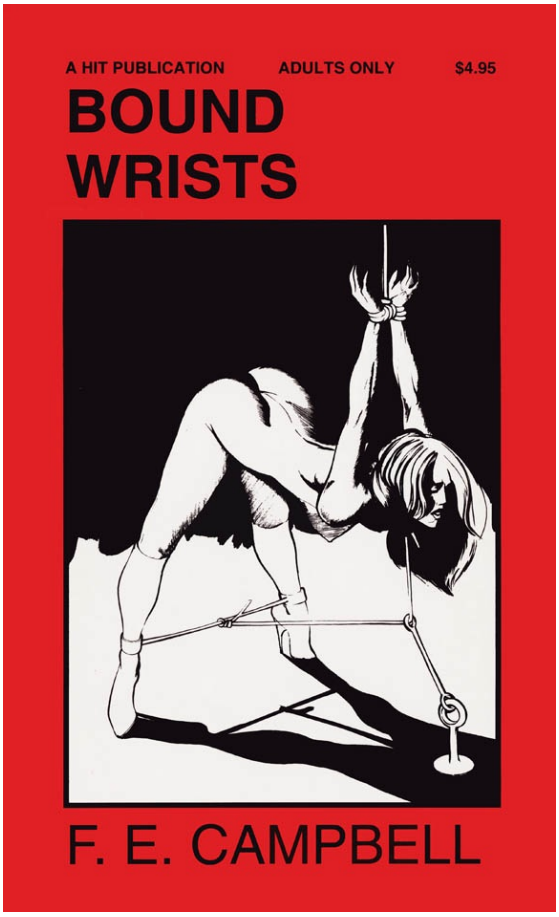


Hit 199

Bound Wrists

by F. E. Campbell

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A Hit Book

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Bound Wrists

1
Captured Girl

Donna's mind was chaotic in disbelief. This sort of thing couldn't possibly happen, it should not happen, it violated very precept of her life. The twins, a couple of thirteen year old girls, had made her their captive in such a degree that life would never be the same again. Unhappily she viewed the incredible.

Donna had supposed that looking after Pip and Patsy would be a pleasurable amusement. And it was only for a week. And the precious pair, even though eleven years her junior, had always intrigued her with the mischievous sparkle in their eyes and a wisdom beyond their years. Donna realized now the whole thing must have been planned in advance. Even the skipping rope and the walk in the woods. She was furious now with her failure to comprehend or pick up vibes. Pip had held one end of the rope while Patsy the other while innocently telling the older girl to look up at the strangely colored bird high in the tree. Innocently Donna had done so but saw no bird. At the same time the twins had vigorously pulled upon the rope they held taut in readiness so the startled Donna found herself back against the tree with the rope painfully wrapped around her waist, while the two thirteen year old nymphets ran gaily around and around, increasing their tug upon the rope. Donna supposed the

whole thing was simply one more evidence of Pip and Patsy's mischief. She tugged at the bands of cord while complaining good-naturedly that they were making it far too tight. When the rope was exhausted, and tightly knotted somewhere behind the trunk, Donna had believed herself still in charge of the situation, a few bands of rope could easily be pushed down over her hips and she would step out of them and tell a couple of bright-eyed teenagers they had better not play tricks like that again or there would be trouble. But something was wrong. Something was terribly wrong!

The rope binding her waist to the tree was so tight Donna could scarcely thrust her thumb beneath its bite. Nor could she reach the knots. With a simple skipping rope the twins had made her as much a part of the tree as though she were one of its branches. Flushed with annoyance, she reached once more behind the trunk to seek and untie the knots. And that had been her second mistake. The twins had gleefully slipped a noose around each of her questing hands to cross and to join the slender wrists which were then tied just as tightly as the belted waist. Even then Donna had felt no fear but only chagrin at the ease by which she had been trussed up and curiosity as to the motives of the younger girls. When she stopped struggling because it hurt too much to try and free herself, she found her angry eyes staring straight at the brightly smiling features of Pip and Patsy as they gloatingly surveyed their prize.

"Doesn't she look so sweet," Pip commented innocently.

"But think how much sweeter and prettier she'll look when we get her clothes off," Patsy added. She focused her regard straight into Donna's flushed stare. "We always wanted to see you naked, darling. And that's what this is all about. Don't look so angry. Just think of all the pleasure Pip and I will get from looking at a grown up girl's breasts and nipples and pussy, and whatever other nice parts a girl of twenty-four has got to show. We want to see how we're going to look when we get to be your age."

"Let me loose," said Donna firmly.

"If we let you loose, would you take your clothes off?" asked Pip.

"Of course not. Don't be disgusting." Donna sniffed. "I suppose this is some sort of game you want to play. It seems there's nothing I can do about it. But don't you dare touch my clothes. And if you know what's good for you, you'll untie these ropes. And I mean right now."

"She doesn't want to play," said Pip, pouting sulky. "Well, she just said there was nothing she could do about it," Patsy consoled. "Have you got the scissors?"

Pip had the scissors and at sight of them Donna would have recoiled had such a move been possible. For the first time she felt apprehension. And once more she struggled hurtfully against tied wrists and cinched tummy, but discovered only a frightening helplessness and realized her only weapon was words. "Just think what your mother will do to you when I tell her about this," she said firmly. "If you don't smarten up and let me loose, I'll make all the trouble I can for you when I'm out of this silly jackpot." Donna snorted. "I don't suppose your mother wants you in prison but that's were you belong. Good heavens, I never dreamed you were like this!"

"Like what?" asked Pip as she snapped the scissors suggestively.

"You won't tell anyone a word about this," said Patsy, mockingly. "You'll be too

frightfully ashamed, you're not going to admit to anyone that a couple of thirteen-year-olds tied you to a tree and stripped you naked. Think about it, Donna, you won't say a single word."

Donna thought about it and realized the awful truth of what the girls had said. She was already utterly ashamed of being so easy a target for their fun and games. The bound girl set aside thoughts of future discipline or revenge, and now concentrated with a terrible urgency upon one single word the twins had uttered: "naked!" In desperation and with less conviction than before, she commanded, "Don't you dare think of stripping me. Put those scissors away and let's have an end to this horrible thing you're doing to me. Can't you understand how much these ropes are hurting?"

"Poor, darling Donna," Patsy said as she smoothed away the hair from the flushed and angry face, and kissed her captive squarely on the lips. "You just can't understand, can you, darling. All this that we're doing to you is for your own good. You're a bit of a prude, and it's not us that have to be taught a lesson, it's you ! We are now going to cut your clothes off and teach you what it's like to be a real girl. We're glad the cords are hurting your wrists, it will make you pay attention. We're going to hurt you quite a lot in the very worst ways. Do try to remember, Donna, darling, that all three of us love each other. Pip and I love you terribly, even if you don't believe it right now. We think you're gorgeous."

"And you're going to be thinking about this after we're finished punishing you."

"Punishing me! What fresh nonsense now? And you keep those scissors away from me. Don't you dare spoil this dress I'm wearing." Then, as an addition, the captive girl added, "Let me loose, please let me loose."

"Isn't she positively delicious," Pip asked her twin. "What do you think, Patsy, should I start to cut?"

"Sure, go ahead. The poor dear wants to be naked, she just doesn't realize it yet. Start on her top. The ropes around her middle prevent us doing the whole thing in one go."

"No! No! Oh, please don't. If you like me even a little bit, put those scissors away and let me be. If you enjoying tying me up like this, then leave me as I am now. Don't tie me any more. And please don't cut away my clothes." Donna was frantic. "Please, please, I beg of you!"

The twins appeared not to hear. Their captive flinched and moaned as Pip's scissors made their first bite upon one sleeve. Steadily they advanced until the arm was bare. Pip then did the same service to the other sleeve. The twins' victim panted in distress and once more hurt her wrists in futile tugs and twists. With sleeves disposed of, the busy scissors now sliced away the material still shielding the lovely shoulders. When that was done, the whole front of the ruined dress fell, a devastation further aided by young hands tugging the material from behind to leave Donna naked to the waist except for the bra which hugged her breasts. The twins were thrilled and lost no time in cutting the straps of the bra and tossing it aside to reveal the twenty-four year old breasts they so adored. For the helpless girl tied to the tree it was a moment of bitter shame. Her voice almost sobbing in dismay proclaimed, "You mustn't do this. You're not suppose to be looking at me like this. Cover them up, I don't care how, but cover them. You're carrying this whole thing too far."

"She thinks she doesn't like having bare breasts," said Pip in mild reproof.

"She'll soon get used to it, and there's all those lovely things we have to do to her," added Patsy. "Now, if you tug on one side and I tug on the other, we should be able to pull down the rest of her dress. If we pull hard enough, it will come down from under the ropes. Get with it."

Donna's mind was in pure turmoil, frantically darting this way and that in search for words that would impress these nymphets, and perhaps make them stay their hand before her nudity was total. But she knew there were no words as her dress was ruthlessly tugged from beneath the belt of rope, and then with the scissors once more at work to enable the summer material to be drawn down over her hips, the captive girl moaned. Quickly she was saying goodbye to decency. She was pretty close to being naked. The rest would be easy.

There remained now only the sheer nylon panties. Donna had purchased them with a blush because, after all, it was California, and anyway, no one was going to see them except herself. She had been thrilled by their wickedness and now, on the verge of seeing them tossed upon her ruined dress and bra, would have given all she had if she could cause them to remain as a flimsy covering for her most precious parts. But that was not to be. The twins, after standing back to admire the effect of their mischief, had found the panties and what they were suppose to hide an irresistible attraction.

"You can see right through them," Patsy giggled. And then Pip added, "There're almost as naughty as the ones we wear. Who would ever have believed darling Donna would wear panties that were see-through! Let's get them off. There's no need to tear or cut, we can tug them down and make her step out of them."

For Donna it was as though the whole world watched. The cool air beneath the tree invaded her secret place just as it had enfolded her breasts. She wore no clothes any longer, she was naked! And she realized in shame that Patsy and Pip owned her nudity. The ropes clutching her belly and wrists seemed even tighter than before, while the teenage captors drank in her girlish nakedness with vivid eyes. Hopeless she looked for some miracle to put a halt to these shameful proceedings. But there were no miracles that day for Donna Ducharme.

But, if she had been forced to be honest, she would have had to admit that she had never felt more alive in her entire life.

"You're even lovelier than we dreamed," Patsy said.

"Gosh, if only the two of us can grow up to look half as good as you!" breathed Pip. "Your breasts are super! And your patch is very nice, too. Gee, whiz, ours aren't like that at all."

Donna wished that they wouldn't keep examining places on her body where no one else should be looking. The fact was she had been made totally naked by a couple of thirteen year old nieces who were avid in their wish to see all parts of her.

When Pip exclaimed, "You're positively scrumptious, darling." Donna felt an urge for sharp retort or bitter threat. She could not be made more naked than she was. And hopelessly she stood against the tree and no longer tugged at the ropes. She felt positive that only a miracle could save her from whatever the twins now intended to do. Pathetically she repeated, "Let me loose, please let me loose." She was ignored.

It was Patsy who first touched Donna's breast. Standing before the bound girl, she smiled into Donna's distressed eyes as her fingertips gently frictioned the lovely curves, and then delicately placed the captive nipple between thumb and forefinger. "Want me to pinch?" she asked sweetly. "I could, you know. You can't get away."

Donna was aware that her protests were useless. "Get away. You shouldn't be touching me there. Get away."

Once more Donna struggled against tied wrists and belted belly. But the ropes held and she remained helpless and her breasts available for the twins attention.

"What do you say, Patsy," asked Pip, "if you suck one and I suck the other, and we'll give the poor darling a climax. She's half way to orgasm already but she doesn't know it."

"While we're sucking her tits," replied Patsy, "we can take turns playing inside her pussy. I'll bet it's beautifully wet, and her clit will be begging for it."

Once more Donna's outrage overflowed. "You mustn't, you absolutely can't do such a thing! It's horrible. Don't you dare touch me! Leave all my parts alone. Don't be such perfect little beasts!"

"You don't really mean that, do you, darling?" Patsy's voice was smooth as silk. "You don't really believe we're two beasts. It's just that you're upset. But if you really want to call us beasts, we'd have to bite your nipples. We do want you to understand."

Donna groaned and resumed her hopeless battle with the cords.

"The way you're behaving, keeping me naked and tied like this, leaves no other word for you," she retorted. "I would never have believed this possible. Why are you being so mean?"

"Do you really want to call us a couple of beasts?" The young voice was insistent. "If you do, we'd be terribly hurt."

"Of course I want to call you that. What else can I call you? You've tied me so damn tight it hurts. Then you strip me naked. Beasts is the proper name for you. I just don't understand what you're doing or why you're doing it."

The response was instant. Patsy's thumbs and forefingers instantly possessed themselves of a defenseless nipple each, and pinched harder and harder until Donna cried out in agony. The wise young eyes watched the adult features dissolve in pain and heard the adult voice plead, "Don't! Oh, please stop! You're hurting me terribly. Please stop, I'll do whatever you want."

The thumbs and fingers released their grip. The twins surveyed their panting captive with delight. "What we must do with her now," said Pip very formally, "is tie her a lot tighter than she is. She can still wiggle some, and we want her so she can't move at all. She'll come to understand about this a lot later, but she doesn't understand about it now. It's a good thing we hid away that bunch of tricks we'll use later. Let's start by tying her tighter."

Donna's response was predictable, "I'm tied too tight as it is! Please, please, please, don't make those ropes any tighter than they are. I can't possibly get free, you know I can't. And there's no need to tie me any tighter than I'm tied already."

The twins appeared not to hear a word. "What we need to do is fix her shoulders so she can't move her breasts,"Patsy said thoughtfully. "You remember that tie that we practiced on each other? Let's use it now. Let's make her really squeal."

Their cache appeared inexhaustible. This time it was cord thin enough to hurt. And their method of using it on the defenseless girl was shrewd and well considered. A stricture came from each side of the trunk and was then crossed over to bind captive shoulders with hurtful insistence to come down beneath captive armpits and again to cross each strand cunningly behind and then repeat the bondage from which their victim could not escape. It then circled the tree trunk once again and the clever strictures were repeated so the captive girl now felt the bite of three cruel cords pulling her shoulders hard back against the trunk before the final knot was deftly tied. Donna now knew for certain she could not move her breasts or make any physical protests against the inventive young fingers. Despairingly she sobbed, "It hurts, it hurts terribly! You tied me far too tight. You don't need to tie me like this at all. Please stop. Please don't bind me like this."

The twins apparently had not heard a word. "What we need to do now is tighten those ropes around her wrists," said Patsy. "I'll bet she'll hate this."

Donna hated it for sure. The bonds by which her wrists were tied behind the trunk had seemed cruel before but now, under the actions of happy young fingers, they became twice as tight, biting at her wrists with venom. The twins then tugged away at the ropes around their captive's middle, picking enough slack and compressing the ropes deeply into captive skin until they were able to tie the wicked cinch by a crisscross of rope behind a captive back and which left Donna gasping for breath. Donna moaned with the pain of the biting strictures but her pleadings were ignored. She realized she had become a plaything for the two nymphets who could do with as they pleased. They had a naked female body held immobile for their pleasure.

"We have to play with her pussy," said Pip as if remembering some previous arrangement. "She's got a lovely pussy but we have to tie her feet well apart so we can get at it. We can tie her ankles to the tree but I don't think that is good enough."

"Of course it's not good enough," said Patsy with decision. We'll tie her the way we planned. You take one foot and I'll take the other. Come on now, don't keep the poor darling in suspense."

Donna was no longer surprised at anything. The cords biting her shoulders were cruel enough to demand her whole attention, and she had given up even trying to free her hands. The bondage of her wrists was complete. What did it matter now if her feet were tied to the tree, along with all the rest of her? But this was not to come about the way Donna expected. Each twin took one of her ankles and slipped over the helpless foot one more noose which clutched slim ankles and was joined by circle after circle of knotted rope which was then pulled back and raised to be tied " high up and back to leave the captive pussy and pubic patch wickedly exposed. And to leave Donna in complete helplessness in a way to cause every rope that held her to extract the full venom of it's bite. She cried out in one last plea for mercy.

"You can't do this to me. You absolutely mustn't. It hurts beyond words. Don't

you understand what you're doing? These ropes are holding me against the tree, I can't move! And they're so tight I'm hurting all over. Please, I beg of you, stop this, Right now!"

"She doesn't like it," said Pip in what seemed genuine puzzlement.

"She doesn't yet know how lucky she is." Patsy added in a tone which might have been either sympathy or mockery. "But she looks so beautiful like that. I wonder if we couldn't drag her feet further back so her pussy is even more exposed."

It was no sooner said than done. The two youngsters had complete control and Donna moaned anew as her ankles were tugged and tied so that every secret of her private place was now obvious. She ceased to plead but waited in dumb misery for what the twins might do next, contenting herself only with the simple statement. "I'm hurting everywhere. All over. I'm hurting terribly."

The twins were now standing in what seemed their favorite pose, as their bright eyes drank in the roped and contorted-nudity of their creation. Donna emitted hopeless sounds of pain.

"Isn't she the loveliest thing you've ever seen. Patsy?" Pip asked happily. "I sure hope my breasts grow as big and heavy as hers. And such a lovely bush. Gee, whiz, it's hard to keep my hands off her. What shall we do to her next?"

"Didn't we decide on the wooden clothespins as a starter?"

Patsy reminded. "You put them on her nipples and I'll put them on her pussy. Even her legs are spread wide the way we've got them, she still shows a couple of pussy lips just screaming for attention. You start things going, Pip, and I'll watch,"

The tight bound captive started in disbelief at the small wooden objects now produced from the bag. It was not hard to figure out their purpose but she had no previous knowledge by which to judge the pain they would inflict. They looked innocent enough until nymphet fingers used pressure to open and close their suddenly hungry jaws. There was something terribly obvious about the clothespins as they advanced towards her helpless breasts. Seeing them open in readiness to bite made it seem as if they were made for this express purpose and no other. Helplessly the captive girl moaned, "Please don't, please don't put those on me. Take them away before you do something you'll be sorry for. I won't be able to stand such awful pain. I'll scream!"

The twins, utterly absorbed by the plaything bound against the tree, paid no heed other than to say gently, "Poor, dear Donna, we'll gag you if you make too much sound. But it really doesn't matter, if you make us use a gag in your mouth, we'll love that, too.

"Why don't you look down as we clip these on your nipples?" suggested the other one. "I'll bet you've never had anything like this in your whole life."

Donna did not look at the clothespins, instead she concentrated on the intent gaze of the twins. Then she gasped as the wicked wooden clips pushed in her breast with wide open jaws. Suddenly Pip released her grip and the bound girl cried out in disbelief in more agony than she had every expected. Looking down in horror, she beheld the innocent domestic object perkily trembling where her nipple once had

been. And then, despite herself, Donna watched as clothespin number two was carefully positioned and released to do what the twins had taken to speaking of as "clipping her tit." When both clothespins were firmly anchored at the ends of her tits, Donna screamed in fury and anger, "Stop that, you little beasts! It hurts too much. Take them off! What are you, a couple of sadists?" Then, venting all the hurt and humiliation she felt, she screamed aloud the most terrible scream her lungs could provide.

"She's not the least bit grateful," said Pip. "She thinks she doesn't like us clipping her titties," Patsy added thoughtfully. Then she looked at the bound girl's contorted face to ask, "Would you like us to gag you, dear? We have the nicest gag. Don't want you screaming like that, there's really no need for it."

Donna was still consumed with outrage and gave forth a scream of such hurt that even the twins were seen to wince while the clothespins bobbed up and down prettily on breasts that could not move.

Donna was prepared to scream and scream again as her only available expression of hurt flesh and anguish. Instantly there now hovered before her eyes an object she had never previously seen but the use of which was easy to figure out. A ball of black rubber through which was threaded a strap and buckle. Faced with this frightening inability to talk or even scream, Donna struggled once more in a wild abandonment of concern about tied wrists. As usual the effort was quite useless, no part of her moved except her hands and bend up knees. She tried hard to tell the two girls how wrong and how dangerous such a gag might be and to forbid them from even to dream of thrusting it inside her mouth. But she saw the shrew young fingers which held the ball against her lips take advantage of those protests to shove the ball in and get it back behind her teeth. After that Donna was silent.

It was all horrible and beyond belief. The points of her breasts burned with red-hot fire. The ropes and cords which held her helpless inflicted their venom on her flesh. The strap now buckled behind her neck was harsh on each side of her mouth and compressed her cheeks against the rubber ball which held her mute. Only the moans of pain escaped from behind the gag as the twins watched her almost in awe.

"It's a good thing we brought the gag," Pip said approvingly.

"It really works. The poor darling can't say a single word."

"Well, it certainly stopped her screaming," Patsy agreed. "But the nicest thing we've done so far are those clothespins on her tits. Look at the way they quiver when she breaths. When she tries to scream they positively jump! Wouldn't it be fun to keep them on her all day long?"

The twins were having fun. They walked slowly around and around the trunk and the lovely nude so solidly bound to their tree. Each time one of them passed, she would flick one of the wooden clothespins to send it dancing and to cause the poor girl to toss her head from side to side in the only protest she could make. But it was not long before the two youngsters grew tired of this game.

"Let's give the darling an orgasm," Pip laughed. "We can take he clips off her nips while we suck and bite them and then put hem back on after she's blown her fuse. I really do want to watch a grown-up girl have her climax."

Patsy giggled. "We can use one breast each to suck and bite and we can take turns with a finger up inside the place down below. I'll bet she goes wild when we find her clit."

The removal of the clothespins hurt worse than wearing them, and the bound girl's moans took on a strange eloquence of their own which became increasingly frantic as two pairs of youthful lips sought two wounded nipples and sucked deliciously. The captive's moans came as close to a negative as the rubber gag allowed, a negative which became even more pronounced as a girlish finger found its way into the lips below so cruelly exposed. Donna was ashamed and puzzled why her pussy should be so wet that the finger easily slid into her sheath to explore her most private part. As though to constantly remind Donna of the pain she must once more feel when this girlish obscenity was finished, each youngster varied the application of lips and tongue with mischievous nips of sharp teeth. Never enough to damage but always unexpected and always painful so that their owner would fling her head from side to side and intensify the sad, pathetic sounds the gag allowed.

An orgasm was the last thing Donna desired, and most certainly one induced in the manner that was now taking place. She knew her flesh could not hold out against the skill of these two girls who had, no doubt, practiced on each other in the privacy of their bed. Donna's clitoris could not hide and was soon being carefully rubbed by first one finger and then the other.

"She's beautifully wet down there, isn't she?" asked Patsy admiringly before returning her lips to their erotic task.

It was not long before the forces at work on her most erogenous parts told Donna all too clearly that she would soon be gasping and moaning for a quiet different reason than pain. She could not repel the tongues and fingers and lips, nor the bitter bite of teeth. She soon found herself in a maze of carnal sensations she could not control and which she knew the twins sensed. Donna made one last struggle against the ropes and then relapsed into acceptance and, what was worse, an actual enjoyment of this twin violation of her flesh.

Soon the moans returned but this time with a different tone from the girl inflicted with a pleasure too great to bear. Donna exploded with an intensity never before experienced, crying against the muting rubber ball, and panting and gasping in a way to thrill the twins to their very core. This was what they most desired - to bring an adult girl to climax and watch her spasm with pleasure they had induced. In a sort of reverent silence they watched and listened to their victim endure shame as her body arched against the ropes with spasms of pleasure.

Eventually the raven-haired head fell forward as if its owner had no more strength with which to fight.

"That was wonderful, wasn't it, darling?" Patsy whispered. "We'll do it to you often, Donna, dear. We loved it, too," Pip promised. "But now it's time to clip your nips."

Donna raised her head wearily but in alarm, staring at her bright-eyed tormentors in pure wonderment as to how far they were prepared to go in this bizarre eroticism. What she now beheld in Patsy's hand was fresh cause for alarm - a pair of small green objects which she thought of as 'torture tubes' but were about the same length as the clothespins. As Pip sagely explained, "These would look much prettier upon

her breasts than the clothespins. Although those are very nice looking." Patsy held up the twin green menace before the hurt eyes of the girl who would soon wear them on her breasts. Donna knew nothing of what she was being forced to view but shook her head in denial and made such sounds of negation as were possible with a mouth full of rubber.

The small green tubes were about the size of a girl's nipple when erect and hard. With enjoyment Patsy began the job of decorating a breast that could not move. Donna's nipples were already hard and red from the previous infliction so that Patsy had to do almost nothing to get them ready. Gently and carefully she adjusted the green tube to Donna's right nipple and with a twirling motion slowly caused it to engulf the already painful rosebud, continuing the motion until the nipple was well within the narrow case as its edge now sought to burrow within the base at the point of the breasts. Satisfied with its positioning, Patsy held it in place with one hand and used the other to turn its farthest end in the manner of extruding lead from a pencil's point. Despite her desire to give as little pleasure to the twins as possible, Donna abandoned her pretense and watched her minor torture with the same intense interest as did the twins. But the twins knew what was soon to happen while she did not.

Patsy turned the moveable end slowly and soon Donna was given her first idea of how the beastly little thing worked. What she now thought of as its mouth, that portion that completely possessed her nipple, now seemed to the bound girl to impose a vacuum which had enough suctioning effect for her to feel while, at the same time, the lips began to close. At first it was only a strange sensation but soon the pain began to assert itself and the watching eyes of the two young girls gleamed with a foreknowledge of what these objects could do to a helpless girl. Soon the pain was real and Donna could not divine how it came about, but it was as if the green jaws were alive in their increasing bite and tug upon the flesh which was its prisoner. Soon a sudden flash of very real pain cause Donna to toss her head from side to side and utter her sad, muted protests against what was taken place. Once more she punished her tied wrists in a struggle they could not win.

Patsy, who had obviously used the green contraption before, probably in experiments with Pip or herself, watched the captive face and gauged the captive moans as she continued to turn until a spasm of revolt by bound limbs and gagged mouth spoke eloquently of enough being enough. She ceased her efforts and playfully flipped the green tube to make it dance upon the punished breasts as they had done with the clothespins. She knew, and Donna was discovering, that this new infliction hurt much more than the old. Donna could scarcely believe in this fresh intensity of pain.

"She's loving every bit of it," said Pip with firm conviction.

"She'll make her usual fuss but she'll look so sweet when you get them both screwed on her tits. Get with it, Patsy, don't waste time." The left breast was now the object of attention. It needed no attention for it was already as hard as any nipple could be and as firmly erect as Patsy could possibly desire. Once more there was the careful adjustment and the circular motion by which Donna's nipple was engulfed. And then the turning of the end to suck and compress in a way to make the punished girl convinced of the existence of some sort of ring or band with the thing that closed upon her defenseless nipple. Soon both green metal tubes were equally tight and painful. Both girls took delight in flicking the tubes with their fingertips and making Donna's breasts hurt even more. They seemed to love to see the tube dance and shake the lovely flesh with them. Donna realized that the wooden clothespins had been just a prelude and wished it was the wooden clamps that were back on her poor

nipples, not these metal horrors. Donna could do nothing except to stare at her tormentors as Pip and Patsy took their usual pose to view with hunger the real, live nakedness of a girl who was older than them, and who bad come to their home to look after them while their mother was gone for a period of time. Both of them were exceedingly happy in their possession of Donna's nakedness.

The twins were easily bored and, even though they adored their naked possession as she was, they remembered other things in store, things they had carefully cached for this fulfillment of girlish dreams. But before resorting to their store of goodies, Pip pointed out that she still held the two wooden clothespins and wouldn't it be fun to clip one on each of darling Donna's vaginal lips? Donna could only look on to behold those clothespins heading down towards her wickedly exposed vagina. Wearily she went through the routine of shaking her head, the muted sounds behind the rubber ball, and the twist and tug at tied wrists. In pure horror she watched Pip hold up for her inspection the small instruments of torture, then kneel to put them in place. It didn't seem possible but it was happening. Pip grasp one side of the wet division to make the flesh separate to expose the vagina within. Then she pulled one side out to receive the bite and burn of the wooden horror. When the jaws closed upon their prey, Pip stood up with Patsy to admire the effect upon their victim as she struggled and moaned against a fresh pain beyond the limits of endurance. Satisfied with their work, Pip knelt to clip the second clothespin upon the lip they had bypassed the first time. When she stood once more to join her twin in a hushed reverence in what they had done to a naked girl, they stood for a moment in silent tribute to what had been the ambition of their young lives. Each of them was well aware of a gorgeous stirring within their loins.

The pain of the clips upon her flesh was so acute that Donna had little concern with anything else, except for the occasionally protesting look at Pip and Patsy. She had no other thought than to bear the pain of punished nipples and what the twins described as a "tortured twat." She moaned steadily without hope of relief.

"Why dont we leave the darling the way she is." Patsy suggested. "I could use a cup of coffee. Or a coke. Why don't we go back to the house and leave Donna to enjoy herself. She doesn't know yet how she enjoys this but she'll find out after a while and she'll be so grateful to us. Come along. Leaving her alone for a while will do her good. And I'm thirsty."

The noises and the struggles Donna now made told the twins all too clearly that being left alone in her present condition was t he last thing their captive desired. She was horrified at the thought of being thus bound to the tree, unable to move and with a disgusting torture burning her labia and the nipples of her breasts. But the twins were ignoring her pain and were already discussing what fun it would be for darling Donna, suffering in the condition they had made possible. They waved good-bye and went upon their way while Donna surveyed their retreating backs in total despair.

The mother of the twins was Donna's aunt Janet. Beloved Auntie Jan. Auntie Jan owned not only the house - the big old house with so many rooms and hidden places - but also the sizable estate, mostly covered with forests. In a way, it was as much Donna's home as that of the twins, she was so often a house guest of the thirty-five vear old Jan that she had her own permanent room on the second floor. It had been altogether a wonderful arrangement until Auntie Jan had gone on some sort of extended vacation and the twins had made her prisoner in a captivity that threatened to stretch out far longer than Donna cared to think about. It was a brutal tie. Strangely bizarre in its revelation of how the twins must have planned and prepared

for this day. Donna had been their unsuspecting friend and playmate all their lives and had never glimpsed sadism or cruelty in either of the girls. She had loved them both and knew they returned her love. She had been their adored cousin and they were still calling her "darling Donna" as they tortured her naked body. Donna no longer kidded herself about the power of reason or of the girl's repentance and loosing of the cords. It was a strange thing to be loved and kissed and then to be tortured and punished by these two lovely young girls. With every breath those terrible things on her nipples quivered and danced as they sent little sharp pains shooting into her breasts. She was almost glad she could not see her punished pussy. Feeling the hurt was enough.

Even in her pain and immobility. Donna recognized the fact that if she ever spoke of the facts to anyone, she could not truly claim to have been tortured in the proper sense of the awful word. She found it hard to draw the line where pain would cease to be simply pain and acute hurt and would become reality of torture itself. Surely the twins would know where to stop. Surely they would know when the pain became too much for her to bear. She had a strong feeling that they had tried those ropes and other things upon themselves and, therefore, should know full well just how much they hurt. But again and again she prepared a speech in which she would point out to the mischievous girls how they were playing with fire. And how she was no more than a somewhat older girl stripped naked and could easily be seriously hurt. Somehow she absolutely must get some sense into their silly young heads.

The bound girl so artfully secured in a way to shamefully expose her nakedness, knew the twins were probably right in their belief that she would be too ashamed of this whole thing to say a word about it to anyone. Perhaps not even to their mother. She had been left with the two youngsters to look after them, to keep the house in good order, and to maintain a state of normalcy. But bitterly she asked herself what was normal about her present condition and realized that by its very nature, she might easily be accused of helping or even leadership in this erotic exploration no one would ever understand. When Auntie Jan returned it was quite possible that the wounds from the ropes would be long gone and disappeared so that her story might not even hold a feeling of truth. Donna moaned and closed her eyes as if to ease the awful pain of her punishments.

2
Rescue? Not!

There came an unfamiliar sound as Donna cringed in apprehension for, if it was not the twins returning, it would be someone who should not behold her as she now was - bound and naked. Donna was erroneously convinced that between the tug of her bindings and the mischief of the clothespins biting her vaginal lips, that secret part of her was probably wide open in an obscene display of private flesh. The bound girl realized with an inward shrug of helplessness that perhaps it was just as well she was gagged in case she gave in to the temptation to scream for help.

The foot steps grew louder and suddenly the captive girl found herself face to face with her own Aunt Janet.

To say that Donna was shocked was an understatement. She should have been far away from this place, according to all that Donna had been told. Yet here she was, standing there as big as life. Even with her moment of deliverance at hand, Donna's main feeling was one of bitter shame that her adult aunt was going to see her

stripped naked, bound in strange contortions, and suffering punishments that were most obscene. She must ardently long for rescue but did not want even Aunt Jan to see her as she was.

Donna knew there was something wrong right from the start.

Aunt Janet should have been shocked and surprised right from the start but was neither. There was a hint of laughter in her eyes as she surveyed the naked girl who had been made captive by the two girls she adored. Aunt Janet's voice held laughter. "My, my, darling, they did make a job of you, didn't they? I'll bet you're hurting beautifully."

The rubber in her mouth prevented a reply but she made the muffled sounds of protest from one who wears a gag, while at the same time shaking her head frantically to denote distress. If only Auntie Jan would take away those small, green horrors from her nipples.

"I have to talk to you, darling, so maybe I had better take that thing out of your mouth. I really hate to remove it because it has a most lovely effect. With that black rubber showing between your lips and those straps compressing your cheeks, it turns you into a whole new girl. But we can't very well discuss things while you can't talk. Here, let me get at the buckle."

It felt so good to get rid of the rubber ball from within her mouth that Donna almost wept with joy. And when Aunt Janet produced a glass of water the captive of the tree thankfully drank deep as the glass was held to her lips. Gasping she said, in unmistakable gratitude, "Thank you, Jan, oh thank you. Please get me untied. I'm so glad to see you."

Once more there was something wrong. Aunt Janet failed to untie a single knot, or to remove the green demons so prominent upon protrubant breasts. Jan, with obvious pleasure, flicked the small horrors to make them dance and revive their bitterest hurt. "Nice," she said. "They're darling. I don't know where the girls got them but I certainly do approve. Do they hurt?"

"Terribly! Oh, Jan, please take them off."

"I don't know how."

"If you turn them enough on the end they come loose. They're hurting me terribly."

Aunt Janet looked at the quivering demons and then at Donna.

"I'll try," she said doubtfully. "I'm so anxious to hear all you have to tell."

Donna's scream was instant. Her aunt's fingers had made a turn to make the pain more potent than before. "Oh, please," Donna sobbed. "You did something wrong. Turn it back. I simply can't bear this agony."

"Well I simply can't stand another of those screams, darling. Would you like me to put the gag back in your mouth so I can get about the job of taking these lovely things off you tits?"

"No. Oh, no. If you'll just turn them properly ... "

Aunt Janet abandoned the nipple on which she had made the agonizing turn and now gave her full attention to Donna's other breasts but with the same result. Donna screamed and pleaded, "You're doing it wrong, Jan, you're doing something terribly wrong. They hurt twice as bad, and I just can't stand it. There has to be a way. Please ... " She sought her aunt's eyes and found only laughter. Donna moaned and moaned again in the realization that something was, indeed, terribly wrong.

Chuckling at her niece's consternation, Jan removed the two punishment pieces from Donna's punished nipples which now appeared swollen and enlarged and much more red than normal They were now frictioned by Janet's soothing hand. "Does that feel better, darling?"

"Yes, oh yes. Thank you." Donna was still gasping from the pain.

"I think you'll find those little green objects I've removed don't do you the injury you expect. I'm told a girl's nipple become far more sensitive every time she has to wear them. I expect you'll often ask the twins to use them on you."

"Aren't you going to untie me?" Donna pleaded. "I can't move and I hurt all over."

"Patience, darling, we have some things to talk about. I've got a surprise to tell you about."

For the hurting girl, it was first things first. "Please, Aunt Janet, take those awful things off my ... Well, you can see. They hurt terribly."

"Do they hurt badly? Really?"

"Of course they do. It's like having a fire between my legs. Please unclip them."

"I'd rather not, darling. You look quite delicious just as you are. And I think it's a good idea for you to be feeling some pain while I explain your new life. I'm sure you want to hear about it, don't you?"

"I want to be untied, that's what I want. Please, please untie me."

"All in good time, dear. You must learn never to be impatient."

Aunt Janet sighed, "You have so much to learn."

"I don't want to learn anything! What I want is freedom. Aunt Jan, get me out of this. You might think it's just fun but it hurts. And I'm so ashamed of being so indecently exposed."

"You nakedness is gorgeous, darling, don't be ashamed of it. It will be a long time, if ever, before you wear clothing again."

"I wish you'd stop teasing." Donna tugged at her bound arms and legs, not as a true attempt to escape but a demonstration to this woman. She felt she had to make Aunt Janet understand how terribly much she was hurting and how much she longed to be freed.

"I don't think it's much use your struggling like that," Jan observed helpfully. "It doesn't do much good and I expect it hurts. The twins will soon be back but before they arrive I want to outline for you the changed nature of your life. Are you ready to listen, darling?"

"Go ahead."

"You have no other family except for me and the twins. I don't even think you have many friends. I know you work as a secretary to that businessman downtown but I'm going to phone him and tell him you've resigned. When I close out your apartment and move you few things up here, you'll be cut off from everyone who knew you. Except for the twins and myself, of course." She licked her lips. "And all three of us have wanted for a long time to get you fixed the way you are now ... "

"You mean you want to torture me!" Donna was shocked. "I don't believe a word of it. You're not telling me the truth."

"Yes, I am, darling. And you're not being tortured. You're just the victim of erotic play. You don't have a boyfriend at the moment and you were never married, so the twins and I have been increasingly lusting for your flesh. We want you as our darling, obedient slavegirl who will do anything we say."

"You're talking nonsense, Aunt Janet. Please make sense. I thought you loved me. I don't understand all this."

"It's because we love you, Donna, that it's actually happening. We've decided to make the fantasy real. When you come to consider it, you're a marvelous candidate for enslavement. I can easily make you disappear and no one is going to ask any questions. The twins and I are going to keep you prisoner at our place and we'll teach you to be a real submissive."

"What on earth is a submissive?"

"I think you know. I don't have to explain. You want to be loved and you want to have others make decision's for you. That's true, isn't it?"

"Yes ... I suppose so. But I certainly don't want to be anyone's doormat, not even yours."

"We probably left your conversion a little too long, dear. I've lusted after you for a long time. But I thought it best to wait until the twins were old enough to take part in the fun and games. And they'll help me look after you."

"I don't need looking after. Let me loose. You can talk about this business of making me a slavegirl a lot better if I wasn't trussed up like a turkey. Please, Jan, do untie me."

"If I untie you, you simply won't listen. Or if you will pretend to listen, it will go in one ear and out the other. It's much the best to keep you as you are until you really understand what I'm talking about. You'll get the hang of it a lot better after Pip and Patsy have whipped the soles of your feet. That's the real reason your legs are tied the way they are. Your feet are perfectly positioned for the worst pain you've ever dreamed about. But it will be just this once and after it's been done to you, you will

truly listen and pay attention. And if you understand that your pretty little feet can be whipped any time, you'll be amazed at how obedient you will come to be. You'll actually wish to be obedient."

"If you really loved me, you and the twins wouldn't do these things to me. My breasts and pussy hurt, and I want to tell you these cords binding my shoulders are bloody awful, too." She sounded close to tears. "Aunt Janet, how can you stand there and look at me suffer? I've never deserved anything the twins have done to me. Please untie me! Please, please, please!"

"I'm not going to untie you, Donna, darling, you look far too pretty the way you are. Anyway, this I suppose is your first lesson. You're learning that you can't get things by just demanding them. You're learning that you can't get anything by pleading or threats ... "

"I've never done anything to deserve this treatment. I haven't!"

"Well, that's just what you say, Donna, dear. Really you're guilty as hell for arousing the carnal instinct in all of us. You're altogether too delicious to be running around loose. We haven't started with you a moment too soon."

Donna sniffed and tried not to think about the pain in various places of her body. Or of the soles of her feet being whipped. She had never heard of such a thing but it sounded terrible. She drew some comfort from a conviction that those who held her prisoner would never really hurt her so much. It was just a threat to get her into a right frame of mind. The twins wanted a submissive to play with and Donna did not see herself in that role. The whole thing was outrageous. But terribly frightening.

"How can you just stand there and look at me?" she asked angrily. "You seem to be enjoying everything you see. Everything hurts and makes me helpless. Jan, I love you, why are you doing this?"

"I told you, darling, I'm going to keep you as a prisoner to amuse the twins. They adore you and love playing with your nakedness. You're really something special. And I'll play with you in my own way. But please understand this, sweetheart, you can never, never get free. I will always keep you tied or chained or strapped. Or maybe just behind bars. But you really must understand you've said goodbye to freedom."

Donna tried to think of something that would prevent Aunt Janet and the twins from doing exactly as she stated but failed. Everything Janet had said was correct. There was no one who would come looking for the missing Donna. She could, indeed, drop out of sight forever. She was a prisoner and would remain so until Aunt Janet decided to give her back her freedom. And the way Jan talked, it sounded as though that might never happen. With pathetic insistence, the captive girl tried once more, "Look, Janet, if you want to keep me prisoner you can easily do this by leaving my hands tied behind my back the way they are. But there's nothing to stop you untying all the other ropes. Are you telling me that you're enjoying this fix I'm in? That you approve of what the twins have done to me?"

"Believe I do, Donna, dear. I'm the main instigator, the twins simply do as they're told."

"It would serve you damn well right if they fixed you the way they've fixed me."

"I expect you're right. But there is no way they'll do that. You, on the other hand, have no hope in the world of every getting free. The twins and I have it all planned. We're going to tum you into the most obedient little girl who ever lived."

Donna sniffled defiantly and uttered a threat, "Drop dead! You're dreaming. No girl is going to be the way you describe, a pretty little naked slavegirl to be tortured and confined at the whim of a pair of thirteen year old giris. Jan, I know you're ten years older than I am but, for goodness sake, grow up! Don't be so damned mean."

The tinkle of girlish laughter signaled the return of the twins to pick up Donna's punishment where they had left off. They knew their mother was now present and had given the bad news to the girl securely tied to the tree. Their only concern was as to whether their mother would permit all the atrocities they had planned. Their first reaction was disappointment.

"Mother! You've taken those nice green screw clips off her tits. Donna's breasts aren't wearing anything at all!"

"I've been talking to Donna and what you've been doing, darlings, is evidently not enough. The poor girl needs to be taught a lesson she'll never forget. I want the two of you to take a riding crop each and whip the soles of her feet. We've talked about this and now is the time to do it."

Donna's, "No! No!" was followed by a quick threat to scream her head off.

No one spoke. But after Janet took the black rubber gag and said with stern authority, "Open your mouth, darling, we can't possibly have you screaming the way you've threatened to. Don't be silly now, open up.

Donna opened up and the black rubber ball was once more inside her mouth upon her tongue and once more the straps were being drawn far too tight at the back of her neck. She made a few moans in protest but did nothing more.

Donna felt the twins looking at the soles of her feet with extreme interest. She was going to be bastinadoed, not with the light rods originally used for this punishment in the Near East, but she was to be beaten with a modern version - with riding crops, each blow of which, she was sure, would drive her a step closer to insanity. She could not speak, she could not move, she was the perfect subject for this ancient punishment. She looked longingly at the twins' mother and shook her head from side to side in a negation of what was to come. Aunt Janet simply smiled then kissed her on the lips. A free hand went down to the already sore nipples and pinched one quite painfully before she stepped back to watch the show.

The twins wanted Donna to see it all. The wonderfully expensive cases that might have held a violin were now opened before the captive girl's anguished eyes to disclose in each a slender riding crop, obviously expensive, obviously cruel. Donna moaned at the sight of the playthings as the soles of her feet tingled in expectation. A seemingly impossible threat was now becoming real. The prisoner longed to speak but could not say a word.

"Whip her feet nicely, darlings, don't make a sloppy job of it.

You can hit as hard as you like, the poor darling has to learn her lesson. I'll tell you when she's had enough. Give her a demonstration of the crop by a few blows across

her thighs. Just to show her that we're not fooling around. We are going to turn her into a slavegirl who will do what she's told. As if it mattered, she focused upon Donna's anguished eyes above the gag and asked sweetly, "Ready, darling?"

Pip and Patsy began. It was awful beyond words. Donna could not move her upturned feet, they were tied too tight. She screeched her anguish against the rubber ball within her mouth, screamed and screamed again without emitting more than pathetic small sounds. Upon the lips of her pussy the wooden clothespins still bite hard in their infliction of a pain she did not deserve. But the rubber in her mouth and the straps buckled behind her neck firmly denied the things she might have said.

Each girl slashed across her thighs twice with all the strength in their young bodies and Donna knew she was in for a terrible time. Fiery pain burned her upper legs, making her forget about even the clothespins on her pussy lips. She moaned pathetically.

"I know you're trying to tell me you will be obedient. But the obedience you would give me now isn't real. The girls will give you more and you will learn with every stroke."

It was unbelievable pain. It was agony beyond imagining.

Donna could move bent knees only slightly and that she did, along with the wild tossing of her head back and forth. Whenever she caught Aunt Janet's eye she nodded vigorously in the only token of surrender she could make. But the surrender was ignored. She was being taught a lesson and the whippy riding crops which the two young girls found so dellghtful beat steadily upon the upturned and very tender flesh of the bottom of her feet. As far as the bound girl knew, this could go on forever because she could say no word or make any kind of formal surrender to the wishes of Aunt Janet and the cruelty of the two girls. Donna realized she was in a constant state of revolt against cords and ropes, a revolt that did her no good but only added to her suffering. For the first time in her life, Donna wished to die.

As the riding crops beat upon innocent flesh, Aunt Janet amused herself by playing mischievously with Donna's defenseless nipples, and by occasionally tugging or twisting one of the wooden clothespins so firmly clamped upon her tender lips. From time to time Janet's got on her knees and her lips sought the most secret place of the punished girl, and for brief moments Donna's mind was a turmoil of pleasure and pain. Donna did not understand why her sex was so sensitive and very close to climax each time Janet's tongue licked her clit. It was terrible but also the most incredibly exciting thing that had ever happened to her. And each time she grew near a climax, Janet withdrew that wonderful tongue only to twist a clothespin or pinch a nipple. It was a torture of its own.

The solidly tethered girl felt certain she would never walk again.

The end came suddenly after what had seemed an eternity of anguish. Aunt Janet's command cut it short, "That's enough, kids. You can stop with those crops, and we'll see how much the poor darling has learned. I doubt if you'll have to start in on her again.

The questions were simple. "Donna, dear, will you now obey me and my daughters totally?"

With a mouth full of rubber Donna could not answer but that handicap was quickly dealt with by Donna's strong fingers on the buckle of the strap. It seemed like an eternity before the rubber was pulled from her mouth, but when it was taken from her Donna lost no time. Her voice was not exactly broken but came close, "I will be obedient, I will do as you say. Please don't whip my feet again."

"What do you think, kids? Can we trust her or should you whip her feet some more?"

"No! No! Don't whip my feet any more." Donna was frantic.

"It's worked just the way you said, Aunt Janet. I'm ready to do anything I'm told. Please don't whip me any more, I'm willing to be so very obedient."

Three pairs of eyes surveyed the gorgeous nudity bound so cruelly to the tree. The voices of the twins came in unison, "We love to whip her feet, Mommy. Can't we do some more?"

"No, that's enough," Aunt Janet said crisply. "It was important that you whip her as you have done in order to get her to where she is now at. We've made her obedient and can't expect much more from this first day. Have you got any more tricks you wish to use?"

"We've got a great, big collection of things to use on her tits," the girls admitted enthusiastically. "And, of course, some for her twat. We're finished with those clothespins. May we use something else?"

"Of course, darlings, please do. I'm sure dear Donna will appreciate whatever it is you chose. I'm curious myself."

The girls loved to show their victim what they were about to do. Donna gasped in agony as the wooden clips released her flesh and gazed in horror at what the girls pulled out of their bag. It was pretty much like the metal snaps used to control office memos but it was long and it was curved, and its edges were serrated without the capacity to cut female flesh. But certainly enough to impose upon that innocent flesh the maximum in punishment. Donna stared at it in dismayed horror and hopefully pleaded, "Please don't clip that awful thing on me. Please, please, please!"

It did no good. The bound girl gasped in agony as the wooden clothespins were taken from her vagina and then gasped again as the new instrument of torture sought punished flesh. She could not look down to witness the actual anchoring of this new device but she realized that the cunning way it had been curved to conform with her Venus mound and to close her vaginal lips in total security. Donna held her breath as the girls sought and explored her most secret place. The two determined where their infliction would cause the most pain. It was not difficult for them to find. In firm determination the steel jaws were positioned and then slowly released to firmly seal Donna's vaginal cleft, and when it's bite was final, Donna screamed and screamed again, only to be reminded what she had become as Aunt Janet pressed the black rubber ball against the lips. "Don't forget, you've promised to obey and that pretty thing on your pussy can't hurt all that much. Keep quiet and enjoy it."

Donna did a quick calculation. Undoubtedly she faced a choice, a return to the whipping of her feet or a grateful acceptance of a snapped tight seal upon her pussy. Even realizing how she was playing into her captor's hands, she managed to get out

the simple words, "Thank you for clipping my lips down there. Thank you very much." Most certainly it was better than a resumption of the two riding crops upon her feet.

"You see, darlings, she really is learning," Aunt Janet explained to twins anxious to inflict more pain. "That's a lovely thing you've just fastened on her. Have you got anything else like that?"

It was a rhetorical question, the twins had something for every occasion. They now produced a silvery chain effect which they instantly demonstrated with fresh clips upon Donna's nipples. The clips were brutal enough but only the beginning. From them were chains with suggestive rings which obviously had some use. Then, from an inexhaustible store, the two youngsters produced lead weights which they clipped upon the waiting rings to cause Donna to cry out in alarm, "Please, you mustn't do that! Please stop! It hurts too terribly."

At a nod from their mother the twins removed this fresh infliction upon the girlish flesh of their victim but only to instantly pick up their riding crops and to commence once more the beating and cutting of innocent girlish feet. The scream was swiftly muted by the black rubber ball her Aunt Janet easily thrust within the captive mouth. Once again the awfulness of what was being done to her went on and on forever.

It had become ritualistic. When, after an eternity of suffering, Janet instructed the twins to cease their efforts, and once again the rubber was taken from her mouth, Donna wasted no time. "I'm sorry I made a fuss," she declared in sincere tones. "I'll do whatever you want. I'll be good. I'll be the slavegirl of your dreams."

"That's better," Aunt Janet said. "I believe she means it. Are there any other playthings you want to use?"

"Not today," the twins said in unison. "There's always tomorrow. And we have to keep surprises for the poor darling. Do you really believe she'll obey us now?"

"Yes. She will." Aunt Janet's voice was firm. "You may untie her and take her to the house. Her feet are probably sore enough so that she won't be able to walk so that you'll have to support her. And you can leave that delightful clip on her pretty little twat. Taking her to her cell will be the first real test of how she's going to behave. Get with it, darlings."

Each strand of cord or rope peeled from her skin inflicted upon the captive girl truly shocking pain. Donna moaned and groaned throughout her release which was short lived because no sooner than it had become total with her standing on feet which cried aloud in anguish then her arms were once more gathered behind her back, her wrists crossed and once more tightly bound. That was a procedure during which she stood in mute acceptance of a new captivity. Aunt Janet walked behind to watch as the twins supported their terribly punished girl captive as she limped along. She seemed terribly afraid to put any weight on her sore feet and was crying with the pain of each step. Donna did not even bother trying to free her hands, her wrists were bound far too tight. She allowed herself to be half led and half carried back to the house where she had spent so many happy days in times gone by. It had been a place of happy memories.

The twins took her to the basement stairs and a passage Donna did not recall. At the end of the passage was a frightening sight of iron bars making up three cells. Her

own small cage was at the far end and was part of a larger room around the walls of which were horrible things she recognized as instruments of bondage and torture. Even had she ever guess this house held such a room. All of it looked like new construction and she wondered when Aunt Janet had paid a lot of money for all these bars and the wicked steel doors with those huge locks. The twins thrust her without ceremony within a small cage and slammed it's door loudly to make a shiver of fear race down her spine. She cringed as they backed away. She did not like the look in the girl's eyes. They were enjoying this too much.

Donna gazed back at them through the bars, unaware that her hands had begun twisting against their bounds.

"Just for this first night," Janet explained. "We don't want to be too hard on you at first but you've been nicely whipped and now, if you spend some time behind these bars, you'll pick up more of an idea of what this is all about." As though hating to leave the scene and their prison, the two youngsters and their mother turned away to leave Donna securely bound and locked within her cage.

For a little while Donna was happy. Wrists bound behind her back seemed a mere trifle compared to what she had endured in the woods behind the house. Donna's feet were too badly whipped for her to walk but she could briefly stand or limp around her cage. She did both without any satisfaction but found comfort in assuring herself that the worst must surely be over, and the twins and Aunt Janet would be coming around to their senses very soon. Donna placed little stock in their talk of a new life for her, that was pure fantasy and wishful thinking. It would never come about, and the solitary girl behind the bars felt certain tomorrow would be better than today. Tired of exploring her limited freedom, she limped to the bench with its thin mattress and sat down to review the possibilities. But since she believed in none of them and was not even certain of the motives of her three captives, Donna found no peace of mind in such speculations. And, as the minutes and hours ticked away, she longed to have the use of her hands which were so cruelly bound behind her back. Her inability to free them was now more annoying and she was sure the twins and their mother were laughing at the thought of her helplessness. Had it been possible, she would have played with herself, but no matter how she tried she could not get a finger to reach a place where it could provide her comfort. It appeared she was destined to sit naked behind bars until someone chose to use a key in the lock of the iron barred door. She had taken that door in bound hands and shook it but it was quite firm. Donna knew she was a prisoner for sure.

The captive girl had expected the twins but it was Aunt Janet who brought her supper and fed it to her as they sat side by side upon the bench. Donna was more interested in asking questions than in eating food. But she was told sharply to pay attention to the meal and eat what she was given. Captive girls were not suppose to ask questions. Aunt Janet was by no means a ray of sunshine. "Your hands will be tied the way they are now for most of the time," the older girl explained. "It makes you beautifully helpless without interfering with any of the beauty of your nudity. In fact, it adds to your beauty. You really are something wonderful, Donna, without your clothes. I am certainly glad to provide you with the opportunity to display your lovely figure."

"You mean you're going to keep me naked and with my hands tied behind my back!" Donna's outburst came in a natural explosion of resentment.

"That's right, dear, it doesn't hurt, does it?"

"Well, I guess not. But if you keep me in this cage I'm going to be bored to death. Haven't you any idea what it's like to be all alone and naked inside a locked cage?"

"Are you forgetting obedience and submission, Donna?"

"No, I haven't forgotten," the tied and weary girl said. "I just can't believe all the things you've told me and that have been done to me. But I really will be obedient rather than get any more whippings."

"That isn't quite the attitude, darling," Aunt Janet said quietly.

"Real obedience is when you want to be obedient, not because you want to avoid punishment."

"Keeping me in a cage with my hands tied behind my back doesn't give me any opportunity to be what you want." Donna's voice was bitter. "Oh, Auntie, give me a break. Tell me this whole thing has simply been for your amusement and then let me go home."

Aunt Janet embraced her niece with warm arms and hot, wet lips but made no motion to free tied hands or leave the cell door open. "You poor darling," she whispered in Donna's ear. "We know this is terribly hard for you and we're going to make allowances. Don't you realize we're making allowances right now. You're not hurting and you've got a free run behind these bars. Or would you prefer to be taken back outside and be tied to that tree again? The twins would be happy to oblige."

"No, that's the last thing that I want. But can't you understand how frightened I am? And how I long to have real freedom? Don't you understand that you have no right to put me in this cage? And that you just can't just strip a girl naked and torture her? You could go to prison for doing what you're doing. I think you're crazy."

Aunt Janet sighed gently. "If what you've just said was recorded, I'd play it back to you. If you listened to it, you'd know how far away you are from being what I want. I'm afraid you'll have to be whipped again."

"No! Please no! I'll do what you want."

The older woman put her hand on Donna's bare arm. "You still got a lot to learn, darling," she said quietly. "Tomorrow I'll give you to the twins again but I'll tell them not to whip the soles of your feet, that's pretty extreme stuff. They'll simply whip you in other, more conventional places. I'm sure you can think of them."

"I don't want to be whipped anymore. I just don't! You're going to far. There's something here I don't understand. I'm lost and all alone. I'm so terrible helpless I could cry."

"Go ahead, dear, it will do you good." Donna did not cry, instead she painfully got to her feet and backed against Aunt Janet's knees to wiggle a pair of pathetic bound hands. "Please untie me, Auntie. It won't cost you a thing to untie me. I couldn't possibly give you trouble. With my feet like this, I couldn't walk very far."

Janet patted the young bottom. "Sit down and stop being silly. Goodness, I've never

known a girl to make so much fuss about having her hands tied. You'll simply have to grin and bare it. The twins used to tie each other's hands all the time. And they still do. One time I found out that they were taking turns sleeping all night with their hands tied behind their backs. I told them since they liked it so much, I would do it for them. For the next three months they both slept every night with their hands tied. They loved it. I even let them tie my hands a few times to see what it was like sleeping without hands. It's fun."

Donna was silent at these revelations. She had never suspected.

"Of course," Janet went on, "the twins played more games than just tying their hands behind their backs." She smiled. "And I often helped them. I think," she added, offhandedly, "the longest either of them spent with their hands tied behind them was one week. They sort of made a contest out of it."

"Anyway, you won't get bored behind these bars. I can promise you enough excitement tomorrow to satisfy any young woman. Don't push your luck."

It was all so hopeless. Sitting on the bench, Donna watched her Aunt Janet gather up the dishes and then carefully lock the cell door from the other side to leave the naked girl alone and still bound. She waved briefly from the outer room and, when that door, too, was closed, Donna stared in pathetic misery through more iron bars than she had ever seen. She lay down upon the bench, arranging bound arms as best she could, and then, unexpectedly, went to sleep.

The morning brought an unexpected diversion when Aunt Janet arrived not only with breakfast but accompanied by a thirteen year old girl whose cheeks were wet with tears and whose expostulations had evidently been quite active as she was led to where she had no wish to go. The plate of food and cup of coffee was slipped to Donna through a space provided by the barred door. She picked them up gratefully enough and cautiously made no comment at her aunt's stern command, "Eat your breakfast, Donna, I have to punish this silly girl so you can watch while you eat. Maybe you'll realize you're not the only girl who has to do as she's told."

Donna, behind the bars, drank her coffee and ate her food as best she could by placing the plate and cup upon the bench, kneeling before it, and doing the best she could with only a mouth. She did so quietly, apparently having learned some lesson from spending the night naked and alone with bound hands in a tiny cell. But all the while she watched and listened.

"You don't have to punish me, Mommy!" Pip's voice was heavy with tears. "I didn't break that horrid old vase on purpose. It was an accident. Patsy pushed my arm but you're not punishing her at all." There was a pause for sniffles and the wiping of wet cheeks. "What do I have to put up with this time?"

3
Punished Teen

"You know what I'm going to do to you, dear, just as well as I do." The mother's voice was crisp. "Get your clothes off."

Donna was surprised at the speed at which she stripped. This must have been an old scene for Pip. In a few moments she stood naked, pubescent breasts and pubic hair

in plain view to the prisoner behind the bars. At the age of thirteen there was not a great deal of either feminine asset but Pip certainly possessed as much or more than most girls her age. It was easy to guess that the poor child was debating whether to cover her breasts with her two hands or to use them to cover her sparse growth of pubic hair. Her mother decided the issue for her with a swift command, "Give me your hands, you little idiot."

Having completed her meal, Donna hobbled on hurt feet to the bars and, pressing herself against them, watched the small drama taking place beyond.

A perfect model of obedience, Pip offered her hands. True she begged forgiveness again but did as she was told. She watched her mother tie them tight with strand after strand of rope. While being thus bound Pip implored her mother earnestly. "Mother, I don't want Donna to see me like this. I don't want her watching what you're going to do to me.

"Too bad, darling, you should have thought of that before. You know perfectly well I want you naked for every punishment."

"Mother, I know I'll look terrible the way you're going to fix me. Donna will laugh. Look at her now, she's watching us through the bars as if I'm a circus act. Mommy, please!"

The young wrists were tightly tied and, pressing a button on the wall, Aunt Janet drew down from above a stout rope and at it's end a hook. Without struggling or trying to run away, Pip allowed her bound wrists to be thrust to either side of the curved icon and looked utterly forlorn as her mother went to the control button again. The unseen motor whirled and the young bare arms slowly rose above their owner's head and a moment later Pip's bare feet were reaching for the floor which was several inches beneath her toes. Her mother raised her daughter two feet above the floor before stopping the motor. Pip was kicking savagely at nothing and swaying back and forth.

"This is a horrible punishment, Mommy," Pip complained in much the tone of someone deploring the weather. "I hate being hung up by my wrists. I'll hurt and hurt and hurt. And there's Donna getting an eyeful. Please punish me another way. Please."

"No, dear. This is the punishment you've earned and this is the punishment you'll get. I won't tell you how long you'll hang, you can worry about that while you're thinking up ways to be a better girl."

"But, Mommy, last time you left me like this for hours and hours. It's already starting to hurt terribly."

"I'm so glad it's effective, dear. Be a good girl and don't make too much fuss. I don't want you interrupting while I'm talking to Donna."

Pip became silent but found expression in kicking at air and making faces of pain. Pip had ceased to cry and her youthful features were now set in lines of grim determination to endure. Donna noted the young fingers twitching and fingering the rope and hook. But Donna was also sure that there was no way the youngster could untie the rope around her wrists nor slip off the hook. She was trapped.

Had the child only known it, she was completely beautiful as she hung there. Donna felt guilt at the pleasure she felt in watching the stretched nudity endure a punishment which a couple of days before would have seem impossible and incredible. But which was now only a part of a bizarre pattern of which she was still the central theme. Aunt Janet had walked over to the cage and was separated from Donna only by the bars. "Did you have a good night, darling?" she asked brightly.

"I slept, if that is what you mean. My feet hurt."

"Of course they do, dear, but that will pass. We're going to give you something that will take your mind off a little case of sore feet."

The captive girl's only reply was, "Can I have my hands?"

"Of course not. You're little hands have to stay tied the way they are. I told you that yesterday."

She unlocked the cage door and invited Donna to step out.

Reluctantly the naked girl exited the cage and stood nervously before the woman she had thought was her friend. Her walk, when she followed Aunt Janet down the corridor, was a limp accompanied by constant winces and gasps. But she was thankful to leave the room in which Pip hung from the ceiling. She wondered if she would be hung by her wrists, today or tomorrow. As Aunt Janet turned to leave the room, Pip stuck out her tongue at her mother then smiled at Donna.

As they walked, Donna with her small, painful steps, Aunt Janet suggested, "You might as well stop calling me 'Auntie'. There isn't that much difference in our ages. You might as well call me Jan."

"I'm surprised I don't have to call you 'Mistress'."

"Cut the sarcasm, sweetheart. Sarcasm can earn you punishments. Watch it."

Inside Donna liked the idea of calling her friend Jan instead of Aunt Janet. But she still was not sure if this was her friend. After all, she had enslaved, bound up, had the soles of her feet whipped, and was keeping Donna a complete prisoner. Were these the acts of a friend?

But then this woman also treated her children the same way.

Pip hanging from the ceiling behind them gave testimony to that. Donna kept silent, being very cautious about what she said least some unnamed punishment be earned. Besides, she was sure by now that Jan had no intention of calling off this weird game. Perhaps for the first few hours Donna had hoped it would all turn out to be a big joke. But spending the night in a cell with hands bound behind her had gone a long way towards dispelling that notion.

Dimly, at the back of her mind, Donna wondered if this was part of the surrender, the thing Jan called submission. She simply did not know but since she was still naked and tied, it might be best to feel her way cautiously into the unknown. "How long are you going to leave poor Pip hanging up like that?" she asked.

"Maybe until noon."

"But that's three or four hours away. She'll be in terrible pain."

"So what? That little minx earned every bit of her punishment and now she'll have to put up with it."

"It seemed such a terribly long time to suspend her like that. I'll bet it hurts terribly. I never knew you were so severe with your girls, Jan."

"You're learning, aren't you, darling. Life is full of surprises. If you feel so sorry for Pip maybe you'd like me to let her loose in an hour or two so she can join her sister in going to work on you. I'm afraid we've got quite a program to do on you. By the way, how are your feet?"

So strange a mixture of cruelty and concern. "They feel a little better but still hurt. Please don't punishment me any more today. Couldn't you just call it quits and let me go home."

"Silly girl." Jan's arms were suddenly around the bound girl she so desired as her lips found those of her prisoner. "You surely don't imagine I can give you up after having you helpless like this, punishing you, having you naked. Gosh, Donna, darling, I'd be crazy to send you home."

Donna remembered her resolution and did not protest. She was led upstairs to a more familiar part of the house and into a small family room. Jan explained, before they sat down, "I'm going to get us a cup of really good coffee. That stuff I took down to you must have been half cold. But I can't have you roaming around so I'll use a little device that tickles me to bits and may even amuse you."

Donna watched Jan as she searched a draw to return with a handful of objects Donna could not recognize but suspected she would not enjoy.

"Stand up straight and stick your chest out, Donna, dear."

The captive girl obeyed. She was curious. It was easy to guess that sticking out her chest really meant sticking out her breasts. This she did without complaint and then stood still breathing heavily as her Aunt Janet teased and rubbed both nipples until they were rigid. Jan took the left breast and adjusted what appeared to be a wide, gold wedding ring snugly upon its nipple, twisting until it was well at the base. And then with a tiny screwdriver she turned an unseen control until the band began to bite and Donna to wince. Satisfied, Jan sat the screwdriver aside and took possession of a thin nylon cords which fell away from beneath the ring and which she now used as a leash. She tugged playfully and added, "Come along, Donna, dear, I'll show you how this works."

The way it worked was simply. Jan took her prisoner for a trial walk around the room, tugging playfully from time to time at the pretty leash which triggered some sort of mechanism within the ring, causing a needle-like thrust against innocent skin to a degree which insured the girl being led would follow all too willingly. At the end of the thin cord there was a snap, and in the wall there was a ring well above Donna's head. When the two were joined, Donna found herself tethered to the wall at a height she could not possibly reach, the leash falling in a pretty loop beside her cheek. "Try and get away, darling," Jan suggested cheerfully.

"I can't. I'd only hurt myself."

"Well, that looks after that. You look very sweet, as usual. I'll go and get the coffee. Don't go away."

Donna felt ridiculous as she stood naked and lonely in the room. She had no intention of fighting her tether for so long as she let the loop of cord hand loose there was no pain but the moment she backed way there came the wicked needle-like jab which told her to stand still and be a good girl. Her bound hands could touch nothing that mattered.

Jan's coffee was always wonderful. As the cup was held to her lips, Donna sipped thankfully and than sat still and tense while the hateful tether was taken from her breast and put back in the draw. "It's cute little gimmick," Jan chuckled. "But it spoils the symmetry of your breasts. Maybe I'll have your nipples ringed sometime in the future. Would you prefer gold or silver?"

"Neither!" Frightened denials crowded Donna's lips but she kept them in. Perhaps this, too, was just an ideal. The thought of having rings permanently attached to her nipples was horrifying.

"Well, when the time comes, I'll show you the various rings available. They've got a wide range and some of them are very beautiful. I've even seen a large metal ring that is large and looks heavy but isn't. And it comes in several colors. Most girls are satisfied with a silly little thing hanging on their tit which is too small for a camera to pick up. When we do it, darling, we'll do it right."

It was not a topic Donna cared to pursue. She tried not to show the repulsion she felt inside. Her aunt also left the subject to branch out in what she admitted was the real purpose of the coffee break. As the two girls sipped their second cup, the one who's hands were free used them to lift the steaming cups as her voice gaily continued, "I know that you're not really believing anything yet, darling. But you will. And it will do no harm for me to talk to you about several ideas I've got for your captivity. One of the things I thought about was allowing you to continue with you old life: your apartment, your job, your own money, but with you reporting here every Friday evening to be my prisoner for the weekend. After I'd tied your hands, I expect you'd spend most of your time with the twins. They're chaffing at the bit right now to get their hands on you. Then late Sunday night we'd take you home so you'd be fresh and ready for work Monday morning. It's an arrangement that could go on forever. But right now, of course, it has one terrible flaw ... "

"You mean I wouldn't come knocking at your door on Friday?"

"That's right, darling. In your present state of mind I'm sure you wouldn't. But, of course, we'll have to change that."

"But, Jan, I'm twenty-four years old. I've been around a bit even though you think I'm totally innocent. I'm too old for the sort of change you're talking about."

"We won't argue about it." Jan's tone was that of a mother with a child who does not see the light. "Things will sort of happen as we go along, and after all, that's only one idea. The next thing I'm thinking of are training sessions in which you'll be taught all about slavery and how to behave."

"How do you propose to do that? Surely you don't mean silly things like kneeling down and kissing your feet?"

"I did have it in mind. Along with a few other similar notions. You think you'll hate it but you won't. Like I told you, dear, you're a natural born submissive."

Donna sniffed and choked back the words she might have said.

If it pleased Jan to dream aloud, what did it matter? At least it wasn't painful.

"I don't see how you can expect to mold me into a new girl," she said. "Wouldn't that be in the same class as having me come knocking at your door every Friday night?"

"Not quite, Donna. These training sessions would be accompanied by a riding crop. Every time you make a boo-boo you'll have to bend over and get a few strokes - just enough to make sure you do better next time."

Donna sniffed again. It was all so silly and so childish but was also frightening. And her hands were still bound behind her and useless to her. "So, all right, you'll teach me to say yes and never say no, and make me bow and scrape, and never escape. And I do realize it will be easy for you to make me do these things. You'll simply whip me each time I fail to obey. And I'll obey to avoid the whipping."

"You've got the idea. Would you lick my toes to save the soles of your feet from being whipped again?"

"I suppose I would," the tied girl admitted unhappily. "But please, Jan, don't make me make such a choice. It really isn't a choice at all, I'd have to do as you say."

"That's exactly what I'm trying to tell you, dear."

Donna sighed in despair. Her aunt appeared to be way out in left field in dealing with a girl who once loved her and was prepared to love her still. But she deemed it wise not to say such a thought. Instead she asked, "If I lick you feet now, Jan, could I be absolved from what you intend to do to me the rest of the day?"

"Slavegirls don't make bargains, Donna. You can't buy absolution from anything."

Donna sniffed again. "You're right about not being able to do anything, I can't even scratch my nose. If I kneel before you and make some sort of vow, would that help?"

"What a charming idea. But I've already got it on the list. I've also got that one where you stand in a corner and look at the wall. You stand there until given permission to turn around. If you break the pose, you'll be whipped."

"I'm scared about the way you keep speaking of whips and riding crops. It sounds so ugly and brutal. Yesterday you said I'd be whipped this afternoon but please tell me it isn't so. Please, please, please. There's no point in you keeping me half scared to death all the time. It doesn't accomplish anything."

"Oh yes it does. You don't realize it, Donna, but your whole thinking has changed since yesterday morning. We owe most of that change to your whipped feet.

You'll owe another debt to whatever it is the twins do to you today. You're not expecting to be forgiven and sent home, are you?"

"No." It was a grudging admission. "I don't know what I expect anymore. If I could be what you want, I think I'd try. But it's all so crazy and impossible. I'd be ashamed of myself all the time. I don't want to be a slave. I want to go home."

The sad, pathetic statement brought no sympathy. In fact, Jan effected not to hear. Briskly she said, "I'll take away the coffee cups and this time I'll leave you without the leash. I don't expect you'll do anything silly, will you, darling?"

"I'll come with you if you like, then you'll be quite certain."

"That's a wonderful idea. But I want you to know that when we're through cleaning up I'm going to give you to Patsy for some more conditioning."

"Is poor little Pip still hanging up by her wrists?"

"You don't need to feel sorry for that little nymphet. She wouldn't feel sorry for you. Yes, she's still hanging in suspension. And ever moment she hangs does her a world of good. I'll suspend you that way sometime. But, of course, the effect is far more severe on a full grown adult than a thirteen year old. They don"t weigh that much so their wrists don't have to bear too great a strain. I'm sure you've figured this out already."

"Oh, sure. I figured out that if you ever do that to me it will be bloody awful. Don't ever think of it."

They took the cups and saucers downstairs. Donna was made to feel silly by carrying the saucers behind her back. When the small task was done, Jan suggested brightly, "I've just had a rather nice idea. You already know where Pip is, she's hanging up by her wrists. And I'm sure she's wishing she'd been a more sensible girl. Patsy's out in the garden getting things ready for you. So, how would it be, since you're so concerned about Pip's comfort, we go and allow her feet back on the floor and set her free before making a gift to her of yourself? She can then lead you out into the garden and to the tree where Patsy's waiting and work off her frustrations. She's been suspended down there for a while and probably hurting pretty good by now. I'm sure she'll be ready to give it to someone else."

Donna didn't like the sound of that. She had a feeling she could expect no mercy from the twins. And while she felt sorry for Pip hanging by her wrists, she was by no means anxious to be placed as a naked gift to a teenage girls. But what could she do! Nothing!

"Darling, I think it's time we went downstairs and gave Pip the use of her hands again. I had originally intended to leave her hanging a lot longer but I think you feel sorry for her so we'll let her loose and she can then take charge of you. I'm not a bit certain you'll enjoy that."

Donna was not the least bit certain, either. She realized that her day was just beginning and if she was delivered to the twins it would be a painful day. Jan might be open to reason but the twins were not. She allowed herself to be led back to big room and its cage wherein she had spent the night. The suspended youngster had lost her energy and was hanging limply with bowed head. Evidently she had no hope of

release and did not look up hopefully. She probably figured, from past experience, that she had several more hours of punishment to go.

4
Twin Torment

"Well, darling," her mother said briskly, "would you like us to let you loose so you can take charge of Donna? And lead her out into the trees where Patsy is waiting? If I remember right, you had plans."

It was instant rejuvenation. Pip came alive. "Oh, mother," she gasped, "if you only would. This is terrible and I'm hurting so. If you only mean that about Donna ... "

The youngster was not fully convinced until her feet were once more on the floor and her hands untied. Rubbing chaffed wrists, she looked at Donna like a toy. "Can I put my clothes back on, Mother," she asked politely. "I hate being naked with Donna looking at me."

It was almost an formal exchange. Jan handed her naked prisoner over to her daughter in the manner of exchanging prisoners of war. "Here she is, Pip. I told you and Patsy what you can do with her. Don't go any further than I've given permission for. Her hands are tight tied and you can control her easily by grasping a handful of hair."

That's the way it was. Donna could not share Pip's joy but looked into the eyes of the woman she had always thought of as her aunt. It took only two words to express the injustice and apprehension she felt, "Must you?"

"Of course I must, dear. I promised the twins you for the whole day. And they've been looking forward to it so. I'll drop by every now and then to see what they're doing. I'm sure you'll have a few complaints but you'll be treated fairly. Run along with Pip. If you give the girls any trouble, I warn you now that it will be rough on you. I've given the little darlings carte blanche, up to a certain point. I'm not going to tell you what that point is. I'm sure they won't tell you, either."

It was useless to complaint or say more than she had. With wrists as tightly tied as ever behind her back, Donna allowed her hair to be grasped by a nymphet hand and followed in docile obedience where she was led. It was the same grove of trees as the day before and they were greeted happily by Patsy who had been doing who knows what in preparation. She kissed and hugged the prisoner with affection beyond doubt. Donna was then led to stand beneath the bough of a bigger and older tree. Questioning, she looked at Pip to say, "It won't work out with her hands the way they are. But if we untie her She may give us trouble. What can be do?"

"Tie her feet, of course," was Patsy's instant reply. "Then she can't run or fight. It's simple."

Before Donna's feet were tied she was made to stand upon a box, the use of which she could not fathom. Ropes bit cruelly at her ankles as they were solidly welded together to leave her standing and wondering why she was not complaining. Quite evidently the twins were not going to give her an opportunity to escape. But she hated her submissive obedience to these two teenagers. She was breathlessly standing in full nakedness arid allowing them to do as they wished to her body. She felt the tug

of young fingers untying her hands. Surely this had to be her opportunity!

It was not an opportunity. She was allowed only a brief time to massage chaffed wrists before Patsy produced the padded wristlets. When the twins each grabbed a hand, Donna pulled them angrily from their grasp and said hopelessly, "I don't want to be tied up again. I've been tied enough." The answer was unexpected. It consisted of Pip giving a hard push, which made Donna fall into the waiting arms of Patsy. With ankles so tightly bound, Donna discovered a helplessness beyond expectation. She fought but found that she could not possibly win. So why fight! Listlessly she gave up and allowed the young girls to fasten the leather wristlets. They strapped tight the soft leather bands then repositioned her on the box. She was allowed to examine this new infliction and noted the metal ring which was a part of the bands. She found it easy now to figure out what was going to happen. A stout snap captured the ring to leave a rope tether on each hand which Pip and Patsy now pulled in little jerks, assuring their captive she had no hope of escape. When each twin threw her rope over the bough and pulled tight, Donna's hands were held outstretched above her head. And when the box was kicked from beneath her bound feet, her toes only just managed to touch the ground. Once more her wrists were protesting until the twins gave slack until the bare feet were comfortably on the ground. The ropes were then secured well out of reach and the ankles untied.

Donna was not suspended, she was not even stretched but her hands and arms were held tight enough make her very uncomfortable and her nakedness very available to the twins.

"Gosh, isn't she lovely like that!" Patsy breathed.

"It's better than the tree yesterday," Pip agreed. "We didn't want to whip the soles of her feet again today but all the rest of her belongs to us. We can touch her anywhere. If she kicks, we can tie her feet again."

Strangely enough, Donna's first reaction was relief. Her wrists had been tied behind her back so long she was now grateful for the bands. No doubt her arms would tire after a while but at the moment she felt more comfortable than before. True, her nudity was now completely on view, she could hide no crevice. Almost immediately two pairs of hands were busy frictioning and exploring a mature female body so as they hoped one day would be theirs. When each possessed a nipple between thumb and finger, the owner of those nipples could no longer keep silent.

"Please don't be mean to my breasts today, you hurt them terribly yesterday."

Her plea brought only girlish laughter and comments that made Donna cringe. "Mommy wrote up a book of rules, Patsy said. "And one of them is that you must never plead. You mustn't ask us to stop or say don't do that. And you mustn't every threaten us. Any time we hurt you so bad that you want to scream, you can ask us to gag your mouth. That way you can always feel safe. But we won't gag you right now, we want you to talk."

The playful pinch of captive nipples was not stopped.

Throughout the exchange each girl retained possession of a breasts, squeezing it and teasing the nipple just enough to make the captive girl squirm. Donna felt very helpless. These young demons could do as they pleased with her. Donna considered resisting but the only thing she could figure out to do was kick at them. That would

be sure to evoke a terrible response if she actually connected and did any damage. Just trying to kick one of them would probably mean additional punishment, given their attitude towards their 'slavegirl.' Instead she said, "I'll try and play it your way if you don't hurt me too much. Please don't make me scream."

"You've asked us to please don't," admonished Patsy. "We've just told you that's a no-no. If we want to play with you until you scream, we can do just that. Mommy said so. You're suppose to stand still and enjoy it." She gazed at her sister for confirmation. "Isn't this the time when we show her the riding crop?"

Donna supposed she had been aware of the riding crop all along. She looked now at its slender length as it was made to cut the air with a truly terrible sound. It was bent almost double to demonstrate its flexibility. Donna choked back an outraged protest as one of the twins flicked her nipple with the end of the riding crop, a threat that perhaps the weapon might be used upon that soft portion of her body. Instead she said as sweetly as she could, "You know that instrument was made to use on horses, don't you?" The girls ignored the implied criticism.

Pip offered the whip in both hands to Donna's lips. For a moment the older girl was puzzled but then realized that she was expected to kiss the instrument of pain that was very probably to be inflicting considerable pain upon her body very soon. She bent her head and, hating every second of it, kissed the black leather.

Both girls told her that was very obedient of her and praised her progress. Perhaps, they hinted, tomorrow might not be as bad as yesterday. Or as today would be. Then they added that perhaps it would be the day after that. Or next week sometimes. They seemed to enjoy watching Donna cringe.

"We do love you, darling," they said. "And we really don't mind if you're a good girl or a bad one. We love you anyway."

There then began a discussion which Donna was certain was designed to make her sweat. "Shouldn't we use it on her; just a couple strokes," offered Pip, "just to wake her up."

"She's already done a couple of no-no's," Patsy mused.

"Certainly enough to earn a few swats. We almost have to give them to her because if we don't she isn't going to learn a thing. Remember what Mommy says about sparing the rod and spoiling the child?"

The girl was beginning to understand how terrible it was to stand in total nakedness with strapped wrists tethered above her head. If the twins really did use the riding crop upon her flesh, she could do no more than stand and take it. She wondered if she would be required to say a thank you for each stroke. She had read somewhere that a slavegirl had to thank her owner for any 'corrections' received.

"We are going to give you a little punishment," conferred Patsy. "Just a couple right now to cover your mistakes. And to help you understand how much better it is for you when you're obedient and polite. It would be nice if you were to stand still for each stroke. If you go jumping around the whippy end of the crop will cut your hips or even curl around to mark your breast. And we wouldn't want that, would we?"

"That's right," Pip agreed. "But I'm not sure we shouldn't whip them with a

single stroke right now, so our darling slavegirl will know what it's like to have her breasts whipped. Huh?"

They argued back and forth in good-natured banter. But Donna observed that each young hand held a riding crop of its own, and her skin crawled in terrible anticipation. When she was asked in kindly fashion where she would prefer the strokes to fall, she said unhappily that she did not want them to fall anywhere at all. But hastily she added a prim, "But I'm sure you know best, darlings, where to make it hurt."

There came then a tapping of the end of the crop against almost every part of her body as if the instruments of pain were looking over possible targets. Donna stood and quivered in fear. When one of the girls brought the whip up between her legs to tap at her pussy, she whined and bit her lip at the thought.

When the first cut came across the twin rounds of her bottom, this new agony was so unexpectedly awful that the whipped girl had an instant mental picture of slashed skin and dripping blood. And her reaction was to hang by her wrists as her legs kicked out in aimless pain. The twins stood back in awe at a vision they found more beautiful than they had dared to hope.

When Donna's feet were once more on the ground and the captive girl stood panting in total disarray, the twins took the opportunity to explain why it would be better for her to stand still, for had they used their crops on her while she was dancing like a puppet on a string, they might have done damage.

"Am I bleeding badly?" Donna asked pathetically.

Once more there was girlish laughter. "You're not bleeding at all, you silly idiot," the twins assured. "You're not cut at all. But you do have a lovely mark on your skin. You'll be proud of it when you get to a mirror."

Donna knew she was going to try and stand still for the second stroke. Something to do with her pride. "I do hope you understand how terribly this hurts," she said politely.

"Oh, we know all right." The twins smiled. "You don't think Mommy's never whipped us, do you? She whips us good and she whips us often. And we make just as much fuss about it as you do. You're not the first girl to ever get her skin marked. Hold still, here comes the next one."

The next one was worse. And for a second time Donna was ashamed of her inability to accept it without contortions. She found it hard to believe such pain was possible or that one girl would inflict it on another. When she calmed down to stand on whipped feet, she was weeping softly. The twins were delighted.

Donna's cheek were dried by gentle, loving fingers. "We always cry, too," she was assured. "I guess that's the reason girls get whipped the way they do, it's so very effective." They giggled. "Pip and I behave beautifully for at least a week after a whipping."

"Of course there's other ways to discipline a girl besides whipping her," Pip added helpfully. "We'll introduce you to them whenever Mommy says the word. Right now we're loving your just as you are."

"I'm not the least bit lovable like this." Donna's tone was almost a whimper. "I'm all sweating, scared, and hurting."

"Will you be a good girl now?" the twins asked anxiously.

"I'll try to be." Donna's voice was broken and still under the influence of the tears. "I don't ever want to be whipped again. It hurts too much. I would have thought you would prefer me as I was, not some poor, sad creature who's spirit has been broken by the whip. That's what I am now. Oh, gosh, I wish you'd let me loose."

"But hasn't Mommy told you? You'll never be loose again!

We'll always keep you fastened so you can't escape. And you'll never be able to get out of that lovely cage." They sighed in unison. "We're going to have such a lovely life together."

Hungry lips found those of the whipped girl and a warm young hand cupped her vagina. "She's all wet, Pip, she responds beautifully. Shouldn't we give her an orgasm?"

"Let's save it for later, after we've well and truly whipped her bottom. She'll enjoy it more that way."

"You're not going to whip me again! I've already been whipped." Her voice was pure dismay. "I haven't done anything. I haven't even complained. Why do you want to whip me?"

"Think of all the things we did to you yesterday, dear. You hadn't done anything then either. We punish you because we adore you so much. We think you're delicious and wonderful and gorgeous."

"Then you won't whip me any more?"

"We didn't say that, Donna, dear. Mommy says this is our day and we can whip you as much as we like. You see you can get whipped for two reasons, darling. One is when you're a bad girl and one is when Mommy says we can do it for fun. We enjoy very much watching the way you struggle and the noises you make as you get punished. You do understand, don't you?"

Donna supposed she understood. Either way she was a looser.

On Monday she wouldn't show up for her job. She would simply disappear. She believed Jan's promise to inform her work that she was quitting. And to close out her apartment. There wasn't anyone that Donna was really close to, no one who would come looking when she disappeared. And the twins and Aunt Janet would keep her tied up or behind bars all the rest of her life. It had seemed impossible at first but now she was beginning to believe. And while she hated the subject of the whip or riding crops, and wished devoutly the young hand had not come away wet, she asked, "Are you really going to whip me again? Weren't those two strokes enough?"

"Well, not really," Pip replied. "When a girl gets whipped, it's usually some nice, round number. Like ten or twenty. Or thirty. You've only had two, surely you can't

complain if we give you some more. How'd it be if we use a strap on your bottom and get it nice and hot and red? And then we make you come to a climax? It's really wonderful that way, you'll really love it."

The tied girl could think of many things to say but was too frightened to provide more than the most innocent remark. She did not want another public display of herself in orgasm but at least it did not hurt like a whipping and was a pleasurable sensation while it lasted. She knew, too, that even to think of such a thing represented some sort of change in her temperament. If the twins wished to bring her to a climax, she would stand obligingly and not complain as they did it. And, despite herself, she knew she was curious about what the girls had said. Surely it could not be true!

It was very true indeed, and that truth become evident with the very first slap of the strap which scolded and burned across her bottom with a pain quite different from the crop. It did not cut but roasted her two innocent cheeks with its frightening sound of impact. A second strap followed the first almost immediately so that the captive girl realized that both twins were hard at work in this demonstration of the heating up girlish flesh. By the time four or five strappings had been delivered by the girls, Donna's loins were afire and she could no longer stand still to blithely accept this prelude to sex. She found herself seeking evasive action which only punished strapped wrists and caused the twins to strike harder and harder blows, which, for some reason of their own, they ceased to deliver at the count of fifteen. Then each girl possessed a captive nipple which they tongued and sucked and nibbled as if starved for whatever Donna's breasts could give. Inevitably a hand found the defenseless pussy which was now wet indeed. The twins wasted no time in comments or commands, but applied themselves vigorously to a task they obviously enjoyed. Donna considered kicking but rejected the idea. She was now well aware of how right the girls had been. Her loins, both back and front, were flaming in what once might have been pain but was now a manifold multiplication of sexual sensation. For the strapping of her flesh had lit a fire in her sex which the twins just helped along. The tied girl moaned and moaned again, but not in pain.

The youngsters stood back and watched as Donna panted her way back into the world. But hers was not a world of freedom. Her wrists were still strapped tight and above her head, her nudity was evident for anyone to see. "Did you like that?" the twins asked hopefully.

It took the prisoner's affirmative a little while to make itself heard but it finally came in a grudging admission of which Donna was ashamed. To get such ecstasy as she had just enjoyed because of an application of a strap across her bottom was once more something too bizarre to consider. Bitterly, she realized she would have an opportunity to discover its truth, for undoubtedly the infliction would be visited upon her again, perhaps many times. She was beginning to think in the manner of a life-time prisoner, even though she had only been made captive the day before.

"Let's do that thing to her, you remember, the one we saw in the magazine," Pip suggested brightly after an interval.

"You mean that thing were we tie one of her ankles in the air like it was in that picture?" Patsy asked, interested.

"Sure, why not? We don't have to leave her like that all day, but let's do it now just for fun. I'll bet she could stand it for quite a while."

It was very simple but left Donna wondering in what sort of magazine such an illustration might have appeared. A noose of rope around her right ankle and the rope, tossed over the bough and then the twins pulling harder and harder until her foot rose skyward. Donna was left teetering on the toes of her un-noosed foot. If she had been exposed before she was doubly exposed now and wondering how her pussy must appear with her leg in this posture. She had kept quiet while this new infliction had been put into effect, and was still painfully conscious of the whip and strap. If the twins could be made happy by some outrageous binding, she would try to endure it without complaint. She looked up sadly at bound wrists and one roped ankle. No doubt shame was a part of the game.

Donna remained silent during an fresh exploration of a fresh exposure. Her leg was wickedly stretched as was her pussy. She felt certain the poor thing was in some unnatural shape which undoubtedly pleased the twins but which promised her no good. She could not struggle and was anxious to keep her left foot solidly on the ground. But since the twins had not mentioned suspension, Donna contented herself by listening to the girlish chatter, every word of which she was sure was directed at herself.

"Isn't that a lovely sort of cleft effect," Patsy enthused.

"The poor darling has a twisted twat," Pip giggled. "And just look at the way her pussy is all out of place. Let's feel her up."

The tied girl endured the feeling up process without complaint.

Having the two youngsters play with her nakedness was a lot less painful than the other things they were inclined to do. But hopes of reprieve were shattered as Pip suggested, "Why don't we use that lovely little whip Mommy bought for us a while back. We could get it to go right in there." She giggled. "Maybe we could whip away her lovely pubic hair."

There was a brief pause while the cache yielded another of its treasures, a short whip with a single leather thong, but heavy leather expertly rounded with beveled edges which would not cut tender skin but probably would hurt horribly. The helpless girl who was to be the victim tried hard not to give the twins the satisfaction of pleading or looking scared at the leather horror.

"It's intended for a girl's breasts, darling," Patsy informed.

"And up in a girl's crotch. We've sort of moved your crotch around a bit by rising your leg so it will be just perfect for what we're doing now. We hope you're grateful."

"No, I'm not. I hate the thing already. Put it away."

The young voices became reproachful. "She doesn't seem the least bit grateful," Patsy mourned.

"But'she's going to love it when it makes her all hot and horny," Pip pointed out. "Do you think we should make her kiss it before we start?"

Dutifully Donna kissed the beastly thing designed to give her pain, then stood

motionless and shivering as Patsy measured distance for the first stroke. It was delivered with accuracy and caused the naked girl to gasp and twist and look up at strapped wrists as though seeking their assistance. She did not complain nor did she scream. If she had to be whipped, Donna supposed that what was being done to her now might be the lessor of many evils. She held her breath as Patsy's arm made a vicious arc to bite the leather firmly into the helpless flesh so conveniently available. Donna thrust her mouth against her bare arm to stifle the scream.

"My turn now," said Pip. The twins passed the pretty toy back and forth, with each blow entering from one angle or another to the tender flesh. Donna's mound was set aflame again and again until the tethered girl was weeping in pain and frustration. Donna could move but little and was tossing her head and her hair in despairing endurance and the hope that each cutting lash would be the last. She was too well tied to be able to look down and see the place where she was being punished. In pure misery at the constant bite of the thong she did not even try to stem the flow of tears or the sobs. She knew she must not scream - she must not scream ...

It felt so good to get her right foot solidly back upon the ground that the tethered girl could almost forgive the twins for the scorch and burn within her crotch. Panting, she stood for their avid inspection, her hands still strapped high above her head and her nakedness glistening with the sweat of pain.

"It's time we went to lunch," Patsy told her twin. She twinkled at the bound girl. "You won't mind standing there until we come back, will you, darling?" she said sweetly. In turn they kissed their captive's mouth and dried her cheeks and waved goodbye as they vanished beyond the trees.

For several minutes Donna was thankful to be alone. Pain imposes weariness, so she simply stood with bowed head to catch her breath, and wondering if the fire burning brightly in her pussy might soon go out. But after awhile she could almost hear the loneliness in which she stood and, since no one was watching, she became alive to whatever possibility of escape there might be. She looked up longingly at the tight circles of leather upon each wrist. She was free now to really tug and twist. But her efforts were no use. Surely she could reach one hand with the other, the rope tethers and the metal snap were long enough to allow some movement. But they had been anchored far enough apart so that she could only get her fingertips near each other but not to touch her bondage. Donna was most securely tied, so now as the minutes slowly passed, the captive girl speculated as to what her fate was really going to be. Everything her Aunt Janet had spoken of was entirely practical and possible, even if the concept was utterly bizarre. To spend years in tied helplessness, bound or caged at all times, was on one hand unthinkable. But on the other hand it had been working so far. She had been a prisoner ever since the twins first tied her to that tree and she was still a prisoner.

For a while she wished she had been more kind to the young men who had tried to date her and take her to bed for a try out. But she had dismissed them all. Perhaps if she had a boyfriend there would be someone now looking for her. A Knight in Shinning Armor to rescue her. But there was no one. Now she realized how much of her life had been involved with her aunt and her aunt's two girls. They had seemed to love each other in a nice, family sort of way. If she ever regained her freedom, she wondered what new relationship there might be. Perhaps only an occasional telephone call and a card at Christmas? Rather that than run the risk of re-capture. But the whole thing was dreaming and best forgotten. She was firmly strapped to the tree overhead and soon the twins, or perhaps Janet, or all three, would appear to

actually carry out their vague promise of whipping her in a more conventional style. At any rate, there was no boyfriend to rescue her and it was so easy to keep her helpless with ropes or straps that maybe she should resign herself to indefinite captivity.

Donna wished she could sit down. She sighed and waited.

It was a long while before the twins returned. They were alone and did not mention their mother. It was evident that, for the time being at least, Donna was their possession. It was a painful admission and Donna found herself thinking almost longingly of Jan's lessons in obedience. Perhaps her aunt was cunningly delivering her into the hands of Pip and Patsy in the knowledge that the anguish they would bestow might make any offers from Jan that much more attractive.

The twins had brought water which their captive drank gratefully. Glad for the drink, Donna suggested that her arms might be lowered for a few minutes for a rest. It was a suggestion instantly vetoed. "You won't feel tired too long, darling," Patsy assured brightly. "We're going to whip you and that will wake you up."

"Aren't you lucky?" Pip said as she lightly pinched a pair of helpless nipples. "You haven't been really and truly whipped, have you, dear? It's going to be a landmark in your career. The way we've got you tied is absolutely perfect. We can whip you back or front or sideways. Or up between your legs. Aren't you lucky!"

The twins took the opportunity to kiss their captive, to fondle and to hug, and to cup her pussy in hot, small hands, which paid no heed to the still scorching tenderness of what they had so recently whipped. They made an inspection of the blazing crotch and verbally admired their own handiwork. Donna, fully conscious of hovering punishments, obediently move or spread her legs to accommodate the searching eyes and searching fingers. She was hoping against hope that all this talk of the whip and a sort of ceremonial flogging would turn out to be just talk and nothing more. She could not bring herself to believe in the enormity of what had been so casually discussed. But that fearful mood was not allowed to die. "I suppose we have to gag the poor darling," Pip said as if in sorrow. "We can't have her screaming all the time. It's a horrible sound and it's not good for her." Brightly she inquired, "Would you like to be gagged, Donna?"

"No, thank you. I don't want that awful thing in my mouth. If I scream, I scream."

"Well, if that's the way you feel, darling, we'll let you have it off until you actually start to scream," Patsy said. "And you will. Pip and I always scream when Mommy whips us."

Donna swallowed hard and shifted uneasily. It was going to happen, she could not doubt it now. She wished Jan would come. Surely her Aunt Janet would tell these girls when to stop. Wearily she asked, "Please tell me why I'm being whipped? I don't understand."

"Mommy told you that, Donna, dear. It's because we love doing it. And because it will get you used to the idea of becoming Mommy's slave. You'll do anything by the time we're finished."

It was at that moment that Jan appeared and the tied girl emitted a sigh of relief,

and released a flood of words she could not stem. "Oh, Jan, I'm sure glad you've come. The girls say they're going to whip me. Please say it isn't true. Tell me it's not going to happen."

The kiss of greeting was unusually long and warm. But when Jan stepped back to affectionately tidy the tangled hair that Donna could not touch, it was easy to read the verdict in her eyes. "I'm afraid it's true, dear," she said. "We did tell you about it yesterday. I told you the reasons. Have the darlings asked if you wanted to be gagged?"

"They asked. I told them I didn't want to be gagged."

"You're a real little heroine. But I don't think you can handle it. I'll keep the gag handy, just in case. By the way, darling, the girls will use those whippy riding crops. They hurt more than anything else they've got, and leave the loveliest marks. We want you to hop around as much as you wish, it helps to relieve your feelings." Jan paused and turned to the waiting twins. "Very well, darlings, you've got her beautifully fastened, you might as well go ahead."

The twins lost no time, stationing themselves to each side to flex and switch the vicious instruments of pain. They were bright-eyed and obviously excited, looking at their naked victim with joy. "It's a good thing you're left handed, Pip. You strike first and I'll follow. Her bottom looks lovely."

The naked girl could scarce believe the agony as two whips sang their wicked song. The blows were slowly spaced but the impact on girlish skin caused the captive to kick and dance on air. The riding crops followed her naked body. She was able to see the joy written clearly on the faces of the twins as they whipped and whipped. Donna lost count of the strokes but, after about twelve had extracted their toll, she was clasped ardently in Jan's arms and kissed as she had never been kissed before. Despite fear and pain, the whipped girl returned the kiss with increasing passion. And when Jan whispered in her ear, "I'll bet you've forgotten your pubic patch was whipped earlier. I'll bet you can't feel a thing," her answer was a dull, "Yes, that doesn't hurt any more. What the girls are doing to me now has taken that away."

"You've behaved splendidly, not a single scream, dear. I'm proud of you."

"You won't let them hit me any more, will you, Jan?"

"I'm afraid so, Donna, dear. You have a little ways to go. Does it help when I love you the way I am now?"

The riding crops resumed their path of pain up and down Donna's back side, from the knees to the shoulders. As though from a great distance the punished girl hear herself say, "I can't stand any more, it's awful. I'm going to scream, I know I'm going to scream."

Two vicious cuts later she screamed at the top of her lungs, a lusty cry to tell of pain too great to bare.

"Poor darling," Jan's voice oozed sympathy. "This would have helped, I should have put it in earlier. Open up, dear."

As if looking at some other girl, Donna saw her mouth open to receive the rubber

wad which would make her mute. She felt no resentment when Jan tugged the straps so tight at the back of her neck as to make the gag hurt much more than needed for silence. It became a part of the torture. But from that hurt Donna drew only relief. She did not want to scream.

At the end of twelve more slashes across innocent skin Donna's Aunt Janet repeated her kiss and hugged the burning flesh in what must surely be pure love. Donna ceased to wonder how her aunt could witness such torture and then give this reassurance of lips and arms while the girls stood panting and yet ready to continue. Soon the whipping started once again and the girl with strapped wrists repeated her jerkings and tossing of her head and the dance of pain that sometimes caused both of her feet to leave the ground. She was entering another world, a world known to only a few girls, a world of pain and incredibly intense feelings.

It took Donna some time to realize the whipping had stopped.

She opened her eyes to discover herself alone. She stood limply and allowed her weight to drag upon strapped wrists in utter weariness. She had not wept while being whipped but now tears slowly gathered in her eyes to fall one by one upon her breasts. She sobbed in despair.

When the twins and their mother returned they had sandwiches. No mentions were made of riding crops or whips and none were visible. The gag was quickly unbuckled and taken from its victim's mouth. After she had drank deep from a cup of coffee held gently to her lips, those same lips were once more captured by the mouth of Aunt Janet, and as sweet and loving hands caressed her nakedness they drove away her pain. She had been whipped and it was over.

Donna was not freed. She still stood nakedly with hands high above her head. When the food and coffee had disappeared, Jan carefully explained, "I'm going to leave you now, dear. The twins will look after you. No, your wrists won't be unstrapped, they'll stay nice and tight as they are. I've told the girls they mustn't whip you any more, not anywhere. I expect you'll have to put up with a good deal of pain from the little darlings, but I'm sure you expect that. And please don't hate any of us for what we are doing. We love your terribly."

It was all insane. But Donna, now assured that a whip would touch her skin no more that day, felt a measure of relief. She wished Jan had stayed but the twins would obey their mother and now she must worry about what they would do to her for the rest of the afternoon. Whatever it might be, it was certainly going to happen and Donna no longer even thought about pleading or complaints. In matter of fact tones she said, "Look, kids, that whipping took a lot out of me. Please don't be too rough on me now."

It was as though the twins had been waiting for a signal that their captive was the Donna they had always known. They seemed to have realized how cruel their riding crops had been upon the skin of their beautiful cousin. But Donna's casual tone had been exactly right, and in gratitude, the naked girl was kissed and hugged, and most ardently loved by youthful hands and lips which left no part of her without its own caress. Even her wounded back was kissed and kissed again. She was told how proud she was going to be of the beautiful marks upon her skin when she would be taken back to the house. They were going to stand her before a mirror and turn her around and around so she could see what they saw now.

For once the twins seemed at a loss. "What shall we do with our beautiful girl?" Patsy asked. "I wish Mother hadn't said we mustn't whip her any more. She was so beautiful as we gave her those thirty strokes," Pip sighed. "Wasn't it simply gorgeous the way the crop sort of bit at her and left behind that gorgeous mark. Did you notice how it started out as a white line which rapidly turned red. And now most of them are purple. I'm sure glad Mother never whips us that hard."

"Yes, but we can't just leave her standing. It's sort of like a terrible waste. There she is all waiting and ready. What shall we do to her next?"

"Well, I do have something. Don't you remember? She's going to love it."

There seemed to Donna something inevitable about the dildo as the two youngsters gleefully dangled it for her inspection. It was a perfect replica except that it was larger than any male phallus could be. At least Donna thought it looked that way. Not being too experienced with many examples of the male phallus she couldn't be sure. But it looked awful big to her. She was sure her pussy wasn't nearly that big. And there was a leather harness attached to the base of the dreadful thing. Donna watched as the knob of the thing was anointed with lubricant. Pip giggled as they worked with the rubber penis. They had Donna spread her legs wide. One twin separated the captive girl's lips while the other inserted the head of the rubber replica. With just the head held inside her vagina by one twin, a leather belt was tightly buckled around Donna's narrow waist. A strap passed across the base of the dildo, one end of which was attached to the belt. The other end was free but quickly brought up in front until it was threaded through a buckle. The twins giggled delightedly as they pulled slowly on that strap, each inch forcing the dildo farther up inside the nude girl.

Donna was thankful for the lubricant and alive with wonder at the capacity of her pussy which accepted the huge phallus as it was pushed into her. When it was finally in as deep as it would go, the twins closed the buckle as tightly as they could.

Both twins seemed delighted, beyond measure. "It's electric," Patsy informed with a smile. "It's got a vibrator inside it and two big batteries. It will vibrate for hours and hours."

"It's really cute," Pip giggled. "That knob on the end moves slowly from side to side while the rest of it shivers and hums away to give you goose pimples and the loveliest sensations." She paused as if remembering. "It's positively gorgeous the first time or two. When Mommy used it on me, I wished it would go on forever and ever."

"You mean you can take this monster inside your pussy!"

Donna demanded with disbelief.

Once more the giggle. "I guess Patsy and me, we're sort of stretched. Or we've got an extra large sized you know what. It went into you real easy."

Donna began to comprehend the venom safely strapped within her sex. She had no wish for an orgasm any more than she had ever wanted it with these two girls looking on. But the whipping had changed her a great deal and she was now glad for small mercies. The first sight of the dildo was a relief. But now, in the twins chatter, she could see a terrible possibility, one she dared not voice.

"Tell us when you would like us to turn on the switch, dear," Patsy said. "We're going to love watching the way you act. That thing we've just put up inside you is a real humdinger."

The enemy within was such as Donna had never seen or heard of. Not that she was an expert in the matters of an artificial penis, but she felt some let down when Pip reached down to switch on the vibrator built into the dildo. It's start was surprisingly mild. True, there was a humming noise but it was not loud and the vibrations had not yet been assertive. The unexpected was the warmth and then the heat which the object was generating. She shifted uneasily and tried to make her face as expressionless as she looked back and forth from Pip to Patsy as they stood in obvious anticipation. The heat reached a certain level, obviously the limit of safety, and then the vibrations began to assert themselves with the aid of an additional stimulus of the mobile knob. Donna stiffened in alarm and began tugging at her bound wrists. She fought with all her will power to show no sign of what was taking place inside her but her first gasp was not long in coming and drew instant comment from those who watched.

"See the way she's tugging against her wrists?" Patsy observed. "She trying not to show us how it's working."

"She couldn't help that gasp," Pip agreed. "She'll soon be gasping real good. Do you think it will speed things up if we put a couple of clips on her nipples?"

The little beasts, Donna reflected in her mind, they're going to make me behave shamefully. I don't know why I hold it in, I might as well give them what they want. The last thing I need is to have my nipples tortured. Reluctantly she began the age old motions of a girl obeying the sexual needs of her body. She gasped and moaned and twisted within her bonds. Her hips jerked back and forth and she squeezed her legs together tightly. Her eyes closed and she bit her lip as the sensations grew to very intense proportions. So good was her show that the girls forgot about their plans to torture her breasts. They were enraptured by her moans and the tossing of her head from side to side. Soon, she found herself kicking at the air in the true reality of sensations she could not combat. Fire flamed in her loins and the warmth spread throughout her body. Nerves tingled and she shivered with delight. Very little of it was acting. Her total being was centered on that massive object inside her pussy, and she lost herself in the most intense climax she had ever felt.

As she hung limp in her bonds, some unknown time later, she became aware of the twins staring at her. There was delight on their faces, as if they had shared in some of the ecstasy of her orgasm. But there was more. There was anticipation and that puzzled Donna. The dildo inside her had become quiet, as if satisfied at having done its job.

Suddenly she became aware of a re-awakening of the beast. It was starting all over again! It hummed and vibrated and the knob at the end wiggled inside her, tingling nerves she hardly knew she had.

The twins must have seen the shock on her face for they giggled. "We told you it would go on for hours," Pip said helpfully. "We don't want you to feel cheated."

"Let's put clothespins on her tits," Patsy suggested eagerly.

"I'll bet if we do she'll come to a climax a whole lot quicker." She giggled wisely. "There's some sort of connection between her tits and twat. Remember the way she exploded yesterday when we used our lips and hands at the same time? We don't need to use any of those severe clips, just the wooden clothespins. "

Donna moaned in dismay. A pair of clothespins bobbing at the end of her breasts was something she could do without while trying to cope with the hot, busy invasion of her sex below. But a moment later she was looking at the hateful wooden objects in Patsy's hand and trying to brace herself. She did not plea for mercy, that would probably only make them start whipping her again. In mute misery she stood as each twin carefully adjusted the open jaws of a clothespins over a tender nipple. Both released their grip at the same time, and Donna squealed in anguish. She twisted and shook but could not dislodge the monsters. Pip and Patsy were delighted.

It went on and on forever. Her sex was in constant outraged revolt against the male object strapped tight within while the nasty little wooden beasts made her nipples burn. She hated it and loved the ecstasy it created. It was terrible and wonderful as she worked up to a second climax even though she was trying not to.

Satisfied with their work, the twins explained that it might be nice for Donna to be alone for a while with her pain and orgasms, and made the suggestion that perhaps it might help if she stopped fighting it and gave in to the sensations. Donna watched them go and wondered how long the batteries would last.

Strangely, it was worse when she was alone. She might be ashamed of her behavior under orgasm or the bite of clips, but she took some comfort from having someone around, even if it was only the twins. Supposing something went wrong! But Donna could pretty well predict what was going to happen. The climaxes would continue to come because there was nothing she could do about that beast in her pussy. And she would hate each one more than the last. She realized that this might well become a torment for nature did not design the female body for continuous orgasm. But the buzzing monster inside could have cared less about nature. It continued busily upon its way. Her breasts were a steady burn and she could see the wooden clips dancing merrily with each jerk and twist of her body. The helpless girl longed bitterly for hands but she had no hands and wondered if she would ever have hands again.

Unexpectedly she got back her hands for the evening. Donna was escorted back to the house far earlier than she had dared hope. The twins had gone to the trouble of binding her ankles before unstrapping her wrists and retying her hands behind her back in a manner all too familiar to Donna now. Then, with ankles untied, they led her to the house with each twin clutching one of the wooden clothespins as a tether and guide. Thus restrained, Donna had no choice but to follow where they led.

5
Escape!

They took her to the bathroom where they took away the clothespins from her nipples and shed their clothes until they were as naked as she. Donna gasped aloud as each clothespin was pulled off for the sudden pain was surprising. Donna's hands remained tied behind her back but she was well bathed and well attended by a couple of girls who appeared to have no inhibitions about anything. Before lowering her into a large bathtub filled with bubbles they removed the straps and dildo from within her pussy. It made a sucking sound and a pop when it came out, much as if it didn't

really want to leave. But before the bath there was one final, small, disgusting cruelty. They held the dildo to Donna's mouth, demanding that she suck it dry. The captive girl was too tired to argue and did as she was told. She was surprised to discover that her taste was good. And as she - worked her lips and tongue she wondered if all girls tasted the same or if each was different. No doubt she would soon find out. These two girls and their mother were far too loving to not be lesbians.

Jan presided at the dinner where Donna was told to sit down and extend her legs so that her ankles were once again bound with unkind severity, and then her hands were freed. It was a new sensation and the captive girl wondered if it marked a new, fresh approach to her captivity.

The cocktail was wonderful, the food was wonderful. Donna began to come alive and found herself responding to her Aunt Janet and the twins in the way she used to do before becoming their prisoner. It was hard to believe that so little time had passed since she was first tied to that tree. Jan spoke winningly of Donna's new life as a slavegirl and demanded an answer as to whether the whipping she had just received had changed her mind as to anything. Donna knew it had, and said so grudgingly. "You would rather be obedient than risk another?" Jan asked with interest.

"Yes, I'm afraid so."

"Nothing to be a afraid of, darling. Take pride that you're responding to training beautifully and we're so happy. Tomorrow you can sleep with me but tonight I prefer that you are locked inside the cage with your hands tied so you can't play with yourself. I'm sure you understand?"

Donna said, yes, she understood. It was not a nice way to spend a night for any girl but it was better than many other things she could think of. Wearily she supposed it was all just part of being a slavegirl. There was always the visions of pillories and stocks and chains and very tight ropes. Not to mention whips and riding crops and leather straps applied very hard across the soft flesh of her bottom. And suspensions.

"Are you beginning to see what I mean about submission?"

Jan's question was forceful and could not be ignored.

"Yes, I understand now what it means. I'll try and be what you wish but all of it goes against the grain. I'm sure you understand that, too."

The dinner was superb. Jan was wealthy and kept a French cook somewhere on the premises. They carried the naked Donna to the lounge for brandy, no one hearing her protests. They sipped and the captive girl could not help from wondering if she could win any kind of fight with her ankles tightly tied. Sure, she could untie them easily but not under the eyes of three watching girls. It was utterly frustrating. Sometime during dinner Donna found a gap in the conversation during which she could offer thanks for the use of her hands, a glorious freedom that she enjoyed to the full. The brandy, as well as the after dinner coffee, which was served by a black girl, a maid who saw nothing strange or out of the way in a white girl who was completely nude and with tied feet. Her failure to show surprise told Donna plainly that she had entered a world of the bizarre. Any thought of pleading with the girl to help her escape never entered her mind and she saw this as part of her conditioning. Donna had no doubt then that her Aunt Janet could mold her into whatever she wished. She knew that rather than risk being whipped again or delivered to the tender mercies of

the twins, she would do anything she was ordered to.

At the end of the evening, Donna's hands were again tied behind her back and her ankles released that she might walk. As they neared the small cage, Jan asked, "Would you try to escape? If you had the chance, I mean."

"No."

"Come now ... I know you better than that, Donna. And you haven't been whipped enough to completely break your will. You would try to escape, I know it. But it would be a mistake. And you would be punished for it. You do know that, don't you?"

"I'm sure I would be punished, Jan." Donna's reply was without any feeling, simply a statement of fact.

Jan smiled at her captive. "One day you will obey because you want to. When you've had enough training, you will wish to obey, to do nothing else but obey. Do you believe that?"

"I don't know."

"Sensible answer. But you will know. You will know." Jan paused to look carefully at the beautiful body before her. "Would you make love to me in bed?"

Donna sighed. She had been expecting this. "I'm not that way, Jan, you know that. But..." She sighed again. It was so hard to say no when you have been whipped and still hurt from it. "But if you forced me to ... "

"Wouldn't you want to do it willingly?"

"I don't think so, I'm not a lesbian."

"You will be." The simple statement left Donna without a reply. But she wondered about the truth of it. She loved Jan and the twins, she always had. And she had felt good when they were touching her. But that is different from lovemaking with another girl. Wasn't it?

"Is that a part of being a slavegirl?"

"Of course it is, you silly girl!" Jan was amused. "My girls service me all the time. And sometimes I even do a little for them. It's fun to watch Pip making love to a bound up and helpless Patsy. Of course, later the positions are reversed. And I've had times when I had both of them with their hands tied behind their backs and they crawled into bed with me and service me with their mouths. They're very good at it, you know."

Donna didn't know what to say. But she didn't doubt Jan's words.

"If you were well behaved, I'd let them service you. You'll love it, it's a hell of a lot better than a man."

Donna found it hard to believe. But she didn't say so for fear that it would be an error to contradict her owner and she would be whipped again. She sought to find an

acceptance of something she had always found loathsome. "Please don't have me whipped again, Jan. Please."

Jan thrust the tied and naked girl within the cage but did not slam the door. There was more still to come. Without comment she procured rope and told her prisoner to stand still as she bound the bare elbows of a girl who could not resist. She made the ropes tight so that the innocent elbows met behind the back so marked from the whip. This fresh binding hurt, and Donna knew for sure it would hurt more and more as time went by. And that she would have a miserable night. But she kept her silence, she did not plead. And when the new binding of her arms was completed to Jan's satisfaction, she was turned, around and inspected with approval. "I should have done this to you before," Jan said happily. "It makes your breasts stick out so well. I'm inclined to put clothespins on those nipples, they stick out like they want them. Do you see how your nipples are rigid." Jan sighed. "But I suppose I have to let you have some sleep." Their lips met in a warm kiss, then Donna was standing there to watch the cage door close with a solid click. Janet went away, leaving the naked girl with pained shoulders and breasts sticking shamefully straight out before her.

Donna longed to cry, and strangely wished that the shoulder she might cry upon would be that of Auntie Jan. She sought the bench and, despite a new and bitter binding on her arms, fell asleep to dream that the woman she now called Jan should give her love and no more punishment.

Donna never knew what time it was when the opening of the cage door brought her instantly alert. She recognized Pip in the gloom and betrayed both anxiety and hope by demanding, "What the matter, Pip? What's wrong?"

Pip's motions were swift, a hand over Donna's lips to assure silence, and then a knife sharp enough to slice through all the ropes and cords by which Donna was made helpless. Within moments she was totally free. It was not until then that Pip spoke.

"Your clothes are outside the cage," she said in a whisper.

"And so is your bag and there's money in it. Your shoes are there, too. Get dressed and then run away from here as fast as you can. You can get out of the house by the front door." Lamely the young voice added, "I'm terribly sorry."

Donna saw only the freedom glowing brightly ahead of her.

But as she dressed, she asked, "Why are you doing this? I don't understand."

"You don't have to, darling. Let's just say that Patsy and I feel guilty about what we've done to you. You go on home and pick up your life."

"But won't your mother punish you terribly?"

"I just don't know. It's hard to tell about mother. But you're free and I've done all I can for you. Give me a kiss. Patsy and I love you so much."

The front door was open as promised. Donna breathed thankfully of the night air. Running down the steps to the street, she never glanced backward as she headed towards the main road.

Freedom! It was wonderful! It was incredible. Donna could not believe that rope or cord was no longer a part of her existence.

Later she found her apartment just as she had left it. The key had not been taken from her handbag so she simply entered her own place. Safe inside, she locked the door and used the deadbolt lock. Never again, she vowed, would she be made a prisoner. Never again would she feel the bite of whips. She could not understand why Pip had set her free but was not prepared to worry about it. Perhaps in time she could figure out the purpose of Aunt Janet. But for now the big house where she had been held prisoner and the grove of trees in its garden were something she wanted to forget. She set the alarm so that could get to work as usual, and then happily nestled into her bed and went to sleep.

The days were wonderful. Donna wryly wondered if every girl shouldn't be subjected to what she had endured in order that she might be grateful for her normal comforts and the security of her apartment. There were no telephone calls. And while a lot of people at the office looked at her with a sort of double take, she performed her duties as she always did and went back to the haven of her apartment to cook her dinner as she thought of the grove of trees where the whole thing had begun.

It was the same on the second day, and on the third. The company she worked for had no word of her resignation and certainly did not seek it. No one rang the phone nor knocked on the door. Normalcy returned with time and the garden and twins began to fade from her mind. And the cage and locked door and the bound wrists and elbows. Donna had no one to speak with about these incredible happenings and was grateful that it was so. She was certain no one would believe her. Both she and her Aunt Janet lived on respectable streets in a respectable small town in respectable California.

By Thursday she had put the whole painful adventure well into the background of her mind, remembering it in disbelief. Aunt Jan and her daughters became a dream.

Friday was different. It had been on a Friday the twins had captured her. Thinking of what they had done to her breasts and pussy, Donna repeatedly assured herself that she had no choice. But in this freedom there remained something to annoy and to be a nagging reminder. The fact was that Donna was lonely, and that previously in her life Jan and the twins had provided the company she sought. They had been very close. And as she walked home from the office she could almost feel the loving arms around her neck and the loving lips seeking hers. She tried to kill the memories but they would not go away. Donna was also curious. She had been allowed to escape and neither Jan or the twins had sought her out. What was happening now at the big house? What was happening among the trees in the garden? Had Pip been punished for giving back Donna's freedom? Donna knew that these were questions she must find answers for.

And thus it was that after her week of freedom, she made her way to her place of imprisonment once again. She assured herself that this time she was well prepared and there would be no funny business, no return to being a captive slavegirl. And no further inflictions of the whip. She would talk to Jan in rational conversation and, should it go beyond the bounds of reasonability, she would leave. It was wonderful to have free feet and free hands and a body clothed in a descent manner and not locked inside a cage. It was in this frame of mind that she knocked timidly at Jan's door.

It was as if nothing had ever happened. It was the old familiar greeting with kisses

and embraces and polite inquires about what had happened since they had been together last. Jan's front door had been opened in the old familiar way so that Donna had thrust aside misgivings and joined her aunt in the lounge where the black girl brought them coffee. It was all wonderful and the way it should be, and Donna, now clothed and in her right mind, accepted the role of welcomed guest.

"What have you been doing with yourself, darling," Jan asked. "I've been working and living the way I always did." Donna tried to sound casual but knew she sounded a little on edge. "Where are the twins? I miss them."

"Of course you miss them, dear, they're so much a part of both of our lives. But I'm sorry to say that they've been naughty girls. They are both naked and hanging by their wrists. It's a punishment they hate so it's a good one to use. I've been punishing them every since they let you loose on Sunday night. They knew better than to do that."

"But, Jan, why do you do these things? Why do you punish your daughters and me the way you do? I love to come here and be a part of your family. But now I'm simply scared. I'm scared of this visit tonight. And I've got a can of mace in my handbag. Please don't make me use it."

"Silly girl!" Jan laughed delightedly. "But I suppose it's natural enough. I've been thinking about last weekend and I've reached the conclusion that we gave you too much too soon." She sighed in regret. "But I'm not too sure about that. If you're going to turn a girl into a naked slavegirl, I'm afraid it has to be pretty much the way it was. You're certainly not going to behave yourself without a little pain."

"But why the pain? Why the slavegirl?" Donna demanded. "I'm scared right now because I'm afraid you may spring some sort of surprise on me and I'll find myself naked and helpless once again. Please don't do that. Please, let's have a pleasant visit."

"I suppose we can manage that," Jan said good-naturedly.

"Don't you want to see the twins? They'd love a break in the boredom."

"Let me see them. They're a pair of darlings if only you'd brought them up properly. I don't understand, Jan, where you got all these bizarre ideas."

"I was born with them, Donna, my sweet. So were my children. For us the greatest happiness in the world was to have you naked and tied so we could . . ."

"And torture me?"

"I've wondered about that word, 'torture'," Jan mused. "And I'm not at all certain it's the right word. When you hurt a girl with love, that's different. All I wanted was to possess you as a slavegirl. I wasn't too concerned about your screams. I'm afraid my daughters loved them."

Donna wondered if she should run while she had the chance but curiosity kept her there to accept another cup of coffee without any thought that it might be drugged. To be casual she asked, "Should be go downstairs to see the twins?"

It was far worse than Donna had feared, two slender nudities, suspended by their

wrists in utter dejection. The bottom of each twin was vividly covered with the marks of punishment. The two young girls looked so sweet in their helplessness that her question to Jan came naturally. "Please let them down. They're hurting terribly, I know. Please let them down. Why are they being so terribly punished?"

"Because they gave you back your freedom, darling. Can you think of a better reason?"

Donna could think of nothing rational to say but wondered if she should make a quick dash for freedom but the pathetic pleadings of the twins keep her rooted to the spot.

"Oh, Donna, please talk to Mommy. Get her to let us down."

"Oh, Donna, this hurts so much. Please tell Mommy that you forgive us and she should, too."

The youthful heads were bowed in utter surrender. Jan and Donna went back upstairs. Donna was glad to escape the pitiful vision of a pair of nymphets enduring a torture too great to bare. She remembered the way their bound and naked feet had sought the floor. And their pleading. Patsy and Pip were simply a couple of teenagers who were in pain. Donna had already forgotten the things they had done to her, all she sought now was a return to the normalcy of their previous happiness. She looked at Jan and pleaded earnestly, "Jan, if I can forgive them, why can't you? Please don't punish them any longer. I can see by the marks that you've already whipped them severely and that ought to be enough. Can't the four of us try and get back to normal?"

Janet surveyed her friend, seeing her not clothed but naked as she had been and in the clutch of ropes and straps. Jan was beholding a pretty vision of nipples clipped and a nude female twisting against her bonds as the twins plied their whips across tender skin. But quietly she suggested, "Look, you delicious creature, I have an idea that I think you'll like. And, incidentally, you're quite safe with me here now, even though I could quite probably make you captive any time I wanted to. I think I'm stronger and I'm certainly better trained in the tricks of handling and subduing unwilling young ladies. So how would it be that you go home today and go to work at that silly job of yours for another week. I don't know why you want that silly job because I know you know I'd look after you all your life. But, anyway, go and have fun and think about what you truly are. You're a submissive and if you want to let me feel. I'm sure that pretty puss of yours is soaking wet just from seeing the twins and thinking about what I'd like to do to you if I had you safe." Jan paused to laugh at the emotions on the face of the girl she so much desired. "How would it be, darling, that I lock you in the cage right now? No rope, nothing else. Just you locked in the cage for one hour. Then you can tell me how you feel when you get out."

"No thanks. I've had enough of that cage."

"All right, all right, I'm not going to push. But you'll be thinking about the twins and me all the time you're going about your work. And, if you're the girl I think you are, you'll knock at my door next Friday evening. And when I let you in we won't say a word, but you will strip yourself naked and go stand in the comer of this room. Just stand there with your hands behind your back and wait for my permission to turn around. We'll take it from there."

"That's crazy!"

"Well, think about it, dear. I think it's a rather sweet suggestion. And I haven't said a word about tying you up.

"But that's what you would do. Getting me naked and tied up is the name of this game you're playing. Please, Jan, I'm asking you to forget the whole thing."

Aunt Janet laughed with amusement. "I'll forget nothing, darling," she said with a touch of authority. "It's you, Donna, who have to forget all the preconceived notions of the past. You belong here with the twins and me. And, if you're honest with yourself in the seven days to come, you'll do exactly as I say. Right now You might as well go home and be miserable."

Donna did go home and was, indeed, miserable, for she took with her a picture of the twins in punishment and the memory of their mother's kiss upon her lips. Jan was beautiful and wonderful and strong. And how good it would be if only she could live with her aunt and the twins the way other people lived. She shuddered at the thought of being strapped or roped or locked in the cage. She hated the idea with a deep loathing.

Acting on impulse, she stripped and stood entirely bare in front of the big mirror and twisted this way and that as if seeking evidence to fortify her determination not to give in. She was pleased to find the whip marks still vivid on her skin.

Donna spent a long time standing to examine every part of herself until she realized she was taking pride in what she saw. The whip marks were now multi-colored, no longer the straight purple lines which the riding crops had given her. Breathing deeply, she reached down and cupped her pussy in her palm and was annoyed with herself when she found it not only damp but wet. This, she knew, was an unsuspected thrill and pleasure in what she saw reflected in the glass. Angrily she turned back to clothes and respectability. She pushed the masochistic demon inside her deep down. She would not give in to the urge to play with herself while looking at the marks of punishment on her skin.

She set out for an evening at the movies but as she walked along the street she saw only a vision of two naked teenagers suspended by corded wrists.

The weekend and days that followed were pleasant for Donna. As she sought to free her mind of the twins punishment and Jan's suggestions. She was not a kook and was not about to become a kook. And to aid her in that determination, she stood naked before the mirror every night as a reminder to keep her skin virgin and unmarked. She would probably have remained steadfast had it not been for the magazine.

Donna mostly ate lunch on a bench in the park. There upon the wooden bench was a discarded periodical with a cover so vivid and obvious that probably the owner had deemed it wise to keep it from the eyes of his wife. It lay there waiting for someone to pick it up. When Donna idly flipped over the pages, she found herself lost in a strange new world, a world of bound girls and total nudity. They were pretty girls with remarkably good figures and were tied up in the most ingenious ways. Someone with a gift for rope and cord had contrived to create configurations of damsels in distress which were often so beautiful that Donna's breathing quickened and she knew herself wet between the legs. The magazine was entitled 'Bondage Master.'

Donna had known of such magazines but never seen inside one. Yet the pictures inside carried a message she could not fail to read. Simply that a naked girl prettily bound was far more alluring and far more feminine than when simply naked. She took the magazine home with her, hidden in her purse, and conceding that her interest in it was not only the naked bound beauties but the knowledge that she was not alone. Others of both sexes also enjoyed looking at a beautiful naked woman all bound up. It was a turning point she did not desire.

Several times she tried to dispose of the pretty pictures by dropping the whole thing in the trash but each time it was as though an unseen hand took over to insist upon her retaining the lovely pictures. Each night she stood naked before the mirror to satisfy herself that her face and figure were equal to anything on the printed pages before her. The only thing lacking was the ropes. Donna wished she was not thus easily aroused but the pictures were potent. Standing before the mirror she made comparisons and knew herself as lovely and appealing as any of the models the magazine displayed. The lonely girl told herself that there was only one thing to do and that was to take the magazine to her Aunt Janet and see if there was something to be learned in it's forty-eight pages of beautiful girls all tightly bound. It was in this frame of mind that she found herself knocking on Janet's door that Friday evening. She knew it was wiser to stay at home.

The magazine was in her handbag but Donna had not forgotten the terms and conditions of this visit. When her Aunt Janet opened the door and smiled at her, she smiled back and said no word. She walked boldly into the living room to place her bag and clothes upon a chair and then, stark naked, to go and stand within the crevice of a wall to stare at the pattern of the wallpaper and clasp her hands behind her back.

Donna was made to stand and look at the wall for a considerable time. Strangely, she did not care.

When the hands came, they were gentle, crossing Donna's wrists to wind around them band after band of stout cord, constantly crisscrossed and knotted into a complex of bindings the captive girl knew she could never untie. The final, vicious knot was tugged tight where fingers could not reach and was a silent announcement of a major event in the lives of those who were present in that house. The owner of the tied wrists stood obediently and stared at the wallpaper in the corner. Donna made no demure, nor did she struggle against the cords. She knew herself in a strange trance, almost hypnotized into doing whatever she was told. If her Aunt Janet desired her bound, then so be it. She would not complain.

Strong hands turned her around to face this older girl who she now knew she adored. When thumbs and fingers grasp the nipples firmly, Donna said no word but walked in docile acceptance to the couch to be thrust thereon with Aunt Jan at her side. Donna had expected her nipples to be hurt but instead they were stroked and kissed. And it was not until Jan had feasted long and avidly on two captive breasts that she chose to break the silence.

"I knew you'd come, I just knew it. Are you happy?"

"Yes, I'm happy."

"Do you expect to free your hands?"

"No, I can never free them, you've tied them much too tight."

"So you belong to me." Jan's voice was alive in the fulfillment of a dream. "Tell me, my sweet, I want to hear it."

"You have tied my hands, I cannot free them, I belong to you."

The simple declaration was a vow.

"What do you think I'll do to you, dear."

"You'll punish me. You'll punish me for taking so long to make up my mind. There are many things you can punish me for."

"How about your running away and making your escape?"

"Yes, I must be punished for that, too. I should have stopped Pip cutting my ropes and I should have refused to leave the cage. I know now that was wrong."

It was almost as if Donna was in a trance. Her responses were automatic and far from those she would have made two weeks ago. Donna was enveloped in a sense of deep content as of a stranger coming home. She did not even fight the cords around her wrists but passively accepted their authority. Jan had tied them tight to hurt but perhaps but that was as it should be. Jan looked at her new possession with pride of ownership, noting the enhanced loveliness of her slenderness by the binding of her wrists behind her back. Wrists thus bound did so much for a girl. Jan knew that very well, and so did Donna.

Looking now at her captive girl, Jan was flooded by a great happiness.

"Where are the twins," Donna asked without anxiety. "Locked in the cage, dear. I told them their punishment would continue until the day you returned. If you wish, I'll give you the key and it can be you who sets them free. I expect you can manage it."

"You shouldn't have punished them so harshly. I expect it's all my fault and it's me you should punish, not Pip and Patsy."

"That's for me to decide, Donna, dear. As far as I'm concerned, you need not use the key today at all. You can leave those two behind bars as long as you wish. Why not tell them you're going to get revenge for what they did to you?"

Donna stirred restlessly. "I am beginning to understand why you wanted to hold me prisoner," she said in a monotone. "Why do you want me naked? Am I really that beautiful?"

"You know you are. You're fishing for compliments. I want you to stand up and slowly turn around and around so I can search for whip marks. While you were standing in the comer I could see they have faded wonderfully.

Donna did as she was bid. She felt a shameful pride as she turned her nakedness this way and that beneath the gaze of the woman she knew she loved. Jan was visibly thrilled and quietly asked, "You like having your hands tied that way, don't you, darling'?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't just say yes, tell me why you like it."

Donna shrugged. "I suppose because I don't have to worry about anything any more. I can't make decisions, I can't escape. I can't do anything but what you tell me. May I take the twins out of the cage now?"

"I wouldn't hurry about that, if I were you. I've told the little darlings that when you return they can have their way with you for day one. I'm as curious as you to discover the things they think up to inflict." Jan laughed. "Of course, it's just possible they'll be kind and simply give you twenty orgasms in a row! Watching you come to climax fascinates them."

Donna made no comment. What the twins might do to her seemed unimportant. "What will you do to me, Jan?" she asked demurely.

"Maybe I'll show you some of the things when we go down to visit the twins," the older girl said casually. "You'll need some training because what I want from you is obedience. That's probably beyond you now."

"I'll obey you. I'll do everything you say."

"Would you take a vow to respect your captivity even if I freed your hands? And if no door was locked. Would you still do as you were told?"

It was an entirely new concept and Donna examined it in puzzlement. "I don't see why you'd want to untie my hands," she said slowly. "If you punish me, I'd probably run away."

"Not if you were truly dedicated."

"I'd sooner have my hands tied the way they are now."

"So you won't have to make decisions?" Jan said with a touch of scorn.

"I suppose maybe that's it. But can't you understand, Jan, that coming her today and being naked and tied the way I am was the biggest decision of my life. I've made a gift of myself to you." She stirred awkwardly. "I suppose I've done this simply because I love you and want you just as much as you love me. And I trust you to not let the twins do too much to me. I know they wouldn't want to but they're so damned excitable." Donna had a sudden flash of memory. "If you'll look in my handbag, Jan, you'll find a magazine. I found it on a park bench and it was quite a shock. Tell me about it."

Donna's Aunt Janet was visibly amused as she opened the bag and fanned the page of expensive paper and costly photography. "I'm surprised you haven't run across one of these before, darling. They're all over the place. At least you had some taste, the man who shot these is the best. This should tell you that your beloved aunt is not an isolated case. I'd be willing to bet that half the world adores tying a girl's hands behind her back. I've got friends who would love seeing you right now." Jan's eyes sparkled with mischief. "Some day I may loan you to a man for an hour or two. Would you like that?"

"I'd hate it. I'd scream."

"You could be gagged."

"I'm yours, Jan. Please don't share me."

"Well, I won't be doing it right away. Maybe never. But it will give you something to think about. Your hands will be tied so he could do anything he wanted to you. But, about this magazine. There's some pretty pictures and he's tied some of the girls in the damnedest fixes. How'd it be if I tie you in all of them, one at a time?"

"If it pleases you." Donna was in the grip of this strange trance, her mind closed to anxiety and fear. She belonged to Jan and that was all that mattered. That, and perhaps a little bit, the thrill that raced down her spine at the thought of her being bound up exactly like those beautiful women in the magazine.

For a minute Jan studied the photos and Donna stood silently by. The thought occurred to her that she might ask Jan to take her to bed right now so she could perform the first act of lesbian perversion in her life. She would have to bury her face in Jan's pussy sooner or later, of that she was sure. Jan had said as much. She wondered if Jan would be surprised at her asking for it right now. And she wondered why that idea came to her mind in the first place.

Donna allowed the thought to pass. It would happen soon enough, she was sure, and perhaps she should not rush things that she might well discover were worse than her imagination.

"Look at that! Hanging upside down with her wrists tied and pulled towards a ring in the floor! I would never had thought of that." Jan was having fun picturing Donna's naked body in each of the positions depicted in the magazine.

Donna's thoughts turned to whether the conversation and the thought of those pictures in that magazine were getting her pussy wet. She had no way of testing with her hands crossed and bound behind her. So what! It did not matter.

The big room was just the same, it's equipment was all still there. The cage with the locked door was exactly as Donna remembered except for a pair of naked nymphets whose hands were tied behind their backs and who greeted her most warmly. "Oh, goodie, we're so glad you came back, Donna, dear. We've been whipped and suspended by our wrists, and locked in this cage for two whole weeks, waiting for you to rescue us. Mommy was really mad because we let you loose."

With the key clutched tightly, Donna backed against the barred door of the cage and managed, after many tries, to get the key into the lock. She was rewarded with a loud click. The twins pushed the door open and emerged into the dungeon room. It was perhaps a good thing the twins' hands were tied as were her own because they smothered her with kisses and endearments even thought they could not hug. They young bodies were pressed against Donna's until finally Jan called a halt, took the key from Donna, and led her captive girl to the end of the big room. She admonished her daughters to keep quiet and behave themselves if they didn't want to go back inside the cage. There was instant silence.

6
Naked Girl in a Pillory

"I'm sure you know all about the pillory, darling," Jan said easily "I'll have you standing in this one in a minute. But first I want you to note how very small the holes are for your hands and neck. Most illustrations show the pillory as having holes a girl could walk through. You won't walk through these. Stand inside those planks below, the ones with the half circles waiting for your ankles. And then I'll untie your hands."

The twins watched avidly as Donna, without caring, stepped within the awaiting trap which Jan immediately closed upon her ankles to leave her standing helplessly with feet wide apart. The clutch of wood was snug. It seemed strange and some how wrong to have her hands freed after so short a time in bondage. Donna rubbed them briefly before leaning forward to insert her neck within the awaiting half circle, drawing her hair to one side so it would not get in the way of the wooden yoke when it came down, and then put her wrists into the smaller half holes made for them. Jan lowered the upper yoke and Donna knew herself safely fastened as a prisoner of the pillory. She was shown the massive padlock and heard it click. The smooth wood was tight everywhere upon her flesh. She felt Jan pat each round cheek of her bottom in an affectionate sort of way before the older girl came into view to kiss her lovingly upon the lips.

"Well," Jan said thoughtfully, turning to her excited daughters, "I suppose it's time I untied your hands."

"And we're to have Donna all for ourselves tonight and all tomorrow, Mommy?"

"I promised you that and I'll keep that promise. You absolutely must not injure her. If you do, you'll be sorry."

"We wouldn't dream of it, Mommy, dear. We love her just as you do."

The twins kissed the girl in the pillory before backing up to their mother to have their wrists untied. And when the cords fell to the floor they threw released arms around their mother in a twin hug and chanted in unison, "Oh, thank you, Mommy, thank you so much. We'll never be bad girls again. And thank you, Mother, for letting us have darling Donna. She looks so sweet standing there like that.

Watching her aunt depart with a cheerful wave of the hand, Donna felt anxiety. Pip and Patsy were wonderful but not when you were stark naked and locked in a pillory so you could not move. But the stark naked nymphets were standing and gazing at their prize in rare embarrassment. Pip spoke first, "Before we have fun, Donna, darling, we want you to tell us why you came back. We thought we'd been so mean to you that you'd never come back."

"Did you like the things we did to you?" Patsy inquired hopefully.

Had Donna been free to move, she would have shrugged her shoulders but a girl in a pillory is not free to shrug nor make many more moves. Instead she said, very simply, "I can't tell you why I came back, only that I missed you all terribly. I never really made my mind up to return, it was as though I was in the power of some force I could not control. And all the way here I refused to think. When Jan opened the door it was as if I was in some way programmed like those things you see in the movies. I

couldn't have stayed away if I tried. I'm terribly fond of you all. Please don't hurt me too much."

They nodded wisely as though every word made sense. And without further prelude Patsy asked, "Would you like us to give you an orgasm, dear?"

"Not really. But do I have anything to say about it?"

The twins laughed in unison. "Not really, we can do whatever we like with you. We thought that making you come to a climax would be a nice way to start. Tell us if you'd rather not."

"I'd rather not. I feel so ashamed when I'm like that. I don't think any girl likes to be seen when she's like that."

"We don't mind. We do it to each other all the time. Whenever Mommy whips our bottoms that's the first thing we do when she let's us loose. We've discovered it's so much better when there's a fire burning on the place you sit on. Would you like to be whipped?"

"I don't know what I want." Her mind was in turmoil, and she hadn't lied to the twins, she really didn't know what she wanted right then. Yet, she wanted it all, the love, the bondage, the pain, and the helplessness. Almost as an afterthought she added, "Why don't you use your riding crops on my seat? If that's what you want so much. I can't possibly stop you."

There was a second pause of seeming embarrassment before Pip took Donna head in her hands and kissed her eyes, lips and even bit an ear. "You sure you're feeling all right, Donna, dear?"

"Yes, I'm all right."

"You wouldn't have said that last time we had you tied up," Patsy pointed out reasonably. "Something's happened to you."

"I suppose something has and I haven't a name for it. I suppose I'll scream but don't pay any attention to me. I can't begin to understand myself so I can't explain it to you. But you're right, something's happened. And if I ever find a name for it, I'll let you know."

"Mommy calls it submission," Pip prompted helpfully.

"Sometime, since we let you loose, you've become a submissive and that's why you're back here. Mommy wanted Patsy and me to be submissives but we never seem to do it right and I expect we're a great disappointment. I expect that's why she wants you. And we're glad to have you, too."

"Well, speaking of gratitude, I have to tell you both how much l owe you for letting me loose two weeks ago. I don't suppose any of us thought I'd be back in a fix like this so soon. I must have gone crazy."

"I'll tell you what, Pip," Patsy interjected, "don't let's do anything ordinary to the poor darling this evening. Let's crop her bottom but let's try out those punishment panties on her. The one's Mommy got for us but are too big. I'll bet on Donna

they're as tight as a second skin. She can tell us whether they really make the whipping feel more or less painful."

Donna was increasingly aware of a shocking helplessness. Aware, too, that if the twins should test her mound, they would find it wet, a wetness increasing at the mention of riding crops used on her bottom. She sighed and supposed she deserved anything she was going to get.

The twins worked excitedly at their task. First they released her ankles so she was forced to stand on the planks that had held her feet. The release of her feet and their standing on a higher level than before thrust her hips to a higher level, imposing an additional bend where she wanted it least of all. The captive maiden cast a doubtful eye at the punishment panties when they arrived. There were half a dozen, all in different materials. When the twins went to work on the first one of their choice, Donna was wondering if it would fit at all as the twins gigglingly dragged it up her thighs. It seemed to Donna to be far closer to what they would need themselves rather than her size. Pip and Patsy were soon panting but remained happily vocal.

"She's going to love this," said Patsy. "It's going to be so tight she's going to have an orgasm every time the crop hits her bottom."

"If we ever get it on," replied Pip, tugging upward with all her might. "The poor darling is going to think she doesn't have a bottom."

"Oh, she'll remember, all right, when we use the riding crop. The man who sold them to Mommy said that everything hurt twice as much for the girl wearing them. But he was only a salesman."

Donna could see nothing of what was taking place. She could neither help nor hinder. As the two youngsters kicked her feet from side to side in an effort to gain an inch. But, little by little, Donna became aware that her bottom was no longer on view, it was covered and encased within panties so tight it was hard to believe they would not burst. She did not tell them that talc powder would have eased their task enormously.

"That's about right," said Patsy. "Just feel her twat! It's compressed to almost nothing. And just look at the way it's stretched over her bottom." She petted the constricted flesh lovingly. "Are you ready to be whipped, darling?"

Donna knew that no girl was ever ready to be whipped, it hurt far too much. But it would be useless to protest, so she gave a weak affirmative. She could see only the twins as they stood before her to show her the riding crops. Delighted, they then walked around behind her to take their positions on either side of the stuck out bottom tightly encased in some kind of silky material.

Donna held her breath and when the first stroke cut across the constricted rounds, it was almost impossible not to scream. Instead she moaned and gasped chokingly, and for the first time, fought the wooden monster in which she was so firmly held. It was easy for Donna to believe the constrictive garment held and contained the pain and would not let it go. It's burn and scorch continued on and on in a manner far worst than on that occasion when they had given her the thirty lashes. Her legs and feet were dancing upon the wooden frame, and when Patsy voice came dimly through the agony, "How was it, darling? Is it worse than the last time?"

Donna had not trouble agreeing that it was much worse than she had ever imagined, but had trouble getting her affirmative out between gasps and whines of pain. The twins seemed delighted.

The twins vied with each other in drying weeping eyes of their captive girl. And they constantly inquired as to how badly it hurt, and if it was much worse or just worse. The youngsters were so accustomed to pain and punishment for their own misdeeds the could not conceive the anguish of their prisoner in the pillory. They loved Donna dearly but did not think twice about tugging at the panties in order to replace them with the second pair, which might be better or worse. Getting the beastly things off the punished loins was almost as bad as putting them on. Pulling the tight material along her sore bottom sort of irritated the tender skin and set it to burning anew. The two youngsters laughed delighted at what was revealed.

"Isn't that welt simply gorgeous!" breathed Pip.

"Ever so nice," agreed Patsy. "Let's get this next pair on and see if they are worse or less so."

Donna knew her function now was only to endure. The pillory held her tight and it was not long before she felt the tugging of the second pair of punishment panties up her legs. It was just as before until her loins were encased and constricted by the very tight material. This second pair not only hurt going on over the sore skin, it also seemed to be made of a courser material that felt like a million tiny, tiny needles. The twins disregarded her cries of pain as the new pair slid reluctantly over her welted skin.

Finally the new pair was in place, constricting her flesh very tightly with the edges cutting in like thin cords. She twisted her wrists against the snug embrace of wood and tried to move her neck as if it was not held firmly. Then suddenly there was the agony as before. This time she did not hesitate to scream. It was just too damned much!

"Two down and four to go!" the twins cried. "She's doing wonderfully. Let's try out number three." As they were pulling down number two, they both plied her with questions about which hurt the most, the first pair or this new pair. One even asked her to rate the pain on a scale of one to ten. Donna could only say that they both hurt terribly, although admitted in slightly different ways. The second pair burned more, she assured them. They loved it.

Donna had nothing to say about it. She simply stood naked in the pillory while number two of the punishment panties was tugged down to leave her flesh revealed. It was not long before number three was drawn up her thighs, there to constrict in a cruel captivity, the punished loins already welted. Donna moaned throughout and tugged at pinioned wrists but the twins were relentless in their joy. And when they had adjusted to their satisfaction, punishment panties number three, they became clinical in their assessment.

"I think number two has it so far," said Pip. "But the poor girl still has four to go. I'm wondering about this pair we've just dragged on to her. They've got all sort of little spikes. Or didn't you notice?"

Whether Patsy noted or not was a matter of indifference to the girl who wore them. They were a punishment in themselves and needed no help from crop or cane. But

the crops did their number and two more welts were added to the growing collection on her bottom.

Number four had a built-in penis and it was pushed so hard into the captive girl's pussy as to cause her to moan aloud. With each of the two strokes of the riding crops she felt as if that dildo were being shoved even harder into her.

"The darling is becoming accustomed to these," Pip remarked.

"Well, she's still got two more to go," Patsy added sagely.

"Do you think we could hit her extra hard this time? I want her to scream."

She screamed. It was a pain beyond all other pains. And she was unable to restrict herself to a single scream. The twins stood and watched in awe as the punished girl struggled hard against the confining wood, shook her body, and screamed. But she was held fast. For Pip and Patsy this was one of the impressions they would remember all their lives.

"I don't think she liked that one," said Pip.

"Look at the way she's struggling, poor darling," said Patsy.

"Let's ask her if that was the worst one of all."

Donna told them that, indeed, it was the worst of all, imploring them to forget the rest of the panties she saw lying on the floor. Donna could not conceive of a pain worse than what she had just received. She could not believe that so much pain could be inflicted by a simple riding crop. But, of course, riding crops are made for horses and she was a mere girl. So great had been the agony that Donna heard her voice pleading, "Please don't whip me any more. Please don't whip me anymore."

With shinning eyes the girls listened to her plea and watched the newest welts form ridges and slowly turn color. But they were now scientists engaged in an experiment which could not be delayed. Instantly they went to work to tug up on Donnas innocent flesh the next in the series of punishment panties.

Donna was becoming accustomed to the constriction. It seemed normal now that her bottom should be encased within an article of feminine apparel far tighter than it should ever be. When the next one was tugged into place, she pleaded without hope, "Please, not so hard. Please don't whip me again."

The stroke was swift and painful. Donna danced on bare feet with the burning pain. And again she screamed. The twins looked at each other in delight as if the vocal expression of anguish was a scientific discovery. Busily they started their preparations for the next one.

It was the same with all the panties. Each hurt as it went on, hurt as the strokes with the riding crop were applied with all the strength in the young arms, and hurt when they were dragged off her tender and very sore flesh. The twins discussed the idea of making her wear one of the pairs of punishment panties all the time, not as a prelude to being whipped but as a punishment in itself. Donna simply did not care. All she desired now was for the last pair to be applied and then taken off. When that happened, she screamed and screamed again in an almost joyous abandonment to a

pain more intense than anything she had ever known.

When the last of the punishment panties was pulled from an angry bottom which now bore eleven strips, some overlapping, Donna was sobbing. The twins' questions were eager.

"Tell us which one was worst?"

"Would you like us to do it all over again? We'd love to, if you like."

Donna moaned out her answer, "The worst was that one were you had that artificial penis inside me. For some reason it hurt beyond bearing. Please don't use it on me again."

The whipped girl sank into the silence of the suffering.

Under prodding questions, Donna admitted, "I'm sorry but I can't stand any more. Please go easy on me. I'm only a girl, same as you. I can only take so much."

It was hard for the captive girl to know if the twins were repentant or still erotically aroused by the inflamed bottom plainly before them. But the yoke compressing her neck and wrists was suddenly released and she stood away from the pillory in silent disbelief. Her hands sought her welted bottom as her eyes searched the twins for hint of what was to happen next.

As usual she was hugged and kissed until she quite forgot she was completely free and could have fought her tormentors. That lasted only a few minutes until her arms were gathered again behind her and once those cords were again wound around her wrists. She knew it was too late to protest, and oddly didn't care that she had blown a chance to at least fight for freedom. Again she was helpless.

Pip and Patsy wanted constant action. Each grasp a nipple, causing their owner to gasp in needless apprehension as she was led from the pillory to view other torture delights. This time Donna twisted vaguely at tied wrists in a terrible fear of what her nipples might yet endure. But the relentless fingers were gentle, even though carrying their own authority. They brought her to stand and view a cage four feet long and thirty inches wide.

"How would you like us to lock you in there for a couple of days?" Pip inquired casually.

"We'd feed and water you through the bars, darling," Patsy explained helpfully. "And if you got bored, we could always take you out and whip you. Would you like that?"

The next exhibit was the rack and the twins explained how she could be laid upon it and stretched to whatever degree of tension their hearts desired. They explained how, when they had tightened all the wheels sufficiently, they could then play with her nakedness to put clips on her nipples and similar inflictions on the lips of her vagina. Mechanically, Donna heard herself agreeing that it was all very wonderful and how fortunate they were to be able to do these things to a girl who could not complain.

The next was a thing the girls called a Strapado, a simple hook and rope coming from above so the girl's hands could be behind her then pulled up until she was

standing on tiptoes. Then they would pull some more until the girl's feet left the floor. The girl's assured Donna it was an Italian invention of long ago and that's its ultimate application was to raise the naked victim high up to the ceiling and then to allow her to fall until that fall was checked so as to dislocate the girl's shoulders.

"It's supposed to be terribly painful," said Pip.

"We could do it to you now," said Patsy. "Want to try?"

The next instrument of punishment was something called 'The Horse,' two trestles with a plank between, the plank being fastened with the edge upward. Donna listened in disbelief as the girls explained, "You hands are tied as they are now. Then they are raised above your head. You sit on the sharp edge of the plank and you feet are drawn out to either side as tight as they can be. That puts most of your weight directly on your pussy. That plank becomes every so sharp as it digs into you. We can't take more than an hour before we're screaming."

Donna must have shown disbelief in her face, for Pip quickly added, "Mommy doesn't do this to us very often. Only when we're really bad. And an hour is the longest we've ever sat on the horse. You can tell us if you would like it done to you."

It went on and on, and the girl with bound hands was numb in apprehension. The twins explanation of each torture was detailed and specific, and giggling, they admitted to having suffered some of them theirselves. They seemed to think that other girls possessed the same aptitude for punishment. Donna realized that she, at one time or another in the future, would be required to endure the punishments thus displayed. When they locked her in the cage for the night, her hands still crossed and bound behind her back, Donna knew only a great thankfulness that she had endured this first evening of her return to captivity. She sought the wooden bench but the pain of her weight upon the welts was more than she could bear, so she turned upon her tummy and breasts to reflect upon the absurdity of that she had done. No matter how tender and loving the hands might be, she had delivered herself to a life time of pain and punishment from which, this time, there would be no escape. Finding some small comfort upon her belly, she fell asleep.

Once again it was the gloom of night in which Donna became awake and painfully rested on one hip to behold two naked girls entering the cage. In dull disbelief Donna listened to an admission she had heard before. Each whispered word was loaded with love. "We don't want to hurt you any more, Donna. We feel guilty about the whole thing. If we untie your hands, will you go home. We've fixed it so you can go."

Donna sat up, wincing with the pain, her mind rampant with conflict. Wonderingly she asked, "But why? Why would you set me free? Your mother will only be angry with you. And if she catches me trying to escape, I hate to think what would happen then."

"It's because we love you, Donna. We feel guilty. We know that if you stay here, we'll go on punishing you because it's so much fun. We love to see you struggle and hear you scream. We're a pair of little bitches."

"If you've got any sense," offered the other one, "you'll let us cut the cords around your wrists and you'll run home to where you belong."

It was in Donna's mind to refuse but sitting upright upon the hard bench and the

very sore bottom she had been given a few hours before, Donna paused while considering the pain. Suddenly she wanted her home, her apartment and her job. And she knew that the bizarre inflictions of Jan's big house was something she could not face. She stood erect to turn her back and offer bound wrists to a pair of girls she could not understand. When the cords were cut and her arms slowly came around in front of her, she turned to clasp each of them with love. And then, doing as she was told, made good her exit from the home of Aunt Janet.

It was the same as before - no phone call, no letter, no visit.

The big house and its occupants ignored the existence of Donna, and the girl with whipped skin went about her job and daily affairs without interference. She was happy but only to a point. The trio who had held her captive had been very much a part of her life, and despite what they had done to her, she loved them still, loved them in the conviction that somewhere underneath the cruelties there was still two girls and a woman who loved her every bit as much as she loved them. But she had no wish to go to the big house again and plead for rationality. If overtures were made, it would have to be Aunt Janet who made them. In this divided state of mind Donna spent her days and nights wondering what would happen next. She was certain something would occur to break the monotony of a single girl's existence.

After nearly two weeks of blissful freedom, during which she backed up to the mirror everyday to examine the wicked wounds left on her bottom and to watch them fade with a satisfaction that was no longer dubious. Since they no longer hurt, they had become for her a symbol of something she was having trouble forgetting. It was then that Nigel Bransome entered her life, and the excitement of falling in love diminished day by day her memories of the big house and what had happened there.

She met Nigel at a Friday night cocktail party given by someone at the office. It was nothing spectacular, just a group of acquaintances and new friends. Nigel was an amusing and attractive chunk of male that Donna glimpsed in the gathering before he saw her or at least before he chose to pay attention. But they did meet and found each agreeable to the other. And very shortly he stole her heart. Nigel was a man who could be a friend to a girl without the specter of sex and the bedroom hovering in the background. When in his company, Donna felt an overwhelming relief in a sense of return to normalcy. Jan's house and girls began to fade. Donna found herself beginning to wish her affair with Nigel was more sexual than it was. They spent a good deal of time together at the theater or restaurants. And, in a couple of weeks, Donna knew herself falling in love with this man.

It was then she got the telephone call. It was the voice of Aunt Janet, a voice Donna could never forget. It held, as always a hint of laughter as if what they spoke of was so much fun. And when Donna was preparing herself to reject whatever offer or command Jan might make, she found herself confused and diverted by the lovely voice at the other end of the line.

"The Dawson's tell me you've got a boyfriend, darling!" Jan laughed. "You should keep me posted. Is it really serious?"

Donna almost told her aunt that it was none of her business but the old affection was too strong. She muttered the bland expressions appropriate to the occasion and would have been content to leave it right there had Jan not inflicted one more surprise. "If you haven't already received it, darling, you'll be getting another invitation to an evening at the Dawson's. I've known them quite a while and they've

invited me but not the twins. They have also invited Nigel and I can tell Dorthy Dawson is smelling romance. If I accepted the invitation, will you be so scared you'll jump out of the window?"

"Of course not, Jan, I still love you. You know that."

"Well, you do disappear out of my house leaving me wondering. This time I did not punish the twins. I have a notion they were only testing your loyalty to see if you would refuse to leave. But never mind that, I want to tell you that I've known Nigel for quite a long time. It's not exactly been a friendship but in my opinion he's a good guy. You're a lucky girl."

"Thank you."

"Look, are you sure I won't spoil your evening at the Dawson's by being there?"

"I've already said I won't jump out of a window. Forget it, Jan, we'll both be safe at the Dawson's. But you'd better realize that I won't be going home with you. Nigel will bring me home and I expect he'll be his usual amusing and gentlemanly self."

They spoke of other things, but subject of Nigel was a topic neither girl wanted to pursue. As far as Jan was concerned, he would be just one more guest of the Dawson's.

Donna's invitation arrived by mail, and in her conversation with Nigel, which had become a daily affair, she spoke of it and asked what he knew of Jan. But apparently he had hardly noticed her and didn't know who she was. Happy and satisfied, Donna looked forward to Friday night.

The marks of the riding crops had faded almost to the point of being totally gone. Her days drifted pleasantly by in pleasant fantasies of Nigel and hopes of one day becoming Mrs. Bransome. Despite her face and figure, there had been little romance in Donna's life. There had been men aplenty, but never one to arouse her interest. She had supposed her indifference might well have been the result of her affection for the trio in the big house. But no longer did she bother her mind with such speculations. Everything was wonderful and she was only too glad to leave everything that way.

The Dawson's Friday evening was its usual success, a happy compromise between too much noise, too much alcohol and too little. The Dawsons loved to entertain and everyone present enjoyed their parties. Nigel picked her up so they arrived together with Donna blushing in the knowledge that all present probably considered them engaged. Or at least ready to announce a less respectable involvement. But Dorthy Dawson and Aunt Janet put her at ease, as if sensing her embarrassment. Jan did not seek her out, but they chatted from time to time when they came face to face. There was a good deal of champagne and, as the evening progressed, Donna found herself in a state she thought of as 'giggly,' a pleasant state in which Nigel seemed even more handsome that ever. And darling Jan even more beautiful than usual. It was in that state of mind that Donna got in Nigel's car to be taken home, snuggling up against his masculinity, smelling his after shave, and with her head happily upon his shoulder, falling fast asleep. When she woke up in the morning she was naked, her hands were tied behind her back, and she was locked in Aunt Janet's cage.

"Really, Donna my pet, I don't know what else you supposed I could possibly

do." Jan said conversationally.

Her unwilling guest sat between the twins, stark naked and eagerly being fed and watered by both young girls. Donna's wrists were still crossed and tightly tied behind her back.

"Damn it, girl, you should have known I wouldn't give up that easily. That I wouldn't have owned you only to lose you. That I wouldn't get you half trained only to give up on you. And after you ran away."

"I didn't run away."

"Yes you did. You had the choice to stay in your cage with your hands nicely tied. And when my two little sweethearts offered you freedom, you allowed them to cut the cords and help you run. I can tell you now, darling, it was a put up job, a test. A test you failed." Jan sighed as if in sorrow. "I really don't know what I'm going to do with you."

"I'm sure you'll think of something."

"Yes, I will. In fact, I've been thinking of things every since you disappeared. You can be sure on one thing, darling, and that is the twins will not be letting you loose again. Not now, not ever. You belong to me."

"But what about Nigel," Donna demanded. "He isn't going to be satisfied with my disappearing, vanishing from sight. He'll find me here, you wait and see. He can easily do some figuring and put two and two together."

"Don't you worry about Nigel, my sweet. Nigel loves them and leaves them. He's been doing that for years. He's a nice guy but the same as all other men. When he took you home last night, he actually carried you up to your apartment and then went home. I followed you both and after he had gone away the rest was easy."

"Some one must have drugged me. Who was it?"

"Just me. It was easy to slip a pill into one of your drinks. It took affect just as I though it would. You got sleepy and passed out."

Donna longed to cry, to sob her heart out in frustration and pain. Her captivity was outrageous and wickedly unfair. If Jan had her way, she would loose her youth, she would loose a man's love, and she would loose independence. Her love for those who shared the table was perhaps an unreal love, some kind of an aberration best kept under control. But Donna blinked back the tears to demand, angrily, "All right, so you've got me again. When do I get whipped?"

"I don't know. I haven't any plans for whipping you." Donna looked from side to side at smiling faces busily enjoying her nakedness. "Well, what about you two?"

Her tone was harsh. "What are you going to do to me? I've barely gotten rid of the marks you put on me last time."

"Why, nothing, dear," they purred. "Absolutely nothing. Mother's taken you away from us and we'll only get you as a special prize. Here, have some more coffee."

Donna drank the coffee and ate the food. It was good and she was hungry. Her situation was nothing new and certainly nothing to become hysterical over. She fell silent and let the others talk.

"This is another first day for you, Donna, my pet." Jan beamed approval. "You've sort of got a free day, and about all I'm going to do to you is allow you to be an additional guest when I have Katherine Cane to tea this afternoon. She'll adore you."

"Naked and with my hands tied behind my back?" Donna sounded very doubtful.

"That's right. Kathy will love that, too. She knows about my tastes, and sometimes we play games together. On one occasion I even gave her to the twins. Shes not really the material we want. But, anyway, she's heavily involved with a family while you don't have anyone but us. I want you to be nice to her."

"And if I refuse? I don't want other people to be seeing me in this condition. I'm ashamed enough as it is. I'm angry and bitter. You'd do better to keep me out of sight."

"Darling, we've told you that there will be no whip today. But that can easily be changed. If you insult Kathy, I'll make sure you don't sit down easily for a week. Why don't you smarten up and let all three of us be nice to you?"

It sounded reasonable enough. Why, indeed, should they not be nice to her? She would be crazy to invite the whip. She would probably get it enough without asking for it. Donna shrugged acceptance of something she could not change. After breakfast she allowed the twins to bathe her, not saying a word when their hands lingered lovingly over private parts.

Donna shrank inwardly at the thought of the coming afternoon tea and her being an exhibit for a stranger. The only good thing about it was the faint possibility the woman might be useful in returning her to freedom. It was something to remember. When Jan told her they were going down to the big room with the cage, she simply shrugged because nothing mattered any more.

There was a box that had not been there previously, and Jan opened it with a pride and animation. "Darling, I've had some things made for you," she explained happily. "They're really special and should fit you like a glove because I've had your measurements. You see, Donna, dear, I knew you'd be coming back."

Donna said nothing, half guessing what she was about to see.

But Jan was determined to drag out the suspense and held the floor. "If it was up to me, I'd keep you just the way you are. With your wrists crossed and tied tightly, you can't possibly get yourself loose. But, of course, there is the hazard I have to consider that someone else might wish to give you freedom. All they have to do is cut the rope. My darling daughters have already done it twice and I have to make sure they don't do it again. What do you think of these?" Dramatically she held up twin circlets joined by a single link, all of shinning steel and no visible locks. "Aren't they lovely. And they'll be far more comfortable for you than the cord you're wearing now."

"They look to me like a pair of handcuffs," Donna retorted disgustedly. "They're for criminals, not for innocent girls. Jan, please don't be mean."

The older girl paid no heed but dove into the box again to come up with a beautifully crafted belt about three inches wide, fastened by a padlock at the front, and then in its center at the back were two wristlets connected by a chain running through a ring, each possessing only a couple of links. The wearer would have her hands comfortable but securely locked behind her with no chance of reaching anything important. Donna looked at the belt and cuffs and guessed that if she were to pull one hand as far around her as possible her fingers would still be far short of touching her breasts or her pussy. But it was beautiful and Donna felt a tiny thrill dash down her spine, but she said with a pout, "Very pretty. I'm sure you're proud of it."

"That's something I have to remind you about, darling. I don't want you pouting like that, or sulking. This afternoon you'll behave in the sweet, lovable fashion you have always done. Don't let me down. If you do, I'll make you sorry."

Donna said nothing but eyed Jan's new toys with a jaundiced eye. Already she could feel the clutch of steel and knew that once those things were locked on her, she could forget freedom.

"This is a complete outfit You wear the lovely belt around your waist. Your feet are shackled as are your wrists, You have to wear it to appreciate its quality. There are connecting chains I can add to link your ankle chains with your wrist chains behind you. Or in front if I have your wrists joined there. You won't be able to walk very fast or reach very far. And you can't lift your hands above your naval." Jan laughed. "If you want to louch your mouth or scratch your nose, you'll have to sit down and bend your knees and lift your feet. I'll lock it all on you when I have the first good excuse."

"Don't bother on my account. I'm not interested in being a walking hardware store."

"But, darling, you have to be interested because you're going to wear them. In a way these beautiful objects are going to govern your life. Now heres a chain that will allow you to walk but not very fast. I think they're just as beautiful as the wristlets for your hands."

Despite herself, Donna could not deny that the cuffs and chains and locks were beautiful in their own way. And they set off a thrill within her loins at the promise of what she saw and Jan's joy. When Jan produced the collar, she gazed upon it with more than passing interest. It was exquisite, and Jan pointed out that it was, worn with a padlock in front beneath the chin, while at its back was a heavy metal ring. "Come here, darling, I'm going to lock it on you. I want you to wear it always."

"But it's heavy and I'll hate it. There's no need to lock something like that on me. Please, Jan, don't make me wear it."

The words were lost as Jan forced her prisoner to her knees and bent the lovely head forward to enable the gorgeous mane of hair to be parted and leave the captive neck in naked invitation to the collar. Jan fitted the metal circlet neatly upon the bowed neck, then tilted Donna's head back so as to lock the wonderfully crafted circle upon the slender neck. The fit was perfect, a factor which gave Jan great satisfaction but

caused its wearer to feel lost indeed. She would never get away!

Donna sought to accustom herself to what she must now wear, shaking her head from side to side, raising and lower her chin and causing the heavy padlock to rattle and dance as if in joy. The thought that this would remain on her neck forever was hard to take.

"Sit down, I'm going to chain your fee!." Jan was briskly engrossed and enjoying everything immensely as she locked steel bands around Donna's ankles, bands that fit perfectly, snug and unmoving but not overly tight. A girl who's feet cannot kick or run or even walk is very much at the mercy of whoever holds the key.

Donna wanted to cry but once more held back her tears.

When it was time for her hands, Jan said, "I want you to stand so I can untie your wrists. Don't try to fight, with your feet chained you wouldn't have a chance."

Donna agreed but not out loud. "First of all, you're going to wear this gorgeous belt," Jan said. Donna stood and found that the single link between her ankle bands held her feet almost as if they were bound together with rope. She couid be able to take only the smallest of steps. The belt was placed around the narrowest part of her waist and locked firmly in place. Again, the fit was perfect. Dejectedly, she felt the cords on her wrists cut away. But freedom was very short for they were quickly grasped and gathered for the bands that would make them prisoner behind her back. Again Donna could see no key hole on the bands, simply slender steel bands that perfectly fit her wrists. Two clicks and Donna found herself again helpless. She realized that if she did not struggle, the steel shackles would not cause pain. With a sigh, she let her hands fall limply to rest against the top of her bottom.

"That's another advantage of what you're wearing now," Jan pointed out happily. "You can be whipped on either your back or your bottom. Isn't it wonderful!"

Forbidden to pout, forbidden to sulk, the captive girl found herself without a suitable retort. Dejectedly she replied, "Yes, I suppose it's all very beautiful and practical. But it's all for you and not me. Everything you've done just makes it hard for me to move. Jan, darling, must you really do this?"

"Of course I must, darling, it's beautifully logical. Captives have always been subject to chains. No one would ever think of possessing a girl without keeping her properly chained. And if you watch the movies now, you'll constantly see all sorts of people getting themselves handcuffed. I sometimes think our police force must be handcuff happy."

Jan now insisted that her captive girl should learn to walk gracefully with chained feet. The linkage between the slender ankles allowed only tiny steps and was ever ready to trip the girl into falling flat on her face. Donna knew that if she fell her hands behind her back would give her no help. She also noted that Jan placed a riding crop where it was easy to behold. No word was said but its message was all too clear.

She longed to cry aloud and beat her fists against Jan's smile and to run forever from captivity. But since she could do none of these things, she went through the humiliating process of learning how to walk, each step accompanied by metallic

clinking.

It was not an easy task, and the girl in chains was soon grateful for Jan's grasp upon her arm, a steadying support when the chain snubbed her ankles. Sometimes she could have wept in frustration as she almost missed a step. But after an hour she was reasonably proficient and said, sourly, "I think I've got the hang of it. I think I can manage. But, Jan, I don't see why you have to chain me at all."

There was no answer, only a continuation of the walking around the room. When it was time for lunch, they went upstairs together at a slow pace and with the chained girl managing to adapt to the restrictions upon her arms and legs. Donna made no demure. What was the use!

The twins were there and were breathless in admiration of everything locked upon this beautiful girl they adored and longed to whip. At the table Donna was forced to accept the help of a twin on either side. Two youthful girls who, from time to time, managed to rub a captive nipple in loving contact. She ate and drank under the eye of her Aunt Janet and tried hard to be a part of the conversation as would be expected of her that afternoon. Donna had no doubt whatsoever that, should she fail before the eyes of the visitor, her punishment would be dire.

"I think we've made tremendous progress, Donna, dear," Jan said. "I do hope you agree."

It was true. Donna knew she could now walk with chained feet.

It seemed little to be proud of but she agreed that progress had been made.

"Kathy adores men but never seems to get one," Jan continued.

"Perhaps you should tell her about Nigel Bransome. He'd suit her just fine. I think it would be nice if you did that."

"You mean that if I can't use him, she could?" Donna asked tartly.

"That's one way of putting it," Jan admitted. "But I don't want sour grapes. Like I told you before, I'm going to insist on you being the bright and shinning girl we knew. I don't want you to turn into a sulky child simply because of a few chains you have to wear."

"Children don't wear chains."

"Well, you're going to, so make the best of it. Besides, I know some children who do." The twins giggled and Donna sighed. She was sure that they had worn chains as part of her mother's punishment process. "You're going to look lovely when you walk around. And you will be cheerful and bright. Just think of the riding crop ... "

7
Naked Chained Slavegirl on Display

Donna had not forgotten and did exactly as she was told. And that was to read a book or watch television until Daisy, the maid, wheeled the tea trolley into the living

room. She was then to follow and act as if there was nothing unusual about being naked or chained. She had to serve them tea even though her hands were chained behind her back. Jan assured the anxious girl that this was entirely possible. It had been tried before and if she would just stop worrying, she would get a perfect score. All she had to keep in mind was not to break cups or saucers, don't spill tea in the saucer, and most importantly, don't spill anything upon their visitor. Considering the nature of her chains, it seemed almost an impossible assignment.

The captive girl had no choice but to do as she was told. To fight or protest could only lead to shame and punishment, lots of punishment. She was a prisoner and for the moment it was best she act as such. It was thus she followed Daisy into the lounge, walking behind the tea trolley to the musical accompaniment of chains. She was painfully conscious of not walking very fast and of the fresh pair of curious eyes that surveyed her helpless nudity as greetings were exchanged.

"Isn't she sweet," Jan said sweetly. "Her chains are not severe and she's going to be a good girl and serve us tea. Daisy, my dear, you may now leave us."

Donna wished the floor would open up and swallow her. But naked she stood before their guest and said brightly, "I hope you don't mind Jan keeping me chained. Sometimes I try to escape so she thinks it's best to keep me under restraint. Do you like my pretty chains?" She turned slowly to be observed before coming to rest in a pose.

"I think you're wonderful!" Kathy then turned to Jan. "Where on earth do you get such girls? If you've got a spare one kicking around, I'd like to have her. Don't they ever manage to get away?"

"This one has gotten away twice already but she won't ever do it again, I'll make sure of that. Those chains on her ankles make it so she can't walk properly."

"So I noticed. But how can she serve us tea?"

"Easily. Donna, go ahead and do your stuff. Remember everything I promised."

Donna longed to die but did her best. She soon discovered that with one hand she could lift the tea pot and fill the cups. It was more than she had dared hope. And she was proud of her serving them prettily. Then she offered the plate of sandwiches. She then stood more or less at attention to have her nakedness admired.

"She's a darling," Kathy exclaimed delightedly. "What happens if she makes a boo-boo?"

"She gets punished, of course."

"Can I watch?" Kathy's voice was eager.

"Oh, sure, you can watch. But Donna hasn't done anything to deserve punishment yet, give the poor girl a chance."

"I'd love to see her whipped. You do whip her, don't you?"

"Of course I do. Gosh, Kathy, you sound like an excited sadist. Do you want me to whip the poor girl just for you enjoyment?"

"Well, I suppose not," she replied sadly. "But I do love watching those lovely marks spring up on a girl's skin. Do you really have to have an excuse to whip the girl? Couldn't you do it out of simple caprice? While I watch. It seems ages since I've seen a girl properly whipped."

Donna's hope of obtaining an ally vanished. Kathy's love of punishment was obvious and spelled doom. In frustration and despair she accepted empty cups and once more poured the tea. She was trembling when she handed back the filled cups and saucers. It was almost inevitable that she should slop the steaming tea into its saucer instead of the cup. She stood in silence to hear her sentence.

"You stupid girl," Jan said angrily. "I give you relative freedom with chains instead of ropes and you go and make a mess. Knell down in front of me."

The chained maiden could guess what was coming but kneel anyway then winced at what she saw coming. It was the green nipple clamps she had worn the first day, the ones that impose upon their wearer unbearable agony. In misery, she managed to beg, "Please don't punish me, Jan. Don't clip those awful things on my breasts."

She might as well have spoken to the wind. Jan, gazing upon her with pure love, sm! le. "I want you to scoot forward until you're between my knees. You will make no sound. You will turn to me each breast as I desire. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

It was awful, it was impossible but it was happening. The chained girl knelt as desired, thrusting forward her chest to receive pain. The eyes of Kathy were alight and sparkling. Donna deserved to be punished, those bright eyes said, and it was about to happen.

One of the green tube clips approached her left breast. Donna held her breath while thrusting out that breast. As on the previous occasion, there was a good deal of adjustment as the nipple was arranged within the tube. And then there came the turning of the screw and the terrible agony of what seemed so simple an operation. Donna gasped and moaned, but obediently offered her second breast for the horrible clip. The terrible motions were repeated and then, when the tube was turned and turned again, Donna cried out in agony. This was a worse infliction than even the twins.

"I told you to keep quiet! Or do you want me to tum it some more?" Jan's eyes were intent upon their purpose.

"No! No! Oh, no! I'll try and behave. It simply hurts so terribly."

"That's good. That's the way it should be. Now kneel erect before both of us and show off your pretty little clips." Donna whined and Jan asked sweetly, "Would you like to be gagged?"

"No. Please don't gag me. I'll try and be the way you want. I'll try and behave."

Jan and her visitor resumed their tea. Donna's breasts were burning and each tiny movement brought fresh flame. She longed for hands so she could get those monsters off her breasts. The eyes of Jan and Kathy sparkled in delight. Here was the

punished girl of their dreams, a girl too helpless to deny them anything. Donna knelt, enduring her pain, and preyed Jan would be merciful.

But that was not to be. Once more the chained girl was ordered to stand up and serve the sandwiches. And to fill two more cups. And to be careful how she went about the job.

Donna knew that pleading would do no good. Knew, also, that any slips would lead to clips on the lips of her vagina. It was as though everything was planned to work out this way. And she suspected perhaps it had been. But what did it matter? It hurt just the same.

Her service was perfect, nothing spilled, nothing broken.

Throughout the clips on her nipples bobbed prettily as if in approval. Then Donna sank to her knees, chest thrust forward, and awaited forgiveness. When nothing was said for a few moments, Donna risked everything by looking directly into Kathy's eyes and saying, "Kathy, I am held her against my will. I am a prisoner against my will. I am kept chained or bound, also against my will. Please tell the police to come and set me free." It was a terrible gamble but the only one she could possibly make. Kathy blushed and looked at Jan. "What do you want me to do?" she asked innocently. "This poor girl seems to be in real distress."

"Ignore her," Jan said flippantly. "The poor darling has to take every chance she gets. She sees you as an opportunity. But I don't suppose you want to go to the police."

"Good gosh, no." Kathy's voice became more vivid. "Are you going to whip her for that outburst?"

"You want to watch," Jan mocked. "Well, okay, she's earned a whipping. And if it gives you pleasure ... Come along downstairs."

Donna followed in meek obedience. So she was going to be whipped, and all to give pleasure to this girl she had never seen before and might never see again. "I think you're both wrong," she declared bravely. "This business of whipping girls because they've said something you don't like is overdone. It's something you should be ashamed of. Please don't whip me. Please, please, please!"

The only response the chained girl got was Kathy's tribute, "Isn't she sweet! She's an absolute darling and it's going to be wonderful to watch you whip her. Thank you, Jan, thank you so much."

As usual it was the big room with its empty cage. It was evident that Kathy had been there before, she actually helped with the removal of Donna's belt and the freeing of Donna's hands so they could once more a be made captive and drawn up above her head, each wrist encircled by a leather band. Jan made certain those same hands were drawn high to stretch the darling girl until she was ready to be whipped.

"I use a riding crop, Kathy," she said, "Is that okay by you?"

"Of course it is! But do you whip her bottom or her back?"

"We'll whip both today but not too badly. There will be other days and other

whippings, and I don't want her too badly marked right now. I'm really just doing this for you, Kathy. I don't suppose you'd like to whip her yourself?"

"Could I? Oh, Jan, could I really?" There was great longing in the simple words.

"Why not? You're my guest and I don't suppose Donna will care much either way." She turned to the taut nudity. "Will you, darling?"

Donna did not reply. She knew herself wickedly helpless and exposed. Once more she said, brokenly, "I wish you'd think about this. I wish you'd both be a little merciful. I don't want to be whipped. If you'd both forgive me, I promise to do anything you want. Really I will."

It did no good. The riding crop slashed across the twin rounds of her girlish bottom, and the second stroke cut wickedly across the bare shoulders she could not defend. The next slash from Kathy went around Donna's waist and was an agony almost too great to bear. Donna screamed and screamed again.

The gag was an expected thing. Donna mechanically opened her mouth to allow the rubber ball to be shoved in and her lips sealed by the leather strap. It had been done to her so many times that being once more thus gagged had no real meaning. She could still scream, but those watching would hear very little. The riding crop once more cut bitterly across her rump.

After being whipped, and as if the two girls had no further use for her, Donna was taken down, rechained with her belt and wrist bands, then taken to the cage. Chains were added from the ring in the back of the belt down to her ankle chain. Donna knew with a terrible certainty as the cage door shut and was locked that, for her, there would never be one more escape.

Jan and Kathy stood beyond the bars and gazed with approval at the chained nudity. Kathy was enjoying herself as, in obedience to a command, the chained girl stood at attention to demonstrate the manner of her helplessness. The green tube clips were still bobbing cheerfully upon her breasts and no argument she could think of could persuade Jan to remove them. She was assured casually that sometime her mistress would get around to taking them off. "You can probably get them off yourself," Jan told her. "If you do, and if I come down here and find you without them on your breasts, you'll be terribly, terribly sorry." The two girls then went away to leave the captive sitting in helplessness and pain inside her small cage.

It was lonely behind the bars, especially lonely since her breasts burned constantly as if a fire had been lit in each. Donna sat on the bench, wincing from the whip marks as she did, and went through the contortions by which she tried to find a comfortable position. It couldn't be done.

She considered trying to rub the clips off her nipples. It would probably hurt - it would certainly hurt - but she might be able to use the bars of her cage to rub them off, one at a time. She considered that she had no way-of knowing when those horrid things would be taken off. Perhaps it might be hours before Jan came back. And even then she might not take them off. Visions of spending the entire night with those beasts on flashed through Donna's mind and scared her. But there was also the threat that Jan had left her with. Donna considered the known pain against the unknown threat and began to try and catch a green tube on a cage bar.

It was a struggle but suddenly one popped off with a sharp pain. Donna gasped but immediately positioned the other one against the same bar. It was a little harder to pop off but it came and Donna sighed a sigh or relief. She might be punished but for now it was very nice to have that fire gone from her nipples.

It appeared that in spite of being a prisoner, she was to join Jan and her daughters for the evening meal. Obediently she followed her captor to the dining room and to a chair on which she sat on punished flesh. The twins would help feed her as they had at lunch.

"Make certain," said Jan to the twins, "that she gets enough to eat and drink. Tomorrow I'm going to punish her again."

The twins were hungry for information and when Jan had explained the nature of Donna's crime, they pleaded to be allowed to use their riding crops upon her skin. Jan laughed and gave permission but said to Donna, "You really must learn how to behave. That business of embarrassing me in front of Kathy by asking her to go to the police was unforgivable. I'm going to allow the twins to punish you severely."

"Of course! Why not!" Donna was without hope. And now, in the clutch of metal from which there was no possibility of escape, she cast caution to the winds. Perhaps, if she could become sufficiently submissive, Jan might loose her zest in punishment. It was all Donna could do.

The twins and their mother maintained a sparkling conversation in which the chained girl was forced to join. In fear of punishment, Donna answered each question and added her contribution as she felt it was called for. True, it was all false, but she did it in the fear of punishment. Any thought of running away died within the shackles on her feet. She knew herself as close to being completely helpless as any girl could be. When she was once more locked inside the cage, Jan, being the last to leave, blew her a kiss and casually told her that she was well aware of the missing green tubes from Donna's nipples, and that punishment for that would come in the future. When the lights were turned out, Donna cried herself to sleep.

In the night Donna was awakened by the figure of Jan standing inside the cage. "I've come to see if you are ready to be reasonable," she said.

"I've always been ready to be reasonable. It's you who are crazy."

"I've come to allow you to show whatever feelings you may have for me. I'd take you up to my bedroom except that you have so much trouble walking. Maybe it's kinder for me to come to you. Will you serve me as a slavegirl should?

Donna forgot her pain, forgot the chains upon her limbs. Even though it spoke of something long hovering on the horizon, Jan's demand was shattering. It was an act to be performed as an act of love by a girl who's limbs were free. Her answer was instant, "No, it's something I simply won't do."

"If I hurt you enough, you'll do it, won't you?"

"If you hurt a girl enough, I'm sure she will. But surely that's not what you want. Free me of all these chains and we can go up to your bed like civilized people. I'll do it there."

"Darling, you are dictating terms!"

"Jan, you're being mean. Look at what you've done to me. I'm sure I could kneel and do it in this cage but couldn't you let me get free and go with you to a comfortable bed? Why don't you let me share your bed instead of locking me in this cage with all these chains on. If I were free, I'd try to give you all the pleasure I could. But not like this."

Jan was always surprising. She gazed at her flushed and tearful prisoner as if making a discovery. Without a word she used her key and one by one the steel bands fell away from Donna's wrists and ankles and waist. Everything was taken from her except the collar around her neck. She could never quite forget that collar because of the heavy padlock. But at least it did not hurt nor stop her from doing anything.

"Thank you, Jan. I'm terribly gratefull. Do I have to ask permission to kiss you?"

They were suddenly pressing hard against each other, arms entwined and knees pressing hard upon against each other's pussies. Then, hand in hand, they left the cage and walked to the bedroom.

The following morning it seemed natural to attend breakfast as a girl entirely free. She was naked and the collar was fast upon her neck but that was all. As usual the twins were interested. Anything about Donna interested them. No one made mention of the fact that during the night Donna could have run away. Donna didn't know just how possible that might be but sleeping with Aunt Janet in Aunt Janet's lovely bed had brought everything into focus. And now, chattering happily with the twins, the nude girl knew happiness she had never expected to find.

The twins were not to be denied the pleasure of bathing their captive. Even though she had hands and feet, she passively allowed for them to have their way with her. It was a time of laughter and love. When she had been dried and the two girls had worked upon her hair, the giggling twins told her to go and find their mother and get her hands tied because it wasn't right for a girl as beautiful as her to walk around free. They kissed her in many places besides her lips and sent her on her way.

Donna wondered if she could possibly escape. Were the doors unlocked? Could she find covering? She discovered that these questions didn't matter much, nothing mattered except that the twins and their mother were being kind. She was not even certain about the twins speaking of their mother tying her hands. And, in her present mood, she couldn't have cared less.

She discovered her youthful aunt in the room Jan used as an office. Wondering if she was in her right mind, Donna said very simply, "The twins sent me. They said you wanted to tie my hands."

"I've got a confession to make, darling," Jan replied as she took stout cord from a drawer. "I spent a lot of money on those chains for you and I expect I'll use them on you from time to time, but actually I prefer rope. There's something beautifully intimate about rope, something that steel just can't match. So turn around, Donna, my pet, and hold still."

The captive had to admit to herself how lovely it felt to have Jan's hands touching

her, and then to cross her wrists behind her back. It was even more thrilling when the cord bit tight as Jan wound the familiar pattern on her wrists. Donna stood erect, breathing heavily, and no longer ashamed of the juice she knew was beginning to flow in her pussy. It simply did not matter, it was a fact of life. She stood in passive nudity as Jan rendered her helpless with tight ropes and impossible knots.

Jan tugged at the ropes and pulled each knot carefully tight, then shook the captive hands up and down to discover any slight trace of slack that might be present. And then she knotted the final piece of rope where Donna's fingers could never reach. "There," she said with satisfaction, patting a girlish bottom and then turning her captive around so they were face to face, "how does it feel?"

"I have to be crazy but it feels wonderful. Thank you, Jan, thanks a million. I just don't like those chains.

"You've got one around your neck."

"It's not the same. I like it and I'm used to wearing it. It's like a gift from you, something to treasure."

"Well, let's hope you keep on feeling like that. Sit on the other side of the desk, Donna, dear, I want to talk."

It was almost business-like. She felt more like a client than a captive, yet she was constantly aware of the clutch of cord upon her wrists. Instead of being something fearful, it was something good simply because Aunt Janet had tied them thus and knotted them with love. Donna wanted to giggle because she felt so happy.

"Just a few odds and ends," Jan began. "To begin with, I'm going to forget that business of calling you a slave or slavegiri. We'll substitute 'captive' instead. It sounds better. And it's equally true. Then there is the matter of your punishments." Jan grinned. "I blame myself for allowing the twins to be so mean to you right at the start. It wasn't a good idea. I thought it would make you understand your captivity faster. And I wouldn't say their efforts were to no avail. You've learned a lot, haven't you, darling, since you've become our captive?"

"I guess I have. At least I've learned about a human emotion I didn't know existed. But I'm not super human, the pain drives me up the wall." Donna smiled across the desk.

"Well, that's the next thing. The twins and I have to realize we can't whip you every day. We would soon run out of skin. I'll admit all three of us get a tremendous emotional high out of whipping you. We get as soaking wet as you probably are right now. But we have to use some common sense. From now on, you will get whipped only if you try to escape, or are disobedient." Jan smiled lovingly. "I think the obedience bit was hardest for you but you're getting the hang of it now. And it's something I value very much. And will always insist upon. Don't try to escape and don't disobey and maybe you'll never get whipped again."

"Won't the twins be disappointed?"

"Well, that's just too bad. Those two can't have everything their own way. I know I spoil them rotten but I can't have them spoiling you." Jan laughed. "They have developed quite a high tolerance for pain. I punish them rather severely but I

think they've come to like it. If the darlings get too hot between their legs, I could string them up one at a time and then you and the other could whip one girl. And after that, we would switch girls and the other would get whipped. Good gosh, what a way for a mother to talk!"

Jan mused quietly for a few moments and Donna relaxed enough to lean back against bound arms. "We put you in the pillory so you would know all about that," Jan continued. "But there are all those other things down there in the big room. I've been talking to Pip and Patsy and they've implored me not to deny them the use of those awful things on you. They've made a solemn promise not to hurt you. Since you can avoid being whipped if you're sensible, would you mind very much if my daughters did some things to you?"

"I'd rather you did those things to me, Jan. I love you. If you hurt me, it wouldn't be half as bad as if the twins did it. I love those girls but not as I love you."

"That's sweet, darling. And I'll promise to spend more time with you and the twins will spend much less. There's also the matter of incidents such as the tea party and Kathy. I enjoy them, you don't. But the shame you feel will pass. I'll always keep you naked. You're already becoming accustomed to it. Soon, clothes will feel funny. I have friends who would get a tremendous thrill out of you just the way Kathy did. You can expect that I'll show you off from time to time, and you can work on your tea serving and being an amusing captive for their enjoyment. Can you handle it?"

"Yes."

"And not pouts? And sulks?"

"Okay, I know I do that but I'll try not to. It only makes you angry."

"Well, I think that covers about everything for the moment. Donna, my pet, you can have the run of the house today, let's see what you make of it. The front door will be left unlocked so you could run out into the street if you wish. Of course you would be naked and with your hands tied behind your back. It would probably be a temptation but let's see how you cope."

"If you don't whip me, I won't run away. I don't even want to be free anymore."

They kissed and thrust themselves against each other in an understanding such as Donna had not known since before she was made captive.

The day became a week and the week became a month. And Donna's hands remained bound. But after a week or two she scarcely noticed either the ropes nor the collar around her neck. She did the things she could with tied hands and the twins did everything else for her. Sometimes they were almost like a pair of serving girls in their anxiety to touch and fondle their older captive. They loved to taunt and tease her about her helplessness, to tell her with sparking eyes of the things they could do to her downstairs in the big room. They had a remarkable collection of gadgets with which to hurt her nipples, and they frequently used them as a reminder she was in their power totally. And one morning, before they went to school, they tugged and pulled a pair of punishment panties to constrict the area of Donna's sex. To Donna's dismay she discovered that a girl did not have to be whipped to feel discomfort from the punishment panties. She couldn't imagine her hips, bottom and sex being squeezed any tighter. At first it was amusing and she passed some time trying to push

them down with her bound hands. But the panties defeated her. Then, as time went on, she discovered her pubic area become more and more uncomfortable. Soon she was wishing that the damned things were off her. After a couple of hours, she pleaded to Aunt Janet for release. Of course, that got her nowhere. Jan was as pleased as the twins with the effect and ran her hands over the tight, tight surface. Donna wiggled. "They do wonders for you, darling. I think you should wear them all the time."

"But they are uncomfortable. My private parts are squeezed and it itches under there."

"How nice!" was Jan's only comment. Suddenly there was a cracking sound and Donna jumped at a sharp sting in her bottom. "Couldn't resist that," smiled Jan. "It was just my hand."

"Hurt more like a whip," whimpered Donna. "They girls won't be home for hours yet. Couldn't I..."

"Not another word. They look fine on you and on you they'll stay. Go look in a mirror and see what they do for the shape of your bottom."

"It itches and is hot under this thing. Jan, darling, please take it off."

"No. And don't ask me again. Pleading is a no-no and I won't allow it."

It was recognized by all four females that the punishment panties were a delightful infliction that left no marks or damage. It was true that when removed they revealed red and swollen flesh, but that quickly passed, and the twins loved the way it made Donna's flesh sensitive to the touch. Donna was ashamed but, as with everything else in her life, could do nothing about it.

At the end of three months, Donna's hands were still tied behind her back in the original tie. Jan inspected her work occasionally but expressed satisfaction at finding not slack. Donna no longer struggled or complained about the outrageous things the twins did to her when giving her a bath. She would have liked to complain about the things they did to her in the big room, but held her voice. There was, for instance, her evening on the Horse.

The twins enjoyed their captive girl whenever they were free.

That meant evenings and weekends were spent enduring the twins latest ideas in female punishment. The nights and sometimes parts of the days were spent learning from Jan the arts of Lesbos, the ways one woman can please another. Donna became quite skilled with her tongue and lips, doing such a fine job that hands couldn't have added anything to the pleasure. On the evening in question, the twins led their girl slave downstairs to the big room.

"We should have tried this one out on you long ago," Pip said excitedly.

"We're sure you'll love it," Patsy added. "And, after all, it's only for one evening. Do you know about the Horse?"

Donna did not know about the Horse and was not sure she wanted to meet the animal. The twins were a little excited for Donna's peace of mind. They promised

that this evening would be one for her to remember. "We don't even have to untie the darling's hands," Pip said to her twin. "Tied hands is a part of the package. I'll bet she's going to love it."

Donna was shown the Horse and given a brief explanation. The twins pulled the trestles out into the center of the room beneath a rope and a hook. Wasting no time, they placed a couple of boxes into position and told her to stand on the boxes astride the plank that had been fitted onto the trestles. Before the captive girl had a chance to say a word, her tied hands were raised up to the waiting hook so she was made to bend well forward. The twins quickly strapped tight leather cuffs upon her ankles. "It looks worse than it is," she was assured. "Don't be scared."

"Have either of you ever been on the Horse?" she asked nervously.

"Well, just for a little while. Sort of as an experiment. But we understand that any girl can take a few minutes. The real discomfort comes when you're left on it for longer periods. Like three or four hours ... " They giggled and Donna was sure she didn't want to know just how long they planned to leave her on the plank.

"Mommy thinks we're too young to ride the Horse. But we tried it out on each other. For a little bit. I rode it for twenty minutes," Pip said proudly.

"I was on it for almost half an hour," added Patsy, not to be outdone. "But it got to hurting something awful."

"But you're a grown up. The plank is smaller compared to your pussy than it is compared to ours. I think it will cut into you more than it did to us. Isn't that nice?"

Donna was scared as the twins pulled the boxes out from under her feet, forcing her to stand on the floor. Her pussy was just touching the plank.

"We want you to sort of sit down," Patsy explained. "We want your pussy squarely on the plank. You're almost there. As you lower yourself, I'll sort of hold your puss and guide it to where it has to go."

"Where does it have to go?" Donna asked dismally.

"Well, you'll find out. You can be sure we won't let it go anywhere else. Your pussy is a treasure."

"But just the same, you're going to be mean to it, aren't you?

You're probably going to make me scream," Donna stated unhappily as she slowly lowered herself. When her Venus mons was firmly planted, the twins each took one of the ropes tied to the anklets and tugged at the same time! to rob the captive girl of legs and leave her sitting squarely upon her sex. Her hands were high behind her back and as her feet were drawn apart in a greater and greater tension, she knew for sure her pussy was going to be made to take her weight on that terribly thin edge. When the twins were satisfied Donna's feet and legs were almost horizontal to either side and she could do nothing to ease her weight, they tied the ropes to rings in opposite walls and stood back smiling.

"We told you it was wonderful, darling," the twins exclaimed in unison. "You look lovely like that, absolutely super. It isn't hurting too much, is it?"

"It's bloody awful!" Donna cried. "Get me off this thing, it's killing me. It's cutting me in two. Please, darlings, you don't know how bad this thing is."

The two girls were gloating over their work. This was something new and exciting. And if Donna had to suffer pain, she had to realize that it was worth her pain to give happiness to two teenage girls.

Donna's view was limited to the plank directly in front of her and the floor. It was difficult to look elsewhere. She was stretched, contorted, and wracked. And when she saw her legs rigid to the sides, it was easy for her to know that the pain she suffered resulted from every bit of her weight resting squarely upon her sex. Bound hands raised high above her back thrust her forward yet gave no support. In unexpected agony she whined, "I'm going to scream. I know I am. This is too damned awful and I can't bear it."

The twins were quick to help. Donna was told to open her mouth, when she did so, the black rubber ball was forced between her teeth and the straps made needlessly tight at the back of her neck. She could not now tell the girls how she was suffering. She would have to sit in silence and endure the torment of the Horse. She moaned pathetically and the twins clapped their hands in approval. It was crazy, it was cruel, and it was beyond bearing. Yet Donna could not move, could not talk, could not do a thing to stop the anguish. She had never felt so helpless in her life.

The two girls were overjoyed by the tight cruelty of their creation. Their victim's legs were tightly stretched from side to side, far more horizontal than they had hoped they would be, It was lovely.

Donna was moaning steadily but the twins ignored such protest from behind the rubber ball. They assured each other that they could not even be certain what Donna was trying to say. In the meantime, she looked gorgeous and was evidently suffering considerable pain. They tried to insert playful fingers beneath the crushed sex but the captive was fastened down far too tight for even a small finger to test her pussy for wetness. Donna was rigidly and hopelessly secured.

But the twins wanted more. They wanted to see wild struggles, panic in the eyes of their victim, and hopelessness in her whining. It was Pip who suggested, "Why don't we clip her tits? The poor darling can't move and I think a couple on her nipples would look every so nice."

No sooner said that done. But as the small wooden jaws positioned for maximum effect, the owner of the nipples about to be tortured produced a series of loud although muffled screams and the limited but violent shaking of her head. Even the twins could not fail to understand that she did not want the clothespins on her nipples.

The twins enjoyed their new cruelty, flipping the clothespins back and forth with eager fingers. Their victim could not move but the sounds emitted from the naked girl should have softened even a hardened sadist's heart. The twins continued to play with the dangling clothespins and enjoyed the muffled cries.

"She doesn't like those clips a single bit, Patsy, darling," Pip said thoughtfully. "If she's ungrateful for wearing those, what say we try something new on her. We've got a whole box full and we surely don't have to go back to those green things we've

used before. Let's see what we can find."

The new clothespins were of plastic and very small. Donna had sunk deep into suffering as her loins took fire and the agony of a crushed sex spread in all directions. She knew her moans were futile but they were all she had. In dumb misery she wondered how long this punishment would last. The evening was still young.

When she beheld the tiny plastic clips she took fresh heart that perhaps they would not hurt too bad and thus would not add to the anguish of her suffering sex. Such hope was soon proven groundless.

"We can't clip her nips the same with these as with the others," Pip announced for anyone who cared. "We have to put them slap dab on her nipples, not way back upon their base. Don't you remember, Patsy, how we tried them out. The poor darling might think she's getting off easy but just wait until she feels them bite."

Donna longed for speech but her mouth was sealed. In the posture she was forced to hold she could easily behold whatever the twins chose to do to her breasts. She watched breathlessly as the tiny plastic clothespins approached their target and were cleverly positioned upon each nipple before the jaws were released. Instantly she was again screaming into the gag.

"I think these really hit the spot," said Pip. "Did you see her flinch? Did you watch the expression on her face? Let's go back upstairs and have a coke. We can leave our slavegirl to form her opinion of the Horse. She can tell us all about it when we let her loose."

"Do we let her lose tomorrow or the next day?" Patsy innocently and sincerely asked. Donna continued moaning steadily as the twins turned to leave her sitting on the plank and with her nipples cleverly clipped by tiny things that should not have caused such pain.

Donna had learned it was always worse when you were left alone. She no longer analyzed her feelings, but it was bloody awful to have to sit as she was now and know there was nothing she could do to stop the pain. Her crotch was burning steadily with an increasing fire, and her nipples hated the tiny clips. In spite of knowing no one could hear, she continued to moan. The little plastic pins bobbed merrily upon her breasts and she hated them as she hated the brutal ropes taunt to either side. And there was nothing she could do about anything. She moaned.

"I don't think our little sweetheart is really enjoying herself," said Pip upon their return. "Do you think there is something else we could do to her, something she's prefer?"

It was a silly question requiring no answer. "We could whip her back," Patsy suggested. "But I don't think Mommy wants us to do that. How about we take her off the Horse and hang her by her thumbs." Pip was enthusiastic about this new idea. She wanted constant excitement and constant change. She was already bored by the captive's moaning upon the Horse. The twins wanted more.

8
Naked Girl Hung Up by Thumbs

Patsy thought of a problem. "If we are going to hang her by her thumbs, we're going to have to untie her hands. Mommy won't like that. It's something she's told us not to do."

"Mommy won't know anything about it. I can tie our darlings hands every bit as good as Mommy and in the same way. I know the tricks she uses. Don't worry."

It was wonderful to be briefly free. Donna was too hurt and too stiff to even consider an escape attempt. The twins allowed her a few minutes to message chaffed wrists and a scalding crotch.

"It's wonderful the way she obeys us now." Patsy's voice almost held awe. "I think we have to move her under that trapeze thing to use it to hang her up. Don't give her a chance to escape or Mother will murder us."

Apathetically Donna did as she was told. Her hands and arms felt most strange after months of being bound, as she watched, the leather nooses was slipped over the knuckle of her thumbs and tightened down. The trapeze then went up when a twin pushed a button and Donna felt her arms rising over her head. In faint disbelief she felt her thumbs begin to take the stress until her arms were stretched out and the thumbs beginning to hurt. But that was only the beginning. Slowly the hidden electric motor exerted it's pressure and Donna's naked body was raised up until she was on her tip toes. "It hurts my thumbs," she said in a dull tone of voice. She knew protests and even complaints about pain would fall on deaf ears. Or worse, would be enjoyed and prompt additional inflictions. It all seemed impossible. She had read something somewhere about what was happening but the words hadn't begun to convey the terrible feelings such suspension created. Donna realized just how awful this torture was going to be. She also realized that she must not be gagged. She must be able to maintain a communication between her and her tormentors so they would understand just how terrible this was. Donna tried hard not to moans for she knew that too many moans would bring the gag. Her thumbs screamed in agony.

It was always worse than expected. Yesterday Donna had not even imagined of such a punishment but now it was being inflicted upon her helplessness in all it's venom. She looked up her naked arms to where her fingers spread wide and leather bands cut deeply into her thumbs. She moaned.

It went on for a long time. But the suspended girl knew that all punishments lasted a long time. With some there seemed never to be an end. It took all her fortitude not to plead. When the door opened unexpectedly to admit Aunt Janet to view the scene, Donna knew relief in a degree she had never known before.

"What the devil are you two up to!" Jan demanded.

"We're hanging Donna up by her thumbs," Pip explained. "We don't think she likes it much but doesn't she look beautiful."

"Let her down, you little idiots. I told you not to hurt her too bad. And I see you've got the Horse dragged out. Was she on it? Never mind, I can see by the tear streaks on her face and the redness of her pussy that she was."

"Well, we did sit her on it. But only for a little while. Maybe an hour or so … Maybe two."

"Really, I don't know what I'm going to do with you two girls. You just don't have any judgment at all. Get Donna's feet back on the ground. And get those bands off her thumbs. And then I want you to go into the cage and lock the door behind you. I'll deal with you later."

No words had ever been more sweet. Donna longed to throw her arms around Aunt Janet's neck and tell her how wonderful she was and how good it was to be watched over and protected. She stood with breasts heaving as her thumbs were freed and the trapeze rose to the ceiling. Then she watched the silent twins enter the cage and pull the barred door shut. Its lock clicked, and the duo clutched iron bars to gaze unhappily back at a freedom they had lost.

"I didn't want this to happen, darling," Jan said angrily. "Those little idiots just have no judgment. I'm going to have to whip them terribly. Donna, dear, really I'm sorry. And since my daughters have taken your cage, you can sleep with me tonight. Does that make you feel better?"

It made Donna feel a lot better. She threw unexpectedly free arms around the neck of the woman she loved, and sobbed out her story of everything the twins had done. "I hurt terribly between my legs," she said in conclusion. "And they had only just hung me by my thumbs when you came. If they had left we there for any time ... " Donna shuddered in Jan's arms. "Oh, Jan, darling, I'm so grateful."

Jan took her captive girl to bed while a pair of unhappy teenage girls watched from within the cage. They sat upon the hard bench with their arms around each other and cried.

Donna was not permitted to see her tormentors punished and she did not much care. She sat on the stairs and listened to their screams and protests but dared not enter the room where their mother was using a riding crop to correct their bad behavior. Donna was thankful for a temporary freedom and went upstairs to Jan's bedroom to snuggle beneath the sheets with a fire still burning in her crotch and a pair of thumbs still hurting. When Jan returned her captive became the most obedient girl in the whole world.

After breakfast the following morning Donna got her hands tied once again. She knew Jan was annoyed by the twins freeing them in order to use the thumb loops. "Your hands belong tied behind your back, Darling," Jan assured. "Hold still now as I fix you exactly the way I had you all these months." It was a command easy to obey. At the end of it, Jan possessed a naked girl who had no ability to use her arms or hands. She tested the binding lovingly and was satisfied her darling would never escape. "There now, we're back to square one. I don't suppose the twins will hurt you much. For at least three or four days. I've beaten their pretty little bottoms until I think I've gotten through to them that they can play with you all they like but you must not be injured. I'll keep an eye on what they do to you."

Another month went by, a month in which a naked girl frequently served tea to hungry females she had never previously seen. Little by little Donna became accustomed to the gaze of strangers at her breasts and pubic bush. What did it matter? The whip was the only thing that mattered. And she had not been whipped for a long, long time. With Jan, she was happy beyond her wildest dreams. And her apartment and job began to fade from memory. Her owner told her of the cancellation of her lease and of the way she had notified her job she was no longer returning to her desk. Those things that had been part of her life were now gone. If

she sought escape, she had nowhere to go.

Donna nodded understandingly but did not care. Even though her nudity was frequently tormented by the twins in uncomfortable and often painful ways, she did not care. Sometimes she thought about that first day when the twins had tied her to the tree and smiled at the memory of her disbelieving reactions. Sometimes the twins would lead her to the bath after breakfast and then out to the garden and a waiting tree where she would be bound tightly to the trunk, often in the same way as she had been that first evening. She was usually left there for the day, often not seeing another human until the twins returned from school in late afternoon. She was uncomfortable on such days but still she felt an inner peace when alone and helpless. She could not do anything so she didn't have to make decisions. It was pleasant.

At first the twins did not want to untie her wrists so they found other ways to bind her to the trees. One time they laid her down on her bound arms and tied her legs tightly together. Then they tied a rope from her ankles up to a tree limb and pulled until Donna's legs were straight up and bent at a right angle with her body. She spent a day like that. The discomfort edged towards real pain after a few hours, but there was nothing she could do about it, so she sighed and endured. Another time the twins sat her down in front of a tree with her legs wrapped around the trunk. They tied her ankles on the other side and giggled a great deal as they left the naked girl. They suggested to Donna that perhaps she could rub her pussy against the trunk and obtain an orgasm that way. That seemed to be a delightful suggestion to the girls and they were giggling as they walked away. Several hours later Donna did just that, prompted no doubt by boredom. She found that if she lay back on her shoulders and lifted her legs up she could get her pussy squarely against the trunk and press her sex against the relatively smooth bark. It wasn't the most satisfying orgasm she had ever experienced, but it was better than nothing.

Sex is often like that. Even at it's worst, it's still pretty good. But generally they untied her hands, having obtained their mother's permission, and backed Donna against a trunk. Her arms were then tied behind the trunk, usually crossed. Sometimes, if it were a slender trunk, they would tie her wrists with the palms facing each other and then add some rope binding her elbows together. Those were the worst times for Donna but she endured without a word of protest. She just kept remembering the Horse and the whip and that the twins could be doing much worse to her.

They loved seeing rope cutting deeply into Donna's flesh and often circled her naked body and the tree many times with ropes pulled as tightly as the girls could. They also seemed to love the red marks left in her skin when the peeled the ropes away. They often brought Donna back to the house with reddish marks crisscrossing her body.

One time they tied a rope from one tree to another and made Donna straddle the rope. Then they used a pair of handcuffs to join her ankles. Then they pulled on the rope until it came up and cut into her naked sex. They pulled as hard as they could and Donna made the mistake of standing on tip toes to ease the rope cutting in. That allowed the twins to pulled the rope even higher so that, when they tied it securely in place, Donna found herself standing on tip toes with the rope pressed hard into her pussy. Her crossed hands behind her could do nothing to help even is she could reach the rope. She was left standing there by a pair of giggling twins. A little experimentation showed her that she could walk a few steps forward or backward but only at the cost of the rope rubbing her most tender place. After a few hours she also found that the rope had gained a little slack, perhaps it stretched or

the knots tightened down. But she could lower her feet to the ground if she didn't mind the rope cutting in a little deeper.

In the afternoon, mostly out of boredom, she used the rope against her pussy to masturbate herself into an orgasm. She almost fell over as spasms of ecstasy made her shiver allover. But it felt good. These day long punishments were uncomfortable but bearable.

And her thoughts wandered greatly while standing or sitting or laying in the forest. She got used to bees landing and crawling on her bare breasts. They seemed to like that area more than any other. At first the winged insects had scared her but she found that if she just kept still they would eventually fly away. The worst day was when the twins tied her to a tree that was infested with ants. Donna spent a horrible day with the little buggers crawling all over her. She never did find out if the twins knew about the ants before they tied her to the tree or only found out afterwards.

When the twins were in a bad mood they added clothespins to her nipples to provide a constant pain during the day and a shock of pain when they were pulled off at the end of the day. Donna hated those days but apparently the twins' mother had given them permission. Since no permanent damage was done, only considerable and relentless pain, it was okay to do to Donna.

Sometimes Jan visited Donna in the forest, enjoying the twins ideas and the helpless positions they created. Donna learned early on not to ask to be untied. Even if she offered to be obedient and service Jan all day in bed, she would be refused and often punished for asking.

One afternoon in September Jan visited the tightly bound Donna and dropped a surprise on the naked girl. Donna was back against a tree trunk, arms tied around behind it, much rope wrapped around her torso and her legs pulled up behind her and tied up towards her wrists, much like she had been on the first day when the twins made her a captive. Jan looked her over and teased one nipple playfully. That sent tingles shooting through Donna's breast and she moaned with pleasure. "Horny little thing, aren't you?" asked Jan playfully. "Well, maybe I'll take you to bed. How would you like it if I hogtie you on the bed and slip my legs around you so you can eat me? Yes? Yes, I can tell by your breathing that you would like that. But first I've got a little something to talk to you about."

Jan stopped playing with the nipple and stood before the helpless girl, hands on hips and legs spread firmly. "Do you remember a while back that I promised one day to make you a present to a man? Maybe you've forgotten?"

Donna was instantly alert. She had forgotten it up to now. Cautiously she offered, "I had hoped you wouldn't do that. I'm not the least bit interested in a man. Couldn't we go to bed right now? That hogtie sounds wonderful." Her voice was eager to please. And to change the subject.

"I expect you would rather go to bed with me. But whatever I wish to do to or with you, I will do. Your wishes don't count. And remember my instructions about pouts and sulks."

Donna finally said quietly, "You know it's something I just don't want. But you'll do it anyway, I know. When does it happen?"

"This evening. If I untie you from that tree right now and give you a reasonable freedom all afternoon, you should be well rested and able to cope with any male attention. I'm afraid this one won't be very kind."

"I take that to mean he'll whip me before he screws me?"

"That's right, darling. He'll whip you first. And where did you pick up that horrid word. He'll perform intercourse on you. Or call it 'making love'."

"I call it getting screwed." Donna sighed.

"You'll probably like it. He has the damnedest big prong I've ever seen. If you consider this properly, you'll realize you're a lucky girl. Do I hear complaints?"

Donna was surprised at herself. What she wanted most right then was to be free of ropes and tree and given whatever degree of freedom Jan decreed. A man didn't matter. Men really never matter in the life of a girl. Men were simply a nuisance. No doubt this one would whip her horribly but she hadn't been whipped in a long time. And if a man whipped her, she didn't know if she would get horny and turned on the way she did when Jan or the twins whipped her. Would it be the same? "Untie me, darling, and I'll do whatever you want. If you wish to make a gift of me to a man, that's your affair."

"No, that's your affair." Jan paused. "Just a little pun."

The untying process was painful. Each rope and cord was deeply embedded in Donna's skin and had to be peeled away. The twins had done their job all too well, she was tied cruelly tight and could not hold back a moan or two as her Aunt Janet pulled away the cords. When she was free she was quickly turned around, her hands crossed and bound behind her in the usual fashion, and she was walked back to the house.

It was a pleasant afternoon, no punishments and only a little bondage. Neither girl said anything about the male visitor to come that evening. The twins were a little unhappy that their captive was not still on the tree but quickly got over it. The youngsters always took things as they came. If it pleased their mother to have Donna walking around the house with only her hands tied behind her back, then that was the way it ought to be.

After dinner the twins vanished and Jan announced, "He should be here anytime now, darling, and the way you're fixed is the way he's going to get you. After I've pushed you in and locked the door, he can do whatever he wants."

Donna tried to look at the television but the images on the screen refused to register. She then tried to untie her hands but that was useless. When she heard the door bell ring and footsteps pass the lounge and head downstairs, she knew the awful moment had arrived. She was going to be given to a man to whip to his heart's contend and then be screwed in whatever way he might desire. It was not a bright prospect. But she was naked and her hands were tied, and when Jan took her gently by the arm to lead her to the fatal room, she did not resist. She was, in fact, vibrant and alive with sensations, but they were sensations she did not understand and didn't want to think about. Upon reaching the fatal door Jan kissed her lovingly again and again before thrusting her within and closing the door. She looked at the waiting man who would be cruel to her and felt only an inevitability when she recognized Nigel Bransome.

"It's been a long time, sweetheart." His tone was easy as if they had seen each other the day before. "I'm a lucky man tonight and I suppose you already know what I'm going to do to you?"

"But, Nigel, I thought we were fond of each other. Why would you hurt me? Why don't you untie my hands right now so I can give you the biggest hug you've ever had. And we can go home together. I'm not here because I want to be, I'm a prisoner."

"I understand all that." Nigel took his naked love into his arms and kissed her in a way Jan could never quite do. "You're not, going to be silly, are you, Donna, dear? I want to whip you, I always did. You are the most whippable girl I've ever met. And I've met many and whipped quite a few. There wasn't any of them I wanted to whip the way I want to whip you."

Donna knew herself lost. This man she had thought she loved possessed the same strange desire as Aunt Janet and the twins. She was naked and her hands were tied, her only defense was her tongue. She used it. "I loved you, Nigel, please don't whip me."

"Sorry, luv." Nigel stroked her hair lovingly. "Jan told me she believed you would understand why I'm going to do it. She says you've been whipped quite a lot by those delightful twins. How would you like to be tied?"

"It doesn't' matter," Donna said in dull despair. "But, Nigel, if you whip me that's the end of everything between us. You've reduced yourself to an animal with terrible instincts you can't control. Make love to me and take me home."

Nigel chuckled. "Jan said that was a ploy you'd play for all it was worth. My dear, I'm going to whip you regardless, but I had hoped you'd be looking forward to it. That you would be as eager as I. Can't you try to be a bit cheerful and give me a smile?"

"No, I can't. Nigel, if you whip me and one day I get my freedom, I'll go straight to the police. You're an absolute menace."

Nigel became silent. His gaze roved over the nude loveliness which would be his and his alone for a couple of hours. He turned Donna around and examined with interest the way her hands were tied. "I'm going to have to untie your hands because I want them over your head. You'll be free for a minute. Are you going to play the fool or will you quietly submit?"

She did not answer but smiled at him. The moment she was free she leaped for the door. But the door was locked so she turned, an animal at bay, bracing her hands against the door, she kicked as hard as she could up between his legs. Then, while Nigel doubled over, she snatched a short length of wood and was about to bring it down upon Nigel's head when she let her arm go limp. She simply could not do it. She remembered the good times and it was hard to think they would never return. She replaced the bit of wood and said, in bitter defeat, "I should have knocked you senseless but I just couldn't do it. I couldn't be as cruel to you as you were to me. It's crazy but I promise I'll be as obedient as I can. I'll let you do as you damned well please."

Nigel had straightened up but still moved slowly. "I wouldn't have thought that a girl's bare foot could hit that hard. You'll pay for it, of course. I expect you know that. Jan said something about wristlets, get them."

As Donna handed him the leather bands, she fought down the impulse to plead. She knew an appeal to Nigel's more civilized side would be useless. She saw him now as an animal in rut and knew she would be punished terribly. Limply she stood as he buckled the leathers around her wrists with a tightness almost frightening. In a further self-immolation she pointed to the waiting snaps above and stood beneath them on the box with upraised arms.

"This is damned convenient," he said as he snapped the wristlets to the trapeze. "Do I take away the box, is that the idea?"

The captive girl stepped from the box herself and kicked it to one side. "Yes, that's the idea she said scornfully. "Am I stretched enough or do you want me in full suspension?"

"When you whip a suspended girl, she kicks most delightfully." He walked around the stretched girl, fingering every part of her lovingly, kissing the ripe lips and teasing the rigid nipples. "You are more beautiful than I ever dreamed," he said softly. "I'd give you an orgasm but I don't want to weaken you before the ordeal of the whipping. Are you ready to be whipped?"

"I can hardly wait."

"Sarcasm?" Nigel kissed the captive girl savagely. "You're going to give me the most wonderful thrill any man can have," he whispered. "It's wonderful of Jan to have you fixed like this. I can get at every part of you. And I expect you'll kick up a storm. I'll use the strap on your bottom and that whip with the single thong on your back. I'm glad the thong is not long enough to curl around and cut your breast. Those breasts of yours should he declared a national treasure.

She should have known it would be worse than ever. Nigel's male strength made it inevitable. He did not save the worst for last but instantly cut across her bare shoulders with the leather thong to cause the captive girl to make all the sounds and motions she least desired but that she knew he would love to watch. Were all men like this, she wondered. Or had she discovered the only one?

But now her lovely nakedness paid full tribute to the male. As she was still gasping in a continual moan the leather strap slapped resoundingly across her innocent bottom. Donna gasped and stamped her feet and wanted to cry.

"Very nice, sweetheart," Nigel said approvingly.

Donna paid the male no heed. His words had been lost in the anguish from strap and thong. And before she could catch her breath the whip snaked up between her thighs to snap a vicious bite where no whip should ever be. Donna screamed.

After the initial strokes, Nigel paused between each savage cut or slap, paused long enough to run his hands lovingly over every part of the punished girl who tried to shake his fingers from her flesh. But the fingers did as they wished, tracing lovingly the fresh marks upon her skin or testing the wetness of her sex. Briefly he used an exploring finger and found the wetness he expected.

"Here we go again," said Nigel cheerfully. "I knew you'd enjoy it, you're flowing beautifully."

A girl being cut by the whip learns to take comfort from the count. Each mark planted on her skin means one less still to go. It is a poor sort of satisfaction but is, in truth, something to cling to. Donna did not count, she was too busy responding to the pain. She might have guessed that Nigel would be inventive. He now stood before her, savoring every bit of the flesh she could not hide, running the whip through his hands with delight, and smiling.

Again the strap landed on her bottom with a crack that echoed in the big room. Then the strap found her flanks and the slapping sound accompanied surprising pain. Then he turned his attention to the captive girl's back and cut it with several slashes that evoked screams from the nude girl. He carefully made the thong curve around her back and nip at the soft flesh of her breasts. "See," he informed. "Aren't you glad that this whip isn't long enough to do that with every stroke?"

Donna did not answer. Nigel played with his hanging girl like a child with a toy, alternating the whip and strap, and pausing now and then to run his hands over her sweaty, hurting body. He found her gasping for breath and the pain in her eyes delightful.

"Jan told me that this room was sound-proof. But I wonder if it is. Perhaps some of this delightful sound filters upstairs? Hope they enjoy it as much as I do." Then he lashed her bottom again with a loud crack.

Her screams were constant, and Donna did not care. But after a while Jan's voice came from the doorway in a note of anxiety, "Good gosh, you're not killing the poor girl, are you, Nigel? Let me look."

The punished maiden supposed Nigel's work met with approval. Jan made no complaints but said casually, "You're doing a wonderful job on her. Why don't you pop a gag in her mouth? I could hear her screams all the way up stairs. And the twins wanted to come down to watch so bad that I had to tie them to chairs in their room to keep them away."

"Her screams don't bother me, Jan. In fact, I enjoy them," Nigel admitted without shame. "Give the little darling an examination, I don't want you worrying. I won't kill her, you can be sure of that."

Donna was panting and swearing and hating having Jan see her like this. With the two pairs of eyes looking at her in appreciation, she deliberately screamed at them, screamed and screamed again in an expression both of agony and anger.

"Maybe you can stand her noise," Jan said acidly. "But it's not a good idea for the girls to hear it. They will think that it's okay for them to make her scream like that next time they get their hands on her. You'll probably find the gag I'm going to use on her interesting. Come on, darling, open that mouth."

The girl being whipped was almost thankful for the gag. The sealing of her lips removed the need for her to make an effort not to scream. She accepted the black rubber ball between her teeth and the tight leather bands without revolt and scarcely heard Jan say, "I'm going to leave you to it, Nigel. I'm sure you can entertain Donna

without my help."

It was worse now that she was gagged. Successive impacts of the whip told Donna clearly that it did indeed help to scream, that somehow the loud noise eased the pain. Finally Nigel paused and Donna tired to catch her breath. She was puzzled for a second when Nigel tied a loop of rope around her left ankle but became alarmed when the implication hit her. "No, you're not going to raise my leg up!" she thought. "Please, Nigel, no."

Nigel ran the rope through a ring in the ceiling near the trapeze and pulled slowly. Donna fought but could not stop her foot from coming upward until it passed her waist. "Nigel, please," she tried to plead, fearful of the possibilities now presenting themselves, but the words were lost into the gag. The leg continued until she was staring at her foot even with her face. Then it went a little higher and she found herself balancing on one foot with the other leg pointed almost straight towards the ceiling, her thigh touching her breast. It was awkward, it was uncomfortable, and it was frightening.

Donna was whimpering as she saw Nigel pick up the whip with the short thong. Nigel did not immediately attack her pussy as she feared but planted red marks up and down her thighs. She screamed into the gag for these fresh marks hurt as much as did those on her bottom and back. For Nigel it was the ultimate in human joy. He stood before her and calmly lowered the whip until it was just touching the floor in front of her. Then he snapped it upward directly into her exposed pussy. The bound girl went wild, dancing on her one free foot, and sometime even that left the floor. She kicked out and shook allover until she calmed down to a jerking and trembling. Nigel licked his lips and positioned the whip for a second upward stroke. Donna's eyes went wide with fear and she tried to hop away from the black leather monster. But she could hop only an inch or so and her tender pussy was waiting when the whip came back to kiss it. Again she jerked and danced and contorted incredibly in the suspension of her wrists and one ankle.

Nigel delivered a total of five strokes directly up into her sex.

Donna was hanging limp in her bounds, sweating and panting through her nose, with eyes closed as if to shut out the incredible pain.

After a long time Nigel knelt down before her and pulled aside her vagina lips with his fingers. Then he used his tongue to lash her clit, rapidly but surely. Mixed emotions of pain and pleasure flooded over Donna and she ceased any rational thought. In a few seconds a fire burst inside her vagina and quickly spread throughout her body. She arched her body, trembled with eyes closed, and skyrockets exploded in her mind.

An eternity later she came to her senses again to find herself standing with upraised arms still bound to the trapeze but both feet on the floor. She was exhausted, still damp with sweat and unsure whether she had been tortured or pleasured. Maybe both. Whatever it was, it had been incredible.

For the time being Donna was glad to be alone. She didn't know if the whipping had stopped or, for that matter, if Nigel had obtained the sexual satisfaction he claimed as his right. She had the feeling that he was not finished with her. But since she was still gagged and bound with arms overhead, she could do nothing but wait and hope the whipping was over.

Oddly the idea that he would yet come back and rape her didn't bother her as it had earlier. She was in a dreamy state of mind and only sought the end of the pain from the strap and whip.

As time passed and Donna came more back to earth, she found herself feeling shame at the thought of the man returning to rape her. The thought of his male phallus thrust inside her sent shivers down her spine.

It was half an hour before Nigel returned, bringing with him two glasses full of amber liquid. "Just went for a little drink. One's whiskey and one's brandy," he told her cheerfully. And you're going to drink one of them. Here, I'll take off that damned gag." His fingers went to work and when the rubber horror was thrust away, the naked and marked up girl drank greedily of the brandy. It was pure fire and burned all the way down but she sought it. Soon the strong drink soothed her and she asked, "Are you going to whip my any more?"

"Do you want me to? I wouldn't want you to feel cheated. How about another dozen?"

Donna shook her heads. "I've had enough of being whipped. I wish you could know how bloody awful it is. Can I have another drink?"

"Of course you can, but first I'm going to unstrap your wrists so you can hold your own glass."

The whipped girl stood in freedom and a deep thankfulness.

She was limp and everything hurt. Forgetting Nigel's presence, she reached down and cupped her punished sex and was astonished by how wet her hand became. She then accepted the offered glass and found more courage in the drink. Nigel's hand was on her arm and he asked, in seeming concern, "Are you all right? You're not going to faint on me, are you?"

His concern was as potent as the drink. Donna did not shake the hand away, it felt strangely comforting. But optimism was a luxury she dared not seek. Instead she inquired matter-of-factly, "What are you going to do to me now?"

"Fuck you, of course, what else? I'm going to fuck you until you scream."

9
Wracked and Ruined Maiden

For Aunt Janet the visit of Nigel Bransome had been an amusing incident which she hoped would cement Donna's conviction that she was better off with her and her twins. Jan had removed Nigel from Donna's life as neatly as she had inserted him. The whipping and the rape which followed would certainly do her beloved girl no harm. And as a reward, Donna slept that night with the woman she loved. She had to wait for morning to get her hands properly tied behind her back once more. Jan was flooded with phone calls pleading for a repeat performance, but steadfastly she turned Nigel down. Nor did she tell the girl Nigel Bransome so longed to whip her, or of those calls. Donna did not speak of it herself. The memory was one of bitter

shame, and the knowledge of loosing a man she had once deemed a friend. What Nigel had done to her made Donna more than ever captive to her aunt. The twins deluged her with questions but she answered none of them, although she enjoyed the erotic pleasure they discovered in the whip marks on her skin, the lovely red and purple streaks which took three weeks to heal, and during that time the twins were denied the pleasure of her flesh. It was at the end of the period that Miss Margaret Summers came to tea.

In planning the small event, Jan desired a change. "I'll untie your hands, darling," she told Donna. "But you will have to wear those pretty handcuffs I bought for you so long ago. We've scarcely used them and they really are a beautiful pair of bracelets."

"Do I have to serve? I'll never manage without spilling something."

"Of course you will, dear. Don't be such a pessimist. Just because you got yourself punished last time doesn't mean it will happen this time. And remember this, Margaret may look prim and proper but she keeps her own slavegirl chained at home all the time. I often feel sorry for the girl, even though I've never seen her. You're going to get a charge out of Margaret, she's a blend of Queen Victoria and the ultra modem. She'l! probably want to whip you. She's only a little older than I but she be! ieves that all girls your age and under should be whipped daily as a sort of tonic like mothers used to give their daughters. Do try to be pleasant, othterwise the usual penalties will apply."

Donna gave little thought to the event of the afternoon. There had been many visitors to tea who she had served with varying degrees of disaster, all punished by a painful visit to the big room downstairs. At least the steel handcuffs would give her a break. And when they were locked upon her wrists, she flaunted them as being the next best thing to freedom. She wished the short chain of links had been longer, but a girl can't have everything.

It was in this mood that she followed the tea trolley and made the acquaintance of Miss Margaret Summers. Her friends often said of Miss Summers that she should wear a bustle. Her greeting sounded well, "Jan, what delightful bracelets you have on her! You must tell me where you got them." Turning to the captive girl, she demanded abruptly, "Turn around, dear, I wish to see if you have whip marks."

Donna obeyed, raising her arms and spreading her legs for good measure. "I'm afraid they're pretly well faded," she aologized. "I had a lot of them a few weeks ago."

Margaret turned to her hostess. "You keep the dear child naked at all times, I suppose?"

"Of course! It would be sacrilege to cover a figure like that. She's now getting accustomed to being naked all the time."

"Did you purchase her or have her kidnapped?"

"It was a kidnap but very easy. And she's been a friend of the family for many years."

Margaret nodded approvingly. "As you know, Jan, I purchased my Melody. She'd been fairly well trained and I feel I got a hargain. I wish we didn't have to keep these

girls so well secured. I'm sure Melody would run for her life if I didn't keep her chained or bound. Why hasn't this girl been whipped during the last three weeks?"

Jan gave Donna the nod and the captive girl busied herself with the tea things, praying she might get through this one without punishment. She had the feeling that if Margaret Summers had anything to do with it, the punishment would be severe. She scarcely listened to Jan's explanations as to why she had been so tardy in the correction of her slave, explanations to which Miss Summers only sniffed. "Girls should have marks on their skins at all times," she said.

Having served the first round of teacups and the little sandwiches, Donna knelt submissively before the woman who had taught her all she knew about submission, kneeling back upon her heels, head bowed, chained hands discreetly in her lap. "Makes a pretty picture, doesn't she? You're a lucky woman, Jan. Seems to me you've got a treasure."

But, of course, Donna's rest was short. When she rose to replenish the tea for their visitor she was trembling. This woman bothered her with her stern manner. Miss Summers watched the nude girl, especially the handcuffed wrists. The captive girl could almost feel the assessment of the eyes and the mind hoping for an excuse that this lovely girl be punished. Donna filled the cups and handed around the sandwiches.

But when delivering the third round of drinks the chain on her wrist snagged on a trolley and the contents of the cup was spilled into Miss Summers' lap. It was the worst thing that could have happened.

There was a stunned silence while Jan and their visitor busied themselves cleaning up the mess. Without a discussion, Miss Summers pronounced sentence, "I will not be satisfied with less than fifty lashes with a severe whip. This is disgraceful."

Knowing herself doomed, the nude girl stood to await confirmation from her owner. It was Jan who was most embarrassed of the three. She had no wish to punish her girl and was adverse to making Miss Summers' penalty come true. Fifty strokes was an outrageous punishment, more than Donna had every received. But looking at her visitor, she realized she had a problem. Miss Summers was a determined female, and out for blood. Faint-heartedly she said, "It was an accident. Donna is not accustomed to serving handcuffed. Couldn't you bring yourself to forgive her?"

It was as though someone had suggested an obscenity. Miss Summers stopped her mopping up to stand erect and direct a fierce stare at those present. "You're being ridiculous, Jan," she said firmly. "This girl can twist you around her finger. She's not your slave at all, it's more like you were hers. I insist upon a severe punishment."

Donna was trying hard to make the best of a bad job. She retrieved the spilled cup, refilled it, and offered it once more. Miss Summers took it with a disdainful sniff and requested another sandwich. Donna once more knelt submissively before Jan. She was trembling in fear. Fifty strokes with Miss Summers holding the whip would be terrible.

It was Jan who saved the day. "I don't want the girl whipped again after the flogging she received three weeks ago. If you look at her, Margaret, she's frightened. She's scared to death. So how would it be if, when the tea is over, we all go down to the big room and you can select whatever you feel adequate from my stock of instruments of torture. I don't usually call them that, but that's what they are."

Margaret was interested. The word "torture" had struck a response within her and she was suddenly anxious to view fresh possibilities for the punishment of girls. "Very well," she said. "I think you're wrong about the whipping, but, by all means, let us examine other possibilities." She directed a piercing gaze at the kneeling Donna to add, "You needn't think you're going to escape anything, young woman. What you did was unforgivable and I'm going to make sure you regret it."

Donna did not raise her bowed head, she did not reply. She was certain she was going to be a very sorry girl. And when she received Jan's command, she followed the two older girls to where there would be enough sadistic delights to satisfy even Miss Margaret Summers. She longed to cry.

Miss Summers' sniff was forceful. She sniffed at the pillory, she sniffed at the stocks. She even sniffed at the Horse, a horror that Jan and Donna had both supposed would appeal to this woman. "Let's save time, Jan." Miss Summers was unexpected direct. "I believe I see a rack. I would like to place this young woman upon it and teach her a lesson."

"It's a severe punishment," Jan ventured. "Perhaps you would like to look further."

"Nonsense! I've made up my mind. Your Donna will be stretched upon the rack and I will be seated beside her for the entire ordeal. I find a maiden thus strung out an irresistible attraction. I expect you have nipple clips?"

Donna had become numb. It appeared she would be tortured to please this ridiculous female. But the rack held such possibilities as she did not want to consider. She looked at Jan but received only a shrug of helplessness. The captive girl now wondered if it would be wise to now ask for the fifty lashes instead. Or whether events had gone beyond such a simple thing. Dismally she adjusted her nakedness upon the flat bed of the rack. She knew she was going to be a sorry girl indeed.

The initial plank supports the naked maiden as her wrists and ankles were strapped tight on the awful machine which had the power to totally tear them apart, or to stretch them in such a way that they would be in constant pain and could be tortured in other ways while so immobile. In blind misery Donna extended her arms above her head and spread her legs. The tight constriction of wristlets and anklets followed.

The girl laying on the rack heard the snap of metal at her wrists and ankles. Donna wished longingingly that her punishment would be just to lay as she was with her feet and arms in the embrace of this medieval monster. But that was not to be. Miss Summers turned the wheel, again and again to exert upon the naked girl the full force of the torture instrument. It wasn't too bad at first, but grew worse as her limbs were made taut then painfully pulled. Soon her whole body was feeling the strain, every muscle protesting and every joint aching. She looked to Jan but the faint smile she got back offered no help.

"There, you're nicely taut, my girl. Every extra notch I turn this wheel will emphasis this torture." She turned to her hostess to blatantly state, "I would like to be alone with this girl. I will make sure her limbs are not dislocated. But there are things that should be done to her, certain things to make this a memorable experience."

Jan was on the spot. The last thing she wanted to do was leave Donna alone with this

cruel woman. She looked down at the stretched girl with sympathy but the dictates of hospitality and old friendship overruled compassion. "I'm sure I can trust you, Margaret," she said without conviction and went away.

Donna could not move. She was stretched to a point where Margaret Summers was able to remove the plank on which her body had been resting. When it was gone, the naked girl remained as she was, stretched taut and wickedly available. Margaret looked down at her nudity and smiled. Harsh fingers explored and stroked the naked body. "You are undoubtedly the most beautiful girl I have ever seen. I am privileged to punish you."

Donna said nothing. It was the strangest of Donna trials, causing the inflictions of the twins to fade into dim memory. It seemed entirely appropriate that Margaret Summers should produce from her large handbag a number of small objects, the use of which Donna could easily guess. She could not move a single muscle as flrst one nipple and then the other were clipped with metal clamps that dug in to hold the tender flesh in a grip of iron. Donna acknowledged their bite with a small cry of anguish and moans. Miss Summers listened to the sounds of pain with a deep joy. "There is still that silly thing we women have between our legs," her torturer said casually. "I have one for each lip of your vagina. I am sure they hurt."

They hurt indeed and once more Donna's cry of anguish filled the room. "It's too much," she pleaded. "I can't stand it. Please take them off."

Margaret Summers only laughed and the strained girl fell silent in despair. And she knew that the pain already inflicted would not be all. This type of woman would not rest until Donna was feeling more pain than any girl could take. There was a loud click and the wheel was turned another notch, an action which made Donna already aching body cry out anew. And it evoked a cry of anguish from the helpless girl.

For the woman who had come to tea it was a wonderful afternoon. For her victim, not quite so pleasant. Donna had to wonder just how much pain and suffering this woman was capable of inflicting, just how much she would have to endure. Already she was on the verge of screaming, unable to hold back that expression of the pain.

The next item of torture proved to be an innocent appearing pair of tweezers which Donna supposed would be used to bite and pinch her flesh as the rack held her motionless. But Margaret had her own surprise. "You sweet little bitch," she said in measured tones, "I'm going to pluck the hairs from around your cunt. I'm going to pull them one at a time, and I'll pull them slowly so they hurt. If you wish to plead for mercy, I'll be willing to listen."

Donna pleaded, and as the tweezers found their first grasp on an innocent curl and slowly pulled and pulled, she screamed in fear and pleaded sincerely. "Please don't! I'll do anything you want. Please!"

"I could pluck you bare," Margaret said pleasantly. "And I don't see why you would protest. Your pretty cunt will look even more pretty without the curls. Allow me to pluck another couple, just so you can get the feel of it."

The stretched girl made no complain but endured this further torture in silence even though she gasped at each extraction of a hair and wondered when this punishment would end. Her nipples burned beneath the clips, her vagina was a raging torment, and every muscle in her body ached and burned. She knew herself delivered to a

woman without mercy, and as one pubic hair was tugged from her flesh, her eyes shed the tears she could not hold in.

"You're a very sweet child," Margaret Summers pronounced after a dozen hairs had been plucked. "I would love to torture you on and on, but a mistress must exercise some judgment. I still think it would have been better for me to give you the fifty lashes. But I'm now going to let you loose, and I'm sure we will both be satisfied. I expect you know these pretty gadgets hurt a lot more to remove than to put on. Please scream if you wish."

Donna did not scream. If she had been able to move, she would have winced but she could not move. When the plank was replaced and the tension on stretched limbs returned to normal, she sighed thankfully and said the only thing she could think to say.

"Thank you, Miss Summers. Thank you very much. I'm terribly grateful."

"And so you should be," said the older girl, yielding nothing of her authority. "Do you know if your mistress wants you returned to her properly bound?"

"I think tying my hands behind my back will be enough," Donna said still in a great thankfulness, knowing that to escape the rack with nothing more than some clips on her nipples and vagina lips, and to loose only a few hairs, was a real mercy. Unsteadily she stood as their visitor wound cord about her wrists and tugged it tight. They went upstairs.

When Margaret Summers had departed with expressions of good will, it was Jan who took the clips from her beloved girl's nipples and vagina. She was obviously troubled as she checked the manner in which Donna was bound. She discarded Margaret's work, replacing it with bindings of her own, which caused the naked girl to thrill and feel loved. "I don't like that woman," Jan said reflectively. "And I didn't know she would be so severe. But I wanted to see what she would do to you. It was lousy judgment. That bitch has fallen in love with you. She offered a hell of a lot of money if I would sell you to her. Good gosh, that woman's a menace!"

"She's gone. And if you don't invite her back, she won't be back," Donna pointed out. "Gee whiz, I was glad when you talked her out of giving me those fifty stripes. She would have cut me to bits."

"I hope we never see her again, but I'm not sure," Jan said with doubt. "She's rich and very powerful. Real rich. And she's got powerful friends. I wouldn't put it passed her to try and kidnap you.

"Oh, by the way, the twins asked if they could have you this evening. I hope you don't mind."

The California evening was benign. And as the twins tied her wrists to the branch above, Donna saw the evening as a return to her first captivity. She was not exactly agog with excitement over belonging to the twins for the next several hours, the twins were always painful, but they were certainly better than Margaret Summers.

"What are you going to do to me?" she asked as a formality. It made little difference to her, it would happen whether she knew about it or not.

Pip contrived to look serious. "I expect you know Mommy's laid down the law we mustn't whip you unless you complain or tell us to let you loose. She's becoming an old fuddy-duddy. She's in love with you."

"We're in love with you, too," Patsy added. "So what we have to do is hurt you enough so you'll complain or ask us to let you go. After you've done that we can whip you as much as we like. Or would you like to ask us to whip you right now?"

"I'd rather not."

"When Mommy whips us, we just have to put up with it. I don't see where it hurts you any more than it does us. But you make such a fuss over it that we love to watch you. And Mommy told us that the Summers woman tortured your tits and twat, so we have to leave that alone, too." She sighed. "So we'll have to find something else."

"Maybe we could find one of those big beetles we saw the other day," suggested Pip. "We could shove it up inside her and watch her squirm."

Donna's protest was instant but she choked it back. She had to watch what she said. Donna shivered at the thought of these girls shoving live insects inside her vagina. Suddenly the twins were holding a huge, dark gray beetle with thin red lines before her eyes. The monster wiggled and waved it's claws and legs around. Donna instantly knew that she would do anything to prevent that thing from being inserted in her pussy. "Okay, you win!" she almost shouted. "I'll give in. You can whip me."

Delighted and smiling at each other, the twins tossed the beetle over the bushes, then giggled. "If you change your mind, or tell Mommy that we did it wrong, we can always find another beetle."

"Maybe several," added Patsy, nodding happily.

Donna was tied with her back against a tree and her arms over her head. The twins spread her legs wide apart by tying a loop around each ankle and then pulling until Donna was almost hanging by her wrists with her feet on the ground but about as far apart as possible. Donna felt fear because a whipping while tied like this could very well be a terrible thing. Her bottom and back, the usual targets for the whip, were against the tree trunk, and her breasts and wide open vagina were the most visible targets. She wanted to protest, to tell the girls that they just couldn't whip her in those places, but she bit back the words. They could and would whip her anyplace they wished. Donna whined in anxiety.

The whipping was short but painful. They used a small whip across her breasts. It did not leave very vivid marks but it hurt the tender flesh. They used a small belt, only two inches wide, to lash her cunt with upward strokes delivered with all the strength of the young arms. Had Donna been in a frame of mind to count, she would have found that there had been only a dozen cuts across her lovely mounds and half a dozen upwards slashes squarely into her pussy.

Donna cried aloud as the whip and belt cut at her flesh, setting it on fire. And she beat her hips and bottom against the tree trunk as an expression of the agony. Finally, she hung limp in her bonds, tears flowing down her face and the front of her very sore indeed.

"We probably shouldn't have whipped her on the breasts and pussy," mused Pip. "Mommy did say not to hurt her nipples or cunt."

"Well, we didn't really try to hit her nipples," Patsy rationalized. "We were whipping her breasts. If the whip happen to catch a nipple now and then, that wasn't our fault."

Both twins giggled. "And we weren't really whipping her cunt," added Patsy. "We were whipping her pussy. The cunt is the part that's inside. Isn't it? Well, anyway most of our slashes hit her right between the legs not directly on her lips. I guess we're safe."

Donna gasped and whined. "You hurt me," she uttered dismally.

"Of course. You're being punished," voiced Pip. "It's suppose to hurt."

"By the way," added Patsy, "if you tell Mommy that we illegally whipped you, we'll be sure to find plenty of those huge beetles next time we get you tied up out here. And we'll just fill your pussy with them!" That idea set the twins to giggling and Donna to shuddering. She promised weakly that she wouldn't say a word to Jan.

"Oh, it's so much fun to have a grown up woman to play with," cheerfully said Pip. "So much fun."

"And if Mommy sees your breasts and pussy all red," added Pip. "You'll be sure to tell her that it was okay for us to do it because you protested some little thing we were going to do to you."

"And that you told us to untie you," added Patsy, for good measure. "Mommy might punish us but eventually we'll get our hands on you again. And then ... It's beetle time!"

Both girls giggled at that. Donna sniffed and sighed. Then she promised that she would lie to make sure the twins didn't get punished themselves. But inside she wasn't sure it was a good idea. The threat of their mother was about the only thing that keep these two vicious teenagers in check. If they thought that they could get away with anything ... Donna shuddered.

It was not quite time for them to return to the house so the twins gagged Donna with a foul tasting rubber ball strapped tight in place. Then they slowly took turns whipping the front of her thighs and watching as she jerked with each slash. The muffled little screams also delighted the teenage girls. They were having so much fun.

Before ungagging her and removing the ropes, each twin cut a single, extremely hard slash directly across both breasts. They sighed with pleasure as Donna's body jerked and her nostrils flared as a muffled scream tried to get out. And the pain they saw in her eyes, that was wonderful, too.

Donna was limp in their hands when the untied her and offered no resistance as they crossed and bound her hands behind her back. Her only sounds were tiny moans as the twins happily led her back to the house by a rope leash tied to her ever-present collar.

10
In the Hands of a Sadist

Donna resumed the freedom of nothing but nakedness and bound hands to enforce captivity. She enjoyed the run of the big house and the bed of Aunt Janet. She still wondered if she could ever have the courage to open the front door and run into the street. She knew she could not do it now. It was several weeks after Margaret Summers had come to tea that she had both Donna and her Aunt Janet kidnapped.

The kidnapping was shockingly easy. The twins were at school, Jan was busy in the house, and Donna was tied to a tree at the bottom of the garden. She had even been gagged by the loving fingers of her aunt, and this was an additional'convenience to the man who made his way out of the bushes beyond the garden, looked the captive girl up an down appreciatively before cutting her loose and handcuffing her wrists behind her back. He then produced a length of wire and compressed the young, bare arms to join their elbows with this new, terrible stricture. "Stops you struggling, sweetheart, and helps you be a real good girl," he told her. He picked her up with ease and carried her to the waiting van beyond the tree. Setting her beside the van, he used the lovely collar around her neck to tether her securely, then left her sitting with the pain of wired elbows and disappeared from sight. Ten minutes later he returned with Aunt Janet who was now gagged and bound in the same manner as Donna. They stared at eacli other in silent fear, and Donna remembered Jan's concern over the power of the woman who had come to tea.

"I'll sit while you stand," said Miss Summers genially. "And, no, I will not take that wire off your elbows. I know it hurts, it's supposed to. It's a wonderful way to keep a girl in an agreeable trame of mind. In nddition to making it impossible for her to get loose."

Both girls were still gagged and could made no reply, and both knew instinctively words would do no good. They were there to be captives of Miss Summers, and probably to be punished by her also. Donna was naked, Jan was still clothed, although those clothes were torn as evidence of her resistance. The two girls looked at each other anxiously, fearful of what they would be told.

"I'm going to keep you, Donna. You belong to me now. I simply transferred your ownership from Jan to myself. You, Jan, I'm going to keep over this weekend and teach you a few lessons I've wanted to teach your for a long time. I will then send you home to your twins and everything will be the way it ought to be. Do I make myself clear?"

Two heads nodded dismally. Donna had never been more sad, while Jan's eyes were shrewd in a quick assessment of the possibilities of escape and how she might regain possession of Donna. Young Melody's in a cage at the moment," continued Margaret Summers. "I will put you in there with her and she can take that wire off your arms. You respite won't be for long. I have plans in store for you." She paused, looking at her prisoners with amusement. "Are you going to behave?"

Neither of the captive heads moved. Their eyes were bitter.

"Okay, okay," said Miss Summers. "I can't expect you to like what's going to happen to you." She looked at Janet like a cat looks at a mouse. "I'll strip you naked and whip you until you beg. Have you ever begged before?"

Once more the heads did not move and the eyes were fierce.

Donna longed to cry, not for herself but for her beloved Jan. The wire around her elbows was a constant torment. She wished this horrid woman would hurry up and put them in the cage so their elbows would be freed. Their wrists were handcuffed, so there was no hope there.

Melody proved to be a dispirited young woman sitting on a stool behind thick bars. When the door of her cage was opened to admit two new prisoners, she brightened up considerable to say, "Welcome to the club, girls. I've been a member for the last five years." Melody was naked, she was handcuffed, and there were leg irons on her ankles. But she responded instantly to her mistress' abrupt command, "Get that wire off their elbows. Don't worry about anything else, and don't play tricks and leave that wire cutting into their skin. If it's left there much longer, it will do them harm. They're valuable property." Turning her attention to the two new captives, she said, "Don't worry, darlings. I'll soon be back. Get acquainted with Melody, Donna. You'll share this cage with her for a long time."

When Melody was animated she was beautiful. She told them she was kidnapped when she was seventeen and now she was twenty-two, and totally without the hopes and joys of a girl's life. Turning herself around a couple of times, she exhibited a fine array of whip marks. It was therefore understandable that Miss Summers should find Donna relatively unmarked body unusual. "Margaret will punish you for anything," Melody told them. "She's always looking for an excuse, and if you don't give her one, she'll punish you anyway. She prefers the whip but when you get so there's no more room for whip marks, she has other ways to make you miserable. They're not always really torture, but they all make you miserable. And, by the way, you have to service her. That's an absolute must. If you refuse, you'll be sorry." Unhappily Melody looked from one fresh face to another to add, "I've given up hoping to escape. None of us will every escape."

"About that wire," Jan prompted. "Can you get it off our elbows? Before it cuts our arms in two."

Melody was instantly apologetic. "It's a good thing my hands are cuffed in front today. Usually they're in back but, of course, I expect she knew. Here,just stand still and I'll see what I can do." As she freed the first of several strands, she added, "I wouldn't dare be doing this unless she had made it an order. When you're a prisoner here, you have to ask permission for everything.

Margaret was not long absent. When she returned she displayed an iron collar to fit around Jan's neck. "I'm going to leave this on you when you leave here. It will take some sort of a mechanic to get it off. I can imagine your embarrassment. But put it down as part of the punishment I'm going to give you."

Margaret paused to stare at Jan through the bars. "You've never known what it's like to be whipped," she stated. I'm going to introduce you to it. We're both going to enjoy it."

Jan was tugging at handcuffed wrists. "I don't suppose money will buy us out of it," she asked.

"You know it won't. And I can't think of anything that will. I've already got your finest treasure, this lovely creature here. So what have you got to offer? You wouldn't

have any more girls stored away in your basement?"

They were taken out of the cage and outdoors to a walled patio.

Immediately Donna saw the horizontal bar about seven feet off the floor, she understood it's use. Each girl now accepted handcuffs on her ankles so that all she could do was hop. When they were positioned well apart under the bar, their hands were freed. It was not surprising that Margaret Summers found the task of binding slavegirls beneath her dignity. As if by some previous arrangement a muscular black girl now appeared, wearing a broad grin and nothing else. Miss Summers did not believe in clothes for the slaves or working classes. "Tie these silly bitches tight the way you know how. Make them damned good and tight, Julie, I want them to understand what being bound really means."

Once more Jan and Donna gazed at each other in a mute exchange of questions neither could answer. Handcuffed ankles made it impossible to move or resist. Passively they allowed Julie to possess their hands and looked up to where she stood upon a ladder to bind them to the bar as Miss Summers desired. Both girls winced as the cords bit with needless severity. Julie knew her job and neither of the girls believed Miss Summers capable of mercy.

When Julie took away the ladder, both girls stood in helplessness, their hands bound high and well apart. It was the perfect position for the whip, as Donna well knew. She supposed that if her beloved Jan were to feel the lash, she would feel it, too. But there was a difference. Jan's punishment was limited to one weekend. Her captivity with Miss Margaret Summers would last forever. It was a grim prospect.

"Strip that girl, I want her stark naked."

Julie jumped to obey. Julie had no whip marks upon her skin.

No doubt she was well paid. She said, mockingly, "I'll bet you've never been stripped before. I'll show you what it's like." It did not take long. Californians do not overload themselves with clothes. After a couple of minutes tugging and tearing, Aunt Janet stood as naked as was Donna. Margaret Summers viewed the fresh nudity with obvious approval. "You may stick around, Julie, my dear, just in case I get tired. But it is I who intend to whip this silly bitch. Go and get me a thin riding crop. I want her to hurt."

Once more the captive girls exchange glances by looking sideways around bare raised arms. There was nothing they could say, nothing they could do. They were going to be whipped and that was the end of it. But Jan had to try. "I suppose you realize I'll bring charges," she said. "Look, Margaret, I'm about the same age as you, and I've never done you any harm. You want to whip my girl. Fine. But why do you want to whip me? I've never been whipped in my whole life."

"It's sour grapes, darling. I've always envied you. You've got your twins, and now you've got the gorgeous creature, Donna. You shouldn't feel badly about me taking her away from you, someone was bound to steal her away from you sooner or later. She's the loveliest girl I've ever seen. And the reason I'm whipping you is simple jealousy for how well you've been enjoying life while I have to put up with Melody or drabs of even lesser quality. Mark my words, I'll have you begging."

"I'll beg you now, if that's what you want. I'll get on my knees and beg. I

honestly don't want to be whipped. And I don't want you to whip Donna. If there is any humility I can accept in return for you sending us both back home, I'll do it."

"You're not going to get off that easy, darling. I've charted a course and will follow it. By the way, I do admire your breasts. Nice hips and legs, too. Ah, here comes Julie with the crop."

It was a fearsome thing that could wind itself around any narrow girlish waist. Margaret Summers accepted the riding Crop but then, under a sudden inspiration handing it back to Julie. "You think you're wonderful, you think you're so bloody beautiful," she said mockingly. "You stay here, I'll be right back."

The two bound girls looked at each other in puzzlement. But a few minutes later Miss Summers returned and they were surprised. The girl a few years older than Jan had changed into a leather pair of pants, very tight and shinning black. She also wore a pair of very high heels that clicked on the floor, but nothing else. Her breasts were huge but of very good shape. The nipples were rigid and there was a gleam in her eyes.

"You see, I'm just as good as you," she said. And she was right in many ways. She was an impressive figure and Donna felt a thrill at the sight. The image of this woman in bed and Donna having to serve her with her hands crossed and bound behind her back flashed across her mind.

Then Margaret took the riding crop back from Julie and Donna remembered why she was here. "Brace yourself for the first experience in living you've ever known," Miss Summers told Jan. "Pain does that, you know. Makes you come alive."

Donna did not want to watch but was in the grip of a fascination she could not control. There was something terribly wrong about her beloved Jan being whipped. Jan should never be whipped. Jan was a goddess who should be worshiped. Donna winced and flinched and tugged against her bonds when the riding crop first sliced across her beloved girl's back to leave a crimson streak she would wear for a long time. The cords holding her wrists to the bar above seemed a living venom in control. Donna watched her beloved mistress whipped cruelly from neck to knees by a skilled hand. The worst cuts were when Margaret ordered Jan to spread her legs wide then brought the crop directly up between them. Jan screamed and Donna wept for her.

It went on and on and did not stop until Jan hung unconscious.

Donna voiced not protest. What was the use? When Margaret handed the limber riding crop to Julie, she understood her fate. "Give the little darling a good whipping but never too hard." Miss Summers was panting and sweat trickled down her flanks. I'm tired and you know how to do the job. Be sure to get a few strokes up between her legs." Margaret cruelly pinched one of Donna's nipples between thumb and finger. "You'll be around and I'll get to whipping you myself. We'll just consider this one as welcoming you to your new slavery."

It did welcome her to a new slavery. Julie had evidently whipped many girls and Donna felt the bite of the crop in places normally ignored. And those across her bottom seemed cruelly severe in spite of Margaret Summers' admonition about going easy. But when she had been whipped to the satisfaction of the woman who watched, she was forced to admit to herself that it could have been much worse.

The two girls were forced to stand in naked bondage as Julie and her mistress went away. Jan had recovered enough to stand firmly on her feet and tum to her beloved. "Oh Donna, I am so, so sorry. She's being the bitch I sort of always knew she was. But look, she says she'll keep me for only the weekend. I know it will be bad but there's freedom at the end of it. So don't worry yourself about staying here. I'll get you out some way. Even with all her money and power, she can't keep you forever."

"Are you okay?" asked Donna.

"I suppose so. I've never been whipped before. I never knew it hurt so much. I screamed, didn't I? And I'm sorry I fainted. I expect Margaret is accustomed to girls with tougher skin. Are you all right? That black girl looked as if she could slash the skin right off you."

"I'm okay. But both of us are still tied and we're still naked. There are all sorts of other things we'll have to put up with. I feel sure she's going to make us scream much more."

Donna was still an unwilling witness to Jan's shame. She remained bound as Jan was freed. Her ankles were still cuffed. "What you will do now," said Margaret Summers with relish, "is kneel and kiss my feet. And, while you're down there, you can lick my toes. To demonstrate your sincere humility. Get with it!"

There was no escape. Aunt Janet moved chained feet hopelessly, looked at the riding crop, and at the woman who's prisoner she was. Broken by the whip, she sank to her knees and performed the terible acts which might keep the lash at bay for at least a little while longer. Jan looked like she was ready to cry. Undoubtedly it was the most awful moment of her life. It was Friday evening and the weekend stretched ahead.

It was bedtime in the home of Margaret Summers who now viewed her bedroom with unusual satisfaction. It was a room of unusual size and expensive furnishings dominated by a fourposter bed of massive proportions. Each post was embellished with iron rings. The cover of the bed had been turned down and, since Miss Summers was entirely nude, there was little preparation she needed. It was a room different from all others. The bedroom contained some new appointments that had not been there the day before. The change was three naked girls.

Each girl was well secured, their bondage identical. They had been forced to kneel facing the bed and a wooden bar compressed the hollow behind their knees. Their wrists had been crossed and harshly bound behind their backs. And then, as the worst infliction of all, a rope from above was lowered to each set of bound wrists to pull them up and behind the girls in a manner to force the girl to bend forward. Thus each one of them was facing the bed, kneeling with head bowed in unwilling homage. As yet none had been gagged. Margaret Summers paused before the kneeling Jan.

"I hope you're nicely uncomfortable, dear," she purred. "I'm sure you get the significance of your pose. I have you on you knees in humility with you head nicely bowed. Lovely position, don't you think?"

Jan gave her a quick glance. To raise her head even that much inflicted pain. Drearily she asked, "You're not going to leave us like this all night, are you?"

"That's my intention, darling. You can watch me while I sleep."

"But that's inhuman! We won't be able to sleep which means that tomorrow we'll be half dead. That's not much good, even for the purpose you want us for. Margaret, be reasonable."

"I was never more reasonable in my life. Of course I will gag you before getting into bed. I don't want my rest interrupted."

"All right. Do it to me but don't do it to Donna and Melody.

They don't deserve it." Jan's voice was gasping and swaying back and forth against the restraining rope. "Take your venom out on me, not on a couple of innocents."

Miss Margaret Summers inspected her captives - with good nature for Donna and Melody - but only hatred for Aunt Janet. "You do have a point there, about being played out tomorrow if I keep you as you are all night. I've got a lot of things planned for you tomorrow. I'll put you all in Melody's cage so you'll be one happy family. I'll call Julie. I'm damned if I'm going to struggle with you myself."

None of the trio had strength enough to fight the black girl who seemed to be always smiling. Their arms were lowered from the ceiling and the wooden bar taken off their legs. But their hands were left tied behind their whipped backs. A chain was locked on their collars so the three of them were linked. In that condition they were taken to the cage. Sleep might not come easily but at least they could lie down instead of having to kneel with painfully wracked shoulders all night. For that they were all grateful.

"I'm being too damned kind to you," Margaret declared. "I'm letting you sleep in this cage, but there's a price for admission." She turned to her black girl. "You know what to do, Julie, give them something to keep them warm."

The chained trio did not get a blanket. The delighted Julie took them one at a time, holding them easily with one arm while using the other hand to deliver several stinging swats to the naked bottom. Released again, each girl had a warmed up bottom.

The light went off and they were left in darkness to find comfort as best they could where there was little prospect.

It was Julie who opened the cage door in the morning. She unlocked Melody from the chain and took her away, leaving Jan and Donna still joined by the neck. That tether seemed simple enough but frustrated their every move. Both the girls were afraid of what the day would bring and were depressed from not having exactly the most comfortable sleep of their lives. Miss Margaret Summers held all the cards.

Their next visitor was Margaret herself, who placed on the floor of the cage, two bowls, one coniaining some type of oatmeal, the other water. Donna was told to eat her breakfast but Jan was led away. The remaining occupant behind the bars gazed down upon her breakfast, understanding all too well that she would have to eat it and drink like a dog.

"Keep me and let Donna go," Jan pleaded as she was led up the stairs.

"Don't be silly, dear," Margaret chided. "It's not practical for me to keep you

more than a weekend. But in that time I'm going to make you a very sorry girl. As far as Donna goes, she's mine for life."

A stout wooden frame had been placed in Margaret's bedroom.

The holes in the heavy wood told the captive something of what to expect. "It's a neat contraption," Margaret conceded. "Step inside and kneel down so your ankles are in the half circles waiting for them." A sharp tug at the long hair emphasized the command. Jan knew no choice other than to obey. She was a woman who had imposed such punishments on other girls but never experienced them herself. She knelt rigidly and felt the upper half of the yoke which would confine her feet slip into place and firmly locked. "You look very sweet like that," Margaret Summers said. "But the best is still to come. I expect you've already guessed. I have to untie your hands but you'll still be helpless. If you give me trouble, I'll use the crop."

Jan looked down in disgust as her captor raised the top half of the upper yoke with it's half circles for wrists and neck. "Position yourself, dear," she cooed. "I've got you quite helpless so you might as well be sensible."

Never in her life had Jan known such shame or misery. Casting one last look around the bedroom, she knew herself without hope and utterly within Margaret's power. Bending forward, she placed neck and wrists as directed. When the upper yoke slid down in contact with her skin, she found herself imprisoned in such security she could scarcely twist her wrists or neck. The wooden yoke fitted just under the iron collar firmly locked on her neck, which in turn forced the collar to push against her chin in an uncomfortable manner. Her hair was arranged neatly around her face as she knelt in the bent position. Her view was of the floor before her. "The advantage of the way I've got you fixed, Jan, is that you can't move and I can whip the soles of your feet until my heart's content. And, of course, I can whip any other part of you if I'm so inclined. Your bottom is nicely positioned and your back is free. And your breasts hang down as a slightly more difficult target, but not much. You give me any insults and you'll be very sorry." Then she laughed. "Perhaps this picture will improve your view."

Two pictures had been framed together. One of Miss Margaret Summers in erotic nudity, and the other showing her dressed in that tight fitting leather pants she had worn the day before. On her magnificent figure, the tight black leather and high heels and bare breasts were more erotic than total nudity would have been. "You'll be the way you are for quite a while, dear," Margaret continued. "But I'll be with you in those pictures. I'll come up and be mean to you whenever I have the time."

Jan had much she would have liked to say but held her tongue. She longed to hurl the pictures of her tormentor at the wall but her hands were firmly held on either side of her head. She remembered the threat of whipped feet and knew that hers were perfectly positioned for such an infliction. In the kneeling position her soles were upturned and immobile. She moaned in desolation as she thought of Donna.

The breakfast was untouched on the floor of the cage when Margaret Summers returned to unlock the cage and step inside. She flexed a riding crop back and forth between her hands and suggested sweetly, "I'll use this on you, Donna, if you're not on your knees and eating in five seconds. I'll do the count for you, don't waste time."

When Margaret had solemnly intoned the count of five, Donna was still erect, tugging her wrists at-the rope binding them, and staring at the mess she was suppose

to eat. The riding crop cut the air savagely to implant a kiss across her belly. With a cry of anguish the captive girl knelt down and began to lap. It was a messy and disgusting task but whenever she slowed down or looked up appealingly at the Margaret the crop instantly cut at her bottom. She instantly returned to her task of eating her breakfast like a good girl. When the task was done she knelt erect and looked up at the woman with the crop.

"You did well," Margaret said, "to get through that horrid muck with only two strokes of the crop. Here, I'll wipe your face and then I'll take you and give you the best bath you've ever had."

The girl with bound hands admitted secretly to herself that Miss Margaret Summers did indeed know how to give a girl a very good bath from top to toe. The twins could not have done better, and they were pretty good. She sat in the warm scented bubbly water and listened as her new owner chatted busily about the life Donna had lost. And the new life she could now expect.

"There's not all that much difference between your Aunt Janet and me," she admitted. "But Jan's in love with you while I'm not. I'm going to treasure you in a way people do when they hang some masterpiece of art on the wall. I'll enjoy you for your loveliness. And sometimes I'll let Julie give you an orgasm. I know how you girls get wet between the legs when you think of boys. There'll be no boys in your life."

Donna blinked back tears to say, "I love Jan. I love her terribly much. She loves me. Please don't separate us."

"I'd happily keep her and punish her everyday, darling, but she's a woman of affairs and she'd be missed. She's already made you disappear from the world so no one would miss you whether you're my prisoner or hers. I've got your darling nicely fixed in the bed room. I'll take you to see her when you're dry. I expect she's feeling sorry for herself."

"Are you going to whip us anymore?"

"You make that sound as though you enjoy it," Margaret chortled. "I know about your submissive tendencies. They're one of the reasons I had you kidnapped. Yes, you'll be whipped again. You'll be whipped often. Did you notice how many whip marks Melody has? Quite a mixture of old and new ones, yes?"

"I don't like being whipped, it hurts terrible!"

"You think you hate it, dear, but I know better. Now, when I whip your Aunt Janet, she hates it. I whipped her yesterday and next time I'll whip her front. She's got a very lovely front. But I expect you know." Margaret's fingers sought the nipples Donna could not protect. "You've got a lovely front, too, you know. Will you enjoy me playing with your breasts?"

"Yes, of course. But only if you don't hurt them. They're terribly sensitive and have been punished so much."

"Stand still, I'm going to play with your nipples until you start breathing heavily." The fingers were gentle and teasing. Donna closed her eyes and tried to relax. She longed for a woman's hands but those hands should belong to Jan. Yet she had to confess that Margaret's teasing was highly skilled and it was not long before

she was indeed breathing heavily. The fingers fell away and the two naked breasts were patted lovingly by the woman who now owned them. "Come along now, dear, it's time you were punished. Or tortured, if you prefer to call it that." She laughed at some secret knowledge. "And I'll bet you would like to be with your beloved Aunt Janet. And so you shall.

The sight of the woman she adored bent nakedly in the grasp of the wooden yokes brought tears to her eyes and a cry of, "That's cruel! That's wicked! Oh, please, Miss Summers, let her go."

"Don't be silly," said Miss Summers. "You'll be punished for that little outburst. Come here, I've got a nice convenient fix for you, a fix you're not going to enjoy. But you'll be able to look at your darling all you want. I'm sure it will help her bear her pain."

"No it won't! Doing this to her is not right!"

"More punishments, my pet? I can see you need training. Let's see how you enjoy a modified strapado."

Donna was positioned under an over head ring and a rope attached to those already binding her wrists. That was pulled up until her arms were raised high behind her and she was forced to bend forward. "Don't worry," purred Margaret, "I won't dislocate you shoulders. I'm just pulling enough so you'll be on your toes. The two of you have got a lovely morning ahead. Don't thank me, you're most welcome."

The sarcasm came at the moment Donna was sure she would have her shoulders pulled out of their sockets. She was, indeed, on her toes but the rope ceased increasing the tension. Miss Summers clasp the bent head and kissed the trembling lips before she went away.

Donna was panting and droplets of sweat were already running down her flanks. Every bit of her felt stretched but especially her shoulders and arms. She was teetering on her toes and to make a misstep with would mean taking her full weight on her wracked arms. She didn't know if that would dislocate her shoulders or not, but she didn't want to find out. She was bending forward as best she could to ease the stress but her arms were so rigidly held high she could gain little comfort. "The rotten bitch," Jan muttered. "She's hurting you far more than she's hurting me. We're both in a bloody fix and there's nothing I can think to do about it. Oh, Donna, I'm so sorry. Is it hurting bad?"

It was hurting bad indeed and, in an hour when Margaret Summers came to sneer and drop sarcasms, it was hurting worse, much worse. The pain showing on the face of the trembling girl evoked a concern in her new owner to the degree that she lowered the tortured arms. "That was a bit much, wasn't it?" she muttered as she clasp Donna's unresisting head to kiss the unresisting lips and tearful eyes. "Julie's bringing up the cage. You'll enjoy the cage."

It seemed impossible that a girl could enjoy anything when behind the heavy wire confinement Julie deposited on the rug. "Don't try and kid me that you can't get in there, we know you can. The trick is to go in backward and use your feet to push. I'm not going to untie your hands."

Julie had opened the cage door and she and her mistress now took Donna's helpless

arms to drag her back within the wire and instruct her on how to use her feet to push. When Donna's tied wrists and back were against the wire so she could push no more, she raised her bent knees beneath her chin to watch, almost in disbelief, Julie slam and lock the tiny door. There were two padlocks to make certain the naked girl would never leave the cage under her own power. Before they left, Julie used a riding crop in a single fearful slash across helpless soles to make Jan scream aloud in shock and pain.

It was punishment by immobility. Neither girl could move. Jan had been locked in the stocks for several hours and was aching and pained from the enforced bending forward. Donna found the cage allowed her no movement at all. She couldn't straighten out her legs one inch. The only movement allowed her was a shaking of her head from side to side. And it wasn't too comfortable with her thighs pressing hard against her breasts as the cage door pressed against her shins and feet. Her toes had to turn and point downward which prevented her feet from being flat on the floor. It was an awkward position that would rapidly turn into a painful one.

The girls did not talk, there was nothing to say. Margaret Summers had done all the talking they needed for the day. They could scream but that would just invite the gag. Both moaned now and then. And both knew that Margaret was wining all the way and that reduced both naked girls to a shameful humility. Jan was forced to stare at the pictures on the rug, hating every lovely line and curve of that woman. The morning passed slowly.

Donna and her Aunt Janet stood in naked humility before the woman who could use them as she pleased. They had been released after a whole morning of suffering. Donna's hands still bound behind her back and Jan's freshly bound behind her with thin wire, a refrain of helplessness Margaret inflicted upon the girl she hated. Both girls knew they could run, their feet where not bound, but Julie stood by the closed door, armed with a riding crop and with a firm look in her eye. If they were foolish enough to try anything, she would cut them to bits and reduce them to screaming on the rug. Margaret Summers was in great form.

"I've have a phone call from that fellow Nigel Bransome," she told them. "He's a shrewd son of a bitch and he figured out where you two were when he heard of your kidnapping from your daughters. The price of his silence is for me to make him a gift of you, Jan. He doesn't intend to keep you always, the way I intend to keep Donna, but he's got a good many hours today and tomorrow to give you a bad time. He wants to whip you and, of course, do that miserable, ugly male thing, And I'm told he's really well built. I suppose since I have reduced you to total humility and seen you grovel, I might as well pass you on. I will content myself with Donna. I don't like the guy and wouldn't wish him on any girl but that's the way the cookie crumbles. What do you thing about this?"

Jan's mind was racing like mad. Her wrists wanted to twist frantically at the wire which bound them but that hurt too much. In fact, it hurt just to hold them still. With Margaret Summers, she was by no means certain of freedom when the weekend was done. But Nigel was another story. He was a man. He was susceptible. And she told herself that after he'd had his way with her, and she was well aware of all that meant, she would find her freedom and rescue her girl. Quite simply she said, "Give me to Nigel, I won't argue."

"Well, well, I expected hysterical! I guess what you want is to be fucked. Good gosh, good thing I'm not bothered that way. Well, the deal is easy, he's so hungry for

you that he drove over. I let him drive into the garage. I didn't want him tooting his horn outside. He can take you and pop you in his trunk or whatever and be gone. I hope he's real mean to you." She paused for a moment. "And don't forget, when Nigel is finished with you, that I've got your little Donna. And I can do what I like with her. And I know you won't go to the police. You're too damned guilty of the same thing I am! She was your prisoner first, remember? You're just as guilty as I am."

Miss Summers clipped handcuffs on Donna ankles. "I'll leave you two alone together to say good-bye," she said with the first kindness she had ever exhibited to them. "I doubt you'll see each other ever again. I know I'll never show you Donna. And if you ever enter this house with a view to repossessing her, you'll be a very sorry girl. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand."

Donna watched Jan and Margaret go. She was helpless to follow, she had neither feet or hands. Their farewell had been brief but Jan whispered a promise of rescue. Perhaps it would actually happen. But the naked girl who's hands were bound and neck was collared cherished little hope. Margaret would keep her captive no matter what the cost and would probably punish her cruelly for even thinking about escape. Left to stand alone, she wept.

For Jan it was different. Forced to stand in helplessness before male eyes, she endured in silence Nigel's examination of her nudity, an examination he carried to the extreme, even to the cupping of her sex in a harsh male grasp. "Looking forward to being whipped, sweetheart?" he inquired casually.

"I've already whipped her about as much as she can stand," Margaret offered. "Be careful you don't kill her."

"Oh, sure, I've seen her back and bottom. A really beautiful job. But you've left her front for me. I enjoy whipping a girl's front. They scream so much more. And afterwards ... "

"Don't bother to tell me," said Margaret with disgust. "You really are a bastard, Nigel, the way you treat your girls. I like to think I've got a reason for what I do to them. But what you're thinking of, all the time you're beating them, is impaling them on that lousy rod of yours. Someone ought to cut it off!"

Jan considered silence was the best policy. She stood in helpless nakedness with Nigel's eyes and hands exploring every part of her body and Margaret's hand of authority still on her arm. Her wired wrists hurt bitterly but she allowed Nigel to bind her elbows with a length of rope, making no complaint about the added discomfort. She realized he was taking a risk and could not dare let her get away. When the trunk of his car was opened and he picked her up to deposit her within, she made her last sarcastic retort, "Good-bye, Margaret. Thanks for all you did to me. I'd like to do the same for you." The lid slammed down.

For Donna the wait was horrible. The knowledge she might never see her beloved Jan again tortured her mind. And a sentence of a lifetime subject to Margaret Summers' not too gentle care didn't help, either. She wondered if she could be allowed to talk with Melody or whether they would be imprisoned separately. Either way, there was still little hope. All she could see for her entire life was painful

restrictions and constant punishments. She cried.

So far as Nigel was concerned, he would undoubtedly unleash his lust upon Jan's nakedness and insert his weapon within her sheath again and again. He would certainly get his money's worth but would cheerfully leave her to the tender mercies of a woman who didn't now what mercy was. She considered hopping on chained feet to the nearest chair but was afraid such boldness would be punishable. Instead she stood still in the center of the room, too afraid to move.

"Well, well, just look at you," Margaret said briskly upon her return. "I had thought you would go for a walk or run back home. Or try."

"You handcuffed my ankles together so I can't even hop without it hurting. So, what are you going to do with me now?"

"I'll write you a list, if you're that curious. For the moment there's things I feel I really have to do. To you, I mean. You've lost your Aunt Janet and I've sentenced you to a life time of slavery. Would clips on those pretty nipples make a nice change of pace?"

"You mean those horrible wooden clothespins? They're horrible."

"Ah, I see you enjoy them. Stick your chest out, I've got a pair in this drawer."

"Couldn't you give me a break this first day?" Donna asked.

"You had me whipped yesterday and this morning wasn't fun."

"That sounds as if you think I should let you off scot free. Good gosh, girl, are you giving the orders or am I?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Summers, I didn't mean to be pushy. I'm sore and I'm tired. I thought that maybe you could just lock me in the cage. I'm tied and my ankles are handcuffed so I can't give you trouble."

"That's right, sweetheart, you can't. So what I'll do is a nice comprise. I'll clip your tits and twat and leave you in the cage for the afternoon. You can sleep all you want. How's that sound, honey?"

"Thank you. I guess it's as good as I can do." Donna's words sounded as hopeless as she felt. "Am I allowed to ask what's happened to Melody?"

"Didn't I tell you? I let her go! I don't need her any more. She was getting jaded and tired. And she never did have your spirit."

"But won't she go to the police? I mean, cause you trouble?"

"So what, dear? If Melody bothers the cops, she'll find herself once more behind bars. The police know me, we're friends. My money helped get the chief elected, you know. Aunt Janet is going to get a big surprise if she every demands to see the chief. I've arranged it so she'll get a few days behind bars if she's that stupid. Which I don't think she is. Forget freedom, Donna, my sweet, you'll never escape from me."

Donna sighed and stood listlessly while her nipples were teased into being rigid.

Donna was angry with herself over how easily her breasts would respond to the attentions of a girl. It was only a matter of moments before Margaret exclaimed, "There, absolutely perfect, darling. I'll clip them now, and then we can go on down below. I've got some lovely new wire snappers for your puss. Stand still."

It was impossible to be listless and uncaring while your nipples are being clipped with clothespins. Donna became straight and tense and gasping as the wooden jaws closed upon her flesh. Margaret was expert, and when Donna looked down she could see the wooden beasts quite firmly attached. She knew from experience she would not be able to shake them off. They bounced in a lively manner as she walked. As ordered, Donna spread her legs, then held her breath as one clip and then another bit her labia. She squealed and would have jerked back had not Margaret's hand been on her arm. Donna whined with the pain. Certainly not the worst pain she had ever experienced but sharp enough to make her nipples and lower lips burn. "Don't be shy, now, walk around the room."

"I can't. It hurts too much."

"Don't be silly! I hope I don't have a fraidy cat on my hands. Look, Donna, if you don't walk, you'll get the beating of your life."

Forcing herself to walk, her sex screaming at her with each step, Donna moved. Margaret Summers stood in breathless joy as her new possession proved her ability to cope with pain. It was a sad and hesitant walk for the new wire clips on her pussy were an entirely new experience, causing pain to shoot into her sex. This, coupled with the clothespins on her breasts, compelled the captive girl to walk in a limping, halting manner, and to moan almost constantly. She marched with legs as wide spread as she could. Before she had completed the third circle of the room, Donna crumpled to the floor.

For several moments, Miss Margaret Summers gazed down lovingly at the havoc she had wrought. Then, with unsuspected strength, took the naked girl and hoisted her back upon her feet and supported her so she could not fall again. Donna was in a maze, beyond caring what her mistress might do next, all she could concentrate on was the sharp pains shooting through her loins.

Margaret Summers backed the helpless girl against the wall to snap a short chain to the ring on Donna's collar. "There," she said, "you can stand like that with your feet as far as part as you want. You can struggle all you want. But I would advise you not to faint. If you do, you'll hang by your neck." Margaret paused to flick the clothespins with her fingers. "It won't hurt for you to wear these a while. There's a call I have to make."

Donna was panting in distress, her feet wide apart to ease the infliction of the wire clips. She could do nothing to help her breasts or pussy. She leaned her bound arms back against the wall to get what rest she could and to keep her body as immobile as possible. Movement made clips bob and that brought more pain. The pain was still intense when she was still but not as bad. She tried to bring her bound hands around to the front of her body to see if she could reach either those clips on her breasts or pussy, but cross wrists did not allow her enough slack. Her fingers groped inches short ot their goal and the attempt just increased the pain. She ceased efforts and lay back against the wall. She wanted to cry again but she had done so much crying in the last twenty-four hours that tears did not come.

Donna endured which is, after all, what slavegirls are suppose to do.

11
Donna in Bridewell

The home of Margaret Summer boasted a garden of considerable dimensions with lush plants and greenery. Donna was often chained there to enjoy the fresh air and to tease her with the possibility of escape. For a moment she was sitting beneath the shade of a tree to which her left ankle was chained securely. From time to time she kicked irritability at the sliver band and its generous linkage to the tree, a full five feet. Dismally, she reviewed her life since being kidnapped and one single fact stood out above all others. Since that first day when both she and Jan had been whipped, Donna's skin had been left inviolate. Every day had brought the pain of slavery in one form other another, but never with the whip. And the weals and bruises she had obtained in that first day had faded from sight. In the weeks of being Margaret Summers' prisoner she had heard no word of Aunt Janet and discovered it was a subject Margaret had no wish to discuss. Jan was gone and that was the end to it.

With Melody gone, Donna had inherited the cage. And it pleased her mistress to embellish the naked girl with shackles and chains in keeping with a female slavegirl. But Donna had found her new owner was a great believer in fresh air. The captive girl had discovered beneath the trees an ancient pillory and stocks. But Margaret Summers had little interest in these devices, having more faith in rope. Donna had been bound in more ways than she could remember. But never once had her wrists been freed from a pair of handcuffs placed upon them at the end of that first full day. Shc wore them now as she sat beneath the tree, and she could well believe Margaret's taunt that she would wear them all her life. Escape seemed a pipe dream, and little by little the hope of Jan coming to her rescue grew less and less. She longed desperately for the twins and their mother, although sometimes the twins had hurt her more than Margaret Summers. Thoughts of a normal life had vanished from her mind. Donna was thinking of getting to her feet to walk the couple of steps in each direction permitted by her tether. But suddenly Margaret came into view, carrying a chair. She set it down a few feet from the chained girl and sat down as if planning a long stay.

"I love to see you the way you are," she said with satisfaction.

"I've got something to say toyou."

Donna doubted that she would wish to hear anything Margaret Summers had to say. Such talks were usually a prelude to pain with detailed descriptions of how it would be inflicted. This time proved no exception.

"Did you ever read a book called 'Nell in Bridewell'?"

Margaret asked.

"No, I haven't. And I've never heard of it." Donna sniffed. "I suppose it's about some poor girl who gets her bottom whipped."

"My, aren't we perceptive today. Really, Donna, I wish you'd be more cheerful."

"What have I got to be cheerful about?"

"That's what I've come to talk to you about. I've often felt that it's too easy for a girl prisoner to become morose and unresponsive. Young Melody got that way often and I had to think up new ideas to jerk her out of it. It's the same with you, dear, so tomorrow I'm having a tea party in the afternoon where you can meet some of my friends and where they can have the pleasure of seeing you whipped. It's the reason you haven't been whipped for the last few weeks. I'll be able to show them a virgin back and bottom."

"Is this supposed to cheer me up? To make me think I'm a lucky girl?"

"I detect sarcasm. You'll have to watch your tongue. I'll give you a course of training in the vocal tones you can use, and I'll tell you about your punishment if you don't use them. But that won't be today. Maybe not tomorrow. Tomorrow I'll give you a second briefing on the entertainment I'm staging for my guests. You'll be the star performer. I don't want sulks and pouts. Get the idea?"

"Oh, sure. I'll behave. Do I really have to be whipped? Couldn't you amuse them with something else?"

"It's a neat scenario. You're a poor girl tossed into Bridewell prison. And in the prisons of those times they had a welcome and a farewell. You got the first on arrival and the second on the day before you were released. Both were administered with an instrument called a 'Bull's Pizzel.' I had a hell of a time finding one. But you'll have a new experience with it."

"I'm sure I will."

"There you go again. I've been too easy on you these weeks. But if you need to be crushed into a proper state of submission, I can certainly do that for you. We were speaking of the Bull's Pizzel, which, of course, is simply a bull's big old prick which has been smoked and tanned and goodness knows what else to make it a good and limber whip a couple of feet long. It's an instrument of punishment so severe that the girl being whipped is forced to wear a pair of panties that are so damned tight they're like a second skin. They increase the pain but also prevent the girl's skin from being cut to pieces."

"What do I have to do?" asked Donna listlessly.

"You'll walk into my lounge clad only in a shift. Regretfully I shall have to take the handcuffs off because at a crucial moment I want you to throw aside the shift and reveal your nakedness. You won't be free long. And, just in case you get silly ideas, I'll have your ankles ironed. That will make a nice effect as you clatter your way over to face our guests, and then clatter your way over to the bench on which you'll be fastened and whipped."

Donna held her tongue. It sounded as if there would be punishment enough during Margaret's entertainment. She listened politely as Margaret continued, "There's something you'll hate but it will do you a lot of good, and that's that when you strip yourself naked to stand before the audience to recite the story of your crime and the manner of its punishment. You will do this in the spirit of a girl who is repentant for her crime. Now, in this little speech you're going to make, I'm expecting you to ad lib most of it. I'm sure you can do it and I want you to lay on the humility a yard deep. And if you blow this job, I'll make you a very sorry girl."

"Who ties me to the bench?"

"Julie, of course. I will be the MC and make appropriate comments as we go along. Think you can handle it?"

"Have I a choice?"

"That's right, you haven't." Margaret looked around. "It's very pleasant out here. And, since it's too early to take you back into the house, I'll carry out a tray and we can talk further about the lovely life which lies ahead for you. I won't be long."

Left alone, Donna said a hearty, "Oh, damn!" and considered the punishment that lay ahead. As usual she wondered if one of the woman present might take pity on her and aid her escape. It was only a dream but it was all she had.

It was a breathless moment the next day when Margaret Summers introduced her captive to the heavy whipping drawers and the even heavier leg irons. When the Bull's Pizzel was placed on display, Donna's heart sank and her whole being quivered in fear. She was actually glad of what the twins would have called punishment panties. At least what she saw now was heavier than anything the twins possessed and must surely shield her bottom from injury. The pain would be bad enough without the cutting of her skin. It was therefore with some thankfulness that she stepped into the waiting covering for her loins. Julie was the one who pulled it up over her thighs to encase her bottom. The constriction was harsh but not as bad as most pairs of the twins punishment panties. She wondered if Margaret knew about the twins collection. Surprisingly, Donna discovered that she could hardly walk in the stiff garment. But Miss Summers compelled her to walk around the room several times to loosen the material. The leg irons were then locked on her ankles and the handcuffs taken from her wrists. Donna almost felt it was worthwhile to be whipped just to enjoy the freedom of stretching her arms and hands which she now did under the eagle eye of two females who were by no means certain how their captive would behave. But the leg irons were heavy enough and their linkage sufficiently short that Donna abandoned thoughts of freedom. She accepted the white shift and fastened it around her neck. She was then locked in the cage, which she always thought of as Melody's cage to await the arrival of the guest. She spent that time enjoying the freedom of her hands. From the start, she had striven to drive thoughts of the Bulls Pizzel from her mind.

There were four guests, all female. Counting Julie and Margaret, Donna had an audience of six and now prayed she could put on a good show to save herself from additional punishment. She had been promised a good whipping on the soles of her feet if she failed. As a start. A small start.

Trembling, she stepped out to face a group of woman who might well have been suburban housewives. All were about Margaret's age, all were attired in extreme respectability which left the captive girl wondering what visions their minds contained in the mundane boredom of their daily life. Quite obviously they had an interest in the whipping of a naked girl.

The chain between Donna's feet made a shocking clatter as she walked to where she had been told to stand. The audience was seated and Julie stood beside the bench. Apprehensive and at a lost for words, Donna was shocked to find herself suddenly coming alive to the part she had to play. She was a frightened peasant girl, anxious

only to show repentance that she might earn a lesser sentence. The little speech had sounded trite and silly. But in these surroundings she could feel the part more and deliver her lines with more conviction. At the crucial moment she threw aside the sheet to reveal her lovely nakedness and ironed feet.

"My ladies," she began, "I stand before you as a wicked girl who has greatly sinned and must now be punished." Donna paused for breath. And for effect. Quite surprisingly she realized that she had captured her audience. The assorted females sat tense and still. "My punishment is to be twenty strokes with the Bull's Pizzel," Donna continued with a voice well under control. "It is a terrible punishment and I must wear this tight constriction to cover my private parts. This is not an act of mercy but of prudence. Because I am to be terribly punished, yet those who decreed my punishment are kind enough to insure I receive no permanent injury. For this I offer my humble thanks. And offer the same thanks for my punishment itself. I know I have earned it and receive it in all humility. I ask forgiveness for my sins."

The applause was reward. But the voice of Miss Margaret Summers gave her little rest.

"The prisoner will now advance to the whipping bench and allow herself to be fastened for punishment."

Once more the terrible clatter of the chain. Donna's eyes met Julie's and Julie smiled. The bench was a new experience. Donna placed herself on it in the manner Julie indicated, kneeling on what seemed to be a footstool and bending forward over a raised bar and then to place her wrists in waiting stocks. Donna discovered instantly as her wrists were secured that both arms were rigidly held before her and she had lost her hands.

The next was a wooden bar closing down upon the hollows of her knees. It was fastened by heavy screws. Next there was a leather band buckled cruelly around the narrow waist to cinch it to the waiting wood and not only render Donna helpless but also to emphasis the curve beneath her loins. It thrust her bottom and the awful drawers up into the air. Another leather strap confined her thighs at their junction with the bottom to be whipped. The naked girl tested her bonds and could move no muscle. The frightened girl bite her lip and tried not to shiver.

Miss Margaret Summers now took the floor. "The delinquent girl will now be whipped by my servant, Julie. I may make comments from time to time as we proceed. The prisoner has been sentenced to twenty strokes. But that figure can be increased, especially if the prisoner verbally abuses those duly appointed to execute her punishment or the good ears of those noblewomen present. Julie, you may begin."

Donna closed her eyes. Then screamed in anguish as the first stroke burned across her bottom.

Donna was ashamed of the scream. She had intended to bear her punishment without such demonstrations. But the Pizzel, despite the whipping drawer, managed to impact her tender skin with such a pain she had been unable to keep quiet. She now remembered a further admonishment from her mistress. "Give them humble pleadings, darling. And don't forget your lowly social status."

Still gasping from stroke number one, Donna managed, "Please, noble ladies, bestow

your mercy. The pain is too hellish, I can't bear it. Please forgive me. I will not sin again."

Her pathetic pleadings were cut short by stroke number two which hurt every bit as much but no longer carried the awful shock of stroke number one. Donna managed it to keep the scream within reason, followed by moans which were very real indeed. She kicked her lower legs as best she could against the bar which held her legs. Julie applied the Pizzel with only short pauses in between. Frantically Donna looked from side to side, first at Julie then at her audience in mute appeal. But the Pizzel gave it's frightful strokes, accompanied by an occasional scream. The screams came when the anguish were more than Donna could stand.

The comments from the audience were nothing but praise.

Obviously they knew each other and could thus tell it the way it was. "What a beautiful bottom that girls has," or, "I'm glad it's not me strapped down to that bench. She's being cut to pieces." And. "This is the best thing ever. I wonder if we can persuade Margaret to up the count to thirty. I don't want it ever to stop."

Donna heard the comments through a mist of pain but didn't really care. All that mattered was the pain.

There were interludes in which Margaret pointed out the important features of her new possession, conveniently forgetting to mention how that new possession had been acquired. Excitement was running high and there were several offers to purchase, offers which Margaret ignored. Julie resumed her work with vigor.

As the blows fell one by one, Dcnna fought her way back to a measure of conscious to cry out in agony, "Oh, no more ladies! Please, no more! I cannot bear it any longer."

The Bull's Pizzel continued to indent the tight curves of an exposed bottom. Julie adored Donna's screams and after each one had filled the room, she made certain her next blow was harder than before. Donna moaned steadily and screamed often and when Margaret got another comment, she apologized. "The girl is under great pain," she explained. "We must excuse an occasional scream."

"Please, Margaret," came a voice from the audience, "give the girl an extra ten. I couldn't bear for this to stop."

Another voice offered, "Why can't we turn her over and whip her front? Her breasts are glorious."

"Why not hang her upside down," came yet another. "And whip her between her thighs. That's where most of her sins are. And, anyway, these girls have tough skins and can stand a lot of pain."

The suggestions continued until Margaret called a halt. "The poor girl has received seventeen strokes," she said. "She has behaved so well we have no excuse to punish her any more than the original twenty." Margaret paused and laughed. "Probably the next time we are together I should provide two girls with enough skin to make everyone happy. After she has received three more, we will leave our punished darling to repent her sins. Any of you who wish physical contact may feel quite free to explore her nakedness. She expects no less."

The three strokes were delivered with the full strength of her arm. When the last was solemnly pronounced and painfully delivered, the ladies clustered around to take full advantage of Margaret's offer. Their hands were everywhere and there were many comments as to how hot the bottom had become. When the ladies drifted away for refreshments elsewhere, the punished girl was thankful they were gone. She longed for release. But that would be an hour away. She no longer move but lay limp in her bonds. All Donna wanted was sleep and rest and the cessation of her pain.

After the guests were gone, Margaret and her black girl brought their apologies to the captive on the bench. "You did wonderfully," Margaret praised. "We had to give them some sort of show or they wouldn't have come,"

"I sure did enjoy whipping you," Julie contributed sincerely.

"It didn't mean nothing, really, not between the two of us. But it was something I had to do."

Margaret and her black girl exchanged glances. "Let's drag those panties off and see what her bottom really looks like," Margaret suggested. "We can take the bar off her knees and then we can see the way she really is."

It was the punishment all over again. The whipped girl moaned and squealed as the tight garment was dragged from punished flesh to reveal a bottom swollen and red from a cruel whipping. But it was something Donna was glad to be rid of and cared little about being left bound upon the bench, her hands safe in the stocks and the band over the small of her back holding her down. When the two women departed, she went to sleep.

"Seeing you whipped like that did me a world of good, darling," Margaret confessed on the following day. "Every woman in the place was impressed. I think having you whipped the way we did was the highlight of my life. Can you understand that, dear?"

"Yes, I can understand that." Donna's voice was weary. "I have come to understand that there are all sorts of people in this world. And many love to whip a girl. I simply happen to be on the wrong side of things." A pause. "Margaret, please tell me about Aunt Janet."

Margaret swept the request aside without answer. "I suppose it hurts you to sit down," she inquired.

"Yes, it hurts. Did you really have to handcuff my wrists behind my back again? It was lovely to be free, even for that little while."

"We'll see about that, dear. If I take away your handcuffs, you'll have to have leg irons. I can't trust you to be totally free."

"Please, Margaret, would you mind if I stood up instead of sitting down?"

"Yes, I would. I love to see you wince every time you move. That whip was really effective."

"I wish you'd tell me anything you know about Aunt Janet," Donna said,

returning to the subject she wanted to know about.

"That's a closed subject, dear. I don't know much about her. You are the main interest in my life from now on. I've got so much to teach you and so many punishments to inflict. The two of us have a wonderful future."

Donna's wounded bottom did not heal in two weeks as had the previous whipping. But at the end of that time she could sit in comfort but always in the constant apprehension of being whipped again. Whipping captive girls was Margaret's constant hobby, a desire never completely satisfied. While her bottom was healing, Margaret contented herself with placing her captive on the rack, the Horse, and sometime hanging Donna by her wrists. The periods were never too long, maybe an hour or two, but were fairly constant each day and kept the handcuffed girl submissive, always longing for release.

"You will always wish for freedom," Margaret told her one day. "No matter how much you swear obedience to me, you will always have a tiny hope for freedom in the back of your mind. That's why I will always keep you chained or bound or caged. And will always keep you in pain, at least some each day. It will remind you that you are a slavegirl."

Donna did not argue. It was too close to the truth. The handcuffs remained. They made her a slave and that was the end of it.

It was two weeks later, a full month since Aunt Janet had been taken away to a fate unknown, Donna's wounded bottom was half healed, and Margaret came by a fresh idea. It was simple. The captive girl was to be trained to cease sarcasms and talking back and sulks. Her bottom was still sore but her front was untouched and available. Margaret had Julie bind the naked girl so she was standing in the middle of the bedroom with hands tied behind her and pulled up to the ring in the ceiling so she was bent over. Her large size breasts made perfect targets. Margaret placed a chair before Donna and sat at her ease with a riding crop in her hand. She then asked Donna questions. Any answer that did not please the mistress resulted in a slash from the riding crop across one of the breasts.

For example, "How can you show proper humility, slave?"

"I can't every show proper humility, Margaret. I'm not made that way. Why didn't you keep Melody, you had her nicely broken." The answer was not correct and Margaret's riding crop slashed viciously across the soft flesh of Donna's breasts. She screamed and danced around at the end of her rope. The pain was followed by another question.

"If I ask you to service me, what would you do?"

"Vomit."

This time the blows were harder and there were more of them.

Sobbing in distress, Donna cried out, "All right, all right, I'll say the things you want. I know what they are. You don't need to do this." There was a sob in her voice as she said, "I never say anything right. Why don't you sell me to one of your friends and get another girl like Melody?"

"Because I prefer you. You're a pain in the ass but I really get excited when I'm punishing you. I'm tempted to do some more right now. How about the clips?"

The training session went from bad to worse. Donna threw caution to the winds and spoke her mind. It didn't matter any more. She was going to be punished whether she deserved it or not. Dismally she accepted the punishments and made the appropriate sounds and motions as Margaret inflicted them. But before long Margaret became bored. "I'm tried of just slashing away at you," she stated. "I've already got clips on your tits. You're in a bad mood and now you've got me the same. I'm going to take you out in the garden and hang you from a tree. Maybe you'll get some sense out among the birds and bees."

Maybe it was one of those times when the pain was bearable but Margaret was annoyed and made sure Donna was stretched so she must fight to keep her toes on the ground. The only good thing about the punishment was it got rid of the handcuffs for a while. They were replaced with leather bands around each wrist. Miserably she watched Margaret return to the house and then looked up at bound wrists which she instantly saw offered no hope for escape. This was a punishment that would go on and on with hurting wrists and stressed shoulders. Unhappily Donna bowed her head and closed her eyes.

It may have been an hour before the male voice returned the punished girl to vivid life. "Well, well, I finally found you at home." Nigel Bransome was his usual cheerful self. He walked up to stand before the stretched nudity and to admire. "You sure are a sight for sore eyes, Honey. Her ladyship has sure got you in a pretty fix. From the look of your ass, I'd say you've been having a pretty bad time."

"Get me down. Oh, please get my feet back on the ground." At that moment Donna cared for nothing else but that her torment be terminated. She would not have been embarrassed if a hundred men were gazing at her body.

"You want I should cut the ropes, sweetheart?" Nigel sounded as if he considered it an unreasonable request.

"Oh, yes, I'm in agony. I've been hung up like this so long."

"Bit of a bitch, that Summers woman. Not half as good as that Aunt of yours. I've been screwing her for a month and it gets better every time. Just in case you've been wondering, I moved in with her and the twins. When I got no use for them, I keep them in that cage. I beat their ass once in a while to keep them in a proper state of mind. If I had a whip right now, I'd give you a few licks." He chuckled coarsely. "Not that you need them, you're well marked already."

Donna hated him. But if only she could play her cards right...

She implored, "Please let me loose. You can steal me. Please don't go away and leave me like this."

"Never said I was going to leave you like that, honey. I'm just enjoying the view. You ain't got any idea how beautiful you are. And getting you stretched that way really does something for you." He paused to grin at her. "Look, if I cut you loose, are you going to behave?"

"Yes, oh, yes!"

"You really do want down, don't you? Are them the handcuffs she had on you, them sitting on that rock?"

"Yes, they're the ones. You can easily make me helpless if that's what's bothering you. For Pete's sake, cut me free."

His knife sliced the leather bands and his arm caught her as she slumped. He picked up the handcuffs but put them in his pocket. "Come on, sweetheart, I'd best get you back to the car in case her majesty shows up. She's got too much money for me to want to cross her."

It was hard going for a girl with bare feet so Nigel picked her up and carried her the rest of the way. Donna's heart was singing a song of joy.

When the car was safely speeding towards whatever destination Nigel had in mind, Donna tested her luck. "If you would like to stop off at a store, you could buy me a few clothes and a pair of shoes, then you could drop me off anyplace," she suggested. "We probably pushing our luck with me riding with you stark naked."

"Want me to put you in the trunk, honey?"

"No thanks. I'll take my chance. I'm so used to being naked that I don't really miss clothes. But what about picking me up those few things."

"Nix on that, sweetheart. I'm not letting you walk away on me."

"Okay," said Donna. "But I am curious, what are you going to do with me?"

"I've been wondering that myself," Nigel admitted. "I moved in with Jan and those two brats. They're in the cage right now. My best bet is to let them go and hold on to you. Jan and the twins spell trouble for a guy like me, but you don't. If I tie you up in my place no one will notice."

"Can I talk to the twins before you lock me away? I'm terribly fond of them and they'll be wondering what happened to me"

"I'll say! Every time your name is mentioned, they get fit to be tied. But don't worry, that's where we're headed right now. I'm just figuring which is best, to take you to my place or to keep you and Jan and them kids safe at her place. I can easily keep Jan in line - by suggesting that I flog her daughters."

"You'd never do that, they're only children."

"Well, you're probably right but Jan doesn't know that. And a good beating would do either of those girls worlds of good. What do you prefer, honey? Should I keep you safe and nicely tied or chained at my place, or at Jan's? That black girl she hired certainly does cook well."

"Could it be Jan's? Please? I'll try and be nice to you and do the things you want."

"I picked you as being a sensible girl, honey. That first time we met didn't mean much 'cause you were all upset. But I got these handcuffs and some rope somewhere

in the car. I could have you safely locked in the trunk right now, if I wanted to be mean."

"Yes, thank you. Don't think I haven't noticed. I guess I'll get used to having a master instead of a mistress."

"It's one hell of a lot better, I can tell you that. Where, you not only get tied up and put in a cage, but you get screwed. And don't tell me you don't want it, every gal wants it. Those twins can hardly wait until they're old enough. Right now I'm going to stop at a store and pick up a case of champagne. We'll all celebrate when we get home."

It was a test too cruel for a girl to cope with. Donna almost shed tears of frustration as she sat naked in Nigel's car. Should she get out and run naked down the street or sit still to await an indefinite captivity. Her mind was racing but Nigel was back with his case before she could decide.

"You got even more sense than I figured, honey. You could have cut and run down the street. And if you didn't get yourself raped first, you'd get to the cops and they'd look after you. I gotta say thanks for that. Makes me more than ever certain it's you I want. But let's go and cheer the girls up a bit, they'll be damned glad to see you."

Donna glanced at the man behind the wheel. She had no wish to be his prisoner but he did seem capable of kindness. She was wondering if an opportunity would occur later where she could hit him over the head with an empty champagne bottle. But she was repelled by such a thought. Quite obviously Nigel assumed her nudity would keep her safe for him. He had been correct in assuming that she wouldn't flee from his car while naked. And that same nakedness might be as an effective bond as a set of leg irons. Perhaps her future would be governed by her courage. And since all of them wanted to keep her prisoner for life, the stakes were high.

Once more Nigel was kind. When they were safely inside the garage of the big house, he patted Donna's back and said, "You run along to the kids. You know where I've got them and you'll want to say hello. I'll leave you alone for a few minutes so you can get rid of those kisses and hugs and whatever else you girls do. By the way, you can't get any of them loose, I got the keys."

Gasping a hurried but sincere, "Thanks a million," Donna fled to find whatever the big room might contain. The first thing she saw was her Aunt Janet stark naked and lean against a wall with one hand over her head locked to a ring in the wall by a handcuff. In a great thankfulness the older girl stretched for Donna but the handcuff snubbed her short so it was Donna who threw her arms around Jan in the happiest of reunions. The twins pleaded for release.

"Get us out of this cage, Donna," came from Pip.

"He's kept us here all the time," added Patsy. "We always knew you'd come to save us."

"You have got a key, haven't you?" asked Jan.

"I'm afraid I haven't. But anyway Nigel's upstairs and will be down in a minute."

"Why doesn't he have you handcuffed like us?"

"I don't know." Donna was aware how strange it was that she should be the only one of the four not restrained. "He's got handcuffs in his pocket but he didn't use them and I didn't ask." She turned to Jan in a breathless need to say what had to be said while they were still alone. "He says he's going to let you all free but he intends to keep me. He seems to be debating whether to use this house or his own. Oh, Jan, I don't know what to do. I'm free but I'm helpless!"

"Can't you hit him over the head with something? Then run out the front door and get the police?"

"He'd catch me, I know he would. He knows where I am right now and feels safe about my not being chained. But I will soon be handcuffed and in the cage with the twins. Damn it, surely there's something I can do."

"There ain't nothing you can do, honey." Nigel's voice came cheerfully from the door as he carried in a couple of bottles of champagne in buckets of ice. "I should have made this little gathering complete," he chuckled. "I should have snatched that Margaret Summers and whipped her ass for you all to see. If ever a woman needed her ass whipped, it's surely her."

He sat down his bottles and scratched his head in thought.

"Now how are we going to handle this," he mused aloud. "I can't let you all loose, gotta keep you fixed some how or another while giving you enough rope to let you handle this champagne." He turned to Donna as a man turns to a wife. "What do you say, honey, how can I keep them safe while we have a drink? I'm not talking about you, I'm talking about them."

"Well, you've got the twins handcuffed already, so all you have to do is let them out of the cage. And Jan has got one free hand, I'm sure she can handle a glass."

"Ha! I don't trust them girls. They've got more tricks than a dog has fleas. Sure, I got them nicely handcuffed, but what do you think about a pair of leg irons? A guy in my position can't be too careful."

Donna agreed that leg irons would be perfect, hoping at the same time that he would not lock a set on her. She was a free girl and the freedom was glorious. Her problem now was to use that freedom to best advantage. She watched breathlessly as Nigel looked for the heavy iron shackles and then to demonstrate his caution and his respect for Pip and Patsy. He insisted they back up to the bars and stand still while he locked their feet, confiding in an aside to Donna that a man would be crazy to trust those little nymphets. "Anyway I'm going to fix them good before I open that door."

Donna mind raced while considering possibilities. She watched as he unlocked the door after making sure the twins were shackled. "You don't have to do this to us," Pip complained. Patsy added, "You're a real asshole, that's, what you are."

But nonetheless when the cage door was opened they clattered their way to semi-freedom as if they didn't have a care in the world. Even with handcuffed wrists they could easily hold a glass that was supplied to them by Donna after having been sent

to the kitchen for glasses.

"To Donna, because I think she's the tops," Nigel offered as the first toast.

"To darling Jan because I love her very much." It was Donna's turn.

The twins did not bother with a toast but drank their bubbly liquid thirstily in a desire for fresh excitement. It was only Jan who still stood with her back against the wall and sipped her drink in silence. The twins, always vocal, asked, "Pour us another drink, Donna. This stuff is good."

Donna filled glasses again and again, becoming a little tipsy herself in the process. She had not yet arrived at a plan by which she could free them all from Nigel's clutches. When she went to fetch the glasses she had tested the front door and found it locked. There would be no easy exit for a naked girl.

Seeking to win favor with this man, Donna raised her glass and offered, "To darling Nigel, he hasn't whipped any of us for a long time even though he probably wants to. Let's give him a great big hand."

"You have to be crazy," said the twins. "That bastard has keep us in the cage for nearly a month. And he's whipped poor Mommy half to death. And he's done that other thing to her many times. He'll do it to you, too, if you don't watch out."

"Such charming little darlings," Nigel said sarcastically. "I am now going to propose a toast that we whip their pretty little ass. Or should that be asses? I've held off this far but I don't see why I should take Donna back to my place and leave those two little bitches without a mark on their rumps." He raised his glass. "To the whipping of teenage asses!"

Every one emptied their glass, including the owners of the bottoms in question. "He won't do it," said Pip. "He's too scared the police will do something because we're underage."

"I hope they put him in jail for life," added Patsy. "I'd love to see you behind bars, you son of a bitch. After all the things you've done to Mommy ... "

It was then that Donna, in a blaze of glory, fortified by too much champagne, hit Nigel Bransome over the head with an empty bottle. He crumpled unconscious to the floor.

It was all suddenly very easy. Nigel's pockets yielded the necessary keys so that every female present was soon free and able to give assistance in dragging Nigel to his car which they then parked a block away with the key in it. Probably no one had seen the naked girl who drove the car. They locked the front door and every other entry to their home. In happiness they drank the rest of the champagne. Then, in solemn return to authority, Jan took a pair of handcuffs from the supply and said to her beloved, "Come here, Donna, and turn around." It was a command Donna happily obeyed. She stood in quivering excitement as the steel closed upon her wrists behind her back. The twins response was instant: "Can we whip her before we have supper? Please, Mommy, please!"

"Donna's in no condition to be whipped, she's been whipped too much already. But I'm going to whip the two of you." The authority was back in Jan's voice. "All

the while he was doing those things to me, for a whole month, I think you girls were getting a thrill out of every stroke you saw me get. This time it's going to be Donna who watches you get yours." Then she turned to the bright eyed girl who had saved them all. "Are you happy, darling?"

Feeling the handcuffs on her wrists, Donna knew herself the happiest girl in California.

