love. David had sometimes spoken of "downstairs" but she had never bothered to descend. It was reasonable to believe a bachelor might use only half his home. But now, putting all the pieces together, she demanded accusingly, "I'll bet I'm not the first girl you've treated like this. I think you like being mean to girls. I've guessed your awful secret, haven't I?"

"That's right, Patricia. I enjoy tying bare skin and using a cane on a pretty bottom. Most men do if they would only admit it, or had the money." David chuckled. "You'd be surprised, love, how many young women, if properly approached, actually wish to be where you are now. It's the finest sport there is."

"It's hateful. You ought to be ashamed. Good gosh, David, I never dreamed... !"

"Well, now you know. And, after a few more miles, you'll be the pretty occupant of a prison cell or perhaps a real dungeon, or maybe you will simply grace my home in your lovely nakedness suitably dressed in only a pair of handcuffs. Aren't you lucky!"

"David, are you going to make me hate you?"

"No girl has hated me yet. They've mostly been grateful for a pleasant day, or week, or month. I've often wondered if they will find a husband half as good for them as me. We can talk about this after you've been my guest for a week or so."

Patricia sniffed. "How long do you intend to keep me prisoner? That's what I am. Or do you have a prettier name for it?"

"Definitely, Patricia, you're never going to know how long I'll keep you."

In a flood of self-pity, tinged with fear, the heiress to Hastings Castle found herself weeping quietly in the moving car with no one to see.

- Chapter FOUR - Escape

Begin fastened in what David described as the "Cat Cage" would be a dispiriting experience for any girl. But for Patricia it was doubly distressing since it had been her lover's hands that had lovingly tied the cords by which she was made powerless to move. Patricia had expressed both anger and sarcasm until she was told to shut up if she knew what was good for her. Thereafter she had kept a sulky silence and done as she was told. She had come to the Cat Cage utterly naked and devoid of restraint. She had allowed herself to be lifted onto an uncomfortable purchase which was nothing more than a pole which was the centerpiece of a wooden structure which might have been a large box stripped of everything except a strong and heavy frame with verticals and horizontals structured to accommodate girlish feet and girlish hands. Patricia had watched in sour disapproval as her ankles were drawn out to each side and corded with unnecessary attention to the horizontal bars, leaving her to sit astride the round, smooth surface which she felt certain would hurt more and more with each passing hour. Once more she felt bitterly cheated in what she considered an unfair assessment of her sins.

David went to great pains to insure that each limb was strictured neatly to its anchorage within the frame, the captive girl watching each twist of rope and feeling its bite as it was tightly cinched. She was using her hands to ease the pressure on her bottom from the not-very-wide bar she was forced to sit on. But first one and then the other were taken from her to have their wrist placed upon another horizontal bar at the level of her shoulders and there treated to the same artist stricturing as were her ankles.

But this time the cord was the thin twine she had come to hate. Whatever optimize she possessed was lessened with each vicious encirclement of the slender wrists. When finally knotted to the master's satisfaction, she was sure she could not escape no matter how long she struggled. When she was left sitting there, it was with arms and legs spread wide to either side, her full wait on her bottom. When Suffcliff stepped back and it was evident he had tied the final

knot, the naked girl said sadly, "I suppose you'll now go to the office and leave me like this. How long do I have to put up with this?"

"Come, come, sweetheart, don't you like your pussy on a pole?"

"Don't be disgusting! Really, David, I don't understand you one single bit. You couldn't have really loved me or you couldn't treat me like this. I beg of you, please don't leave me tied so tight in this beastly box for too long. It hurts more every minute."

"Where does it hurt, darling?"

Patricia flushed a deeper pink. "You know damned well where it hurts," she said bitterly. "You must be some sort of sex maniac to make as certain as you do that I will always get pain where a girl wants it least of all. Damn it, man, can't you see that I can hardly move!"

"So I'd noticed, dear heart. Naughty girls aren't suppose to be able to move. You can spend the day thinking of past misdeeds and arrogant behavior. I'm going to leave you now. Have a nice day."

"You can't leave me like this! You absolutely can't. David, it's too awful! I'm being cut in half. I can't ease my weight anywhere. You've being an absolute bastard."

Her lovers only answer was to kiss the lovely girl's lips. The punished girl sniffed and then keep a stony silence while the man she could think of now only as "Master" bestowed a cheerful wave before gently closing the door and vanishing from sight.

The naked girl thus left to face a desolate day admitted a short, sharp screen of pure anger to vent her feelings and perhaps bring back the man. But nothing happened and silence once more claimed the room, a silence interspersed only by the heavy breathing of the girl who could not move. She sat and stared at the wall.

Miss Patricia Terrance took stock of her sorry plight, noting the how the thin twine embedded itself within the flesh of her wrists. Her ankles were not so badly cut into but still so firmly bound that she did not try to struggle. Experience had taught her that struggling was useless against such bondage and only hurt. She then looked down at pubic hair and the flattened pussy on which she sat. It was uncomfortable and growing worse. She longed to cry but that, too, was useless. In a frenzy of frustration she flung her nudity against her bonds until the pain forced her to desist and relapse into passive acceptance of a punishment she could not fight.

It was the eighth day and no better or worse than the other seven. From the moment she had been carried from the car and put on the couch, still tightly bound, she had known that David knew what he was doing and perhaps her hopes of influencing him into releasing her were useless.

Patricia had been freed after spending another hour on that couch, only to be taken down to the basement where she had been put into the "Cat Cage" where she was bound spread wide on the pole.

Her bottom hurt and she longed to be able to shift her weight off it. But her bonds forced her to sit in one place, and endure a growing pain in both her bottom and pussy. It seemed as if hours crawled by but she was uncertain. When you're hurting very much the time seems to creep. She wished there were a clock in the downstairs room with her but the walls were bare and unfriendly.

She remembered the last few miles before they reached the lavish estate he called home. He had become talkative and told her that she had guessed his secret. He spoke of the beauty to be found in a lovely naked girl in restrain, be it tight ropes or just handcuffs. He explained that long before he had come to terms with love of restraining and caning young women, and now felt it the most noble and enjoyable pleasure a man can experience.

Patricia did not share his view that she was a work of art. She did not share his view that being naked and bound up was the natural state for a woman. She admitted to herself that perhaps she was getting to the state where it felt natural for her, but that was only because she had been bound up constantly over the last eight days. When you're helplessly bound and unable to move at all for long periods of time, eight days can seem an eternity.

David visited her but would not tell her how many hours had passed. "Oh, please, let me down!" Patricia pleaded. "This is horrible! My bottom hurts so very much. And I'm sure my... my pussy, I think you men like to call it, is being ruined. You wouldn't want it to never function again, would you? I mean, you used to like to stick your tool into it, didn't you?"

"I did and I do. And I will. But all in good time." He walked around her, checking the knots. All were in good shape and still quite firm. "My how this little rich girl has fallen," he commented. "You don't look so rich or powerful." He paused a minute before continuing, "Inga tells me that when she used the cane on you, your pussy became wet. Is it now?"

"Don't talk about such disgusting things."

Without another word, David placed his hand against her pubic patch and slide a finger down towards her sex. He withdrew it to stare at it. "Might be wet, a little hard to tell. I couldn't get down to here the really juicy part would be."

Patricia blushed and bit her tongue. She was wondering herself if she was "juicy" as he conjectured. She had been away of a heat in that area but written it off to the punishment she was taking down there. She would be terribly embarrassed if he were to find her sexually excited by this. She glance down at her breasts and hoped he didn't notice how rigid her nipples were. She told herself it was just because a man had touched her sexual parts. That was all, she insisted to herself.

"Please untie me," she pleaded once again. "Please?"

"No." David smiled at her frown. "Not yet. Let me tell you of a fantasy I've had about you for a long time." He leaned comfortably against a wall. "I want to suspend you with feet wide spread and then use a whip with one, single heavy leather thong to cut as hard as I possibly can down inside the "V" of your sex. You could do nothing about this for you would be well and truly tied. You would have to lay there with free hands and arms and wait for it to happen. I would cut into your crotch five times to hear your screams and watch you struggle. That is a nice fantasy."

"You brought me here to do that to me? Oh, David!"

"Don't worry, my pet. There's only one way that would be done to you, and that is if you ask for it nicely. I know you think that won't every happen. But just suppose you did one day come by that desire. Damned interesting speculation, wouldn't you say?"

"It would kill me."

"No it wouldn't. A girl is well padded down there. I won't pretend it wouldn't be bad but you'd survive. And after the pain had cooled down a bit you might even thank me."

The bound girl looked into his eyes with a hard, level gaze. "You frighten me, David," she said soberly. "The way you speak about this fantasy tells how much it's a part of you. If it means that much, you'll certainly do it, and I'll certainly die. Or at least get the my sex cut and mangled for life. For Pete's sake, don't even think of such things."

Suffcliff gazed at her tenderly. "I had to tell you about it," he said quietly, "because it's the tree from which all sorts of branches go in all sort of directions. I'm going to do all sorts of things to you. But we'll both of us always know those five strokes within your legs are there and

waiting. How or when you'll get them, neither of us can tell right now. But they'll be there. And whenever you get to feeling your oats as a pampered bitch, I want you to remember."

"But, David, it's crazy! Why on earth would any girl ask for something so terrible. I mean, what would she get out of it?"

"Freedom?" It was a shock almost like a blow.

Patricia's response was instant. "You mean I'll have to ask you for that awful punishment before you'll let me go?"

"I didn't say that, dear. And it's not exactly the way it has to be. Think of it only as a possibility. Think of yourself as a girl carrying the key to the door she does not wish to open."

There had always been a quality of boyishness about David Suffcliff but this was modified by this fantasy of his. How could a girl live with a man or even be his prisoner when she knew the wish was there? A free girl could go away and have nothing more to do with him, but she was not free, she was a prisoner. And from the care and caution with which she was bound or chained all the time, it seem possible she would remain a prisoner the rest of her life. In her new captivity, Patricia had never been left alone without a guard or a painful restraint. She no longer expected anything else. The sensation of being bound of chained was almost something she could touch. And it made her shiver with despair. Not much caring either way, she simply asked, "Look, David, you've got me. I know I won't escape. I know, too, that grandmother has made a gift of me to you. I've always know that she wanted us to marry and I expect that's what she's thinking of." There came a lengthy pause. "Would you marry me now?"

"Why should I? Give me one good reason."

Patricia remained mute. She knew she would never be allowed to escape. Knew, too, that her dreams of seducing this male would never come to pass. Even when she wore only handcuffs upon her wrists, she was subject to his will. Ahead there lay only an infinity of pain.

He left her again and she spent another few hours of agony, moaning softly to herself and the cold walls, and about ready to offer anything for relief from the agony in her bottom. He came before dinner, freed her and locked her hands behind her back. She could hardly walk upstairs and had to lean on him for a while until her legs stopped quivering. She was allowed freedom of the bathroom, including a warm, bubbly and long bath in scented water. When she finished removing the sweat of pain from her body, and had fixed her hair very prettily, she was taken downstairs to a nice dinner. They talked of normal things and did not mention his fantasy or the torture she had undergone that day. After dinner there was a little brandy and polite talk in

the lounge, accompanied by classical music, then to bed. Patricia spend the night laying beside former lover and current master, still naked and with her hands crossed and tightly bound behind her back. Her ankles had been crossed and bound also to make walking impossible for her. She was so tired that she fell asleep without even a thought to trying to escape during the night.

In the morning, it was Inga who brought her back from sleep after their master had gone to be a lawyer once again. In response to her jailer's greeting, Patricia told the whole sad story of the day before, watching Inga's face carefully for signs of shock or disapproval. But there were none, only the simple question, "Do you want your freedom that badly? I'm not sure what I would chose in your place. It's a wicked price to pay for something that may come to you anyway. You surely can't be keep a prisoner forever. Your grandmother will become suspicious and curious, and will demand your appearance. Haven't you consider this?"

"Of course I have. But I no longer kid myself that I'll ever be free. Between you and David I'll stay tied or chained and punished forever," the bound nudity snorted. "I don't see much of a future for me."

Tied hand and foot upon the bed, Patricia was suddenly cradled in affectionate female arms. "Oh, yee of little faith... " Inga quoted. "Just because you've been a prisoner for a week or so doesn't mean a thing. Nothing is forever. Cheer up, sweetheart, and when I punish you today, don't take it as anything personal or as a condition likely to go on and on. You're worry and distraught over this business of David and his five wicked strokes in your crotch. Forget it, it will never happen."

The girl who believed herself a prisoner for life found only small comfort. Inga was simply being sweet and no doubt did not desire a hysterical captive on her hands. Patricia did her best to set aside the awful vision of the whipping Inga said would never happen. The she did as she was told obediently. There was the toilet and the bath, and breakfast. After that there was a long walk behind her mistress to the place of punishment.

It should have been one of the unexplored room, or one of the fictitious dungeons far below. But instead they went back to the bedroom where she had slept and there Inga produced pillars and a length of wire, at sight of which the captive flared into revolt.

"For Pete's sake, Inga, don't make me spend the day fastened with those horrible staples. Can't you give me a break?"

"I am giving you a break, dear. I can easily make things worse. Surely you don't want to be suspended by your big toes? It's terribly painful and you'd be upside down."

"Okay, okay, I'll be a good girl and let myself be fixed in whatever horrible way you've got in mind. Gee whiz, if someone had told me about this a month ago, I wouldn't have believed a word of it." She turned towards her jailer in disgust. "Okay, tell me how you want me."

Once again it was the thumbs. Inga explained how they stuck out better the other digits. Patricia, no longer much caring about anything, extended free hands and watched as the wire encircled each thumb below its knuckle and was tightened there by a pair of pillars. When this was done, each hand was then fastened to either side of the bedposts of the four-poster bed, and by the time the wicked wire was twisted here and there and finally snipped off short, she knew how she was going to spend the day. Patricia knew, also, it could have been worse, acknowledging that fact by asking, "Is this how I have to spend the day, with my arms sticking out in front and my thumbs wired to tile bedpost? I'm going to get awful sick of it."

"That's right, darling, you're going to get awful sick of it. But that is the intent. And that is the way you'll have to stand. Try and get free."

"You know I can't. The wire hurts. I don't see why you have to be so mean."

"Because you're so beautiful and so helpless. It's a pretty pose I've wired you in but that's not going to be all. I've got a really beautiful strap which I'm going to use on that lovely bottom of yours from time to time. You can stand there and wait and wonder about what I am going to do to you when I come back. I've got some beautiful nipple clamps that I really should use on you. It's a pity to waste them. Do you wish to beg or plead?"

The fastened girl longed most desperately to plead but what was the use! As usual, Inga would have her way and her skin would suffer whatever painful indignities her mistress might impose. Patricia kept silent.

Left alone to stand in abject humiliation, it occurred to the prisoner that she had been whipped only two or three days ago, and that in that brief period when given the use of her hands, she had explored the skin of her bottom and knew the wicked welts had not yet gone away. She felt sure a strap would be a horrible instrument and if used to plant its kiss over the still sore weals of her bottom, would undoubtedly hurt horribly. But there was nothing she could do about it. Thoughts turned to her lawyer friend who was undoubtedly busy with his torts and pleas in his posh office. Patricia longed to be there, too, and to walk the streets once again as a free girl who could do pretty much whatever she liked. But that happy time was rapidly receding into the past and neither Inga nor David would give her a clue how long she would be a prisoner under constant punishments.

Patricia had become accustomed to nakedness, a nakedness she knew Inga envied and David Suffcliff adored. Patricia had always been proud of herself and her figure which was far superior to any centerfold. She deemed herself to be far superior to the captivity she now was forced to endure and the punishments that went along with it. Truly believing in her ability to twist David to her will, she still held out hope but was thus far forced to admit that she had changed nothing. With Inga as jailer during the day and David, her master, during the night, escape seemed pure fantasy, it wasn't going to happen. The wired girl sighed and shifted from one foot to the other, it was about the only motion she was allowed. She looked along the length of her bare arms to where the tiny loops of wire mocked liberty and wondered unhappily how so much girl could be held captive by so little. The heiress to Hastings Castle snorted angrily and stamped a bare foot upon the floor.

The strap Inga had promised turned out to be a wickedly supple strip of leather which she suspected had a lot of use. When she drew Inga's attention to the fact that her bottom was already wealed, the fact evoked only laughter. "You've been lucky so far, dear, because all we've whipped is your bottom," Inga explained, i "But when it gets crowded down there, we'll move on to other places hot yet touched. You're a girl, darling, and girls have lots of available skin. Hold your breath."

Limber leather cracking hard across bare shoulders made a truly horrendous sound. The pain was awful and outrageous, but when Patricia pointed out the needless severity of a leather strap across her back, she got only a chuckled, a chuckle followed by searing pain across both cheeks of her bottom. Despite the captive's determination to cheat Inga of the sounds and motions expected from a punished girl, swats two and three compelled a pathetic dance of pure pain from feet that were free. Four and five drew a squeal of anguish. And the sixth resounding meeting of skin and leather drew an actual scream from hot, red lips. Had not the mistress' voice come cheerfully, "That's all for now, dear. You behaved well, I'm proud of you," Patricia might have gone on screaming.

"What else could I do? I don't want to lose my thumbs." Patricia turned to her tormentor. "That hurt horribly, Inga. You must have known it would hurt so. That strap is a positive demon, and I don't see why you had to whip my back. Oh, Inga, please don't strap me any more today!"

"You see what I mean, dear, when I said you'd adjust to punishments." Inga was running mischievous fingertips up and down on a vividly marked back. "You asked me not to mark you any more today, and did you realize this implies your knowledge that you will be whipped again in days to come, probably every day. Up to now we've always stopped at six. But we don't have to."

"Don't remind me, I don't want to hear."

"I'll tie this loop of cord around your waste, and I'll hang the strap from it so it will dangle against your hips as a gentle reminder every time you move. Please don't thank me, I love doing things like this."

It was hateful. The dangling leather made constant contact, and even though its venom lay passive, the sensation was that of a red hot iron. Patricia hated the strap with every fiber of her being and did her best to get rid of the hateful thing but no amount of shaking or wiggling could undo Inga's work. She was forced to wear it like a badge of shame.

David Suffcliff returned early from the office but his presence in the house benefited his nude prisoner not at all. "Sorry, love," he said flippantly, "that I didn't come home to rescue you. I wouldn't spoil Inga's quaint little notion for anything. You look supremely gorgeous."

"I don't feel gorgeous, I feel terrible. David, please undo those pieces of wire. If you'll just give me a break for ten minutes I promise I'll obediently let you fasten me again."

"Sorry, no dice."

"Well then, will you be kind enough to take the cord from around my waist and that strap?"

"If I do that, I'll use the strap on you, darling. It's a most inviting length of leather." His voice became that of a person anxious to please. "But perhaps you'd enjoy a few resounding slaps. It would relieve the boredom of having to stand like that all day."

"If you think that's teasing me, you're wrong. It's simply cruel. I don't ever want to feel Inga's blasted strap again. David, it wouldn't hurt you to give me a break."

While David was fingering the fresh weals on her bottom, Patricia was thinking fast. "You could take me to bed," she offered in what she hoped was a sexy voice.

"Of course I'd like that. But the trouble is you'd like it, too, and naughty girls mustn't be given pleasure." David's voice was a mockery.

The girl with wired thumbs choked back fury and instead offered meekly, "Look, I mean this seriously, David, if you've got any humanity at all, let me go to my grandmother. I've got a terrible need to talk to her and some how sort out this business of my behavior and the punishments I'm getting. I don't suppose she'll forgive me but after I talk with her I may find these beastly things you do to me a bit easier to put up with. Please take me back to Hastings."

"You've just come there."

"Yes, I know. I'm silly and upset and frightened. I want grandma to reassure me that this punishment doesn't go on forever."

"I don't want her ladyship disturbed by the tales I'm sure you'd tell." David paused. "I'm sure Lady Cutliffe-Hynd would be glad to see you but she's set a course and I'm pretty sure she'll wish to follow it. If I did take you there, you'd feel twice as bad when I brought you back."

I'll risk it."

"Ever well, I'll run you down right now and get it over with. I'll be busy tomorrow and won't have time. I'll send Inga to get you loose and safely handcuffed. I won't bother about tying your arms."

The wired girl was almost stunned by shock. In an outpouring of thanks and gratitude she remembered to ask, "But, David, I'll need to be clothed. And you won't need the handcuffs. I'm damned grateful for what you're doing for me, there's no need for restraints." She said the last words to an empty room, David had gone.

Inga was helpful but disapproving. "You'll only get heartbreak out of this," she stated severely. "Mr Suffcliff doesn't know her the way I do." For a minute or two her fingers were busy with the pillars and wire. "He's taking you down naked, just the way you are. Go and use the bathroom and fix your hair, then hurry back so I can get you handcuffed."

"But I can't visit my grandmother start naked!"

"Yes, you can. Her ladyship is well aware of the conditions under which you've been imprisoned. But if you wish to change your mind about visiting her, I'm sure Mr Suffcliff will be only too pleased. He's a busy man and doesn't have time to run a naked girl up and down the highway. Go on, run!"

In the ride back to Hastings, Patricia reflected wryly that at least she was more comfortable than on the previous trip. She had been unable to persuade David to dispense with the handcuffs and had to wear them as a small price to pay for what might prove a very short vacation from more painful bondage. Rather than belabor the man at her side with reproached and complaints, she sat demurely and spoke of the happy days of what seemed long ago. Patricia had no thought of escape but was determined to use all her skills of persuasion on an elderly lady who should react with shock and horror to the whip marks on her granddaughter's skin. Surely

she would relent and admit the punished girl back into the family fold. She preyed that David would have the decency to bring her into the presence she sought without the servants having a chance to examine her shame.

David had phoned ahead and was reassuring about being unobserved. And they were. No one saw into the car during the trip, and the transfer from car to Hastings Castle was made at the back door. When David opened the lounge door for Patricia, she was nearly bursting with things to say to her grandmother.

Lady Cutliffe-Hynd accepted a naked, handcuffed granddaughter without the quiver of an eye. When the brief greetings were over, David was asked to leave the room. After all, he was only the family lawyer and this was a personal family affair. It was only after the man had departed and closed the door that grandmother and granddaughter were united in an ardent hug and a girlish apology for the steel bracelets upon her wrists, an apology swept away by a wave of her ladyship's hand. Lady Cutliffe-Hynd then resumed her seat while the girl she had sent to a strange imprisonment sat comfortably on the rug and tucked her feet under her in a way she had always done. Placing joined hands upon an elderly knee, Patricia poured out her story.

The elder woman looked down with love at the girl who's life she so totally controlled. Gently fingers lovingly patted the hands and absently fingered the steel-clad wrists. When Patricia paused for breath, the wise old female voice asked, without surprise, "What else did you expect, child? I sentenced you to punishment and that punishment is not yet complete "

Patricia's answer was swift. Leaping to her feet, she turned to display the vivid marks of whip and strap and cane. "But you never expected to see my skin marked this way," she affirmed. "It's terrible to be whipped, I simply can't bare it."

"It is no more than I expected, Patricia. Corporal punishment usually succeeds where other methods fail. You mustn't take on so. This world has seen many young women marked as you are marked. When I was you age, in those bordering school we were sent to, it was a commonplace thing to be quite well marked up. This world would be a better place if the custom was still enforced."

Patricia turned to bestow upon her grandmother a full frontal view of one of the loveliest bodies in the world. Her grandmother appeared to ignore the steel about her wrists and was concerned only with female flesh and blood. "Don't play the hurt little victim with me, dear girl," she commanded firmly. "I know how beautiful you are and that you have been hurt. You should be grateful that I intend to correct your faults."

"But Granny, surely the things that have been done to me ought to be enough. I've changed, I know I've changed. I'll make amends. Let me stay here with you now, and if I seem less than you desire you have only to threaten to send me back to prison. I'll do anything and be anything rather than be sent back to be whipped and put in chains. Please, please, don't have me punished anymore."

"Come, sit at my feet again and let me stroke your hair." The old voice was gentle and full of sorry. "We used to sit like this while you were young. Look up at me, I want to see your eyes."

Patricia was once again filled with hope. Somehow she must win this battle, somehow she must touch the ancient heart and get back to where she had been. But what Lady Cutliffe-Hynd now said gave little comfort, "Everything you have said, dear child, only proves your training has fallen short of its purpose. If I must keep you under constant threat of return to punishment, it is best you do not come. Surely you understand, dear. The time has been far too short to cure you of a disgusting way of life, to make you into a better person, and to eliminate your conviction that every thing in life is designed to please you. This will require far more discipline than you have received. I am not shocked by those marks upon your skin, in a sense it is I who put them there." The old lady paused while her fingers were busy in the lovely hair Patricia had always cherished. "I expect I made a mistake by allowing David Suffcliff to reenter your life. He is very dear to me and he used to love you very much. Perhaps he will again when this is all over and done with. But to put him in charge of a beautiful, conniving young woman may not have been wise. Would you feel better in returning to your punishments, dear, if David was no longer in the picture?"

"I don't know. I simply don't know! Oh, Granny, I don't know about anything anymore. But I do know I don't want to be a prisoner at David's house or here. I can't stand being treated like a convict. I don't think such treatment is doing me any good at all. Please let me stay here now and I'll prove to you I can be anyway you wish."

Lady Cutliffe-Hynd was implacable. Her granddaughter was not yet sincerely on the right track and that was the end of it. When the older woman brought the visit to an end, there had been much heart searching and many tears. But when David Suffcliff reentered the room, the decision had been made and must be considered final. He was to take Patricia down to the place of punishment where he had found her, make her secure for the night, and then send Inga back as speedily as might be. If he felt he had something to contribute to Patricia's rehabilitation, he was welcome to make suggestions. And that was most decidedly that!

"It would have been better if you had stayed at my place," David said gloomily. "This trip down here hasn't done either of us any good. And, in case she didn't tell you, her ladyship is

going to instruct Inga to be more severe with you. She wasn't a bit impressed by those marks on your skin. I got the impression it wasn't near as many as she expected. Sorry, old girl, but you might as well consider yourself condemned to serving a long sentence."

As they made there way down the seemingly endless corridors, Patricia knew nothing but desolation, handcuffed and naked she could not fight, and she realized bitterly that the handcuffs on her wrists had served a useful purpose in keeping her from doing something foolish. But now they were a symbol of her condition. They seemed to burn her wrists with a red-hot flame. When they reached their destination and David said. "Well, sweetheart, this is it," the girl once more consigned to captivity was appalled. "David, you're not going to lock me in this little cell for the night, are you? It's horrible."

"It's most suitable, dear heart. You may not be comfortable inside but at least you'll be safe until Inga gets back and takes over."

"But all these iron bars are like a cage!" Patricia protested. "I'll be hysterical. Damn it, David, can't you just chain me to a wall or something?"

"This is more suitable, love." He held open the sinister door incitingly. "Get your little butt inside and stop your beefing. There's only one small job I still have to do."

"And what might that be?"

"Sit on the bench and I'll show you." She might have known it was just another pair of handcuffs. She was politely requested to extend her feet. With a shrug she obeyed and watched as her ankles were clad in steel made snug and tight by the clicking of the ratchets, a sound now all too familiar. "Do you suppose that locked in here I'm going to try and run away?" she inquired sarcastically.

"I figured it would feel more like home," David told her cheerfully. "You're not getting any covering so these will help keep you warm."

"You're being beastly."

"If I hadn't been absently minded and locked those things on your ankle, I would have laid you out on that bench and made love to you. But I'm not going to all that trouble of unlocking them and then locking them back on again. And while you're wearing them there's not much we can do." Unexpected he raised her to her feet and held her very tight indeed while kissing with a hunger to match her own. Then, when he had gone and clanged the door fast shut, the prisoner relapsed upon the bench and wept in a wild abandonment to grief.

Inga arrived early to find her prisoner still asleep. Patricia had spent half the night hopping from bar to bar and exerting all her strength to the opening of an iron barred door which mocked her effort. The only consolation was that with her ankles fastened so close together by the handcuffs it would have been impractical to try to hop her way to freedom. It was dark and very lonely down in that dungeon room. In defeat Patricia had stretched herself out on the bench to instantly fall asleep only to dream of being in a cage so small she could not turn around.

Inga's greeting was in her usual tone of cheerfulness. "I told you, pet, there wouldn't be anything for you here but heartbreak. And now you're stuck with the place and I've been given orders to increase your punishments. 'A real bad time,' was what your grandmother told me to give you."

"Go ahead, I don't care."

"Patricia, I've become fond of you and don't want you to hate me just because I give you pain. Think we could handle such a relationship with me beating you black and blue and still trying to love each other? I almost wish I hadn't taken this job. Look, dear, before we start our day's work, how about some breakfast? I brought it down from the kitchen."

Nothing was unlocked but the hot coffee worked miracles and the meal chased away the blues of the night before.

To compel herself to be cheerful required an almost physical act. In her loveliness Patricia was a bundle of dire foreboding. She had been a prisoner only a little while and had supposed that little while might be enough but now she had been sentenced to an indefinite period stretching out into the future, and she felt pretty sure she would be chained and bound and caged for several months. At least. There was only the faint hope that David would come to call now and then. Even if he came, he might well give her a whipping. But Inga was a sweetheart and even though she was robbed of hands, she contrived to give her jailer a passionate hug.

Patricia asked in innocence as they entered the room of punishments, "So what are you going to do to me today, Inga?"

"I don't know," Inga admitted ruefully. "I have to keep a record of your punishments and submit it once a week. I don't want to half kill you but I have to do more than spank your bottom. Have you ever had your bottom spanked?"

"No. Don't be silly."

"It may be silly for you but it's not for other girls around the world. I'm going to sit down and I want you to lay across my lap. I'm sure you've seen the position often enough in pictures."

"Inga, you don't really mean it!"

The jailer sat down and motioned for the girl to come over. The handcuffed girl did as she was told, placing the twin rounds of her bottom where they were convenient for the childish punishment. Or was it childish? Patricia did not know.

The first slap was a surprise. The impact of the palm made a surprisingly loud sound and coming as it did on top of her last whipping and the application of Inga's strap hurt a lot more than Patricia would have guessed. It took Inga's hand around her waist and her own cuffed fingers to keep from sliding off her jailer's knees. With the second impact of the palm, Patricia let out a surprised yelp. "I'm sure you can see I'm already wounded down there," she said resentfully. "Do we really have to go through with this childish nonsense?"

"You prefer the strap, dear, or maybe the riding crop?"

"I don't want either of them, and I don't see why I have to have anything like this at all. I haven't misbehaved."

After the fifth hearty impact Inga paused. "I'm going to have to punish you often," she said soberly. "I may not always want to do it but my orders are never to spare the rod. I'm going to give you twenty spanks to see how you handle them."

"I didn't think they were suppose to hurt this bad. Really, Inga, this is too much."

The mistress ignored her remarks and the stinging palm rose and fell with measured cadence to deliver sharp slaps which soon added a nice shade of pink to a bottom still colored by previous punishments. Patricia found herself panting and emitting yelps of pain. Once more standing she fingered Inga's handy work as best she could against the handicap of joined hands. "I thought it was kid's stuff,' she said sulkily, "but it hurt like hell."

"Don't ever sneer at a spanking," Inga advised with a chuckle. "If the time ever comes that your petty bottom is completely free of wounds, I'll spank you again so you can compare with this time."

Patricia sniffed. She felt like a naughty little girl who would not have to stand in the comer and go without lunch. "You get such a kick out of the things you do to me," she said accusingly.

"If you struck me with a feather, I'll bet it would leave a mark." Hopefully she added, "Is that all for today?"

"Not quite, dear. I've thought of something for you that will keep you amused. I don't want you to ever get bored. Give me your hands."

It was nice to be rid of the handcuffs. Patricia watched them set aside then, under a sudden impulse, leaped for the open door. In less than a second Inga had grasped her arm and whirled her around to twist a young arm painfully up behind the youthful back. "I enjoy you trying to run," the mistress confided. "It gives me an excuse to hurt and put you in your place. You and I may be friends, dear, but I'll do a job on your regardless. Want me to twist some more?"

"No, oh no, don't!"

"I can handle you easily and you know it. But I expect you'll go on making an occasional dash for freedom until I've got you well and truly trained. Shall we go on fighting or will you obey?"

Patricia wanted to fight but the iron grip and twisted arm hurt too much and she had to admit defeat, "Okay, okay, I'll lay down." The naked girl lay down as ordered and even put both hands behind her back in the conviction her wrists would soon feel the bite of rope or steel. But Inga had other ideas and when the girl looked sideways she exclaimed in disgust, "Oh, Inga, not the damned wire again! That wire hurts."

"That's right, dear, it does. You're going to love this one, it will be frustration plus."

It was very simple, a loop of the thin wire twisted and drawn tight around each of the prisoner's thumbs, then a foot drawn up to either side and its big toe compelled to join the captive thumb by another loop which the pillars made secure before cutting off the loose ends. When the hands and feet were thus joined, Inga patted the bare bottom and stood up to enjoy her creation. "I want you to get loose, darling, if you can. If you do, I'll give you a day of freedom."

"I can't. It hurts."

"I asked you to try so try!" Patricia tried. A day of freedom would be heaven but the wire burned and dug into her flesh with ever motion. She was in a strange new hogtie and ended up laying sideways on the floor to gaze up into laughing eyes and plead, "Inga, this is awful! Can't you fix me some other way?"

"I don't want to."

"You seem to get a kick out of spanking my bottom, why don't you do that again instead of this awful wire. Inga, this is horrible!"

"You mean you'd like me to spend the whole day spanking your bottom? I'd have you howling after the first thirty minutes. You're nicely fixed now so I'll leave you for a while. Would you like me to roll you back over on your stomach?"

It would always be the same, Patricia reflected bitterly: a tussle, a bit of repartee and then to watch Inga's departing back and face the endless hours. There was no way of getting comfortable or of getting free. She would lay as she was, hurting and frustrated until the mistress came again to bestow a drink of water or a few words of conversation. The big, lonely room and the pain of wired thumbs and toes was punishment, indeed. The fastened girl wonder miserably if her behavior had ever been so objectionable as to warrant what she now received. It was a topic she did not care to dwell upon, for whenever she did allow her thoughts to go back to her happy days of freedom she became more and more aware of having been something of a bitch, and piling up a list of transgressions she feared to consider. Desperately Patricia struggled and wondered if laying on her breasts and belly was indeed the most comfortable posture possible. Her nipples were crushed down into the concrete which thrust back into the tender skin. Inga was simply being mean.

Bound girls have plenty of time to think, and Patricia's mind flitted back and forth over possibilities. It must have been an hour before she remembered how Inga had placed the hated pillars and wire upon a small table not far distant It might be possible to tilt the table and perhaps contrive to grasp the pillars where they had fallen. It would not be easy. It would not be quick and it was going to hurt. But resolutely the unhappy prisoner edged her way inch by inch across the rug. It took probably an hour of intense effort and much pain from the biting wire before the girl clasp the pillars in her hand. Even then it was far from easy but eventually her left hand and foot fell apart to leave Patricia sweating and gasping but filled with hope. The rest was easy.

A whole day of freedom, that had been Inga's promise so now she had to find Inga and claim her victory. The door was unlocked and the girl prisoner gazed happily at the open portal while plucking the last bit of wire from punished toes. It was not until then that she realized the possibility of total escape. Why search for her mistress when the small side door down the corridor gave access to the garden and then the road. Without a backward look, Patricia sped soundlessly to freedom.

It was a small miracle, too good to be true. Out in the sunlight and smelling the wonderful scents of summer in the garden, the nude ex-prisoner took deep breathes as she dashed across the grass towards the shelter of the trees. This first hazard did not take long. With a bit of luck no one would see her. When reaching the shelter of the woods, she turned back to look. No one was to be seen. Miss Patricia Terrance had made good her escape and now need only to reach the road to flag down a passing car. For a naked girl most anyone would certainly stop!

The path was not the main driveway and was not graveled. The fleeing girl could run without fear of harm to bare feet. It was very pleasant among the trees and Patricia was tempted to take her time. Once she would have gone within the castle to the living quarters with Lady Cutliffe-Hynd, but after yesterday's interview cast the thought aside for it would lead only to a return to iron bars and the bite of rope. Her apartment was in the city but it might be safer at first to seek refuge with a girlfriend, one of the few who did not consider her a selfish bitch. Patricia's main concern now centered on whoever picked her up and gave her help. If she got raped by a male who could not resist the temptation of her lovely body, it would simply be the luck of the draw. Perhaps she could make a charge for her services if she became a willing victim and thus have plenty of money for clothes.

Inga was sitting on a fallen tree, beside her lay several lengths of rope and the gleam of handcuffs, a sight to bring flight to a sudden halt. "Are you going to come back with me without a fight or do I have to hurt you?" Inga asked pleasantly.

"It's a trick, a trap. You knew I'd get loose!"

"It thought it probable, dear. I knew this was the path you'd take if you managed to get rid of those little bits of wire."

"I think it was a dirty trick, letting me glimpse freedom. I warn you, Inga, I won't go willingly."

"But you will go, dear, you can't get the best of me in a tussle."

Patricia did not answer but dashed passed the fallen tree. If she could make it to the road there was still hope. She heard rapid footsteps behind her and that made her run with all she had.

"Come back, you little idiot. If you try and cross the road, you get us both in trouble."

The capture took place on the road itself. Patricia's arm was grasp in steely fingers which instantly began the task of dragging the fugitive back the way she had come. Neither girl had seen the car, and when it stopped there emerged a uniformed figure neither desired. One naked

girl and another fully clothed faced the policeman, their faces flushed in embarrassment and Patricia's hands striving to cover three parts of herself with only two hands. The official voice was heavy with reproof, "Now there, ladies, you can't do that there 'ere."

"We're minding our own business, please go away," Inga said with more assurance than she felt.

"Not on this public highway, you ain't, miss. You was 'aving a fight, you was. This little affair needs sorting out, so it does. You'd both better come with me."

"I am employed by Lady Cutliffe-Hynd," Inga informed icily. "This young lady is her ladyship's granddaughter. You won't get any thanks for arresting us."

"And I'm the Archbishop of Canterbury," the official voice was heavy with sarcasm. Patricia was conscious of the constable's interest in her breasts and pubic patch. Valiantly she joined the debate, "I'm being held against my will. Please tell this woman to let me go on my way." She turned to exhibit her wounds. "See what she did to me?"

"Ah, and very nice, too. But you're both still have to come alone with me. Get in the back seat, I don't want no trouble."

Perhaps to be arrested was one more avenue of escape, Patricia reflected silently. The police could get her clothes and send her on her way. Without another word she got into the car to be joined, after some further argument, by an angry jailer who submitted her wrist to the constable's handcuff while the other cuff made Patricia's wrist once more captive. As the car sped down the road, the constable summed the whole thing up to his satisfaction, "Fine goings on, if you ask me. You should both be ashamed of yourselves. The Magistrate can send you both to prison for indecent exposure."

Inga shook her chained hand angrily, "There's no need to put these things on us, we're not going to fight."

"You was fighting when I came upon you. I ain't taking no chances."

In other circumstances Patricia might have been amused to find her hand chained to that of her jailer. But this was not other circumstances. Unhappily she wondered how many people would see a naked girl chained to another, fully clothed, being led into the local police station. She prayed there would be none to see.

The station was a small establishment since the village boasted no great population. But the sergeant in charge dropped no H's, and draped an official raincoat over naked shoulders, and took two separate statements with the air of a man who has heard it all. When the documents had all been signed, he fixed Patricia with a cold stare of disapproval. "Do you with to sign a complaint against this woman?"

"No."

"If she was holding you by force, I'd think you'd wish to."

"Never mind, it's just something between she and I. Look, couldn't you lend me some money so I could get some clothes and so I could get to London where I live? There's no need for fuss or bother." Mischievously she added, "If you want to lock someone up, why don't you imprison Inga in a cell? I'm sure you've got one."

"Before I do anything with either of you, I'd best speak to her ladyship and see what she thinks of these statements. You sit there quietly while I use the phone."

It did not take long. When the receiver was replaced the sergeant's tone was much changed. "Lady Cutliffe-Hynd is much respected in these, parts," he said. "She says to return you to the castle so that's what I'm going to do. Here, let me take those handcuffs off."

"Leave them on," Inga said unexpectedly. "She'll still run away if she gets the chance."

"This is all very irregular." Patricia almost felt sorry for the baffled sergeant. But when the two girls were deposited on the steps of Hastings Castle and Inga's firm grip on a naked arm replaced the cuffs of steel, she looked around at the lovely vista of gardens and parks and the huge stretch of green grass and could have wept at her loss of freedom.

Inga waited until the policeman was out of sight. She then led a sulky and frightened girl back to the prison cell down in the basement. On the way she picked up a length of rope and bound Patricia's unresisting hands behind the girl's back. "I probably won't leave you in here," she said as she slammed the cell door. "But I've got to make a report to her ladyship so try and behave yourself while I'm gone."

The sarcasm remained unanswered. The girl sat on the hard wooden bench and wept in great sobs of despair. It had been so wonderful to be free to feel the good grass and the soil beneath her feet. And now she was back again behind the iron bars. Resentfully she tugged at tied hands. The only part of herself on which she could dry her tears was a raised knee and even

that was difficult. The heiress to Hastings Castle and the huge estate was a most unhappy young woman.

When Inga returned she used her own handkerchief to clean Patricia's face. "I don't have good news," she admitted. "I got a stern reprimand for giving you a chance to escape. And you have to be severely whipped. Sorry, love, I didn't mean for it to work out this way." She lifted Patricia to her feet and held her tightly in affectionate embrace. "There's still quite a lot of this day we haven't use yet," she whispered in Patricia's ear before nipping it playfully. "Come along and let's go on with it, we can't have a wasted day."

"But you told me that if I got loose I'd have a day of freedom!"

"I can't do that, sweetheart. Between you running away and her ladyship becoming suspicious, you're not going to know much freedom anymore." She snapped a leash on Patricia's collar. "Come along, dear, I've thought of something nice."

It was the little door again and the flowers and the trees and grass. "First of all, we had best retrieve my rope and handcuffs from the fallen tree, and then I'll show you what your fate will be." She tugged at the leash playfully. "This way, darling."

The items of restraint were still there, waiting. Inga picked them up and led the way off into the trees to where a truly magnificent and ancient tree appeared to await their arrival. It had obviously been used before because the shape of a girl was out-lined by ring bolts screwed deeply into the trunk. Beholding them, Patricia knew her fate.

The rings made the binding of a girl easier and tighter than if the huge old trunk had been circled with rope after rope. The captive's hands were freed from behind her back and now were locked in front as a hand between her breasts thrust the girl to be punished back against the bark. With surprising strength, the mistress raised the lovely nudity high enough to link handcuffed wrists within a hook well above the captive head. There was no suspension and no stress but without help the linked hands would stay as there were. Patricia could never raise them out of the hook's embrace without aid. After that it was pretty much like threading a needle. First of all a neat, bare waist was belted with several strands of rope from the rings on either side. The rope cut into the flesh and held her secure. After that a binding above nude breasts and another one below. Quite viciously they were drawn tight enough to hurt. Each breath would be a reminder of punishment. Then the knees and finally the ankles, all corded tightly to make the delinquent girl very much a part of the tree itself. When it was done Patricia could scarcely move. She made no complain, supposing it could be worse, and feeling guilty for having gotten Inga in trouble. The leash was unsnapped from the collar and Inga backed away. "You look very sweet like that, darling. The beetles and the flies will bother you, but that's all. Have fun."

It was a warm day and the sound of bees and insects and the chirping of birds soon replaced Inga's voice in the summer air. The sylvan scene was perfect and the nude girl was quite helpless and pressed hard against the ancient tree. The park of Hastings Castle was a very private place and there would be no one coming by to set a captive maiden free. Patricia fought her bounds for a few minutes but abandoned all attempts in the face of impossibility. She sighed in resignation and tried to arrange her thoughts.

Among the vivid memories of punishment thus far, a single thought remained dominant in the captive mind. David Suffcliff had offered her a price for freedom, a price she still scorned but which nagged as an ever present possibility. Those five terrible strokes with a whip inside her open crotch. It had been impossible then and was impossible now. Except that it remained her only hope of getting her sentence revoked and once more gaining freedom. She wondered if David would marry her afterward, and if that was something she would want. She had turned down the offer once but the punishments of Hastings had changed everything. But speculation was useless so she thrust the thoughts away and dwelt upon the whipping she had been promised tomorrow. How many strokes would she receive? The lashes with the whip or the cuts with the cane? Up to now the number of strokes had been limited but a truly formal punishment might easily run to twenty or thirty or more. Whatever the number she knew she would be a very sorry girl indeed. Would she be suspended by her wrists or strapped down to a bench. She did not know but in contemplating so awful an ordeal she felt a shiver of excitement run up an down her spine. She tried to set aside that excitement as she considered an endless source of interest and hope. Somehow she must escape. She must not let her failure today hinder future efforts in that direction. She knew that she would try again. But for now she must watch out for traps, and knew she should not leave the shelter of the castle unclothed. There were clothes aplenty and she knew where to find them. She fell asleep.

Patricia was awakened by the voice of one of the young serving girls, a girl she vaguely remembered as being new at Hastings Castle. The voice was urgent but a little afraid. "That you, Miss Torrent. I saw Inga bring you back down here. I got a bit of time off, so I've come to have a look. My, my, you're really fixed up, ain't you for sure."

The tightly strictured girl said nothing. Patricia felt as if her bonds had become tighter but there was a rebirth of hope. "Well, Daisy, she said as friendly as she could manage. "Have you come to set me free?"

"Gosh, no, miss. I wouldn't dare do that. They'd skin me alive!"

"Well, why did you come then?" Daisy was obviously fighting embarrassment. "I come because I wanted to got a good look at a fully grown girl all naked and like that. I ain't never seen a girl all tied up and naked like you is. Gosh, you're real pretty tied up like that."

"Thank you, Daisy. If you want to untie me and experiment.

I'll tie you the same way I'm tied. How would you like that?"

"I'd probably like it a lot, miss. It would be real fun. I ain't been tied up since some boys did it in school. Tied me to the gate post and left me there, they did. It's the funniest feeling."

"Well, then get me out of these ropes and we'll try."

"I'm just play scared, miss. I'm terribly sorry."

There came an awkward pause. "Would you mind very much if I sort of felt you? I mean, I run my hands over all them lovely parts you got so I can say I really knowed what I was talking about when the boys kid me about what I got underneath my clothes. I expect you know what I mean, miss."

"Yes, I know." The bound girl felt the ebb of hope. "Come and feel me all you like. If you untie me you could do it a whole lot better. Look, Daisy, if you get me out of these ropes, I'll get you a great deal of money. Please?"

"You ain't got no money, you're naked."

"But if I get free I can pay money, all you want. Think of it, hundreds of pounds."

"Hundreds ain't all that much money any more."

"All right then, thousands. Can't you take pity on someone in distress."

"I just don't believe in all that money, miss. As so far as pity goes, you don't need none. Not if being tied up like that is as much fun as you say. See what I mean?"

Patricia had no choice but to endure the avid young hands. She tried to look anywhere other than Daisy's heavy-lipped sensuality. The ordeal lasted a long time for the captive breasts and pubic triangle, both of which held an endless fascination for the young girl. With someone you like or loved, the fingering and stroking could have been infinitely pleasurable but Daisy's

hunger was so blatantly carnal that Patricia endured it with suppressed fury. Finally it boiled over when Daisy asked in seeming innocence, "You won't mind if I pet your tits, will you?"

Patricia screamed as the young fingers and thumbs pinched the tender rosebuds, a scream shattering the silence of the woods and causing Daisy to cease in confusion. "I'd best go back now," she said. "I just took a bit of time off to have a look at you, miss. Sure did make a noise. But you got the loveliest tits I ever did see. Bye, bye."

The girl bound to the tree watched her youthful tormentor slip away through the trees. Patricia sighed, she would never escape -never, never, never!

- Chapter FIVE - Love and Locks

It was painful, it was indecent, it was an outrage. Patricia had given up making reference to her grandmother's disapproval of Inga's inspirations but this one certainly Lady Cutliffe-Hynd could not possibly approval of. It was only a few minutes since the jailer had completed her task and wandered back to Hastings, quite oblivious to her prisoner's pleadings and complaints. With a bitter certainty, Patricia knew for sure that her mistress had taken pride in what her helpless victim thought of as "The Torture of the Day." Most certainly it was one of the more ingenious of the punishments she had been compelled to endure. Hoping the noise would be heard as far distant as the castle itself, Patricia emitted the most piercing scream she could muster, a scream of anger against the injustice of her lot.

It was the same massive tree trunk that had held Patricia captive several days ago. That had been bad enough but the naked girl's condition now was infinitely worse. She was belted hard against the smooth bark by ropes most cruelly tight around her waist and held fast by the waiting rings. Each hand had then been lifted to the level of her head and then pushed out and back to have the wrist tight bound to another of the metal circlets. Patricia's other hand was then treated in the same way on the other side to leave her rigidly fastened in a posture of surrender.

It would not have been so bad if her feet had been on the ground but each ankle had been firmly and separately bound to be drawn out and back, and then tether to rings above the ground. That spread her legs wide and made Patricia take all her weight on the ropes holding her body to the trunk. Both feet were well off the ground and could not reach the dirty.

Patricia didn't like the way the ropes dug into her naked flesh. But she was more upset by the indecent way her sex was wide open and exposed for all to see. And for all the insects to land upon and feed hungrily. Inga had, you see, spread a layer of honey upon Patricia's inner thighs, rubbed it into her pubic patch and then used a Finger to push some up and inside the protesting girl. Gradually more and more flying things were attracted to the sweetness and soon a great deal

of them were covering Patricia's private parts. Even bees came to sample the nectar that they, themselves, had made. Tiny wings and tiny feet crawling over her skin made Patricia shiver and want to scream even more.

After a short time Patricia realized that the flying things were being joined by ants crawling in lines up the tree trunk, over her immobile legs and into the "V" between her legs. She shuttered but could do nothing about that insect invasion of her body.

About an hour after the start, Patricia saw Inga coming and hope spring into her heart. Certainly an hour of this insect torture would be enough and she would be let down. But Inga only inspected her captive, then knelt down before the naked girl's wide spread legs. Taking a large wooden toothpick from her pocket, she spread Patricia's vagina lips wide and inserted the toothpick so that it held them wide open. Then she smiled sweetly at the bound girl and again left her to the tender mercies of the insect world.

Patricia called and pleaded after the retreating back but to no avail. The wooden toothpick was sharp on each end and that sharpness dug into her tender flesh and hurt a great deal but it also prevented the toothpick from slipping out. Her sex was wide open and dripping with honey. She could not see but could feel the tiny feet crawling all over her. She screamed again, preying that someone in the distant house would hear and take pity upon her.

No one heard. Or if they did, no one came to save her.

The naked girl thrashed and strained against the ropes holding her body but the ropes had been very tight and knotted skillfully. She could not free herself.

Minutes seemed as hours as they crept by and the creatures of the garden feasted upon her. The bees were bad for she feared they would sting her but they did not. And now and then a wasp would come to take it's share. One landed upon her rigid with fear nipple and stood there for a long time. She could feel it's tiny legs holding on to her flesh. It was one of the only creatures she could actually see. While it stood upon her flesh she froze with fear and tried to breath as little as possible least the movement of her breast disturb the creature. Finally it flew away and she sighed in relief.

Struggles made the toothpick hurt her flesh but she still fought the ropes. She felt as if she had to do something. To remain motionless while her private places were invaded by insects was too much to expect from any girl. She yelled at the insects, ordering them away. She shook her body the little she could, even when it hurt her pussy lips.

The honey dripped down and was eaten and very, very slowly diminished. As it did, the insects diminished also but very slowly.

It was close to noon when David Suffcliff came to call.

Patricia stared in amazement at a man she did not expect to see, an amazement the man dared as he beheld this naked girl. He gazed upon Inga's work while Patricia suffered agonies of shame at the exposure of her womanhood. "Good gosh, did Inga do this to you?" David demanded in disbelief.

"Of course she did! Who else? Oh, David, please set me loose. This is pure torture."

"Hold on, old girl, I need to get a look at this. If that girl did this to you, she certainly has talent. Is that a toothpick I see?"

"You know damned well it is. Oh, darling, don't be witty and clever, just get me down... Please!"

"She must have used honey. Or is it just you? they're interested in?"

"You son of a bitch! You're enjoying seeing me like this, aren't you? Haven't you see enough? Please cut me loose."

David Suffcliff cut a whippy wand and proceeded to whip away Patricia's unwelcome prisoners. He even removed the offending toothpick, placing it in one pocket, possibly as a reminder of the day. He then whipped away with the leaves of his wand the remaining insects. The swats were not a real whipping but the did hurt. She did not complain, even when her sex was stung by the leaves applied a little harder than necessary to remove insects.

When the last of them were brushed away to his satisfaction, he stepped back to once again examine the extraordinary manner in which this lovely naked girl had been secured. She gazed back at him imploring but with fading hope. A true knight would have had her free long since, and she knew herself blushing under his close examination of Inga's work. When his examination continued longer than she like, she demanded, "Well, have you looked enough? For goodness sake, let me loose. I'm hurting all over. David, don't be so mean!"

"Sorry, old girl, but you're underrating this extraordinary effect. I might never see anything like this again. That Inga is a real wizard."

"Don't you feel sorry for me? I'm hurting all over, especially in that place you're so busy looking at. How long are you going to make me plead?"

"A little pleading will do you good, sweetheart. Don't spoil my enjoyment. There's damned few men ever get to see what I'm seeing now." Patricia's one time lover chuckled.

The captive of the tree struggled furiously, more to vent shame and anger than with any hope of loosening ropes. David watched with interest. When she stopped she blurted out pitifully, "Do you want to make me cry? Do you like to see me cry? I hate crying and having people watch. Especially you!"

"But I would dry your tears, dear heart. Stop distressing yourself. I'm wondering if it's proper for me to let you loose. You're Inga's property, not mine. And, if I should let you loose, what would I do with you?"

"You could take me back home or simply let me go. I don't deserve to be a prisoner all my life."

"Come now, darling, you know it's for a limited time. Perhaps a few months. And you know that if I did take you home, I'd probably be just as mean as Inga. Why simply grin and bear it? She'll probably go easy on you tomorrow."

The punished girl snorted. "Look at me, David, my wrists are tied, my tummy is almost cut in two with rope, and the way she's got my feet tied I almost don't believe. It's splitting me in two right up the middle." Patricia's voice became anxious. "Is my pussy as wide open as it feels?"

"It isn't open at all. It's a most respectable pussy. Maybe you'd like me to replace the toothpick?"

"No!" Once more the captive girl flung herself against her bonds to no avail. "David, don't be such a beast. I don't know when you're teasing. I'm beginning to think I can't believe anything. Please let me loose and take me home. Look, I'll be your slavegirl, I'll be anything you want. Just get me out of this awful fix!"

"You'll do anything I want?"

"Don't give me that 'anything' routine. You know damned well I'll do anything you want to get out of this if you can persuade Grandmother to forget about this punishment or training or

whatever she calls it, I'll be your slave for life. That ought to be a deal to please any lawyer's heart."

David laughed at her seriousness. He cupped the lovely face in his hands and kissed the hot and angry lips until they kissed back and become softly feminine once more. With studied casualness, he extracted a pocket knife, then, with the severing of the last rope, was forced to hold his sweetheart in his arms that she might not fall. Her arms crept around his neck as their owner whispered in his ear, "Thank you, thank you, oh, thank you. I'm so grateful."

The punished girl was stiff and unsteady on her feet but she was free, free, free! Listlessly she asked, "I promised anything didn't I? Would you like my first payment right now, here on the grass?"

"Don't be disgusting." David's voice held mock severity. He picked up one of the discarded lengths of rope. "What I'm going to do, darling, is tie your hands behind your back. After the way Inga's looked after you, I suppose you'd feel a bit strange if they weren't some way fastened."

Obediently Patricia turned and crossed her wrists. What did it matter! If David refused to give her freedom, nothing mattered very much at all. As the swift binding bit her skin, she asked sarcastically, "We were lovers once, David. Or have you forgotten?"

"We will be again, sweetheart. But not the way you just suggested. I paid a lot of money for this suit and I'm damned if I'm going to strip naked out here. Come on, my pet, we have to get going."

Patricia walked willingly enough beside the man she could no longer understand, the man she had once supposed she could control with her little finger. But now he was a man who had bound her wrists behind her back and was leading her back to goodness knows what. Enslavement, or punishment, or shame. She did not even bother to ask their destination.

Curiosity was soon satisfied. They entered Hastings Castle by the small side door. They went straight to the bath where David ran the water while she stood in helpless gratitude for one small mercy. "I'm not going to untie you," David informed. "But I want you clean and beautiful. So I'm going to bath you myself. If I get soap in the wrong places, don't complain."

It was quite wonderful and like old times. Patricia's heart sang in joy and thankfulness as strong male hands placed her in the warm, bubbly water and soaped her whole body, paying special attention to her breasts and her pussy. Looking deep into her eyes, the male hand plied

the bar of soap far more vigorously than need be, and the girl being cleansed thought it all too wonderful.

Lady Cutliffe-Hynd was far from pleased by the intrusion of the family lawyer accompanied by a naked grandchild who's hands were tied behind her back. And she had a smile on her face. A nervous smile, but a smile. But grandmother was a good hostess and the trio was soon sipping coffee, the bound girl's cup being held by the man who had bound her.

"I'm sure you know I am far from pleased, David," her ladyship said in even tones. "Is this Inga's idea or yours?"

"It was mine. Inga simply told me where Patricia was enduring... Well, let's call it her daily correction. I released her and brought her here to you. There are things I must speak of regarding Patricia and her punishment... "

Her ladyship's raised hand gave pause to the lawyer's speech. Her wise old eyes surveyed both of them in what may have been pity. "I know what you're going to tell me, David. But the answer must be no. We must not allow our determination to be weakened at this point. I suggest you return her now to her mistress, and, if there is estate business to discuss, you can come back to me. Is that quite clear?"

It was abundantly clear to both the lawyer and the naked girl with tied hands. Patricia knew her grandmother far too well to plead or even to speak at this point. It was David's idea, so let him deal with it as best he could. The captive girl kept silent, her fists clenched against the cords. Her principle emotion was one of shame as her grandmother stared at her condition. David's voice returned in quite persistence, "I understand your feeling, your Ladyship, but some time ago I asked Patricia to be my wife. I ask her again now, in your presence. Surely as my wife her behavior will merit your approval." He chuckled softly. "I've got some interest in that behavior myself."

The feminine prisoner held her breath. If marrying David was the only way to freedom and normalcy, she would immediately say yes. But her grandmother's reply swept away false hopes. "David, you are very dear to me, and I hope that one day you will marry Patricia. But that day is not now, and that marriage is not a price to pay for her release from the course of training I have set. Inga tells me there is some progress but not much. I think you should take this silly girl downstairs for more correction."

"But supposing there is reason to believe that correction is far too severe?" The lawyer's voice is urgent. "Inga is probably hard put to provide a different punishment each day, and a different bondage each night. She is therefore inc-lined to go overboard. Today was such a day. I

will not speak of the condition in which I found your granddaughter. It was drastic in the extreme. Please allow us to marry. I will accept Patricia with any deficiencies which I, myself, will then deal with."

"David, dear boy, you are extraordinarily innocent for one of your profession. This girl would twist you around her little finger and swiftly recreate for herself that life of self indulgence and pursuit of pleasure. Patricia has only been a prisoner for a little while. Goodness gracious, man, surely you can allow a little time for Inga to work her miracle."

David gulped and swallowed hard, knowing the battle lost. Then Patricia addressed her grandmother, "Grandma, I promise, if you'll let me marry David, I'll be everything you want. Inga has changed me. I'm not the girl I was a month ago. Let me sleep in my room here tonight and tomorrow we'll go to town to make the wedding arrangements. Please don't send me back to Inga."

"Has Inga been cruel to you, dear child?"

"Of course she hasn't. Inga's a dear. But I'm so tired of this punishment business. I'm tired, tired, tired of being tied and caged and chained. I'm tired of being hurt and never having the slightest chance of escape. Inga always makes sure I'm fastened so good. Granny, dear, I feel so helpless and hopeless with all these punishments even thought Inga and I sort of like each other. Please end my sentence and these punishments."

The lips of Lady Cutliffe-Hynd formed a wintry smile. "Your story is well put, my dear. But you know the fable of the boy who cried wolf? You believe in these vows you make but you would never keep them. David will return you to Inga's care and you can take up where you left off. I'm sorry this interlude every happened, you should both have known better."

David did his best but Patricia, knowing herself defeated, kept silent as she was discussed like a piece of merchandise until David took her by a bare arm and led her from the room. In the corridor she exclaimed bitterly, "So you're taking me back to prison!"

Inga was waiting.

## - Chapter SIX - Unexpected Freedom

The days with their pattern of punishments for a sulky and sorry young woman passed slowly. Inga was endlessly inventive and the captive girl wondered in what way these punishments were changing her, or if they really were. All she felt was a bitter resentment against having this part of her life taken from her that she might be humbled. Secretly she told

herself that she was not begin humbled. She endured most of the rude punishment with mute acceptance and hardly ever thought of escape since Inga was now doubly careful to keep her always chained or bound. Patricia longed with bitter longing to be able to once more run, to leap in freedom across the lawn was a liberty Inga firmly denied.

Patricia returned often to that bitter moment when David had returned her to Inga at the orders of her grandmother. David had briefly taken her in his arms and the two of them had kissed in sorrow and longing that things might be other than they were. David then made a hurried exit and had not returned. With his closing of the door, Patricia has stood there twisting at bound wrists before meeting Inga's eyes.

"I told that man to leave you alone," the mistress laughed. "But I suppose his male nature got the best of him. And it was such a nice position I had created for you. Were the little bugs very bad, darling?"

"They were awful, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. If you keep on punishing me like this, I'll die." The youthful voice was accusing.

"No you won't, dear, so don't be dramatic. I know best what to do with you. And both you and your lawyer would have been bet ter off if he had left you tied to that tree. Your grandmother is not the least bit happy about this."

"I don't care. I still say it was horrible and you shouldn't have done it to me. And you shouldn't have sent David to have a look at me in that shameful sexual condition. The way he looked at those places where you put the honey made me want to die."

"Well, anyway, it's over, dear. And now you're back to square one. But don't you think you deserve a punishment?"

"I don't care what you do to me. What is it this time? Another hundred with a whip?"

"My, my, pet, you're really cheesed off. What I had in mind was to put you back on that tree the way you were. And there's still plenty of honey in the pot."

Patricia's features took the verdict as they might have done a blow. Her eyes were stricken in despair as her hands fought once more their loosing battle with the cord. Quite firmly the mistress took her distraught captive in loving arms and kissed the sulky lips until they were sulky no more and their owner relaxed to accept the embrace she could not return. The two girls stood cheek to cheek, as Patricia sobbed on the shoulder of the only friend she had, a friend pledged to punish her everyday.

Since that time Patricia's punishments had been easier to bear even though at time bizarre. There had been the time when she walked slowly with hobbled feet beside her mistress back to the familiar woodland to where a freshly dug hole was waiting like a tiny grave. Beside it a spade was planted in the pile of fresh dirt. And at the bottom of the little bit there lay in wait one single, firmly anchored handcuff.

Patricia could not run, her feet were chained. And when she was invited to lay upon the grass she had been unhappily obedient even though she guessed what was still to come. She was invited to lay on her side and thrust her right arm deep into the pit where her wrist was immediately tightly cuffed. And she was forced to watch helplessly while Inga used the spade to push the soil back into the hole, stepping on it from time to time to insure a firm bond around the bare skin. The mistress then held the helpless hair away from harm as the final scoops of soil were patted down in place beside Patricia's cheek.

"Don't you absolutely love this one, darling? I think it's neat," Inga said as she set aside the spade and gazed down approvingly at a girl who appeared to have lost an arm.

Patricia hated the whole thing, it was too bizarre for words. Her hand was working frantically well down beneath the surface but the steel cuff was laughing at it painful struggles and held the wrist so that no motion could be discerned on the surface. The danger of worms and other horrors was vivid in her mind. "I think it's a beastly thing to do to me," she said tersely. "I don't suppose I can get you to relent?"

"Of course not, dear, you're going to be like that for quite a while. Enjoy yourself. You can tell me all about it when I come back. That is, if I do come back... Bye-bye, darling."

Patricia waited until she knew herself alone. She realized her only hope of getting back her arm would be if the anchorage of the handcuff was not quite as secure as it seemed. She managed to arrange her fingers to grasp the rod driven hard into the ground. Perhaps, with a bit of effort, she could pull it out. Patricia then spent a painful hour pulling and tugging and constantly testing the metal for any sign of weakening. But, as usual, everything proved solidly beyond her. Eventually the naked girl lay panting and sweating in defeat. After a while she used her free hand to rearrange her hair and even employed it to wipe away the loose soil in hope of undoing Inga's work but soon found this a thankless task. Besides, she realized, even if she succeeded in uncovering her hand, it would still be prisoner to the cuff. And she might be punished for what could be called an escape attempt. She scooped back the warm soil and used it as a pillow for her cheek.

Many of the punishments Patricia was compelled to bear were inflicted within the shelter of the trees because, as Inga wisely pointed out, it was summer now but in winter it would be far too cold to leave a naked girl to the mercy of the weather. The girl could, of course, be clothed but Inga found that thought disgusting. The girl enduring the punishments made no protest.

At first sight it appeared to be a discarded mass of rusted iron, but the mistress soon explained its purpose and the manner in which it worked. "It's actually a trap, darling, one they used to set for poachers a century ago. If the poacher wasn't looking for such a thing, he could easily step within the open jaws which then snapped shut to bite his ankle with the spikes and hold him until authority came to haul him off to jail." She paused go giggle. "But don't be alarmed, dear, this one has been modified. Notice the neat little circle which has been cut it to hold your pretty lit tie ankle. Just watch how the jaws work when I used this lever to thrust down the spring so it opens wide and waits for someone to come along. That someone will be you. darling."

"I'm going to hate it," said Patricia firmly. "You think up the damnedest things. Use your lever, I am watching."

It took all of Inga's weight and strength at the end of the six foot length of iron to thrust down the wicked spring and allow the jaws to open. Watching the mechanism Patricia realized that even if her mistress forget and left the lever, she would be unable to use it effectively. And without it jaws would remain closed around whatever they held. Looking at the rusty trap caused an eerie tingling along the spine as if the ghosts of centuries past were laughing soundless at what they knew would happen. As was usual in such situations, Patricia's wrists were handcuffed behind her back, and when the lever had depressed the spring and the jaws were open, Inga's commend was sharp, "Put your foot in there, darling. Position it carefully and hold it still while I allow the trap to close. I could let it snap shut but I'm not going to risk injury. Be sensible and keep quiet."

It was the last thing Patricia wanted to do but, since there would be no changing of Inga's mind, she obeyed instruction and stood on one foot, trembling, as she watched the ugly jaws close around her innocent ankle in a perfect and snug fit. Inga then dragged the heavy lever to lean it against a tree well out of reach. She returned to walk around and around the nude girl. Unexpectedly she unlocked the handcuffs to give her captive the full use of her hands. "I'm taking a bit of a chance doing this, dear, but I'm betting that you'll never, never get free of that trap. It would hold you safe for the next hundred years if it had to. Doesn't it fit around your ankle beautifully?"

It was an unusual privilege to possess two hands again. When she knew herself alone, Patricia used them to explore the ugly iron imprisoning her foot. But they found no weakness

and the spring was, as she expected, far too strong for her to depress herself. But they did discover that the trap was tethered by a three foot length of rusted chain anchored to a concrete block in the grass. She found it thus possible to raise her foot, alone with its heavy weight of iron. She could move a few feet in any directions but was still far short of reaching the lever. If she used great care and caution and used both hands, she found it possible to sit beside the metal monster but with her knee and leg held vertically to prevent the tight fitting circlet from cutting captive skin. But if she choose to stand, it would have to be on her one free foot, for within the trap her imprisoned foot could find no resting place. Patricia sighed. As usual it was going to be a long, long day.

The bronze statue of the satyr was something she and Inga had laughed over as they sometimes passed the secluded spot where it stood on their way to Patricia's daily punishment. The statue had been placed where it was by some long dead member of the family which had owned Hastings Castle for centuries. As they surveyed it now, the girl who's hands were bound behind her back realized something had been added, something which Patricia had no doubt was contrived for her alone. She shuddered for the bronze image was an intimidating thing for any female to behold. It was life-sized and boasted a magnificent phallus in full erection thrusting forward aggressively. The heavy but short length of chain and daunting iron collar which hung from the base of the penis in a way to give Patricia a good idea what was in store. The phallus itself had been cleaned and polished.

"I expect you can figure out how you're going to spend the day, darling," Inga said briskly. "Kneel down and be a good girl."

"You want me to worship the damned thing!"

"In a way, yes. Get down on your knees and don't argue."

Patricia's hands were still secured behind her back but without help she obeyed her mistress' command to find her self looking at point blank range at the thing she wanted least to see. "Don't be afraid of it, dear, take it in your mouth so I can lock this collar on your neck." Inga made it sound as though she were offering a pleasure. "You'll have to get it inside your mouth pretty far or the chain won't reach. If you've any last words, you'd better say them now."

"It's horrible! Please punish me some other way." The girl kneeling before the metal male member was close to breaking. "Don't be silly, dear. This cute arrangement will hurt you a lot less than most things I could do. In fact, it won't hurt at all if you don't fight. Don't make me angry with you."

With an expression of disgust on her lovely face, the naked girl took the bronze phallus in her lips. And then, as if to save her further decision, Inga slowly but firmly pushed her head forward. Before Patricia could even begin to fight, the collar was locked around her neck. She tried to pull back but discovered she could only pull back a couple inches, not nearly enough to dislodge the metal phallus from her mouth. There was just barely enough chain to enable her to avoid choking. She struggled but to no avail. The bronze prong remained within her mouth. With anguished eyes, she looked sideways and upward at her laughing jailer to make a mute appeal. Inga replied only with laughter and a pat on the captive's head. "You'll settle down and get used to it, dear," she assured. "I expect it will get a bit hard on your knees. With you mouth held at the height, you won't be able to sit down, nor stand up. Nice fix, huh?"

"Mmmmmmmm! Nnnnnnggggghhhhh!"

"I know how you feel, dear, and the best thing I can do for you is to leave you alone to settle down and enjoy that lovely mouthful you've got."

"Nnnnnnggggghhh!"

"Oh, you agree! How nice!"

"Mmmmmmm!"

"You might find it of interest if I tell you the legend of this statue. It was placed her a long time ago by one of the noble of Hastings who had a wife who hated doing what you're doing now. It appears this was his principle enjoyment. So he made her a present of this bit of bronze and when she remained steadfast in refusal to perform oral homage to her husband, he had her fastened as you are fastened now. The story has it that he kept her like that all day and all night, and that, when she was released, she instantly proved her willing to oblige. Considering her husbands preference, its surprising they had six children. But I suppose he had to give the poor woman a bit of a break sometimes. It was also said that he used to tie her hands behind her back before they went to bed and would strap a harness around her head that had straps from each side. He would place his prong inside her mouth and then buckled the straps behind his bottom. The lady would then have to spend all night with his tool in her mouth. I can just image her sleeping between his wide spread legs, her face solidly fixed to his penis and her hands bound behind her naked back." Inga paused for a moment while they both envisioned that scene. "I guess," Inga continued, "that she found it preferable to spending the night with her mouth around this bronze penis. Wouldn't you?"

Patricia didn't answer the question.

"Bye-bye now. I'm come and visit you now and then."

"Nnnnggghhh!"

"Oh, one more thought to consider. Unlike her husband, this penis won't ever go limp! Isn't that nice!"

"Arrrgggghhhh!"

It as hateful. The least Inga might have done was give her hands to help cope. The collar and chain were well secured by locks so she could not have freed herself. But Patricia felt certain that hands would have helped a little if not a lot. She shuffled her knees back and forth and side to side to give her mouth as much freedom as possible. It was shockingly little. But she discovered enough motion with lips and tongue to ensure she could properly breath. It was humiliating to have to kneel with this replica of the male penis in her mouth as is she were paying tribute to it, but it became worse when she realized that every movement of her mouth to try and find comfort simulated the oral sex act upon this massive rod! Patricia wanted to scream.

She fought the cords holding her wrists crossed behind her back but it was to no avail, as she had expected. It was simply that she had to fight something. For a while she cried tears of frustration.

It was scarcely a pose for meditation but when the first shock was over, Patricia settled down to a long, boring day. If only that metal prong wasn't so damned like the real thing.

The musing girl became angry over her obedience that bordered on helping with her punishments. Not that she had much choice, but she felt that she should have been doing something to fight back. She began wondering how deep into humiliation she might descent. Despite the passage of time, both the mistress and her charge were well aware of the spark of revolt still smoldering with her naked and restrained body. It was frightening to realize that so long as this revolt was alive and strong, Patricia's imprisonment and punishments would go on and one. Even when she tried to rid her thoughts of escape and freedom, they returned as demandingly as ever. Thus her punishment would continue.

None of the thoughts flooding Patricia's mind were comforting. She determined that at the end of this present ordeal she would confront Inga to demand of the mistress both sympathy and help. The relationship between the two girls was strange. Patricia knew that under different circumstances they could be the best of friends. Inga had steadfastly refrained from compelling the prisoner to service her sex in much the same manner as she now serviced the bronze phallus locked in her mouth. Patricia was not a lesbian and was grateful but realized Inga's abstinence

could well be due to a directive from Lady Cutliffe-Hynd. Possibly the punishment she now endured could be the beginning of a new era. Had she known the punishment would last only a few minutes, she might have shared Inga's laughter. Patricia was not a prude and was a healthy young woman with healthy sex drives. Sometimes she surrendered to the mischievously compulsion to treat the prong within her mouth as if it were a live thing on a live man. And sometimes the bronze satyr took on an appearance of life. So real was the comparison that she thought of David and wondered if some day he would compel her to pay the same homage she was paying now. But, of course, with David there would not be the collar and chain... But could she be certain even of that?

It may have been noon when Inga returned. By that time the bound girl's knees were painfully protesting the weight on them. Throughout the morning she had rocked from side to side to give them what relief she could. Now she made a sideways glance to where Inga had seated herself. In reply to the greeting the mistress offered, Patricia could only make a series of strange sounds which could have been words but didn't sound like any. Inga laughed and retorted, "I'd let you free for five minutes, sweetheart, if I thought you'd be sensible. But I don't want pleadings and protests, and the news that you're about to die. You can just wiggle a finger back and forth for no and up and down for yes. That's all the communication we need now."

The girl with the mouthful of phallus now went into a spasm of demeaning sounds, together with a frantic struggle of bound wrists against their cords. So urgent seemed her need that it softened Inga's heart. "Oh, all right, sweetheart, if you want to talk that bad. But it had better be good. If all you have to say is a collections of beefs, I'll tie your ankles tight together to make things just a little worse." Inga fingers were busy with the key. "There you are, dear, and don't say I'm never kind to you. Now, what have you got to say?"

Patricia backed away from the prong with a gasp of relief. She could swear the thing she had held within her mouth for so long was even more finely polished that before. It was wet from her mouth and looked doubly obscene because of it. Immediately her mouth was back in working order, she exclaimed, "Inga, this has to stop! You can't go on doing these things to me every day. I've been keeping quiet and ridiculously obedient, but all the time I wish I could quietly die because it seems that's my only hope of escape. I've become fond of you, Inga, please be kind."

"I'm being kind in allowing you to talk to me now."

"Yes. But think of the larger picture. The picture of my life. I'll never be reconciled to real humility so you'll be keeping me captive forever. My grandmother doesn't want to know how I'm punished, she trusts you. But can't I make you understand how hopeless this whole thing is."

"It's not hopeless, dear. I know I haven't changed you much, but your behavior and attitudes are better than they were before. Right now, for instance, you haven't jumped up and run away even though your feet are free. See what I mean?"

"I'm not going to run with my hands still tied behind my back. What would be the use? you've got me and that's the end of it. I'm beginning to think I'll never be free again. Oh, Inga, it's been so awful kneeling here with that awful thing in my mouth. Please don't chain me again like that."

"What would you have me do?"

"I'm suppose to be a model of behavior. So why don't you take me to your room in the castle. Don't fasten me at all. Let me wear clothes so I feel half way normal. We could have the nicest time together and I'll prove to you how I really can behave the way you want."

"You'd run away the first time I turned my back."

"You could lock the door."

"That takes us half way back to square one. I'd know you were acting, so I don't see where that proves a thing."

"It would! It would! Oh, Inga, please give me a chance."

Inga sighed. "You're almost convincing, dear. But I don't see it as much of a test."

"Then give me real freedom. Give me clothes and money and let me go away for a day or two. I promise I'll come back and give myself to your cuffs and ropes... Please!"

The mistress laughed at the earnestness her prisoner displayed. It would have pleased her to give in to the requests but she had her own job to consider. And it seemed unlikely that her captive would again yield herself to stern punishments and lost of freedom. With a touch of Patricia's own concern, she ordered, "Get back in position, darling, and give the satyr a real good time while I fix your collar. Come on now, don't be silly."

It was instinctive. Punished knees were stiff and screamed against Patricia's leap toward freedom. The mistress allowed her to take several awkward leaps before she easily persuaded to grasp a handful of her captive's hair. Patricia's dash for freedom ended before it had really begun. "I just knew you were going to do that," Inga cheerfully said. "This proves my point. All you want to do is escape."

"It proves my point, too;" Patricia gasp. "It's hopeless and I'm going to be your prisoner all my life. Can't you see how hopeless to is to me? I suppose you're not going to make me resume the punishment."

"That's right, darling, but this time your ankles are going to be tied, too. I'll cross them and tie them real tight as a penalty for all your pleadings and the way you've behaved. Come on now, down on your knees."

Patricia obeyed. Whenever the mistress gave a stern command or a verbal reprimand, there always sprang into life the fire in her loins over which she had no control. Whenever Patricia knew herself helpless to do other than obey, she felt this erotic thrill.

Without complain she moistened her lips and knelt to take the metal phallus within her mouth deeply enough to allow the collar to be once more locked upon her neck. When strong female fingers grasp and crossed her ankles and then wound around them the familiar bite of rope, the flame still burned within her loins, even against the tightening of cords to make them cut deeply into Patricia's flesh.

"You are your own worst enemy in a punishment like this, dear," Inga said as she arranged her prisoner's hair neatly back over her shoulders. "You look so damned sweet, kneeling there like that and paying homage to what you've got in your mouth. I'll be thinking of you all this afternoon. And, if your knees should hurt more than this morning, it may teach you not to run away." There came a loving kiss upon her forehead and the mistress turned and left. It was the same thing all over again, only much worse. Patricia was tired and she hated the new posture of her knees, a posture against which they protested bitterly with pain. If she could only sit back upon her heels, or have the benefit of free hands, the punishment would have only half as bad. But to kneel erect hour after hour, worshipping the huge bronze penis within her mouth was something she hated and feared. But she had no options. Her anger was such that she would have bitten off the prong in her mouth had it been flesh and not metal.

The bronze satyr held fascination for the mistress. In the days following Patricia's first day spent with that phallus inside her mouth the mistress made a point of leading her prisoner past the leering statue whenever they entered the woods. She knew Patricia hated the thing and, in pure mischief, she always compelled the bound girl to kneel once more to take the phallus within her mouth and suck it vigorously until told to stop. They then resumed their walk as if Patricia's girlish tribute to the male member was a thing of no concern. But for Patricia it was always an agony for she could never be sure that the collar might not once more be locked around her neck and her mistress once more leave her there day.

Inga freely admitted to running out of original ideas of punishment. She scorned Patricia's coy suggestion of being bound to a tree or being forced to sit throughout the day with ankles firmly locked in the wooden stocks. These things were mundane, everyday affairs and the mistress sought fresh inflections for her captive.

There were other statues and bits of strangely shaped masonry left in the woods by prior noblemen long dead. These objects were often faintly obscene but appealed to the mistress.

The two girls had often passed the Corinthian Fluted column of ancient marble hidden there among the trees. "There's something attractive about it," Inga admitted one time when they had paused to look. "I could tie you it instead of a tree and you'd look beautifully Grecian. Something out of an old legend. But actually I prefer to tie you to a tree. Just give me time to think of something. At least this isn't nearly as horrible as some of those bronze demons with huge pricks." At that time Patricia had shuddered and been thankful to be led away.

This was another day. The prisoner's wrists were crossed and tightly tied behind her back. Her neck was collared and leashed. She was led again to the marble column, this time with a purpose. The column was just as it had always been except that now a chain of medium sized links was fastened to the stone about waist high. At the end of its four foot length there was a small metal ring, broken open and with a screw built into one side. Patricia instantly responded as the idea of what could be done with that small ring hit her mind, "You can't screw that thing into my nipple, it will ruin my flesh! I'm sure it's a cute idea but I don't want it."

"It's not for your nipples, dear. Part your legs and stand still and I'll show you."

Patricia did as she was told but drew in a sharp breath of anxiety as the ring was made to capture one lip of her vagina, burrowing in and gathering unto itself enough flesh and skin so that when the screw was tightened the ring closed painfully with the lip of Patricia's sex painfully within its grasp. The chain hung between her and the column.

"With your hands tied where they are, you won't be able to reach it, dear, and you'll make the prettiest picture, dear, as you lean mournfully against the column. See what I mean about the Grecian affect?"

"It hurts, take it off."

"You'll get used to it. And we wouldn't want it falling off, would we?"

"Nothing you ever do to me falls off. Take it off, it's horrible." Protests were useless and Patricia had to bend down to examine the infliction her pussy would be forced to wear as a pretty

ornament. It looked quite firmly attached to her tender flesh and the pain told her it was an anchorage she would never break. Just trying to pull on the ring would cause horrible pain. The chain allowed her a full step in any direction but that was all. Inga's guess that she would spend the rest of the day leaning against the marble column was likely to be correct. "Isn't it lovely!" Inga bubbled. "You make the prettiest picture with that chain looping down and then up to your puss. You could possibly sit down but I'd be careful if I were you. Bye-bye, darling, I'll see you later."

The secured girl watched her mistress depart before exploring whatever tolerance there might be in her new bondage. Inga had removed the collar around her neck and that length of leather with the snap at one end now lay discarded on the grass awaiting the mistress' return. It was possible, of course, for the captive to grasp her chain in one bound hand, and that she did, bring up enough of the chain to impose a stern warning tug upon her sex. It would be impossible to tear it free without injury, the screw had been turned far too tight. And try as she could, she could not reach the screw with her fingertips. No doubt it was part of her punishment that freedom would be only a couple inches away from her grasp.

Patricia dropped the chain and stood still to look around as though for help. Inga had been right, she made a classically beautiful picture.

If she had possessed her hands, Patricia would have made an effort to sit down. But without their aid the risk was too terrible to think about. She ended up doing exactly as Inga had suggested, leaning against the marble column, a beautiful maiden in distress without hope of rescue.

Inga did not return. No one came near the naked girl so quaintly chained. And as the hours passed, Patricia was forced to wonder why she was thus abandoned. She could make only a rough guess at time as the sun made its circle in the sky. But when the shadows of afternoon began to lengthen into the approaching evening, the captive girl became truly alarmed, thinking that perhaps she should cry out for help. But what was the use, there was none to hear? However, in desperation, she called out help as loudly as she could but then fell silent in shame as her appeal was swallowed by the trees. Maybe Inga was going to be mean and leave her then until the darkness claimed her naked body. Patricia shuttered.

It was not Inga who rescued Patricia after sunset, it was David -uffcliff who came striding through the bushes to discover his lost love. He appeared to be a man with a purpose and quickly clasp the naked girl in strong masculine arms. Hungrily they kissed each other. He then turned her around and untied her hands without saying a word. But when it came to the turning of the screw, he was forced to laugh, a laugh which would have extracted an angry retort from the captive girl had she not been so thankful for her rescue.

It isn't the least bit funny," she said without a trace of anger. "It hurts terribly. The sooner you get it off, the better."

David knelt, fingering the chain and then the screw. Finally he stood up to say, "I think you'd better handle this one yourself, dear." He chuckled. "I don't want to get my fingers wet."

"Don't be disgusting. May I try and unscrew it myself?"

"I want you to. It would be terrible if I turned it the wrong way."

Patricia was glad he could not see her blush as she bent down and devoted gloriously free fingers to the task, a task which caused her considerable pain before she was forced to stand erect again to plead, "I can't do it, David. Please don't laugh. And please help me."

She spread her legs apart to help. A keen male eye quickly figured out the fastening and strong male fingers turned the screw until the chain fell with a rattle to the grass. This time Patricia's arm were around her lover's neck as once more they embraced. The freed girl sighed in ecstasy. "A girl can't do much without her hands," she confided. "Oh, David, thank you, thank you, thank you." Then, after a pause, "Where do we go from here?"

"I suppose I could snap the leash back on your collar and lead you back to the castle," David said, suddenly grave. "But I've got something to tell you. So let's sit here upon the grass, which is as good a place as any for the kind of news I have to tell you."

Eagerly, she obeyed. And as the man sat beside her new-found freedom, his arm was around her shoulders as he gently told her of the death that day of Lady Cutliffe-Hynd.

The ancient woman had died of a stroke earlier that day, and the servants and Inga had awaited his arrival before remembering about Patricia. Inga had thought it best for her prisoner to stay leaning against her column rather than face the turmoil of doctors and an ambulance. David now set her on his lap, put her arms around his neck, to explain as gently as he could that she was now one of the richest young women in the land. Patricia's grief was real. The time of her imprisonment and punishments vanished under the sense of loss. Her grandmother had been a dear to put up with her behavior as long as she had. And quite possibly she deserved Inga's restraints and corrections. As she sobbed on her lover's shoulder, it all came out.

And when it was done, the need for soothing and comfort was lessened, the two of them made their way back to Hastings Castle, which the naked girl now owned. It was a mixture of emotions beyond Patricia's ability to cope with.

David Suffcliff called a meeting for that meeting with Inga and Patricia as the only interested parties. He was a lawyer and the trusted confident of Lady Cutliffe-Hynd. He took her ladyship's chair with the two girls looking at him expectantly. His position was odd, he was not only the executor of the estate but the lover of the heiress. He had been as fond of Lady Cutliffe-Hynd as anyone and his voice held no pleasure as he out-lined the terms and conditions of the will. Patricia would inherit everything, but her grandmother had left her in the care not only of himself but of Inga also, with the stipulation that the granddaughter should remain answerable to either David Suffcliff or Inga should she follow only the path of pleasure instead of the responsibilities which were a part of being the lady of Hastings Castle. The woman and the man were given the power to enforce a proper behavior should the girl abuse her freedom. As executor of the estate, David Suffcliff was the possessor of a girl who had been naked far too long. The lawyer looked from one to the other of the two girls present. "Holly cow!" he said. "I've got myself a job."

Inga was not forgotten. She retained employment with the estate as her employer. The salary was more than generous. She accepted the responsibility without comment. It gave her considerable power. But everything would depend upon the behavior of the girl who was now the lady of the castle.

David emphasized firmly, "And with you, Patricia, my dear, as heiress to untold millions of this estate, I withdraw my offer of marriage. I refuse to be a fortune hunter. I'm not doing so bad myself and I refuse to live under the shadow of this vast wealth." He paused to look at the two females, and added, "Have you any suggestions?"

Inga was never at a loss. "Patricia must be present at all affairs governing the estate. She must be the first mourner at the funeral. And must have things to say to those who come to share her grief. This is none of my affair." She looked at the unhappy girl to add, "I know you loved her, darling, but I also know how easy it will be for you to go hog wild in pleasure and parties. And men. In this event I'll weight the instructions of Mr Suffcliff."

Patricia felt herself heating up. "What you're really saying is," she replied, "I belong to David. David can do whatever he wants with me. That's the way of it." She looked from one to the other.

"That's the way of it, sweetheart," David said quietly. "If you're at all reasonable, I'll be a generous master. Give me a break, this is a strange will and a strange condition. Let's all of us try to get accustomed to you walking around without handcuffs or bits of rope. It could be wonderful if you cbose to make it so."

"Forget this nonsense about refusing to marry me because of the money." Patricia was beginning to feel the glow of power. "I want you, that's all that matter. And, as for you, Inga, you can wait on the sidelines until I miss my cue. Until you take me downstairs to strip me naked once again, and give me a good whipping, which I'm sure you would describe as 'bringing me back to my senses.' I respect both of you, and will do my best to obey my grandmother's wishes. But, for Pete's sake, don't be too picky. Don't demand more of me than I can give. And, just in case you're wondering, I never want to wear a pair of handcuffs again in all my life."

- Chapter SEVEN - Return to Bondage

For Patricia it was glorious to once more sleep in her own room, in her own bed, totally naked but devoid of bonds. No handcuffs were anywhere in sight. And if she had observed a piece of rope, she would have thrown it out the window. Those who still had power over her left her alone, either to vent her grief or to revel in her new authority.

Patricia did the things every funeral demands. She was in truth the principle mourner for she had loved the stem old woman who had consigned her to a strange enslavement. But she was young and accepted the condolences of those who came to the funeral of a powerful woman in that part of the world. She leaned upon David Suffcliff with an occasional sideways glance at Inga. She knew the heady feeling of the beginning of a whole new life, a new life in which she called the shots. Or did she?

When the formal activities had passed and she had properly performed, Patricia found herself alone with David. She demanded, "Why won't you marry me, David?"

"I've told you before. The few punishments you've undergone were no real cure for the type of girl you were. And I'm not sure I want a head-strong and selfish girl to share my bed."

"I'll sleep with you tonight, if you so desire. We'll just be friends, that's all."

"Keep it, it's not enough."

Patricia savored the authority she could now command. "Really, darling, you're being unreasonable. We could be married in the village tomorrow. Might not be a big affair with all the trimmings but I'm sure we could get an appointment with the Vicar. Come on, take a chance."

"No."

"I'll agree to your whipping me if I don't give satisfaction."

"No." David was very firm. "As far as I can see whippings haven't done you a bit of good. I'm not sure you don't enjoy them. I'm aware there are girls who do."

"Why don't you consider yourself lucky to get a girl who does?" Patricia made her voice wickedly seductive. Just thing, darling, whenever I've made a snippy remark or offended one of your friends, you could' string me up bare naked and whip me until I said I was sorry and wouldn't do it again. Damn it, man, you ought to be pleased!"

Patricia slept alone in her own room in her own bed in total freedom and was very happy.

It felt strange to wear clothes, Patricia had to get used to them and was not sure she didn't prefer being naked. Being naked was delightfully honest and the cling of material had a tendency to make her itch. But she donned such mourning as seemed appropriate and went to town with Inga as her companion. She chose lunch as Selfridges in a compelling desire to be among people who would gaze upon her as an ordinarily clothed and attractive young woman. They would have no idea of the chains and ropes and stocks which remained vivid in her mind. Deliberately she probed Inga's intent. "Darling, there has to be some sort of trigger which gets pulled to cause you to go into action in the way dear Grandmother desired. Tell me the point at which I have to be careful in what I say and do."

"Flirting with it now, you are. I'm afraid you'll always flirt with it." Inga sounded regretful. "I'm bothered, Patricia, by the power resting in David and myself. It's a truly frightening power. Surely you're scared of it?"

"Not really." Patricia laughed gaily. "You see, I love you both. In quite different ways, of course. But, anyway you look at love, it's something that's always present. I know you love me and won't evoke your authority unless I push too hard. I find myself enjoying this authority you posses. It's a lovely sensation running up an down my spine and which I can never be certain when either you or David will toss me into a dungeon, bare naked, or course, and then whip me until I shed a lot of tears. It's really a wonderful concept."

The days drifted by. Patricia had no end of friends, none of them aware of the threat beneath which she lived. She went to parties, to teas, and various outings, as well as accepting invitations to dine with male admirers who she always had in abundance and always kept under perfect control. Had she asked any of them if they wished to whip her naked body, they would have been deeply shocked. Patricia saw them now as only temporary amusements, sensing the fact she was growing up.

If any of her girlfriends had been asked if they had ever been whipped, they would have denied the fact with disbelief. Patricia questioned one or two of them and found her own

enslavement had bestowed an delicious superiority. She had gone through a crucible of which none of them were even aware. This may have been the end result her grandmother desired. But either way, Patricia found it good.

David Suffcliff looked after everything about the estate but insisted upon a weekly meeting to sign documents and to acquaint her with her inheritance so that she might understand the things she must know. Inga had attended these meetings and, bit by bit, taken over the daily running of Hastings Castle. Patricia saw a great deal of her former mistress and the conversations between the two girls included lots of hints and references to her status, the moral of which was that Patricia had better behave herself or take the consequences. Those consequences had become very much a part of the rich girl's life. It was an awareness always carried in her heart and her mind.

And they often talked about the punishments the heiress had endured and might endure again. Patricia kidded about those inflictions and often asked Inga laughingly to whip her bottom just for old time's sake. The request was always denied. It became, however, that Patricia's time as Inga's prisoner had left a profound impression upon the young girl. The punishments had made an effect on Patricia, and the first measure of this came about in an unexpected way.

The question of Daisy, the maid, came up at one of the weekly meetings. The girl's behavior had followed the usually spotty course, with work poorly done but, more importantly, it came to their attention had the rather young but pretty girl had been fooling around with the gardener's son, a young man she had ruthlessly seduced. Her dismissal was a matter of course, but before her leaving it was considered only fair to discuss her delinquency at the weekly meeting. "Getting rid of the lusty wench hardly calls for a royal commission," David remarked dryly. "The only unusual factor about the case is the girl herself. She desperately does not wish to be discharged. She has asked to be kept on the staff and for us to punish her in whatever way we chose. She is well aware of the possibilities."

"Does the girl want her bottom whipped?" David asked blunt iy.

"If that's what we chose to do."

"She knows all me and Inga," Patricia told them in amusement. "Let me give her a really good whipping and warn her to be a good girl from now on."

"You!" David was disbelieving what he heard. "Yes, me. I don't see why not. I've been whipped myself enough to have a real curiosity what it feels like on the other end. I've been longing to whip Inga's bottom for ages but that would spoil her image. Daisy, however, is made to order. Please say yes."

"But she'll just tumble into bed with the same guy again," David said.

"That's something we'll discover." Patricia was warming to her subject. "Every time the kid falls victim to her glands, I can whip her again. Or do some of those other wonderful things Inga did to me."

Inga kept silent. But David remained unconvinced. Finally they made a call to the kitchen with the result that a bashful girl made a timid entry to stand before the trio and plead her case.

"I got to look after me mutter," Daisy said. "There ain't no one else and she's too ill to work. Please don't let me go. I knows I'm guilty but I'm offering myself for punishment. I ain't gonna complain."

"Have you ever been whipped, Daisy?"

"No, Miss."

"It hurts far more than you think."

"I'll have to put up with it, won't I!"

"You could sue us. Punishing servants came to an end more than a century ago."

"Then I wouldn't have no job, Miss. I seen some of those things Inga done to you. I wouldn't mind that much, honest I wouldn't."

Daisy was an engaging child and it was inevitable that she would get her wish. Inga led her away for preparation, leaving Patricia in an explosion of giggles which the lawyer viewed with disfavor. "This sort of thing could get out of hand," David pointed out. "There's a number of females on the staff. And if Daisy infects them with the same idea, we'd have a scandal on our hands. We're putting a lot more trust in this kid than she does of us. Why not let Inga handle the whole thing. You should be ashamed of yourself wanting to cane her bottom. I suppose that's what you intend to do?"

"Of course, darling. Don't be so stuffy. Why don't you come and watch. You enjoyed watching Inga whip me."

"That was different, I had an interest in you."

"Well, we all got an interest in Daisy. Kitchen maids aren't all that easy to hire, you know."

"You're pulling rank on me."

"So what! I'm going to have to sometimes. I can't stay the innocent little girl who doesn't know what she's doing. Please don't be angry."

The trio of authority assembled in the room of punishments where Inga had the not so shy young housemaid arranged with wrists strapped well above her head and completely and outrageously nude. Her figure had the attractiveness of youth with well-formed breasts and a fairly thick pubic patch for one so young. The girl obviously found this total revealing of her charms an embarrassment she had not expected. A blush instantly formed and spread as she stepped from foot to foot in a nervous need to be doing something. Even though she twisted and tugged against tightly bound wrists, her eyes held a roguish gleam as she looked to those who held her fate in their hands. "I ain't gonna let that fella do that to me no more," she offered, as thought a declaration of some sort was expected. "I know I got to be punished but please don't hurt me too bad. I'll try not to make too much fuss."

Patricia was almost prepared to forgive such sweet innocence, but when she looked at the pert youthful bottom to find them blushing in anticipation, and when Inga gently pressed the riding crop into her hand, resolve took over once again and she stepped to a position directly behind the nude youth. Daisy, breathing heavily, looked back over a bare shoulder.

There was no hesitation in the first sweeping cut all the way across Daisy's expectant bottom. The impact surprised both she who dealt it and she who's bottom now boasted a thin, red stripe rapidly become more colorful. The startled kitchen maid jumped against strapped wrists and exclaimed breathlessly, "Gosh, Miss, that there really hurt." There was no complaint in the young voice, she was simply stating fact.

"It's suppose to hurt, Daisy. I'll make sure they all do," Patricia said sweetly.

Daisy did her best not to scream. The ordeal was obviously worse than she had expected. After three deadly implants upon soft flesh, Patricia wondered is she was being too severe. After all, she was largely without experience. But she caught Inga's eye and received a nod of approval. She gave number four her best effort which evoked an unsought assurance. "Gee whiz. Miss, I ain't never gonna let no guy fuck me again. I ain't never had nothin' hurt like this does! Not ever!"

Authority had privately decided upon ten strokes. Patricia delivered them with gusto and stood breathing hard after the last of them had imprinted its scarlet line cross the quivering seat. She handed the riding crop back to Inga and said simply, "I'm ashamed of myself. I had not idea it was this much fun."

Authority went back upstairs to toast the punishment with a glass of sherry while the girl in pain was left below with wrists still strapped tightly above her head and a bottom aflame with color and pain.

"The poor child thinks we're going to whip her some more," Inga said. "Some honest apprehension will do her good. She should be left where she is for at least an hour. I'll bet she won't fornicate again for at least a couple of days."

It was more than two days. It was a full week before the hesitant knock on the study door was followed by the appearance of Daisy in the same condition of embarrassment as on her previous visit. She stood before Patricia's desk, shuffling her feet, before announcing, "He done it to me again, Miss."

Patricia wanted to laugh but realized she must maintain the dignity of her position. Curtly she inquired, "You mean that boy again?"

"Yes, Miss. I feel real bad about it. Sort of guilty if you know what I mean... " The admission trailed off into silence.

"Are you trying to tell me you want to be punished again, Daisy?"

"That's right, Miss, I deserve to be whipped again."

"This is ridiculous. Why don't you go talk to Inga?"

"I'm scared what she'll do to me. Some of them things you put up with was bloody awful."

Patricia glimpsed a fresh possibility. "Are you sure you don't enjoy being whipped, Daisy? I think you're an exhibitionist." There was more shuffling of feet and the cautious admission, "I don't know, Miss. But it's really nice the way Miss Inga strapped me up to that bar and took off me clothes. I got all goosey."

"Surely you didn't enjoy the whipping I gave you?"

"What that's somethin' else I ain't sure off, Miss. I was half scared to death but after you laid the first two across my bottom, I got the loveliest feeling in my cunt. Sorry, Miss, but I don't know proper name for it."

"When did it stop feeling nice in your... Your cunt, as you call it?"

"Well, that's another thing I ain't sure of," Daisy admitted shyly. "I'd be real grateful, Miss, if you gave me a real good whipping and don't make me answer all these questions. I'm sorta confused."

Patricia pressed the button, and when Inga appeared, shared with her a wise and knowing smile. "Daisy has done it again and wishes to be punished. I'm placing her in your hands, do as you pleased. Perhaps it would be better if we discharged both Daisy and that boy."

Daisy's reaction was instant and sincere. She was prepared to do any agony rather than for her and her lover to be unemployed. "It would be good," she offered, "if you was to whip me real good and then fix me with that statue out there in the trees. I mean with his prick in my mouth and my hands tied behind my back. I mean, it looked real awful." She turned to Patricia. "I don't know how you managed it. Miss. Honest I don't."

Inga was sharing Patricia's enjoyment but with a touch of concern. "We certainly can whip you as you've said. But how would it be to fasten you out there like that and left you with that thing in your mouth all night? You'd be a sorry girl in the morning."

"Yes, Miss. I need something like that. But please don't put Albert out of a job, it would be too cruel."

Surely no worse than the punishments you've ask for, child. I suppose you're going to pretend to yourself that the satyr's phallus in your mouth is really Albert's?"

"Yes, Miss. If that's what you think I ought to do."

It was not possible to get the best of Daisy. Without further argument, Inga said, "You two run along and I'll join you when I've picked up a thing or two from downstairs. We'll do the whole thing out in the woods."

Patricia found herself an observer in the whole thing and was content to let Inga run the show for now. She took Daisy's arm to shake it in admonishment and say, without sympathy, "I don't know what we're going to do with you, Daisy. You're going to get a terrible punishment today but I don't have much hope it will cure you. Do you still want to go through with it?"

"Oh, yes, Miss. Sure I do." The girl's voice was sincere. Patricia did not allow her understanding or amusement to show. Daisy was a bundle of erotic desires, and Patricia had no desire to change her in any way. They walked slowly while Daisy poured out a confusing stream of both guilt and gratitude. By the time they stood before the leering satyr, Inga had arrived.

The task was achieved without discussion. Daisy was too scared to do other than obey each order given her. Inga had the girl kneel before she anointed the phallus with a substance unknown. "Open your mouth." She thrust the youthful head hard against the bronze and locked the collar around Daisy's neck. They stepped back to watch.

"I've put some beastly stuff on that prick," Inga whispered. "It may teach the little so and so a lesson. She's be hating it real soon so I had best tie her hands."

Undoubted Daisy was hating what she was forced to taste, but she did not fight the cords as Inga pulled her arms behind her bare back to cross the wrists and bind them tight with ever trick she knew. Patricia began to feel sorry for the maid.

Daisy could not speak but did her best. The quaint sounds which emerged from a well-filled mouth indicated that she now faced an ordeal she had not figured on. "The stuff lasts quite a while," Inga informed. "It's taste is vial. This is Daisy's first lesson."

Inga had brought both a whip and a riding crop but discarded the riding crop since the young bottom still bore evidence of Daisy recent whipping. Inga selected the to cut sharply across the young shoulders and send the girl into spasms of anguish. Patricia was alarmed. "Stay out of this," Inga advised. "I know what I'm doing. And if this little trick goes near a man for the next month, I'll be surprised."

It was both wonderful and terrible to behold. The scarlet Lines mounting on the youthful shoulders and across the youthful arms were both fascinating and frightening to Patricia. But when Inga pressed the whip into Patricia's hand the owner of Hastings Castle knew only a surge of pure joy as she cut the young girl scream into the metal phallus and kick out with bare feet. Her naked body was shaking with spasms of agony. Patricia followed with a second stroke and then a third, paying little heed to the young girl with her shinning eyes riveted upon the bare seat. After six joyous cut, Inga took the riding crop from Patricia's fingers.

When the two of them were through with Daisy, she was a well-whipped girl.

It was not yet evening and Patricia remembered her own loathing of the phallus in her mouth and how the satyr had seemed to come alive and force her to pay homage with lips and

tongue. It was thus with Daisy now. As the two girls walked away, she wondered if the young girl really was believing it was Albert's prick she held in her mouth.

Daisy had been in interlude, both amusing and revealing, to leave Patricia with a strange guilt she could not cast away. But this state of mind was rapidly replaced with a crisis of her own resulting from a dinner party with many legal bigwigs who's friendship David Suffcliff valued. Once more they made a trio for a gala evening, during which Patricia was uncertain at what point she had accepted one too many. By the time they sat down to dinner, she was riding high.

She referred to their host as a silly old fart, and then turning to her partner on her left, sought his genitals with an eager hand.

Afterwards she attributed her actions to the drink but the fact was the heiress of Hastings was feeling her oats in more ways than one. The possession and power of great wealth would, on occasions such as this, spark her into committing the unforgivable.

It was not until the next day, back at Hastings Castle, when Inga gently took her arm and suggested they join David in the office, that Patricia caught a hint of something untoward. She followed where she was led.

"For Pete's sake, haven't you any sense at all girl!" was her greeting from David. "Damn it, Patricia, did you have to insult people? I don't know what's got into you."

Patricia's mind was still a bit fuzzy from the night before. It wasn't exactly a hangover but David's remarks left her gasping. "What exactly have I done," she asked in total innocence.

Inga and David explained, and at the end of it Patricia sat, numb, and faced two pairs of accusing eyes. "Well, he is a silly old fart," she said in self-defense. "Stop looking at me like that. I couldn't possibly have behaved like that."

The accusing eyes did not waver. David's voice was firm. "But you did act like that. You both embarrassed me and injured my career."

"Well, I'm sorry, I really am." Patricia looked from one to the other and what she saw caused her heart to sink. This was not a petty incident at a formal dinner, it was something for which she was going to have to answer. "What do you want me to do?" she demanded defensively, "Get down on my knees and beg forgiveness?"

No one spoke, and it was Patricia again who broke the pregnant silence. "I said I'm sorry and I truly am. I wouldn't hurt you for the world, David. And if those silly old farts were offended, I'm sure it was all my fault. Please forgive me."

Inga's hand was gentle on Patricia's arm. "I'm afraid you stepped over the border line this time, darling, David is not going to be satisfied by an apology. If you can fluff off this with just an apology, you'll do it again and again. None of us want that."

It had been slow to sink in but Patricia's mind was suddenly illuminated by the realization. "You're telling me you want to whip me or something horrible like that! That clause in the will was ridiculous."

"It was explicit and it was legal," David said dispassionately. "It would appear that you have gone back to square one."

Patricia was instantly up in arms, glaring at her companions as she said, "I've always believed a judge would set aside that clause. Do you want me to bring an action?"

"What you say might be possible. But there are two reasons why you won't do it, Patricia. First of all there is the scandal. Just imagine what the daily press would make of it. We'd be the laughing stock of the land." David paused for a moment before adding gently, "There is also your affection for your grandmother. I cannot believe you would have her will set aside. You wish to respect her wishes."

Patricia fought back a flood of anger. Inga and David were being mean. Perhaps they were simply trying to frighten her into some sort of apology to those others at the party she had offended. Certain now of the answer, she demanded, "So, okay, what happens to me on square one?"

Patricia was panting as her eyes sought sympathy, They flickered towards the office door as if considering flight. It was all too absurd and quite impossible. Feeling sure of her position, she demanded, "And what if I refuse?"

"We'll have to use force."

"You mean you'd drag me down to the dungeon, and you'd strip me naked and hang me up some way before you whip my bare skin? Is that what you've got in mind?"

"Yes."

"But it's bizarre! You can't be serious."

"We're deadly serious, dear girl. And both Inga and I sincerely hope you'll be sensible about this. We don't want to tussle with you. So I ask you now to allow Inga to fasten the handcuffs on you, and then abstain from threats and pleadings. Please do this for us."

"But, David, this is impossible!"

"So was your behavior. A lady does not grab a handful of her partner's testicle at dinner."

"Did I do that?"

"You certainly did."

Patricia was marshaling her forces when there came the old, familiar icy touch of steel upon her wrist, followed instantly by another such clasp on her other wrist behind her back. Inga's handcuffs had been too swift and her grip too strong for Patricia. Once more the captive girl found herself lugging at metal circlets and the single link of chain. "That's a rotten thing to do to me," ' she complained. "Take them off."

David Suffcliff sat impassively while the newly sentenced girl fought the steel from which there was no escape. Scarlet faced and furious, she flung at her captors, "All right, watch me make a fool of myself. These handcuffs are a dirty trick and you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. This is beastly treatment for a girl you're suppose to be fond of."

"We're very fond of you, dear." Inga's grip became firm on Patricia's arm. "Come along now, we both know the way."

It was the little cell of bitter memories. When she was thrust behind its bars and the door clanged shut, the heiress of Hastings Castle knew it was the beginning of a fresh captivity.

When she turned to vent her feelings in furious speech, Inga was gone and she was alone with anger.

Everything about the cell was familiar as the girl behind its bars stared around in desperation. But the impossibility of escape eventually induced a calmer frame of mind so she sat upon the hard bench to speculate what lay ahead. None of it as comforting. Patricia was pretty sure her only hope of evading a string of punishments would be to play upon the affections she knew existed in her jailer's heart. David would not be likely to relent, in spite of their feelings for each other. The future looked bleak. Even when the imprisoned girl considered a

recourse to the courts, the prospect was even less promising. To start off with, how could she get to see a lawyer? A girl in prison would have a better change.

Inga gave the captive ample time in which to cool down and return to normal. When the mistress looked at Patricia through the bars, she gently suggested, 'Take off your clothes and hand them to me."

"I'm not starting that silly business again," Patricia said with more convicdon than she felt. "Being naked reduces me to almost nothing."

Inga allowed the moment to pass before saying, "Come to her here, darling, so I can unlock your hands so you can properly undress. I won't unlock the door. You can hand me the things through the bars."

The prisoner could hardly refuse when she realized that the freedom of her hands was worth a lot, it was a step in the right direction. With deceitful intent, she back to where Inga could use her keys and presented her hands. Inga slipped the silver bracelets into her pocket. Patricia turned around and stuck out her tongue. "Thanks," she said cheerfully, "that's a lot better."

One eyebrow went up slightly on Inga's face.

"And if you think I'm going to undress, you've got another think coming. And I also refuse to let you put those handcuffs on me again."

The mistress nodded. It was exactly as expected. "You'll get water, my dear, but no food," she said. I want you naked with your clothes and shoes out here. Please be sensible, you can't possibly win this battle." She smiled and went on her way.

Patricia stamped her foot as she rubbed her wrists. She knew full well she had won nothing, and gained no advantage. To a girl locked inside prison bars it matters little whether her hands were locked or free. Disgustedly she resumed her exploration of the cell and to ponder pride. Was it worth a fight to retain her clothes? In any case, they could be tore from her. David and Inga held all the cards and Patricia knew they would win. But it was hard to reconcile with the fact that she was one of the wealthiest women in the country and should be able to wield considerable power. It was just too much to expect her to undress in meek subservience or to hold out her hands that they be chained once more.

This mood lasted at least an hour before hunger began to make her rethink her position. In reviewing her former punishments, she had concede that being naked wasn't all that bad. Once

you became accustomed to it, that is. That thought took Patricia through the second hour. In the third hour, Patricia stripped naked and threw her clothes and shoes out into the passage well beyond reach. Looking at them through the bars was a constant reminder of disgrace. Inga's greeting when she return was typical, "Feeling better, dear?"

Patricia sniffed in disdain, tossing her hair and standing in naked surrender as Inga unlocked the door. "I'm glad you've been sensible, darling, it's much the best way. Now, do you remember this single thonged whip?" She held it up to view to cause Patricia to cringe and exclaim, "Of course I remember it. Take it away. And don't take those handcuffs out of your pocket."

Surprisingly, Inga tossed the whip into a corner before turning to lock the door. Her tone was casual, "I'm going to put you through a drill now, Patricia. And we might as well admit at the start its whole intent is to humiliate. You'll hate it but it's something we didn't get around to last time. Stand up straight and do exactly as I command."

Puzzled, Patricia stood, her nakedness entirely free of bonds. And when Inga gave the order of "arms stretched", the prisoner obeyed out of simple curiosity. The childish drill slowly became more adult as its tempo quickened until Patricia was working hard to keep up with the crisp commands. As if suddenly realizing what she was doing, she ceased the' drill and returned to sit upon the bench. "You know what you can do with your silly old drill."

The cut of Inga's whip was instant, the leather striking her thighs with a sharp pain. Patricia leapt up in alarm. "Don't you do that to me again," she cried. "I hate the way you spring these things on me. I suppose you know that hurt like blazes."

"Resume position, dear."

"You can resume position, I'm not going to. Really, Inga, you're being terribly unkind."

It was not long before Patricia was again standing erect to follow the terse commands. Her nudity now was streaked here and there with scarlet. She was close to tears but blinked them angrily away as she performed the useless motions. It seemed to the sweating girl to go on and on forever. As the female scent of sweat began to fill the room, Inga finally said, "That's enough, dear," and it wasn't a moment too soon for Patricia. She passionately longed for freedom.

"As a further test of your obedience, dear, I want you to come here, stretch out your hands, and ask to be handcuffed. It is a submission on which I insist."

"Drop dead!"

If the prisoner was prepared for lengthy argument, she most certainly was not for the action which followed. Inga unlocked the door and locked it carefully behind her as she went away. Once more the naked girl was alone in a cell she had come to hate. Patricia sped to the bars and cried out for Inga to come back, that she was sorry and hadn't meant what she had said. She was met only by silence.

It was perhaps three more hours before Inga came again to look at the pitiful nudity behind the bars. She uttered only a single word, "Ready?"

It may have been the most humiliating thing she had ever done, but disgustedly she went to where Inga now still and offered her hands in meek obedience. Inga entered the cell and locked a single cuff on a single wrist. Then she turned the girl around to lock both hands behind her back. Even thought the steel bracelets seemed far too tight, Patricia made no comment.

Patricia was taken to dinner where the handcuffs were removed from back to front. During the dinner she had to bear the sly, triumphant glances of Daisy as the young girl served dinner. When the girl had gone, the mistress asked, "Would you like your hands back, Patricia? You can have them during dinner if you promise to ask for the handcuffs after dinner. We'll go for brandy in the lounge."

"Leave them on me," Patricia said indifferently. "This offering my hands and asking for the handcuffs is a bit too much. I did it once just to please you but I'll be damned if I'll make a habit of it."

Inga kept up a bright and cheerful chatter, but gradually turned the conversation around to Patricia's punishment and the form it was going to take. "You'll be given a formal whipping tomorrow, Patricia, dear. David favors this. He went into town today but he's coming back in time to share with me the privilege of whipping you. Aren't you a lucky girl?"

"You know I'm the unhappiest girl alive. And you needn't practice sarcasm." Patricia rattled her handcuffs. "These things on my wrists spell defeat. How many lashes with that damned whip do I have to get?"

"David and I have settled on fifty."

"That's going to be pretty awful, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I wouldn't mind if it would do some good. But I'm still me and I don't see that suffering a lot of pain changes anything. Why can't you take me as I am?"

"Because you're not good enough, dear. You have obligations here at Hastings. I really do believe that fifty you're going to get will cause you to do a lot of thinking."

"I'm sure it will." Patricia's voice was loaded with sarcasm. "But when you've done it to me are you going to let me go free?"

"No. There'll be imprisonment and a series of punishments. The way it was before."

"Did they do me any good? I don't think they changed anything."

"Yes, sweetheart, they did you good. Since you scoffed at the first lot, would like this series to be much more severe?"

Patricia again rattled her handcuffs. "Gosh, no! Some of those things you did to me, I thought I'd die. Look, Inga, why can't you and David overlook that little error I made at dinner the other night. I mean, give me a break! Don't you see that if you're going to punish me every time I make a slip, it amounts to a life imprisonment And I'm still mad at you over that satyr affair."

"Some time when he's around, you can tell David how you feel, dear. David is a delightful man."

Patricia took a swift glance at her companion. It was by no means impossible that Inga might wish to become David's wife. Patricia flamed with jealousy. Somehow she would have to marry the idiot to keep him from falling victim to another woman. "I've asked David to marry me," she asserted flatly. "The silly ass refused simply because of this money I've inherited. But keep your hands off him."

"My, my, that's almost a challenge," Inga laughed gaily. "I'm going to go after him full force now while you're behind bars and safely chained. That will give you something else to be mad about"

Patricia could never be sure when or if she was being teased. Inga would make David a wonderful wife and would probably allow him to whip her bottom if that was something David's wife had to do! The handcuffed girl changed the subject by demanding, "Can I sleep in bed with you tonight? You can keep me handcuffed if you think I'll be a problem."

"You'll sleep on that wooden bench in the cell with your ankles locked together as well as your wrists."

"Inga, don't be such a beast! I want to sleep with you and not in some lousy old cell all alone with no one to talk to."

"You forget, dear, you're being punished. Punished girls don't get to sleep in nice beds."

Patricia let it drop. A chill touched her spine as she sensed the weight of authority closing in on her nakedness to mold her to its will. Even when Inga led her to the cell at bed time and made sure her ankles were locked tightly in handcuffs, Patricia did not complain. But as the cell door clanged shut, she stuck out her tongue at the departing jailer in a mute expression of disgust. She then lay her naked body upon the brutal bench and surprised herself by going to sleep.

Inga surprised her captive by inviting her to breakfast. "I suppose this is the condemned woman's last supper," Patricia said sarcastically. "Why can't you be a good sport and forget it?"

"Don't let's start that again, Patricia, my sweet. What we have to discuss now is your willingness to admit your guilt and ask to be severely whipped. Having done that, you will yield yourself to the fastenings. How about it?"

"That is simply kissing your ass. And David's, too, if he is here," Patricia said disgustedly. "I know you can use force and want to humiliate me. Bui . don't see where I should jump in and help you."

"You have to, dear."

"You and David will have no trouble fastening me however you wish. I'll fight, of course, but know it will be useless. But that's better than getting on my knees to kiss ass the way you want."

"You will do it, dear."

"No, I won't!"

"Then how about this simple bit of arithmetic," Inga asked blandly. "Fifty strokes if you do everything as you should. Or one hundred if you hold out to what would then be a very bitter end... ?"

The weight of authority was almost visible at the table as the handcuffed girl digested Inga's threat. Patricia remained silent but her mind was furiously active.

"I know you're thinking of some way to evade this," Inga continued, "but there are none. It's going to happen. You don't doubt that, do you?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Well, then, sweetheart, try and realize that one hundred is just as certain as the fifty. If that's the way you want it."

"A hundred will kill me."

"You know it won't."

Patricia thought about Inga's words and got no comfort. She looked down at the handcuffs on her wrists and their promise of continuing captivity. The fact was she was a girl who had run the course and now had to pay the price. Unhappily, she inquired, "What is David going to arrive?"

"Goodness knows. I'll have you nicely arranged by that time."

"But doesn't he want to see my humble surrender? This humility you're making such a big thing out of?"

"He'll take my word for it, and you'll become humble enough for anyone after being whipped. Don't forget, it's not just me, it's David, too, who will mark your pretty skin."

Patricia was furious with herself for letting the whole thing happen. Even though Inga offered affection, she was inflexible when it came to punishments. David would be her only hope. Perhaps when he saw her helpless in whatever way Inga would fix her, his resolve would soften. She remembered the previous occasion when he had flung away the whip after giving no more than a tenth of what was promised. It would be the same today, it had to be! by the time the two girls had finished breakfast, Patricia had done a lot of thinking and in calm reasoning assured herself it would be best to take the line of least resistance and avoid the one hundred lashes upon her bare skin. No matter what the cost in humiliation.

When, at the end of half an hour, the leash attached to her collar snapped, she was led to the door. "Well, sweetheart," asked Inga, "what have you decided?"

Patricia couldn't bear the thought of a hundred. Fifty was bad enough. "I'll play your little game," she offered meekly. "When do I start humiliating myself?"

"I want you to do it in freedom, honey. I'll remove the leash and handcuffs. And get that sulky look off your face. When you ask for what you must, make it good."

Patricia held out her hands and was relieved of what Inga like to call "the pretty bracelets". The collar stayed upon her neck but the leash was tossed aside. If only she had the strength to get the best of Inga, she could escape. But that was dreaming. She looked from side to side as if trapped. And then, in disgust with herself, she knelt at Inga's feet. "I have been a foolish girl," she said. "I wish to be punished. Please, Inga, fasten me as you wish and give me fifty lashes on bare skin... Please?"

The silence was tangible as Inga's hand rested on the bowed head of a girl in total submission. "That was perfect," the mistress said, patting a cheek. "And now the rest of it."

"Please, Inga, fasten me now so I can't be a nuisance to you while I'm being whipped." She even managed an artificial smile which lasted as she watched the bands of leather fastened fight around each wrist, and then positioned herself for Inga's convenience and the raising of bare arms so that the short chain tethers by which she would be held could be snapped on her cuffs. Inga stood on a chair to perform this function and when Patricia was helplessly stretched out, she performed the same service for the slender ankles that they might not kick but would hold open the girlish crotch for the bite of leather. The nude girl to be punished was by no means stretched taut but was simply held in a exposure which showed all her charms. Inga took away the chain to survey her work. "You did well, dear, I'll give David a good report."

"I hated every minute of it. And I hated everything I said. And I don't love you more for making me say them." The girl's voice broke. "Oh, Inga, why on earth are we doing this? It demeans both of us."

Inga did not answer but simply took the naked girl in loving arms and kissed away the rebellion from ripe lips. She then affectionately patted a pink, young bottom, and went away.

## - Chapter EIGHT - Fetters, Freedom and Rope

Patricia knew it as part of the humiliation process that she be fastened thus to await the convenience of others. But what was done was done, and at least she could not now be bothered with impulses to change her mind. She was fixed but good!

The whip was now a certainty, and further shame might have to be accepted to keep its bitter kiss down to the fifty she had earned. As a matter of course she now struggled violently to test her helplessness, but that helplessness was firm and certain, and laughed at the efforts she made. Angrily she looked up bare arms and down bare legs to the leather circlets she could never break. She tossed her head as the only freedom she had. And then deliberately made as much clatter as she could with the short chains holding both arms and legs in place. Satisfied with that childish effort, she gave herself to dreams.

It may have been half an hour before the opening of the door brought Patricia alert. It was not David, nor was it Inga. It was the young Daisy, the maid, who now dramatically held a finger to her lips to enjoin silence as she swiftly undid Inga's work to leave the girl entirely free except for wristlets and anklets.

"We gotta get you outta of here, Miss. It ain't safe for you to, go upstairs so I'm taking you out the back door. 'Ere 'old me 'and."

It was too swift and too unexpected for understanding. All Patricia was concerned with was freedom and she used this wonderful freedom to leap beside the housemaid, exiting by the familiar little door and into the interior of the waiting van. There a waiting male immediately grabbed Patricia, snapped her wristlets behind her back, sat her down, and then performed the same on her feet.

"I'm really sorry 'bout this, Miss," Daisy said as if she meant it. "But Charlie and me wants to get married and we ain't got no money. When Mr David pays a ransom, we'll let you go. Honest we will. It's only seven thousand pounds, it is. That ain't much."

A moment later Daisy disappeared back into the house. The van's door was slammed shut, leaving a girl inside too shocked to struggle. The young man who had snapped her cuffs together sat there, drinking in her appearance with obvious approval. "Don't you be worried none, Miss," he told her with a slight Liverpool accent. "We got to keep you tied up so you won't run away, we does. But we won't 'urts you. I works for a farmer near here and there's an old barn in one of the fields that no one but me goes near. It's used for sorting 'ay, and I 'ave to got there a couple times a day. I can easy bring you food and keep you tied up without no one knowing. Sorry for the inconvenience, Miss, but I expects it won't be long. Then we can let you go."

"You're more likely to go to prison. Let me loose!"

"I don't want to hear stuff like that. Daisy says I should gag you if I don't like the things I hears you saying. Gosh, you got lovely tits. I ain't never seen a young lady like you start naked

before. Gosh, you makes Daisy look real cheap. We'd best be getting out of here or someone will be wondering." Charlie got behind the steering wheel.

Patricia did not struggle. She had already tested the anklets and wristlets and knew them inescapable. No doubt Daisy was the instigator of this kidnap. Charlie was obviously a slow-thinking farm youth who's simplicity might be exploited. It was not until the van was moving down the highway that she remembered she had forgotten to scream.

The barn was exactly as promised. The hay was fresh and had a wholesome scent. There were several stalls once used for animals but now vacant and quite obviously well adapted to the binding or chaining of a young woman. The struts and beams were solid and a girl bound to any one of them could forget freedom.

"Real nice, ain't it, Miss?" Charlie asked. "I got some bits of chain and some padlocks so you'll be real comfortable. There's ropes, too, but ropes will hurt so I'll only use them on you sometimes. What's that collar on your neck, Miss?"

"Never mind.", Charlie picked up a chain from among the straw and the padlock he now used was heavy on Patricia's neck. The other end was solidly attached to a sturdy beam. "It's gonna be real nice for me, Miss, 'aving a naked girl like you here to look at whenever I likes. I'll lock the door on you so's you won't be getting away."

With Charlie departed to his chores, his captive stood to angrily review the things she might have said had the whole affair not happened so swiftly. But there was about the whole affair a quality of farce which prevented taking it too seriously. On the other hand the speed and simplicity by which she had been whisked from one captivity to another would make her hard to trace. No one would ever look for her where she was now held prisoner. Patricia wanted to cry in frustration but instead hopped her way to the locked door and, after much effort, satisfied herself she could never get it open unaided. The chain to her collar rattled fearfully as she hopped back to the pile of straw to find a place to sit down. She thought of Inga's and David's bafflement over the disappearance of a girl who should have been helpless and having her bottom whipped at that moment. At least that was one thing she could laugh about.

Charlie was slow to return. Daisy, of course, had been going about her normal affairs about the castle and had been totally free of suspicion. When the barn door opened to give entry to sunlight and her bucolic captor there was a pang of disappointment that it was neither David nor a policeman. But Charlie had brought her water and two cold sausages on a paper towel. Once more the captive longed to laugh but snapped instead, "Don't you realize I'm helpless, you silly idiot! You've got my hands locked behind my back and my ankles fastened together. Damn it, can't you give me a little freedom?"

Charlie was apologetic. It was obvious that Miss Patricia's nakedness was a reward above all else. Hastily he gave her back both arms and feet, then stood by as she drank thirstily and, with some doubt, ate one of the sausages. "I'll come and feed you more later," he said brightly.

"You're crazy!" Patricia said without heat. "You'll get caught and go to jail for this."

"No, Miss, it's all going to work out just fine. If them people in the castle do their thing real quick, you'll be on your way real soon. And Daisy and me will be off to Australia. I got a brother there and we're going to open a fish and chips shop with your ransom money. It's a right lovely idea, so it is."

Patricia was almost inc-lined to agree for a thought had just entered her mind. "Look, Charlie," she asked reasonably, "when it comes time for you to let me go, ask Daisy to bring some of my clothes from the castle. And if you can lend me a little bit of money, I'd be grateful. I was being held prisoner there. And I don't want to go back and be a prisoner again. Will you do that?"

"I could. Miss, don't see no 'arm in it. I'll even give you a ride anyplace you want."

Being kidnapped was almost worth it if it spelled freedom. She would, of course, have to go back to Castle Hastings eventually, but not before she had arranged a reprieve from punishments. Along with freedom, she would also escape the fifty awful lashes upon her bare skin. Filled with hope, Patricia ate the other sausage.

Charlie's eyes never ceased to rove over the naked girl he controlled. There was a sort of bland innocence about him which Patricia did not find offensive. On the other hand, he was shrewd enough to take no chances with his captive. Preparing to leave, he asked, "Would you mind, Miss, if I tied your 'ands?"

"I suppose so, if it's something you think you have to do." Patricia crossed her wrists and watched them expertly tied. She guessed Charlie's farm labor had taught him plenty about using ropes. She felt the knots would defeat any effort to escape. "I don't see why you have to tie my hands, Charlie," she pointed out. "You've got me locked by this chain to my collar and I can't get out. I wouldn't run away any how." Suspiciously she added, "Did you enjoy tying me up?"

"That's right, Miss. I did it with Daisy a few times but that's all. Tying you is a treat. You see, I'm going to raise your arms above your head so I can walk around you and get a proper view. Instead of getting only half a view at once. There, see what I mean?"

It was not as bad as her plight at Hastings. Tied hands held above her head to allow a country bumpkin to examine her nakedness from any angle he wished was not as bad as most of the bondage Inga had put her into. Patricia stood an'd blushed under Charlie's gaze. He tossed the rope from her hands over a beam and pulled until Patricia was standing on her tip toes. Then he tied the rope off on a hook on the wall. Patricia sighed but said nothing while he looked her all around. Finally he got his fill and headed towards the door.

"Don't leave me like this, Charlie!" she cried out. "This is a sort of punishment!"

"That's your 'ard luck. It's gonna be nice when I come back to find you already to look at. And by that time you'll be glad to see me.

With the closing of the barn door, Charlie's prisoner gave herself to despondency. Everything was so damned unfair! Even if she got free of the barn and made her way back to Hastings Castle, Inga would immediately place some kind of trick hold on her and she would once again find herself standing in the same position. She screamed a few times in pure frustration without much hope of being heard. Then she stood with a cheek pressed against one bare arm to wait.

In early evening, Charlie was accompanied by his girlfriend. They found their prisoner hanging by her wrists in sheer weariness. "What's you tie her up like that for, you ass!" Daisy demanded. "I'll but you done her like that to get a good look at everything she's got. Ain't you got any sense at all? Let her down."

Charlie obeyed, obviously feeling cheated. Then he held the freed nudity as intimately as possible as he eased the prisoner back to her seat upon the straw. "Get them 'ands untied while you're at it, you stupid bugger," Daisy continued. "Miss Patricia ain't 'ere to be punished." She turned to Patricia who was busily massing chaffed wrists. "Gosh, I'm real sorry, I am. Charlie ain't raped you yet, has he? I don't him not to. You be sure to tell me if he does.", "No, he hasn't. Look, Daisy, I'm so sick of the barn. How long do you think it's going to be before you get the money?"

"Can't tell that, Miss." Daisy giggled. "We already give 'em the ransom note. And we ain't asking all that much."

"If you'll just bring me a blank check, I'll fill it out myself and you won't have to wait for any ransom."

"Oh, we don't want no checks. We's scared of checks. We got it all nicely arranged for Mr David to give us cash."

"Aren't you afraid of being arrested? The police aren't dumb. Someone in the castle is going to wake up to the fact it had to be you. Once that happens you're going to be a very sorry girl."

"It won't 'appen, Miss. Charlie and we, we been real careful. We can let you free by this time tomorrow."

"Will you bring me clothes and money so I can go to the city and some friends I've got there?"

"We sure will. Miss. We knows what's gonna to happen to you if you goes back 'ome. You's gonna be whipped and all sorts of things, and you don't deserves it. I feel sorry for you that last time when they was so mean. I know we ain't acting much like friends but that what we are. Look, we brought you a lovely 'amper full of good things. And a lot of hot coffee. 'Ere, let me pour it for you."

Suddenly everything was wonderful. The collar and chain was forgotten as the hot, sweet warmth filled Patricia's naked body. She ate and drank hungrily while Charlie appeased his own appetite with lewd but appreciative eyes. Daisy informed, "I got a pair of handcuffs out of that room downstairs, Miss. They'll be nicer for you to sleep in than a piece of rope."

Patricia held out her hands without complain for the familiar clutch of steel. Even when the cuffs were clicked tight upon her wrists, she continued her feast. When Daisy brought out another chain and heavy padlock and locked it to the link between the cuffs, Patricia made no complain. No doubt Daisy just wanted to be sure of her and handcuffs wouldn't hurt. She ate all she could and drank the last of the coffee. The naked girl was then hugged and kissed by a youthful domestic servant who told her to use the straw for her bed. And that Charlie would bring her breakfast first thing in the morning. They parted in good spirits, leaving their prisoner in better condition than she would have been back at Hastings Castle.

Thus ended her first day of being held for ransom. The straw was warm. It invited sleep. When the chained girl heard the sounds of the barn door being unlocked, she reluctantly knelt erect, the air cool on her skin, to greet Charlie with her breakfast. But it was not Charlie who opened the door, it was a uniformed policeman and behind him a weeping Daisy with a frightened boyfriend, both in the charge of a second constable." For the policemen the sight of a chained and naked girl was obviously a victory.

Daisy had been caught in the act of bagging some of Patricia's clothes and quickly confessed why she was doing it. Sheepishly she unlocked handcuffs and chains, and muttered,

"I'm sorry somethin' awful, Miss, I is. This ain't the way Charlie and I wanted it to turn out at all. Now him and me will have to go to prison, won't me?"

"I don't suppose so, Daisy. Here, help me get into these clothes." She turned to the wide-eyed members of the local police department. "This is a silly joke that backfired. It's probably mostly my fault. I owe you an apology."

The Law watched as Patricia dressed. "But you've been kidnapped, Miss. That's a serious offense. Then we come here and discover you all naked without clothes, and chained up. That's something we can't overlook."

"Well, I wish you would. I won't sign a complain. And if you take them to trial anyway, you'll cause me no end of embarrassment. You know who I am, don't you... Hastings Castle?"

"Yes, we do. Your grandmother, Lady Cutliffe-Hynd, was greatly respected in these parts. She never ran around without clothes the way you do. This is the second time you've come to our attention for the same thing."

Daisy had disentangled the handcuffs. "These belong to you, Miss," she said shyly. "And here's the key. Thought I was doing everything for the best, and look what's happened." Once more she relapsed into tears.

Patricia's mind was working furiously. She was unsure of her reception at Hastings but didn't know how she could get to the city without money. But to ask the police for a loan would simply deepen their suspicion. As though reading her thought, the sergeant said, "We'd best all go back to the castle, Miss. Your lawyer, Mr Suffcliff, is waiting there and we can get this whole matter straightened out." He turned to the still-quaking Charlie. "You'd better get about your affairs, young man, we'll pick you up if we need you." Charlie rushed out without saying goodbye to his girlfriend.

The policeman turned to Patricia and pointed to the shinning restraints she still held. "We'd best but them on this young lady here in case she's tempted to do something foolish." He took the shinning bracelets and turned the young maid servant around to lock her wrists behind her back so that Daisy burst into another flood of tears. They then set out for Hastings in the official car. A pair of dubious and disapproving policemen and a couple of girls with not much to look forward to.

Patricia felt at a disadvantage with David sitting in her chair behind her desk. The owner of Hastings Castle had been reduced in her own office. The handcuffed Daisy was still sniffling

and viewing her seniors with fear. David freed her hands with the key Patricia provided and told her briskly she would be dealt with later but in the meantime resume her duties in the kitchen.

"Ain't you gonna give me the sack, Mr Suffcliff?" she said as she rubbed her wrists.

"No. And we won't send you to prison this time. What you need is a good thrashing but we'll get to that another time. Run along."

Suffcliff resumed his seat as Patricia burst out defensively, "Now don't give me any of that holier-than-thou stuff. Those two young people truly did kidnap me and I had no part of it anywhere. Look, I own this castle now and I'm not going to let myself be pushed around. I know what you're thinking, but just forget it."

David Suffcliff had a charming smile, he used it now. "Being kidnapped appears to have done you good," he said. "I'm surprised you didn't borrow some money from someone and run to the city."

"What you mean, run to the city?"

"Inga had you nicely under control when Daisy snatched you for ransom. Now you're trying to think of a way to avoid was you were sentence to. Is that right?"

"I refuse to be a prisoner again." She was firm and speaking with heat. "I'm sure my grandmother didn't mean for me to stay in chains the rest of my life. The way you and Inga interrupt the will, that's just the way it will be! I'm simply me, I'm made the way I am, and you two will always find a reason to toss me in prison. David, for Pete's sake... !"

They looked at each other in a silent truce. Patricia was panting whereas the man she had wanted to marry sat properly upright and disgusting legal-looking. She noticed the quiet smile she had always loved, and the glint of amusement in the eyes she had always trusted. Almost in bitterness, Patricia demanded, "Look, David, you lovable idiot, marry me and put a stop to this whole thing. You wouldn't need to keep your wife on a leash."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

Patricia was not sure of it but was not prepared to say so. Determinedly she said, "I'll take a chance."

It was at that moment Inga entered the study. It was now two against one and Patricia acted purely on instinct. She seized a paperweight from the desk and backed way to stand with

her back against the wall. "Don't you dare!" she exclaimed. "Inga, I love you but I won't let you handcuff me. Stay away from me."

Inga only smiled and extracted a pair of handcuffs from her pocket and dangled them incitingly. "Are these the things you mean, dear?" she asked sweetly.

"You know they are. Stay away! I'll fight, I won't give in."

In her physical encounters with Inga, Patricia was never quite sure how things happened. That was the way of it now. There was a swirl of arms and legs in which the paperweight fell unused to the floor, and the heiress to Hastings Castle found herself with hands tightly locked behind her back. She sobbed, "It's not fair, it's just not fair!" She stamped her foot and look from one smiling face of authority to another. "I hate you both," she said as she twisted her hands against the metal bindings. "It's always the same. I always wind up with my hands locked behind my back. It just isn't fair. I could cry."

"You are crying, dear," Inga informed. "I bet you haven't had breakfast."

It did not take long for breakfast to be brought, and when it was set before Patricia by a blushing Daisy who made a rapid escape, David quietly said, "Give our girl the use of her hands, Inga, so she can have her breakfast in comfort." He turned to Patricia and added, "I expect you to give Inga back your hands after your last cup of coffee. I want to see how well you can handle this situation."

The girl who know herself approaching punishment ate hungrily in unconcern. She might not like the situation in which she found herself but she was becoming accustomed to it. And her hands were free in case she wished to fight once more, she could. But she deliberately emptied her mind of plans and visions and enjoyed the food. Her companions joined her for coffee, at the end of which David asked, "Well?"

She loved them both. And if all three of them were governed by the last wishes of an elderly grandmother, what did it matter! She looked David in the eye to ask, "Are you really going to carry on with all those punishments?"

"You know we are, darling. The gentleman who's testicles you grabbed is threatening a law suit. You can't deny you were a very naughty girl."

"Oh, all right." Patricia pushed away the breakfast plate. "How do you want me?" she inquired bitterly. "Back or front?"

It was as though time had stood still and now resumed its course. A naked girl stood in the punishment room with hands strapped tight above her head and well apart. Inga had forgotten to fasten the girl's feet and their owner supposed that her captors would enjoy watching her kick beneath the impacts of cane and crop and whip. Patricia wondered if she would feel any less resentful at the end of the punishment than she did now.

She was not left to stand alone too long, and there was no waste of time when the two of them returned. Taking the long riding crop, Inga playfully tapped its tip upon Patricia's nose to ask, "It was fifty strokes, right? Prepare to get them now."

Each fresh acquaintance with pain imposed shock after shock in disbelief that anything could hurt so bad. After her forth scream, David inserted the phallus gag into the pretty lips he had loved to kiss and buckled the strap behind her neck. It was only a brief respite in which the panting, punished girl tried to catch her breath before the painful cuts across her bare skin began again. The awful whine, the bitter cut, and after that the spreading pain were her companions now. Soon with ever slash, Patricia was raising herself against strapped wrists to kick wildly at nothing as if the painful contortions might ease the pain.

Inga put aside the riding crop long enough to lock leg irons on the pretty, slender ankles before returning to cut and cut again. The chain of her leg irons added its cruel music to muted screams of pain. The punishment went on and on.

"I prefer this but I expect you'd like to use the cane." Inga handed David the yellow length of venom. "She's had fifteen, I believe, so why don't you take her on up to thirty?"

For Patricia the punishment entered the world of disbelief, a cruel and awful fantasy that might go on forever. She could not speak but turned against her bonds to gaze accusingly and with terrible appeal into the eyes of the man she loved. But David refused to maintain that eye contact, and put that terrible yellow rod to its awful task.

Patricia was certain the cane hurt, or perhaps it was the knowledge that it was being wielded by a man who she had loved and slept with. With precision he selected the few unmarked areas of skin to convert them to scarlet and purple. Without shame and without caring, the tightly strapped girl flung herself from side to side, and clashed the chain between thrashing ankles.

Once more it, had seemed an eternity before Inga interrupted David's work. "That's thirty," she informed. "Perhaps I should now continue with the whip across her back. By the look of it, her bottom has had enough."

The breathless, sweating girl did not bother to look back to see whether David gave up the cane with either pleasure or regret. She knew, with certainty that the worst part of her punishment was yet to come. The cane and the crop hurt terribly but their burn would be as nothing to the leather thong slicing back and forth upon her back. Before Patricia could brace herself, the leather curled and cut to send her into wild and very physical protest.

The phallus gag within her mouth was by no means the lessor part of punishment. It stifled every natural sound and laughed mockingly at her need to tell that her punishment must now stop, that it cannot continue or she would surely die. And that the agony of it was far greater than either of them realized. She bit and fought the rubber in her mouth with a wild tossing of her head. But the leather strap remained tightly buckled to compress the screaming lips that made no sound. Within her muted mouth there was not even the savage relief wildly thrashing feet and ironed legs.

Sometimes Patricia's wild dance of pain opened her legs and presented a target within, a target that was a very private part of Patricia and a very tender place. With the first solid slash that landed upon her sex, Patricia went rigid with shock and pain, her body arched against the bonds in midair. Then she jerked back to hang trembling in her bonds. Her eyes were wild with fear and pain.

The two watchers stood silent for a moment, watching the incredible show being put on by this naked girl. Then the next slash was across her bottom and so painful that the nude girl resumed her wild dance. Again the target presented itself and Inga skillfully found the furry place, and again waves of pain shot through Patricia's tortured body.

Patricia was beyond thinking save, perhaps, the single thought that this punishment would go on forever.

When the blows across her skin suddenly came to an end, Patricia continued contortions for long moments before her thrashing legs died down to hang limp. The last one had been directly up between her legs and had been the worst of all.

Patricia sagged, panting against strapped wrists, to slowly catch up with her breathing and return her weight once more to her feet. David and Inga then took turns to kiss and fondle their punished maiden before going back upstairs and leaving her alone.

Patricia was actually thankful for strapped wrists, they saved her from wondering what to do next. She was thankful, too, for being left alone to make whatever adjustments she must to the burn and scold of the wounds she was sure must be frightening to behold. She simply stood in a grate thankfulness that it was done and whatever followed could not be nearly as bad.

The whipped girl stood in blissful semi-consciousness as the agony seeped out of her body to be replaced by aches and burning, less painful but very vivid nevertheless. It was perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes before Daisy tip-toed into the room to stand in positive awe before a marked up girl such as she had never expected to see. Her tone was almost reverent. "Golly, Miss, they done a job on you, and that's a fact."

The young girl walked around the nude girl and stared at the tortured girl. "Would you mind if I unstrapped that there gag? I want to talk to you."

Patricia's heart went out to the stupid girl. She could guess Daisy's errant but no long cared. She nodded an affirmative and the younger girl went to work to unbuckle the wicked strap and to withdraw from thankful lips the phallus object. Daisy giggled at the sight of the rather large rubber phallus glistening with Patricia's saliva. "If you want," she said, "I'll strap this back in your mouth when I leave. I don't suppose I done the right thing in taking it off?"

"Yes, you'd best do that, Daisy. So hurry up and tell me what you want. And then strap it back in my mouth again." It felt good to speak.

"Well, Miss, I'm awful sorry about everything. And now they've whipped you something terrible."

"I would have been whipped anyway, Daisy. Forget it."

"I'm so terribly grateful you ain't sent me packing down the road, or sent me to prison, Miss. It's real sweet of you, and I can't never pay you back."

"You can forget that, too, Daisy. I'm glad I can do something for somebody, I never seem to be able to do anything for myself. Now, tell, me there's something you want?"

Daisy's feet shuffled. She began to blush. "Well, it's like this, Miss, you know how I feel about such things. And I'm quite sure I ought to have gone to prison for what I did. So, as punishment, please have Miss Inga punish me the way you've just been punished. I guess that would be about right."

"Don't be silly, child. I wouldn't wish the punishment I've just had on anybody. It's too awful for words. Consider yourself forgiven."

"Oh, thank you, Miss, you're so sweet!" Daisy said sincerely. "But I gotta be punished, really I gotta. I won't never feel right unless you or someone punishes me real bad."

"Don't talk such nonsense. I'm not going to punish you. But I think you like being punished so why don't you go to Inga and tell her the way you feel. She'll probably punish you real good. I don't think you enjoyed that night you spent in the park with your mouth strapped around that bronze horror."

"It weren't that bad, Miss. I got all wet thinking about Charlie.

And the next night he tells me we ain't never had it so good."

"Well, that's settled then. You'd best strap that horrid thing back in my mouth, then run along and have your talk with Inga. If you want that bad to be punished, I'm sure she'll oblige. Tell her I said so."

The strapped nude was hugged and kissed in gratitude. A moment later Patricia was again silent with the huge rubber phallus filling her mouth. Daisy had tugged the strap every bit as tight as before. When the girl paused at the doorway to gaze back at the strapped and naked girl with longing in her eyes, Patricia nodded at her. Then the maid was gone, leaving Patricia to resume her dreams.

In many ways Inga was predictable. First she removed the gag and kissed willing lips, then the hands were freed and replaced with handcuffs against which Patricia made no demure. The whipped nakedness was then taken to be tenderly and lovingly bathed.

"We won't begin your other punishments until tomorrow," Inga said as Patricia sat soaking in the hot water. "I'm going to chain you in my bed and you can sleep with me tonight. David and I don't want you to ever forget you are greatly loved."

Patricia suddenly felt wonderful and glorious beyond the need of words.

"Did you get a visit from Daisy?"

"Yes, and I gather she visited you?"

"She told me you said yes to her wish for punishment. That girl is absolutely beyond belief."

"Maybe we should be glad we've got her. She's sweet and I couldn't bring myself to punish her in any way. But I know she loves it and I'm sure you'll love punishing her. Oh, Inga, this whole thing's crazy!"

The collar on Patricia's neck was very real. The long length of chain from it to the wall was anchored so solidly as to make a mockery of any thought of escape. Gratefully, the well-whipped girl lay on her stomach and went to sleep on the bed of her mistress. She did not even dream.

It was like falling back into a familiar rut. Once the handcuffs were safely on her wrists, Patricia thought of herself as a haltered horse who suddenly becomes completely timid. "We may as well used the woods so long as the weather is this lovely," Inga suggested as they left the castle. "I'm so eiad, darling, that you've gotten over being unhappy. I understand it's that way with girls sent to prison. It takes them a little while to adjust but then they fall into a routine and stop being difficult."

Patricia was busy fingers the handcuffs but took time to sniff and be sarcastic. "What else can a girl do when she's helpless? And you keep me helpless. I fully expect to be buried in handcuffs when I die."

"You're going to have a beautiful, wonderful life, dear. You're so rich it takes David half his time to look after V estate. Don't make an ass of yourself again and you'll be home... id free before too long. David doesn't show it but he feels bad about having to punish you the way we do. Don't make it happen again after these punishments come to an end."

"It will probably last forever," Patricia retorted bitterly. "I'm being nice about it but I'm frightened when I think how long it could last."

It was a small clearing beneath a tree when Inga stopped. Looking around, Patricia could see nothing different about it from any other place in the forest. A moment later her ankles felt the bite of steel as another pair of handcuffs joined them close. "Just to keep you from running away, dear," Inga assured her cheerfully. "And now your hands... !"

At least it wasn't that thin, cutting twine. The cord Inga now used was thin enough but too heavy to be described as twine. Patricia stood quietly with arms behind her back as they were crossed and tightly bound and knotted where her fingers could not reach them. "Okay, what do I do now, just stand her all day?" It was then the captive girl noticed a heavier rope hanging from a sturdy branch, obviously awaiting her. Taking a handful of the lovely hair, Inga now urged her charge to hop the few paces to where the rope from above could be passed between bound wrists to be pulled up and up until Patricia's nudity was bent almost double. With her arms and hands held high, the arrangement was uncomfortable but not impossible.

Inga stepped back to look at what was going to be Patricia's punishment for the day. "How does it feel?" she asked.

"Awful! Oh, Inga, you're not going to leave me like this all day, are you?"

"You know I am. You'll have an interesting day, dear, trying to get loose. You might manage it."

Patricia sniffed, but did not express her opinion that escape would, as usual, be impossible. But she gave a try to the ropes and cords only to find, as she expected, that escape was impossible. Tiring of looking at the ground, Patricia turned her head from side to side and struggled to look around. She discovered she could manage to raise her head briefly but it put stress on her arms and shoulders, and she was glad to again lower her head. It hurt and she knew it would hurt even more. Once more returning to what she was forced to describe as "normal" she heard the sounds.

This time it was the youthful Daisy with hands behind her back and her hair held grimly in Inga's hand. The youngster sent Patricia a glance of pure love as she positioned herself for a similar treatment at a distance to insure the girls could never give each other help. Inga was obviously highly amused as she raised the young hands and arms as she put Daisy in the same doubled over posture as Patricia. She then patted the helpless young bottom and promised to bring a riding crop along with a drink of water next time she came.

"Gee whiz! That looks awful the way she's got you fixed," Daisy said when they were alone. "Does it hurt real bad?"

"You should know, Daisy, you're fixed exactly the same way. It doesn't hurt much at first but that will change. We're going to have to put up with this all day. Is there a chance you can get yourself loose?"

"No! Good gosh, she's got me tied real tight. Oh, jeepers, we can't have no fun at all. I'm really sorry if I got you into this."

"You didn't get me into this. We both being punished for different things. Don't let's talk about being guilty. Is Inga going to whip you or is she just teasing?"

"Well, I earned what she said. If she does, I don't be no surprised. When she comes back she'll be carrying a riding crop. I hopes it don't hurt too bad."

Patricia had ceased to struggle but stood with her head falling forward in a terrible submission and acceptance of what she could not change. She kept telling herself that the wicked whipping had changed her not at all, that she was still the same girl she had been before. She assured herself of this so repeatedly that she wondered if the assurance was really true. She was willing to believe that each time a girl got whipped in that degree, it took something from her. Some little bit of herself she cherished. The whole thing was puzzling. In the meantime her arms were up in the air and her head pointed at the ground in a manner to make any girl repent over whatever it had been that brought her to this condition. For a while she idly watched her companion in distress struggle against the ropes and contort. Perhaps the younger girl really thought she could escape. Finally Patricia tired of the show and sharply told the younger girl to cease and make the best of her condition. At least they could talk.

The heiress to handcuff wryly supposed it inevitable that Charlie should appear upon the scene. When he did, he was obviously horrified but at the same time interested in what he beheld. He had seen both girls naked often enough before, and had certainly given Patricia's figure a careful inspection when he held her captive. He stood now in positive awe. It was Daisy who broke the silence. "Don't stand there like a silly arse, you dummy, busy and untie us both."

Charlie appeared to examine the proposition and came up with what was no doubt the most important feature of what he saw, "You ain't neither go no clothes on! You're both bare naked!"

"Of course we are, we're being punished and we're sick of it. Hurry up and get us untied."

Charlie continued feasting on the sight before him. He was, as usual, slow on the up take. "You both got your arse sticking out like you expect to get it whipped. I'll bet you gonna get it real good before the day is over."

"Can't you sec I've already been whipped, you idiot," Patricia snapped. "Get us loose and get us out of here. You won't regret it."

"But I never likely to see a sight like this again," Charlie pointed out reasonably. "Don't be in such a hurry. I'll untie you in my own good time."

As a rescuer, Charlie was a disappointment. It was understandable that the nakedness of two girls at once was a treat hard to resist. Patricia tried to tempt him. "Charlie, if you'll just untie us, we'll both give you the best look you've ever had at a naked girl. We can't look very pretty bent over this way. Be a good chap and hurry."

Charlie's next suggestion was shattering, "Would you mind if I fucked you both? I'll let you loose afterwards, I promise I would."

"Don't be disgusting." Patricia was ever bit the mistress of the castle, addressing one of the serfs. "If that's all you want, I'm sure Daisy will oblige."

"She will an all, Miss. But I ain't never gonna get a chance like this again to screw a couple of girls what's tied up so pretty and convenient like."

"Unless you untie us, it's not even possible," Patricia snapped. "Stop talking like that and let us loose."

Charlie had evidently been making his own assessment of possibilities. "It's that there rope what's holding you arms up like that and what makes you bend over like that. If I raise your hands up higher still you gonna bend over that much more. And your cunt is gonna stick out better than right now. Golly, I'm gonna have me a time!"

It was hateful to be so helpless. As her arms were jerked higher, she behaved exactly as predicted and was certain that her most intimate part was now staring straight at this young man. The posture had become doubly painful. As Patricia watched Daisy treated in the same way, she searched her mind for some evasion of this terrible coupling to come. Daisy was trying to be helpful. "It's what they call 'dog fashion', Miss. It ain't all that bad. But it shouldn't happen to a lady like you." She turned her full attention to the man. "Look, Charlie, do it to me if that's what you want. But don't you dare touch Miss Patricia. We done her enough 'arm already. And we're both of us lucky we ain't in prison. You can thank Miss Patricia for that, too. Come on, you big hunk, get on with it."

Patricia's first instinct was to turn her back and not watch. But fascination had her in its grip so that she watched Charlie bring forth his secret weapon of magnificent proportions to thrust it brutally home within a girlish sheath which had obviously enjoyed its entrance on previous occasions. Patricia watched in pure horror as the farm boy grasp the slender young hips to move them back and forth or even up an down for his pleasure. All the time Daisy contented herself with uncomplimentary remarks.

"Just because you got a great big one, you think every girl gotta be grateful for it. You don't know nothing. Some guys with a real small prick can do better. Look, you have to keep lifting me feet off the ground that way?"

Charlie appeared not to hear but continued exactly what he was doing. Patricia considered it possible that his weapon, used in different circumstances, might, indeed, be painful.

And she wondered unhappily if it was her turn next. There was nothing she could do to stop the rape, if it should come.

Charlie and his lady love brought their coupling to a conventional conclusion with both crying out their ecstasy with such fervor as to cause Patricia to wonder if her impeding fate might be so terrible after all. It was something she did not desire. But there have been many girls who, during intercourse, found justifications for their emotions. She remembered a man who had once told her it was always better if the girl was tied.

Charlie did not immediately withdraw but stood there panting and clutching the youthful hips which had given him such wonderful control. Patricia had to wonder if this was his way of achieving regeneration and a fresh virility by which to conquer her. Daisy appeared to have had enough. "Well, you had you fun, now get out of me, you big ox. Next thing I know you'll be wanting it up my arse. And if you ever do that, don't you ever come by me again. And in the meantime, you leave Miss Patricia alone."

"But she's tied up the same as you, all handy and proper like. Wouldn't be right not to give her a go."

"She doesn't want your go. Stop shuffling around in my cunt and let my arms back down the way they were. You can do the same for Miss Patricia. You got her arms up too high."

"I like you both the way you are," Charlie said contentedly as he rearranged his male equipment within his pants and tugged up his zipper. "I got some chores to do for an hour or so, then I'm coming back to give it real good to both of you. It won't do your Miss Patricia a bit of harm any more than it does you. Owning a castle doesn't change that hole between her legs. See you later."

Both girls watched Charlie walking away. Daisy was quickly vocal, "Come back here, you son of a bitch, she called after the retreating male. Untie my hands, you don't have to leave us this way. It hurt!"

Charlie did not heed, just a careless wave of a hand before he disappeared into the woods. Daisy stamped with a bare foot then turned her full attention to her companion in distress. "I'm right sorry about Charlie, Miss Patricia," she mourned. "He ain't usually like this. But he don't usually see girls fixed like that. It's given him ideas. Gee whiz, I wish I could get loose. Being tied this way is bloody awful."

Patricia agreed, it was bloody awful. If Charlie had raised her arms a couple more inches she felt her feet would have left the ground. As it was her shoulders were cruelly racked and she

had no inclination to move. Staying still was best. The two prisoners abandoned conversation, so pained were their naked bodies.

Inga arrived as promised and listed to their tale of male intrusion with only faint amusement. She did not set them free but slackened their rope to return them to the original discomfort. But so strained had their arms become that neither girl was grateful. "You can't leave us like this, Inga," Patricia protested. "It's a terrible way to have to stand. My wrists and my shoulders are hurting. Look, stop this punishment nonsense and let me loose."

"You're being punished, dear. Punished young ladies don't get freed in the middle of the day. If you want diversion, you can watch me crop young Daisy's bottom."

The younger girl eyed Inga's riding crop with apprehension but did not say a word. She knew she had been bad and must be punished. Inga arranged Daisy's hips to give Patricia a full view of the target area. Patricia winced as the first stroke landed across the tender young bottom that only a few minutes before had been pressed hard against the hips of her lover.

Daisy kept silent for the first two strokes but as the third blow etched a red line across tender skin, she pleaded, "That 'urts something 'orrible. It 'urts cause I'm bend down so." But the mistress paid no heed. The impacts become harder until Daisy's wailing became constant as the youngster danced and weaved her hips. Inga satisfied herself with a count of twelve before setting aside the crop and freeing the rope to allow a weeping Daisy to stand. She wept but had nothing to say as she stood there with hands still tied and ankles still handcuffed together.

Inga then performed the same service, for Patricia who allowed herself to be hugged in loving arms. "Thank you," Patricia said over and over until she realized that her hands were still tied behind her back. "Inga, you're not going to punish us any more, are you? Please don't."

"Silly girl. Here I brought you water." She held the cup to sulky lips and then, as if feeling better, the owner of Hastings Castle became demanding. "You absolutely mustn't put us back the way we were. We were so damned helpless. And fixed like that, Charlie will be able to rape us easily when he comes back. He promised he would do that. I don't want that huge monster of his up inside. Please, please, please!"

Charlie suddenly appeared as if hearing his name. For several moments he stood, staring in bewilderment before proclaiming, "What the hell you let them loose for!" He gave a bellow of rage and made an dive at Inga with obvious intent.

As usually, Patricia wished she had her wrists. Daisy was struggling with corded wrists but in what now took place, both captive girls became spectators of a remarkable performance.

Charlie had never had a doubt that his size and weight would give him an easy victory. Lunging at the waiting woman, he became an easy conquest for Inga's skill. The mistress threw him to the ground again and again until he sat there, dazed and muttering, "That' ain't fair, them tricks you used. I'm gonna whip your ass." Once more he charged.

Inga was enjoying herself, her skills were quite beyond Charlie's understanding. She tossed him and flipped him with practiced skill. At the end she was kneeling on his back and holding his painfully twisted arms. She was scarcely out of breath while Charlie was panting like a horse.

"Understand this, you young fool," Inga said quietly. "We can put you in prison any time we chose. And that is what we'll do if you don't make yourself scarce when I release you. Am I getting through to you?"

"Fuck you. When I get hold of you real proper, I'm gonna screw you alone with the others. This ain't right, it ain't. A girl getting the best of a man like me... Ouch!" Inga worked to dissolve Charlie's male conviction of superior strength, until at last he proclaimed with bitterness. "Al! right! All right! So you know all the tricks. I'll leave. And I ain't never coming back. There ain't no girl no place what's worth this."

They watched him go, a beaten and baffled young laborer who might never properly understand. But before disappearing down the path, he turned to shake a fist. "I'm gonna screw ill three of you." He pointed at Inga. "You'll laugh the other side of your face before I'm finished with you," he promised vaguely. "What's more, I'll mark your pretty hide like you did with Miss Patricia." He turned and vanished.

Daisy stood silent, still wrenching at tied hands, and said, "He'll come back. I know Charlie and he ain't gonna take this laying down. Please take us back to the castle."

"You mean that on a pretty day like this you'd rather be locked in the dungeon?"

"I never said that, Miss. I just don't want that big oaf doing that again to me. And I don't want him doing that to Miss Patricia, too. I'll bet he's out there in the trees watching us. And when you've gone he'll come and give us a real bad time. That is, if you're gonna tie us the way you did."

Once again Patricia had that feeling of unreality in her possession of vast wealth while being powerless to control anything being done to her. "Inga, dear," she said with a sigh, "please

don't tie me again. Please let me go back to the castle with you and we'll send Daisy back to her duties in the kitchen. This whole silly business doesn't seem possible."

There were more things in Inga's basket than water. Taking the free end of the punishment rope, she looped Patricia's ankle, and pulled and pulled until the astonished prisoner watched her own right foot rise up and up until she cried out," Inga, stop it! If you pull any more, I'm going to fall."

Inga's response was to free tied wrists and to watch Patricia teeter on one leg and to clutch nothing with both hands until they found the only support there was to find, her own raised leg. She encircled her leg with both arms. The basket then yielded a pair of handcuffs which the mistress now clicked tight on two wrists so as to prevent them from releasing their grasp of her bare leg. Inga then pulled on the rope some more until the helpless girl could scarcely believe her position. Her raised leg and her planted done were almost on a straight line, and her sex was exposed in a strange fashion such as she had never before known. It was not comfortable and Patricia voiced her alarm, "Inga, you can't do this! It's an impossible pose. The only way I can stand is to hold my leg."

"That's right, dear. And the handcuffs are so you won't loose your grip. They keep your hands nicely on the other side of the pretty leg, and you can't fall even if you tried. I really like this one. I won't leave you alone too long, just an hour or so."

Patricia might have said more but was too busy adjusting to an impossible stretch. She had enough troubles of her own to pay attention to the fact that Inga was leading Daisy back to the castle by a rope tether around her neck and with her hands still bound behind her back. Patricia's cry that she should not be left like this died away in the foliage of the trees.

Patricia Terrance knew herself increasingly resentful at being held a prison and continually being punished by two people she loved and she knew loved her. It would be easy to blame the whole thing on her grandmother's will, but she remained convinced that Lady Cutliffe-Hynd would never have consigned her to such a whipping as she had recently gotten or to the cruel obscenity she now suffered. In considering her plight, she become more and more desperately determined to keep her one foot on the ground for, if she fell and was suspended by one foot, she greatly feared injury to herself. She held the calf of her strained leg with shackled hands and prayed she might hold on until the mistress would come again. Longingly she looked up at the roped ankle she could not reach.

Time passes slowly for naked girls in punishment. Patricia found herself thinking more and more of escape from the castle which she owned and finding refuge with a girlfriend in the city. Surely this should be possible. But the more she reviewed her captivity, she concluded it

would never be possible. Even if someone cut the rope above, she would still be handcuffed in an awkward position. And still naked.

At the end of an hour, or two, the friend came as he had promised but could not be viewed as a friend likely to give aid. Patricia viewed Charlie's advance without favor and began her usual blush at being thus exposed to male eyes. It would be use less to ask this ridiculous yokel for help. The best she could hope for was to avoid the ravishing of her sex by that beastly thing he had in his pants. For the moment, Charlie once more stood in stark astonishment at Inga's ingenuity. He was looking at the naked girl so fastened as to defeat his purpose but otherwise very much at his mercy. Inevitably his eyes fell to the twisted pussy. "That damned woman's got you fixed right and proper this time, Miss. Like I ain't never seen before."

"Have a good look and then go away and leave me alone," Patricia said crisply.

The "good look" created an undesired decision on the part of this hunk of a man. "This could be better than last time," he said slowly as one hand stroked his chin. The roped ankle he looked at was beyond Patricia's reach but certainly not beyond his. "If I let that rope down slowly, I could fuck you good and proper, the way it should be. Wait a minute, I'll have you free."

The relief from the horrible strain almost made Patricia feel Charlie was worth it. But freedom is relative and her cuffed hands were now up around one thigh. They allowed her to shield her pussy with one hand but forced her to bend over. Charlie took the opportunity of this new position to give her bottom a hearty slap. "When I unties your ankle, you can sort of step out of that. You know, bend over and pull you leg out from between your hands."

Patricia was surprised. She hadn't considered that but it seemed likely. If the rope was off her foot, she should be able to bend her body and leg so that the handcuffs would come over her foot. "Them handcuffs ain't gonna stop us doing nothing," Charlie chuckled.

It was as easy as it looked but Charlie untied her ankle and allowed her to fall to the ground. With rough hands he forced her handcuffs over her foot and pulled her to her feet. Patricia stood there, angry that she was now available for Charlie's sexual advances. She had felt a sort of safety when she had been strung up. It had seemed that he wouldn't be able to do a thing. But now was something else!

Patricia considered running but her legs were stiff and awkward from their punishment and she had no wish to be manhandled by Charlie who would probably then beat her into a submission she did not want. Fiercely she said, "If you can get my hands free, and give me

clothes and money, I'll give you five thousand pounds once I can get to a bank. Please, Charlie, let me go."

The sum startled him and he stood for a moment in silence. But then the raging male hormones took control.

"Nah! I ain't born yesterday. You ain't got no five thousand quid up your cunt, and I don't trust no banks or checks. And I don't trust you. I'll have my fun with you and then you can go where you likes. But I got no girls clothes and I ain't got no money. Lay down on the grass and let's get with it."

Patricia had seen the short piece of broken branch which lay on the grass. Fearfully, she asked that Charlie go to the basket where there was a bottle of wine with which they could toast their union. Stupidly, he did as she suggested and moments later lay unconscious on the ground. Patricia stood there with a broken branch in her stinging hands. Without a moment's pause she fled down the path, not towards the road with all its hazards, but towards the castle. All she could think of was that Charlie would be afraid to follow her there.

There was no joy in freedom. The handcuffs were still upon her wrists and would prevent her from doing most normal things. All Patricia could think of was to hide until it was dark and then to seek entry to the castle by the side door to search for handcuff keys and clothes and money. Then her escape would become real. If she could contact Daisy without being caught, that would be good. Just before reaching the castle, she found a clump of bushes that afforded a good view of the castle. Panting, she slid into the greenery and waited in fear of being found.

Charlie did not come. Perhaps the blow on his head had knocked some sense into him. Patricia did not believe Charlie was still unconscious and she waited for a long time. After what seemed like hours she watched Inga walk down the path towards where she expected to find her captive still standing on one leg and probably in considerable pain. It was to be hoped that if Charlie recovered and had gone away, Inga would be forced to suppose he had taken Patricia with him. When, after an a bit of time, Inga reappeared, hurrying back, the watching girl heaved a tremendous sigh of relief. Now all she had to do was wait until dark.

The little door was not locked and considering the freedom of her hands the most vital need, Patricia made her way to the room of punishments where a key was most likely to be found. Her heart did, indeed, leap with joy when she found the tiny scrap of metal and fitted it into the lock. It was no easy task and required the aid of tongue and lips but she finally freed both hands from the steel bands. With fast beating heart, she tiptoed up the darkness of the stairs. Fifteen minutes later she had discovered one of the servant's bicycles. Fully clothed and with

money in the handbag over her shoulder, she peddled furiously down the road to where she knew she might find a bus. Over and over in her mind, she repeated, "I've escaped! I've escaped!"

Everything fell neady into place. Nancy was the true friend she had always been and gave Patricia the key to her flat and asked no questions. When it came to the crunch, Patricia was ashamed to tell of her captivity or to show the marks of the whip upon her skin. She bathed alone and was content with Nancy's assurance that if she should disappear, the police should be contacted one day later. The heiress of Hastings already had an established contact at the bank and the vast amount of cash constantly accruing there to her name. In a sense Nancy was her only lifeline to the world and it felt strange and somehow wrong that she should not go to David Suffcliff for help and the resumption of her former life. But she knew David would still see his duty to the Estate and to the will, and the purpose of Lady Cutliffe-Hynd in keeping so close a rein upon the granddaughter she had loved. David, in spite of his love for her, would immediately place her once more in Inga's care and the dismal round of punishment continued until both of them considered her purged of sin. Put in that light, the whole affair sounded medieval and barbaric. As the days passed, Patricia shivered to look back and believe it had really happened. One of the unusual things that bothered her was the lack of concern from Hastings Castle. Patricia studied every newspaper in search of some mention of a missing rich girl. But there was never the faintest hint of her disappearance. Initially Charlie would have been the prime suspect but the pair at Hastings would have long since exhausted him as a source of information. The girl who owned the castle was understandably piqued.

There were no raised eyebrows at the bank. Money was hers for the asking, and she was treated with the polite attention due a large depositor. Patricia asked no questions there, either, but the sum total of this unconcern robbed her of some of the joy of freedom. Someone was watching!

Patricia Terrance's suspense was ended by a chance encounter on the street. David Suffcliff acted as if they had parted only the day before, making no mention of escape and showing no curiosity about what she had been doing. Patricia longed to throw her arms around his neck and have him hold her tight, but instead adopted the same cool lack of concern and went to lunch where David was his usual attentive self, and, without even trying, made his girlfriend feel pampered and wanted again.

After talking about everything except what was uppermost in her mind, Patricia demanded, "Aren't you the least bit curious about how I got away? And what happened to that idiot Charlie?"

David treated the outburst as if it were an inquiry about the weather. "It was easy to deduce Charlie's part in the affair," he said easily. "I advised that stupid young man to leave the

country and to take Daisy with him. But Daisy had no wish to go and still remains one of your employees at the castle. She absolutely adores you."

"But weren't you worried about me?"

"Not really. We remembered your friends, Nancy among them, and since that time we've had a detective keep an eye on you. I don't suppose you were even aware of it."

Patricia sniffed. As usual, she had been played with like a child. "Look here, David," she said soberly. "I miss the castle. It's mine and I want it. I shouldn't have to live in a little flat with a girlfriend in the city. I also want to take over the Estate and run it as it should be run. I suppose you've done the best you can but you're a busy men."

"A most worthy ambition, sweetheart. And you can rely on me for help... If you need it."

"Thank you, darling." She reached and placed her hand on his. "Can we forget that silly business about my punishments?"

"No." Patricia withdrew her hand. Her voice became bitter.

"You mean that if I go back to what is actually my home, I can expect to be chained and tied, and whipped and locked in a cage? David, it's so unreal!"

David shrugged. "I suppose you can call it that," he said. "But there was nothing commonplace about your grandmother and Hastings Castle. I've discussed your case with Inga and we both agree that if you should be sensible enough to come back complete your sentence, we would be satisfied to place a time limit on it. Thirty days."

"And what will you do to me in those thirty days?"

It was David's turn to reach across the table and take her hand. "You will be whipped at the start as punishment for escaping. As for the rest, I'm sure Inga will handle that. She misses you and wants you back."

"I'll bet she does. David, I won't go back on those terms."

"As you wish. Are you happy the way you are? Stay with it."

"I'm only half happy. The other half of me is at Hastings. I want to go back home but not to be tied to a tree or chained in the dungeon. David, that's too absurd!"

"Inga and I don't think it's absurd. We both think you have a duty to surrender yourself and pick up where you left off. And I think you know that you'll feel much better if you go through with it."

"I'm sure you're right," Patricia retorted in bitter sarcasm. "I'd feel wonderful if it were over and done. But since it seems to just be getting started again, I'm damned if I'll go through with it. That last day when Charlie wanted to rape me was one day too much. You should have seen the way Inga had me fixed."

David waved the subject into limbo and talked of other things so that after a while Patricia's anger cooled. They parted in friendly terms without further reference to the subject of her captivity.

But the next morning, after a restless night during which Patricia had fought with herself again and again, She took the bull by the horns and phoned David Suffcliff at his office. When he came on the line, she wasted no time with greetings but asked bluntly, "This surrender business you spoke of, I suppose it would mean humiliation on top of humiliation. Is that the way it would be?"

"Yes."

"Damn it, David, don't play the lawyer with me. We used to sleep together, remember? Can't you forget that damned will?"

"No."

"David, please marry me."

"We have been down that road before, sweetheart. I've told you the way I feel, nothing has changed." Patricia slammed the receiver into its cradle. For the next hour she used ever diversion she could think of to try and clear her mind of the haunting guilt David had planted there. In a desperation generated by that same state of mind, she phoned David once again. Furious with herself for what she did, she said tersely, "Very well, I surrender. What do I do now?"

"We'll have dinner this evening and then I'll run you down to Hastings."

"Just like that?"

"Sure, just like that. It will be dark and no one will notice you are naked and bound."

Patricia receiver was on its way back to the cradle but stopped half way. After a pause she continued, "All right, if that's the way it has to be. But pick me up early, we don't want to get to Hastings at midnight."

The hours passed swiftly and Patricia felt better for having made the decision. She was afraid but feeling somehow better. At dinner nothing was said until after brandy and they were inside David's garage standing beside David's car. Reality again placed its cold and clammy hand upon Patricia's spine as David pointed to a rug awaiting on the concrete floor. "Sit on that to undress," David said. "I've got a few bits of rope around here."

In an anger directed entirely against herself, Patricia stripped as bare as she had ever been and then, in complete docility, held out her hands that they be bound. Quietly he took her arm and turned her around to cross her wrists behind her back tight enough to make her grit her teeth.

There was nothing kind about the cords. But that also was nothing new. The old, strange feeling took possession of the girl like a blanket on a chilly night. She twisted her wrists to test the ropes but knew it hopeless. Patricia was about to turn and face David when the emotion died as thin rope bit her elbows to draw them close as strand after strand was used like a belt until the cinch made them solidly secure beyond hope. The final knot was tight and well beyond her fingers.

Acidly Patricia said, "You don't need to tie me like this. I suppose you know you've tied me far too tight?" David casually replied, "It's the usual treatment, you know that as well as I."

"I wish you'd untie me and use a pair of handcuffs instead. They're much more comfortable." For answer David picked her up and placed her in the front seat where he tied her ankles as though determined she should never escape. Sardonically, the tied naked girl reflected that if this was a sample of things to come, it was a bad beginning.

Strangely they had little to say as the car ate up the miles. Both seemed to prefer the hum of the road over conversation. There was nothing to say about Patricia's condition, she was a slave again. And other conversation seemed too trivial to bother with. Patricia felt the smooth leather seat beneath her bare bottom and the pain in her arms as they were resting against the seat back. David had put the seat belt over her so she could hardly move. A little forward but her bottom was firmly held on the seat. Now and then she leaned forward to try and ease the pain in her arms but she did not protest.

When the car passed through the gateway of Hastings, the owner of the property ceased to be the stoic mistress of her fate and unashamedly wept.

David Suffcliff wrapped a blanket around Patricia's helpless nudity that none might behold her nakedness or the bitter bit of cord. Patricia had always loved the ease with which he picked her up when they were playing in the bedroom. Even now she felt the same thrill of pure sensuality as he carried her to a fresh captivity. Her elbows hurt something terribly but, since this was the beginning of her punishment, she withheld complaint. She did, however, curse herself for being such an idiot as to get herself into such a situation. Reaching the bedroom, David tossed her on the bed and was about to leave when she cried out, "David, please, my elbows... ?"

David Suffcliff paused half way but then returned to slice away the painful bindings. Patricia could not help but cry a little as the embedded cords were pulled from her flesh. He then bent down to plant a kiss on the waiting lips, and to mutter in gruff assurance, "Everything's going to be all right, old girl, keep your spirits up." This time he closed the door with him on the other side.

Even under the circumstances of being bound, it felt good to be back in the room she had occupied since childhood. For several minutes she relaxed in the glorious relief of elbows that no longer hurt. She rolled this way and that upon the bed to massage the sore skin. With that job done, she sat up to wryly behold her tightly corded ankles. And to make a few struggles against the strictures around her wrists. The motions were, however, without hope. Then, as one more signal of surrender, she lay back on the covers and went to sleep, still tightly bound.

The nobleman responsible for the bits of statuary and broken columns here and there around the park had achieved his masterpiece in a structure that was half ancient stone and half truly massive cage of heavy iron bars, reinforced horizontally as if to withstand the onslaught of an elephant. Inga playfully referred to this cage as the "rabbit hutch". The large iron door groaned in protest at being opened. The only furnishings the place had was a pile of fresh straw in one corner and a three-legged stool on which Patricia now sat to enjoy whatever view there was.

She had explored her cage even though handicapped by ankles ridiculously encased in broad steel bands and joined by a span of heavy links, so long that she constantly tripped or trod upon them as they swirled before her with ever step. It was pretty much the same with her wrists, the same sleek steel circlets, locked and joined by a length of heavy links. The chains were long enough to grand a great deal of freedom so she knew they were punitive rather than restrictive. Inga's last act before leaving her here had been to lock even more chain to the collar around her neck. Links curved down to the wrist chain where they were again padlocked, and then down to her ankle chains where a third lock completed that set. There was also another chain from the

lock at her collar to a ring in the wall. It gave her the full run of the cage but was a terrible nuisance.

TV; stone under the bars was ancient but Patricia suspected the shackles she was wearing had been fashioned especially for her and with hidden locks to which Inga held the key. The effect of it all was wonderfully archaic and brought to mind the stories of imprisoned princesses. In the books there had always been the knight in shinning armor on a white horse. But Patricia knew this was not going to happen. She would remain caged, shackled and a prisoner until her jailers felt like releasing her. Patricia smiled at the thought of Charlie, if he were still prowling around the park, coming upon her in this condition. He could look all he wanted at her nudity but would be frustrated in his attempts to rape her. She almost wished his visit might happen just to relieve the boredom.

The chained girl vented her irritation from time to time by walking around and around the cage, or standing against the bars to gaze with longing at a freedom not for her. She did so now, kicking deliberately to make as much noise as possible. She grasped the bars in both hands and pressed her forehead against the cold iron.

Inga had been glad to have her back. And when she came with breakfast had hugged and kissed the bound naked girl with real affection. Then she slashed away the cords to give the returned prisoner the chance to return the embrace. They rolled together on the bed in happiness, after which Patricia accepted without demur the pretty handcuffs. "Just so you can eat and drink properly, darling," Inga had cooed. "You may not always get this freedom, so enjoy it while you can."

They talked about the things Patricia did with her time free from the castle. That didn't take long. Reluctantly she admitted that she had wanted to be back at the castle all the time she was gone.

"We scared that idiot, Charlie, half to death," Inga informed. "Daisy refused to have anything to do with him, so he went away. When I now punish you out in the woodlands, he is not going to show up and give you another chance to run away. Gosh, you're so beautiful. It's so good to have you back."

Patricia had been happy to be back. Contentedly she had fallen back into the acceptance of captivity. It seemed only right and proper when Inga led her to the "rabbit hutch" with its waiting chains and shackles. As she was being secured, she asked Inga, "Shouldn't I be whipped? For trying to escape? Aren't you going to give me another fifty lashes?"

It was almost as if she yearned for the cut and bite of the leather thong. Inga laughed and brushed the idea away. "You're thinking of fiction, darling," she chided. "You may be whipped during these thirty days, but if you are, it will be because of something you have yet to do." Inga hesitated before adding, "David and I discussed this. By the terms of the will you should get another fifty strokes. Perhaps one hundred. But since he is willing to forgive, then the least I can do is to be forgiving, too. You are a lucky girl."

Patricia stopped talking about being whipped. When Inga had finished, she had found only a joy in the archaic confinement. Patricia well understood Inga was in total control of her body and her mind, and was well content it should be so. She had stood in breathless excitation as the chains were fitted and locked on all her limbs. She wore them in loving memory of a woman she knew as "Mistress." It was entirely wonderful and left the prisoner wondering why she had ever run away.

"Are you enjoying your pretty cage, sweetheart?" Inga's voice broke into her thoughts. "This place has always held a fascination for me. I think it has waited a long time just for you. I knew your measurements so while you were gone I had these shackles made up for you. Do you hate me?"

"I love you."

"That's just as well. Because after you've served your time in there, I've got other things in store. I've given David my work never to allow you the faintest hope or chance of escape and to punish you every day with something you're not going to enjoy. But you know that, don't you, darling. You know I'm going to hurt you every day, to make you wish you hadn't been a naughty girl." Inga paused, gazing through the bars with pure love. "But if I catch you trying to escape, it will not be fifty, it will be one hundred. Do you understand, darling?"

"Yes, I understand."

"I'm going to keep you locked in there all night. You'll see ghosts and visions and strange sounds. You'll try the door to see if, by some strange magic, it is open. But you will sleep in there in the straw. You won't be a very happy girl."

"Why do you tell me this, Inga? I really don't care. I've come back and that is all that's important. If you wish to give me that hundred strokes tomorrow morning, you may. I won't make a fuss." Patricia laughed. "That bit of liberty, as you call it, did something to me. I'm not the girl I was." She mused for a moment before adding, "Perhaps I belong in chains. Perhaps this cage is where I ought to be. Inga, please help me. If I know your love, I will not feel the pain."

The cage held Miss Patricia Terrance for several days and several nights until the chains became a part of her and she would feel strange without their grip upon her skin. Inga never entered the prison but provided food and drink through a tiny door.

David Suffcliff stayed away and Inga had no news of him. Patricia supposed he was embarrassed and ashamed in the things he had to do to her in his role as administrator. She knew it would have been nice to see his quiet smile. She had no hope of being given pleasure by the man who she had hoped to marry. Nor by Inga who remained the perfect jailer. It was too more days before Patricia was freed of chains to wear only the simple handcuffs she had come to regard as her best friends. She was led to the room of punishments below the castle. What she beheld there now was not reassuring.

"It's an Iron Maiden," Inga informed, laughing at the expression on Patricia's face. "But don't worry, it's almost harmless. There's no spikes to pierce you when the two half go together with you inside. Don't look so unhappy, you're going to like it."

The thing waiting to close on her was far removed from the Iron Maidens of days long past. Someone had spent a great deal of money on this thing. It's shape and form indicated the certainty of a close constriction as if the object might have been molded to her figure. Distressfully tugging at handcuffed wrists, Patricia said very simply, "I don't want to. I'm scared."

"You know you have to. Don't quibble." Patricia shivered. It might be a thing of beauty but it was also a tomb in which she would be imprisoned. "How did you get it made so exactly like a girl? Like me. It's gruesome."

"You're stalling for time. I can answer all your questions after you've been encased. Get with it."

"Will you take off these handcuffs while I get myself in place?"

"I have to take them off anyway, you can't wear them in there. If you're curious how we got it to such a wonderful shape, we simply gave some photos of you to the people who made the mold. Give me your hands. No tricks now."

The reluctant nude had little doubt she would be sorry either way but gingerly lowered herself into the mold which fitted her like a second skin with arms and hands held close against her side. And the metal was smooth and cool against the naked skin. "That's wonderful, dear, now there's just one thing I've got to do."

"I don't suppose I'm going to like it?"

"Well, that's a matter of opinion, darling. Spread your legs. In fact, you can insert the thing yourself. You're so lucky to be getting this loving attention."

The loving attention was a rubber phallus, fashioned with true fidelity, and which she guessed was several sizes too large for her pussy. Heaving a sigh, and realizing the uselessness of protest, Patricia dipped the object in the jar of lubricant Inga held out. Blushing like crazy, she spread her legs and thrust its tip within her vulva and began the manipulation by which the whole wicked dimension of rubber would bury itself deep within her flesh. When that was done, she once more took her position within the Iron Maiden. With time for further argument, Inga carefully imposed the frontal half to complete the case, arranging the young breast to avoid a pinch but also for a purpose of her own. The nipples needed no stimulation, they were already hard and thrusting, so they entered with very little trouble two tiny holes provided in each breast section. The case clicked shut and all that could be seen of Patricia was two rigid nipples sticking out from the metal case. They looked as if the case was tight enough so the breasts were squeezed and pushing the nipples through the holes.

Inside, the case was very tight fitting, as if the mold had been made from her body and not photographs. The only place where it was extra tight was on her breast and the squeezing of them was not unpleasant to Patricia. The other place where the Iron Maiden was more than just comfortably tight was right over her pubic region. And that pressure was not unpleasant either.

The waist was a tight constriction as was the neck. Patricia sucked in breath as the metal closed over her but soon found that she could breath without problem. The face mask covering her was without opening but fresh air was being pumped up from somewhere at the side of her head. The naked girl could not move at all inside her iron prison, not even a little wiggling of her feet or the hands that were held pressed against her flanks.

The final touch was then Inga played with the nipples sticking through the holes. They were as rigid as Inga had ever seen in any girl and when she licked them softly she heard moans escaping from within the iron prison. For a long time she teased the only flesh showing, licking, lightly pinching, and then sucking them until she was sure the girl within was rapidly approaching an orgasm. Which would not be surprising, considering the huge rubber phallus inside her. That had to have an effect on any girl.

The sounds from within the steel coffin, muted considerably but not totally silenced, were mostly moans which increased as the nipples were toyed with by an expert. Moans turned to gasps and finally cries of pleasure as the naked prisoner reached the first orgasm of the day. As she sensed that Patricia was exploding into orgasm, Inga squeezed both nipped cruelly hard. The

gasps rose to a sharp cry, followed by long moans of pure ecstasy. Inga smiled and clamped metal clips on each nipple, clips that constricted each rigid nipple so tightly that she knew they would never fall off. Not that the girl within the steel prison could even shake her breasts to try and dislodge the small metal monsters. Inga wondered just how intense was Patricia's orgasm. She envied the girl.

The palm of each hand had been placed against her hips, and Patricia had tried to reach her fingers up and over her legs to reach the burning pussy as Inga's tongue lashed her nipples, sending tingles shooting into Patricia's body and down to her vagina. But the girl couldn't get her fingers anywhere near the spot she wanted so bad to touch and had to content herself with squeezing her thighs hard as her body soared towards a mind-blowing orgasm.

Inga smiled as she listened to the sounds coming from under metal. When the gasping finally died down and she knew Patricia was floating in the warm afterglow of an intense orgasm, she asked the helpless girl, "Are you enjoying yourself?" There was no answer, so she added, "Would you like me to pinch your nipples?"

"No!" came the reply. "They're already being crushed by whatever you put on them. Please take them off."

"They're part of your punishment, dear girl. Your nipples will hurt but they're not being crushed. I'll come back and play with them from time to time. How's the rubber dick doing?"

"You know how it is and what it did to me. Inga, this is horrible!"

"Well, Patricia, my pet, you've got to grant me a little amusement. I'll be the guy who fashioned this thing would love to see it full of girl. Would you like to get in touch with him?"

"Inga, you tease and frighten me. It's getting hot inside here. Please get me out and into the air before I cook."

"You're only hot because of your sexual excitement. You'll cool down. If you don't get excited again," she teased. She knew as well as Patricia how hard it would be for the girl not to get excited again.

Patricia didn't say a thing. She had been very horny for all those days spent in the cage and the orgasm just granted her was wonderful. She floated on the warm feeling that always follows a really good orgasm. She wasn't even aware when Inga left the room.

## - Chapter NINE - Enslavement

The Iron Maiden made a very strong impression on the prisoner of Hastings Castle. Inga had insisted she spend the day in the iron prison. Patricia had lost count of her orgasms, and hated the sweat generated by the heat within the metal monster. Before the day had ended, she was assuring herself the hundred lashes would have been far preferable. Now, in the beginning of another day, Patricia wished her jailer were not so cheerful and would give the bizarre a much needed rest.

There was never to be any lack of the unusual for any maiden Inga punished. The mistress realized that Patricia's encasement in the iron had been overly severe in as much as she had made it last the whole day. The new twelve hours now starting should therefore be tinged with mercy and a breath of fresh air. To that end she crossed and bound Patricia's wrists behind her back and then noosed her neck in a rope loop and a tether to lead her by. Sulky Patricia refused to ask questions.

It was the big tree with many rings in its bark. Patricia's tether was threaded through a ring and knotted well above where her teeth could reach. The rope tether was long enough to loop itself down as far as Patricia's knees and thus give her a small freedom of a couple of steps this way or that. Suspicious of good intentions, the girl with the roped neck took her few steps to test the limits, then leaned against the rough bark to look at Inga. "You're not going to leave me like this," she asked, "are you?"

"That's all, dear. Actually, if you work at it real hard you can get yourself loose and go I back to the city to have yourself a wonderful time. Until, that is, you get tired of it."

"Very funny. Ha, ha! I never have gotten free after being tied by you. Come on, Inga, tell me what kind of tease are you pulling now?"

"No tease. You just look so lovely standing there like that. I could look at you all day but I've got things to do. You're not uncomfortably, are you?"

"No more than any girl with a roped neck and wrists." Patricia looked around suspiciously. "There has to be something else, there has to be. You're not going to let me get away this easy."

"Why not? I was mean to you yesterday, leaving you in that thing all day. I should have made it just half a day. I'm terribly sorry." Inga took her prisoner in loving arms to bestow the kiss Patricia could never resist. It lasted long but when it was over the mistress patted a docile cheek and waved good bye to leave a still suspicious girl safely fastened to the tree.

Patricia almost bit her lip when Inga had mentioned the day spent in the Iron Maiden. She still hadn't decided whether she hated it or loved it. The confinement and heat were terrible. But the orgasms generated by that huge dildo and the clips on her nipples were the most intense she had ever felt in her life.

With on one looking, Patricia began her customary exploration of possibilities. She chafed her neck and wrists in fighting the ropes. After a while she told herself she was silly to expect freedom by herself. Her tether was long enough to allow her to sit down but that was a luxury. But she declined at first to sit, preferring to stand. She refused to think about escape, refused also to dream of that day, still distance, when she might once more be clothed and free of bonds to sit in the office as the lady of the manor. If that day ever came!

Patricia loved Inga. The sentence revolved around her mind like those silly chalk marks on the school blackboard about this boy loving this girl. But the emotion was all too real. Patricia knew that, given the opportunity, she would do anything Inga asked of her. Looked at in this context, captivity became delicious. The tied girl sighed happily and scratched her back on the bark of an ancient tree.

It is inevitable that any Eden have its serpent. Patricia's Nemesis took the form of an ordinary appearing dog, possibly a border collie which walked without much interest into the clear ing. But the dog quickened its pace when it saw the naked girl standing there. Patricia, for her part, was glad to see the animal, it would be some sort of company through a long day. She uttered one of those silly greetings people say to dogs. After all, it was no big deal and she wanted to be friends with this animal.

Fido paused only briefly when she spoke. Like the pointing needle of the compass, he pointed directly at the center of Patricia's being, her fury patch between her legs. When the tethered girl realized his foul intent, she crossed her legs and crossly told him to go away.

Fido had either done this before or perhaps all dogs had the urge to sniff that portion of a girl which holds interest. This dog evidently believed in the theory that half a loaf was better than nothing, for, denied entrance to the moist and interesting smelling vagina, he contented himself with licking the pubic fronds Patricia could not hide. Angrily she kicked him away and edged around the tree. As if to assure her that she was not alone, Fido followed her around.

There began a cat and mouse game in which the punished girl could find no rest. Even when she thrust herself hard and frontally against the trunk, the affectionate and carnal dog licked at her private parts from the rear. Patricia quickly found out that she could not cross her legs well enough to prevent some of her tender flesh from the attentions of that wet tongue. The dog appeared to be very satisfied with whatever he could get.

After using every effort she could, the bound girl finally surrendered and let him have access to whatever he desired. Perhaps it was not purely weariness from pushing him away with her foot. Perhaps a perverse part of her mind wondered what he would do if allowed to reach his goal. Besides, it was boring standing around all day, tied to a tree. She backed her bound arms against the tree and spread her legs wide in invitation.

The dog lapped and licked and muzzled his snout into her most tender flesh. With a skill or instinct that was uncanny, Fido managed to lick the most erotic places, those places filled with nerves, all of which sent tingles up her spine. After a few minutes Patricia surrendered totally to that skilled tongue. She leaned her head back against the tree and closed her eyes. The tongue did its work and soon she was breathing heavily as her body responded.

The heat built up and the dog, seeming to sense it, redoubled his efforts. Quickly Patricia was pushed over the edge into a rather satisfying orgasm that left her trembling.

Not as good as those she had experienced in the Iron Maiden, she told herself. But not bad. Then she wondered what kind of a pervert she had become to actually enjoy such an act. But then she told herself that it was not her fault. She had been, after all, left there naked and bound so that she couldn't get away from the dog's attentions. It had been Inga's fault, she told herself.

When Patricia opened her eyes, Fido was sitting in front of her, smiling at her as if highly satisfied in his work. Patricia gathered her wits about her and stood upright. The dog showed no signs of leaving.

It was then that Inga chose to reappear. Inga looked from Patricia to the dog and back. "How are you doing, sweetheart," Inga inquired. "Isn't it nice of me to give you a bit of company."

"It's horrible, take him away."

"You mean you haven't enjoyed his attentions? I'm told that most dogs are better than most men. I would have thought you'd be grateful."

"You know I'm not and I hate this whole thing." Patricia was angry and twisting her wrists against the cords.

"Oh, darling, I'm so sorry. I though you'd be pleased. Didn't he perform up to standards?"

Patricia blushed but replied, "He did."

Inga smiled. "And you liked it?"

Patricia did not answer. After a minute of Inga's petting the happy dog, she asked, "I suspect you're going to leave me here like this. If so, please take the dog with you."

"Sweetheart, you're suppose to be punished. Don't you realize that if you won't accept the affectionate attentions of this dear little dog, I can tie your feet far apart and you won't have much to say about it. Would you like me to do that?"

"Please don't do that. Oh, Inga, please don't be so mean."

"Well then you have to realize this delightful dog sees nothing wrong in what he's doing. You've hurt his feelings. Why don't you stand nicely positioned with your legs spread wide and I'll get him started on you again. This time I'll watch. I think that would be fun."

"It's horrible. Drop dead."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Yes." Inga sighed. It was so easy as to be frustrating to the helpless girl. Inga simply looped each of her ankles with rope and drew them far apart to a couple of the rings. The tether to her neck was shortened and she stood there against the trunk, totally open and longing to scream. When the cold snout was once more thrust into her puss, she closed her eyes and tried hard not to respond.

It was quite useless. Patricia was a young and healthy female and the rasp of the cunning tongue evoked the normal responses within the naked girl as Inga watched with a smile on her face.

"He loves you, darling, and I'm sure you taste wonderful," Inga said cheerfully.

"It's terrible. Take him away."

The dog did not stop.

Inga and Hastings Castle were undoubted made for each other. The great old trees and relics of older day continually inspired her to more and more mischief. A couple of days after the incident of the dog, relations between the two girls, the prisoner and her jailer, were sadly

strained. Inga, while highly amused, was secretly a trifle ashamed of the punishment. Her mind roved the list of possibilities to find something in no way sexual. The day came when the disgruntled captive was once more led deep into the woods by a rope around her neck and with hands tight tied behind her back. When they arrived at their destination, Patricia's response was instant, "But, Inga, that's a lousy old ball and chain!"

"That's right, you guessed it the first time."

"You must be running out of ideas. This thing looks as if it has been kicking around for years."

"Right again. But you'll notice, darling, that a new piece of chain has been welded on and there's a lovely new wristlet and lock."

"Wristlet? I thought these things got chained to a girl's ankle."

"Well, not today. Sit down close so I can snap the pretty bracelet on your wrist."

Patricia obeyed with poor grace. "You mean I've got to put up with that thing and my hands tied, too?"

"No, dear. Once I've got you safely attached, I'll untie your hands. Think of it, you'll be almost totally free."

It was quickly done so that the captive girl's right wrist now bore a solid band of shinning metal. Sulkily, she pointed out a flaw. "The chain is too short for me to stand."

"You don't need to stand. Of if you do want to, you'll have to pick up the ball and hold it. If you can carry the ball back to the castle, you can spent the rest of the day in the rabbit hutch without a chain on you. That should be nice."

Patricia was kneeling to accommodate the short chain. She now grasp the ball with both hands and heaved. But only to exclaim, "Inga, you idiot, this thing weighs a ton! I couldn't carry it a yard, let alone back to the castle."

"Well, figure out the ways and means yourself. You're nicely attached to it and I'm going to leave now. I should explain, though, that if you're still in this same spot when I come back, you'll get ten with the cane."

"Oh, Inga, are we back to that again?"

"Yes, Patricia, my pet, we are back to that. We never left it."

"But that's not fair. Of course I'll still be here. I can't move this iron monster."

"I'll give you a hint or two," Inga offered. "If you can't lift it, then why not try rolling it? You can find a branch and you can use that to pry it along a few inches at a time. Surely you won't let yourself be defeated."

Patricia got to her feet, the shackle on her wrist forcing her to bend down. But she was going to do that anyway by gasping the ball with both hands and giving it everything she had. It refused to move. She tired to pull it by the chain in both her hands. She found that she could move it an inch or two. Unhappily, she declared, "I'll never get the beastly thing anywhere. You may as well cane me now and get it over with."

Patricia turned her bottom towards Inga and stuck it in invitation for punishment. "I know this is going to hurt," she said. "I'll probably scream and certainly cry."

"You little idiot. I don't even have a cane with me, although I'll certainly bring on next time I come, since you're so damned anxious to get your bottom hurt. My advise to you is to get that ball rolling." Inga turned to leave and flung one more bit of mockery back over her shoulder, "See you back at the castle."

The sylvan glade in which Patricia found herself was a lovely place, green and smelling of growing things. But the girl chained to the iron ball had lost appreciation of the place. She was brought here only for punishment and when a girl is hurting, she had little interest in pleasant scenery.

Patricia sat beside the object to which she was attached and busily computed possibilities. Sdll willing to hope, she repeated her pull on the chain, this time managing to advance the ball nearly half a foot She sat back down, panting and wondering if somehow she was missing a trick.

As the sun crept around to midday Patricia had made only a few yard progress and cursed Inga for being so deliberately mean as to set a trap she could not escape from. She would get her bottom caned and Inga had made it sound like it was her fault. Disgusted, she sat down by the rusted ball to idly play with the shackle on her wrist. She was sitting thus when Inga returned with the cane and David Suffcliff.

David's greeting was affectionate. Patricia was kissed with a fine big, brotherly kiss. "Congratulations, dear, you've served a quarter of your sentence. In no time it will all be over."

"If I manage to live through it."

"Inga will make sure you do. She hasn't been too rough on you, has she?"

"I suppose not. But she's promised to cane my bottom if I can't roll this ball back to the castle. Did you come to watch me get caned?"

"I'll pass this time." He turned smiling to Inga. "Unless you'll change it to ten strokes... ?"

"Her bottom is still tender from that last whipping. Five should be enough."

David shrugged. Since you're visiting, I'm going to put Patricia into the rabbit hutch. Want to help me push her inside? I'll cane her bottom right before we do it so she'll have some pain to keep her company all afternoon."

Inga unlocked the slender wrist and then quickly bound them both behind Patricia's back. Patricia did not struggle, she was exhausted from her battle with the ball, and she sensed something about her companions. Inga had called the family lawyer "David" for the first time, and Patricia wondered why.

Once more the heiress bore the shame and humiliation of the rope noosed around her neck and the tether while her companions discussed her as if she weren't even present. Inga suggested, for David's approval, a number of punishments in which he did no appear to have much interest. The bound girl shuttered at what she heard but said nothing. "We could suspend the darling by her thumbs. Would you find it pleasingly erotic if I put rings in her nipples? I can do the job myself, I've done it before. It gives us a wonderful control over her."

Patricia shivered. They might be joking but it didn't sound as if they were. The last thing she desired was to be pierced and ringed. She broke her silence to retort, "I think you're terrible to talk about me that way. You're not going to do it, but even to talk of it is terrible. Can't you stop that?"

David seemed strangely preoccupied in the way lawyers often are. But Inga playfully continued with descriptions of a variety of horrors which kept Patricia painfully alert to possibilities. When the reached the ancient cage, they paused to gaze at each other. Of the three only Inga seemed happily at ease. David was looking at something in the distance while Patricia

had plenty to occupy her mind. Inga held out the cane to playfully suggest, "David, why don't you break the ice? She'll value the marks more if they come from you."

The atmosphere was suddenly tense as David tensed the instrument back and forth. But then he handed it back. "Sorry, I'm not in the mood. You sentenced her so you punish her." He paused before adding, "You two will have to excuse me, I've got work waiting. And, like I said, I'm not in the mood." He left but paused after a few steps to turn back to Inga. "That thing we were talking about -I believe it's a good idea. We don't want her getting morbid so do it" He walked rapidly away.

"What's the matter with him," Patricia asked. "I've never seen him so absentminded."

"Who can tell about men?" Inga said good-naturedly. "He's got something on his mind. But that needn't bother us. Darling, I absolutely must handcuff your ankles together."

Patricia shrugged. "You're going to make sure I don't run away, aren't you," she accused. "And what's this big secret you and David have gotten together? What was he talking about?"

"Oh, that was about Daisy. We're going to put Daisy in the rabbit hutch with you. You may be there a while and we don't want you getting morbid. She's good company." There came clicks as the steel bracelets closed about slender ankles. "There, that's got you safe. Now you can get into position for your caning."

The pain was considerable and Patricia let out with a yelp as she jerked up from her bent over position. She realized now that Inga was smart to handcuff her ankles together. She might have ran if they were free. Inga pointed the whip at her feet and Patricia bent back over. The second swish burned a line right below the first. Again Patricia jerked up and cried out.

And again she bent over to position her bottom perfectly for Inga's slashing cane. On the fifth stroke, Patricia choked off a small scream and began crying.

The handcuff were taken from her ankles and quickly placed upon her wrists. Without words of sympathy, Inga thrust the hurt girl through the door and into the cage they called the rabbit hutch. The door slammed shut.

The caned girl stumbled across the heavily barred cage to the wooden bench. Inga watched her for a moment then went away. But Patricia did not sit on her sore bottom, she instead knelt down and hugged the bench until the pain settled down. Patricia vaguely wondered why David had not stayed around to watch her bottom caned, he had seemed to like that punishment before. She sighed and recalculated how many days were left on her sentence.

It was Daisy's voice that broke into her thoughts. "Isn't it wonderful, Miss Patricia, they're letting me stay with you. We'll be locked up together."

Patricia lowered joined hands to stare at the young girl and the woman who had caned her bottom a few minutes before. She watched with increasing interest as Daisy removed everything she wore and, in perfect innocence, a pair of young hands were offered for the cuffs. Next there was the unlocking of the door and the entry, not of Daisy alone, but of Inga, carrying a weight of chain which turned out to be an iron collar immediately snapped shut upon Patricia's neck. The same service was then done for the young serving girl. "Gee whiz. Miss Patricia, we are chained together! Isn't this fun!"

For the owner of Castle Hastings it was hardly fun. The heavy chain was hardly four feet long and with Daisy at the other end of;t. became just one more punishment. Accusingly she said to Inga, "There is something wrong, I can sense it. What have you got up your sleeve?"

Inga didn't answer but slammed the door closed. But then, as she passed the cage on her way back to the castle, she blew a casual kiss towards the bars.

"Ain't she wonderful. Miss?" Daisy was playing with the chain in awe. "I wouldn't have never thought of nothing like this. Gosh, Miss Patricia, it's a real honor to be in the cage with you and to be fastened to you like this. If I 'ad me 'ands, I'd give you the loveliest hug."

"You can still do it. Here, let me show you."

It was an awkward coupling of two nude girls but within the tolerance of their chain, Patricia was able to life handcuffed wrists over Daisy's head to draw the young girl close and kiss her deeply, more deeply than she had planned. Daisy kissed back.

When the two girls untangled themselves, it was Patricia who informed, "You think that being chained like this is fun, but you're going to hate it after a while." She managed a wintry smile. "We'll often go in different directions and snub our necks."

The real captive of the castle had to admit to finding Daisy a boon which helped to forget punished bottom and helped defeat the loneliness. Daisy looked upon it as her penalty in the stupid kidnap, but saw it also as an honor. The two girls had been chained neck to neck for at least an hour before the youngster suddenly remembered, "Isn't it wonderful about Mr Suffcliff and Miss Fergusion? It's so beautifully romantic."

A cold hand clutched Patricia's heart for instantly she knew what was coming. Her demand that Daisy tell what she was talking about was not really needed. "Them is getting married, Miss, didn't you now. They're getting married this afternoon and will be going on their honeymoon. They'll be gone a week or two, and that's why they put me in here with you. So you won't be lonely." Catching sight of Patricia's worried look, she added, "They've given me younger sister a job to take my place. It's her what will be bring us food and such. She's real excited and my mom's so happy about the lovely money. Don't you think it's all turned out for the best?"

The captive gazed at her in desolation. She demanded, "You're not joking, are you? Is it really true? Are they really getting married this afternoon? And are they leaving us locked in her until they come back?"

"That's right, Miss. I'll bet Inga caned your bottom to give you something to remember her by." Daisy paused and looked confused. "Oh, I'm sorry, Miss," she finally said, "if I've told you something I shouldn't. Was you in love with Mr Suffcliff? Gosh, I'm so terribly sorry."

Patricia had no more tears to shed. Dry-eyed she told the biggest lie of her life. "I couldn't care less, Daisy. Both of them are being mean to me about the will and all these punishments. I hope it rains on them the whole time."

Daisy dropped one more disquieting message, "You wasn't suppose to have more than twenty more days to go, Miss. But the gossip with the staff says you ain't never gonna be free again. Mr and Mrs Suffcliff are going to keep you a prisoner as we are now. Keep you as a sort of pet, if you know what I mean. Gosh, I hope they'll let me stay with you."

The weight of what she had just heard made Patricia hope that none of it was true, that perhaps Daisy had been primed to tell that story just to tease Patricia. But every word seemed somehow to ring true. Striving not to show the depth of her disaster, she asked, "If they keep me prisoner the way you say, Daisy, will they continue to punish me ever day? Or just keep me in a cage like this?"

"Gosh, Miss, I wouldn't know. I don't suppose they'd be real cruel, but then I never supposed Inga would marry Mr Suffcliff. I just don't know. But I'll bet that everything is going to turn out real wonderful, you see if it don't!"

The sister's name was Poppy and the hamper she brought was just small enough to be wedged through the bars. Poppy was a girl of fourteen who gazed at her sister's nakedness, her sister's chained hands, and the collar on her neck in pure envy. But, at the same time, she gazed

at Patricia's plight and was embarrassed to behold the lady of the manor naked and in chains. She therefore looked at the older prisoner as little as possible.

"Gosh, Daisy," she breathed, "Ma's so pleased about you and me both getting paid for what we do 'ere. When she 'eard they was putting you in a cage, she didn't think she was getting no money. But when she heard she was getting both our wages, she started to have a bottle of beer again." Poppy hesitated, obviously thinking hard. "If there any chance they'll pay me more wages when they come back if I ask them to lock me in a cage? Just like you?"

The food was wonderful. Patricia ate it in bitterness. As the prisoners ate together. Poppy clutched the bars to gaze in pure awe as she might have done with the tigers at the zoo. The hamper yielded a bottle of wine over which Daisy giggled and sipped as though expecting it to explode. Patricia swallowed in grim determination to get drunk. It did not happen. With Daisy in hiccups, the two maidens watched their youthful jailer carry the hamper back to the castle.

It was not until Poppy was out of sight that Patricia asked of Daisy, "Is there any chance that Poppy can be told to get us a key or keys to get us out of here?"

"Nah, Miss! Miss Inga wasn't born yesterday. There's only one key and she's taken it along with 'er on 'er 'oneymoon, she 'as. We ain't getting out of here until she gets back!"

As time slowly passed, Patricia came to realize David's wisdom in putting the young girl in with her. Two weeks of the cage might have driven her crazy. At it was, time dragged until Inga came again.

Without a word to Patricia she unlocked both collars and Daisy's handcuffs and told the glowing youngster to run back to the kitchen where the cook was waiting. It was only after watching Daisy stretch her legs in great leaping strides, that she took Patricia in her arms and after a while said softly, "Daisy told you everything?"

"Yes. Congratulations."

"You have to be bitter, dear, I know that. David told me of the way you two used to me. And he told me how he felt about marrying a rich heiress. So he married me instead. I'm Mrs David Suffcliff, and, darling, I'll tell you it feels pretty good."

The old feeling was creeping back. Patricia knew herself tremendously fond of this woman. "Do I have to be punished any more," she asked anxiously.

"Only when you're a naughty girl."

"What I mean is the thirty days? Isn't it up yet?"

"Sure it's up. But didn't Daisy break the news? David and I have talked a lot and we've decided to keep you a prisoner just the way you are. Your punishments are over unless you deliberately provoke new ones. You'll live with us quite normally in the castle but we'll keep you quite naked. Your ankles will be always chained so you can walk slowly but never run. And sometimes your hands will be handcuffed. But other than that, you'll be free."

"You call that freedom! Damn it, Inga, I own the place!"

"That's right, dear, you do own it. But David has been looking after the estate that, if he continues to do so, no one will notice the change. If we have to produce you in the flesh, it's a bridge we'll cross then."

"It's horrible with you and David sleeping together and me in chains. I don't see how you can do it."

"There is some happiness I can give you, dear." Inga's voice was soft. "You've told me what you think of lesbians but I'm going to make you service me as I'm going to service you. I think we can easily bring Daisy into the act." Inga paused to bestow a kiss. "If you decide to fight the inevitable, I'll whip you until you change your mind. Oh, and speaking of whippings, David and I both want you to understand that a hundred lashes will always hang over you head if you behavior becomes impossible. We both love you dearly but we demand obedience. I'll take you to the castle tomorrow but I'll chain your ankles the way I described. You and David can take up where you left off. We'll all be one big, happy family. I'm sure David is anxious to use you for sex. He's said that he feels it would be correct now since it can't be taken as an attempt to get your money. And, baby, that man has enough sex drive for more than two girls!"

Inga patted bare skin affectionately and went away. Patricia sat on the hard wooden bench. Daisy was gone, Inga was gone, and David was lost. She was still a prisoner. And she was lonely. The captive girl mulled it all over in her mind and pictured her future of nakedness and chained ankles. In her heart she admitted that she always guessed that this would be the way she would finish up, that nature had designed her to be a prisoner, a slavegirl. Now that it was reality, there was no surprise. She considered her new role between Inga's legs and knew the shock of the idea was gone. She realize that she had always know it would happen, it was inevitable. And she knew that David wanted to get his weapon inside her. He always had. Sitting on the bench, she licked her lips and closed her eyes. She could almost smell Inga's scent and feel those soft lips on hers. It did not matter, it was part of a new life she could not escape. She

quietly mused until darkness claimed the cage and then sought the straw. Not unhappily she went to sleep.

Patricia dreamed about being chained and being forced to make love to Inga forever. She smiled as she slept and moaned softly often. In part of her dream she was again locked inside the Iron Maiden, sweating and intensely climaxing as her legs squeezed together around the huge rubber phallus. The dreams were of Inga and Daisy and the Iron Maiden. She did not dream of David Suffcliff at all.

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