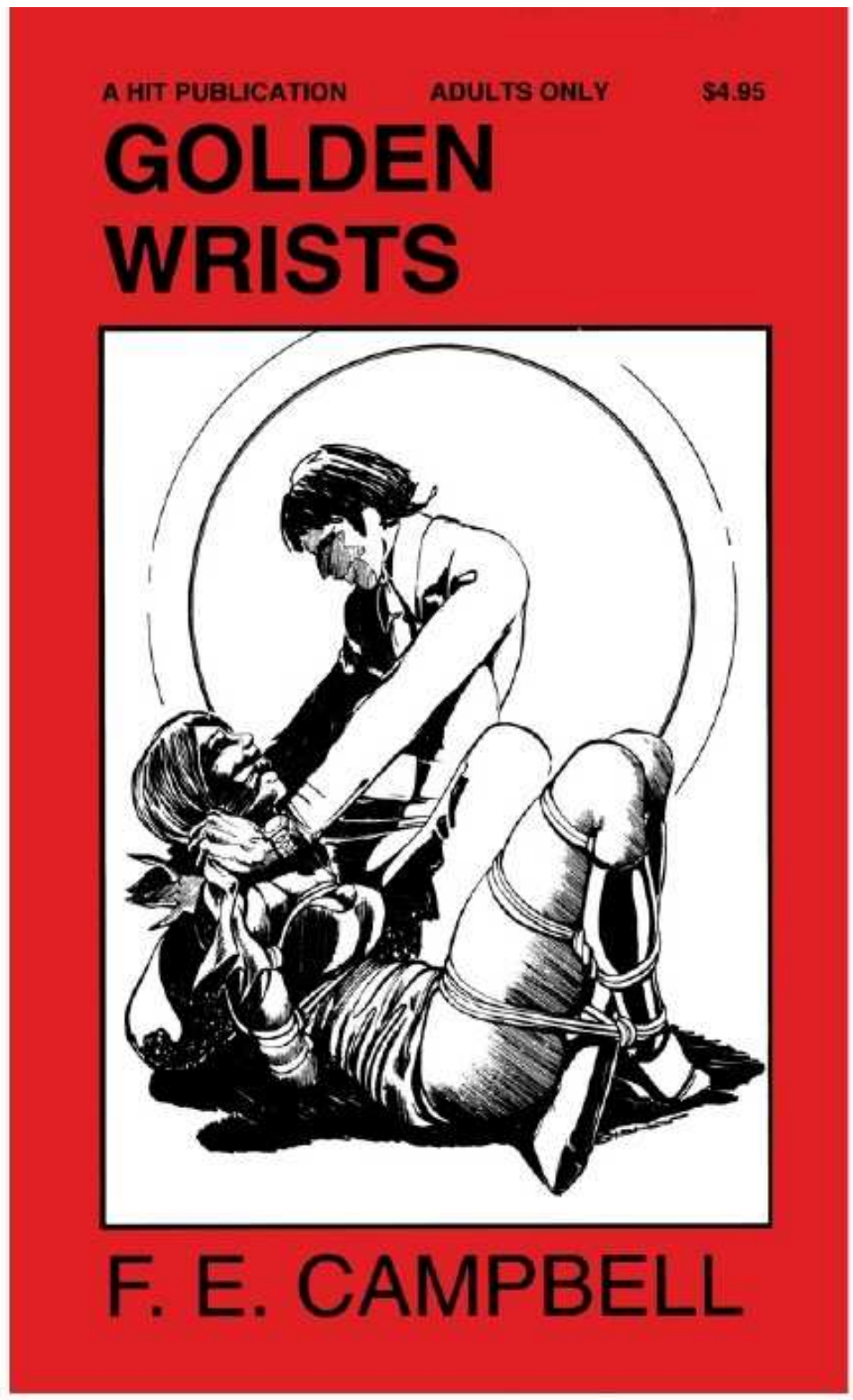


Hit 201

Golden Wrists

by F. E. Campbell

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A Hit Book

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1

Mistress On a Chair

The manner of my coming is guesswork, I suspect I was drugged and wafted across the Atlantic as cargo. I may never see New York again.

In the first two days of my imprisonment, I lost the two companions who's fate had been similar to mine. I mourned their passing and yearned for Ivory Blake with a terrible hunger of the heart. Ivory had become the core and center of my life but now was gone. I returned to the island of Plessious, along with the sweet but omnipotent Naomi Samis. They are gone, gone, gone. And I am here alone in the stone prison with its central column to which my neck is chained.

An iron collar is locked upon my throat. From it the chain to the stone column allows me to pace back and forth, a good deal of freedom but not enough to do me any good. I constantly plead for its removal but am only laughed at by those who attend my needs. Sometimes when no one sees. I shed my tears in the bitterness of defeat.

I was cruelly whipped on arrival, my introduction to the ancient house named Rockley. I was then sentenced to the condition in which I now am, for seven days, only four of which have gone. At the end of it I am to be whipped again. How wonderful is the omnipotence of this man I know as Andrew Everleigh.

He visits me each day and I have no choice but to stand naked beneath his venerable regard as we discuss the affairs of The Estate, and the disposition of my body. Andrew Everleigh may be old but he is very shrewd.

"That young upstart, Hugo Markham, will be missing you," the man who holds me prisoner remarked. "He'd best give up his claim and with you gone, I expect he will."

His regard of my nakedness, which never had been carnal, made me think he was faintly aware of me as a human being. "You've only three days to go before being whipped again. How do you feel about it?"

"It's medieval, I can't believe it will happen."

"It will happen. Do you think the first one did you any good?" That's a question I've asked myself again and again in my loneliness. Being whipped so terribly made me humble in a way to cause me shame. It is, of course, nothing more than a demonstration of how a man's will and a man's strength can rob a girl of pride and self-esteem. I had not previously concerned myself with breasts and pubes, but I'm now frighteningly aware of these female sexual attributes. I do not want to be hurt again, the pain is beyond bearing. I hear my voice and am mortified a thousand-fold.

"I don't want to be whipped again. Please, is there not something I can do or say? I am now obedient."

Andrew Everleigh nodded absently as if my pleading might be taken for granted. "As you have been,

Diane, you are too big for the role you have to play. Whipping will diminish you and make you submissive to my needs. Can you understand?"

"I will be obedient to you now. Please don't have me whipped again."

He goes away and I sink down upon the stone to lean whipped skin back against the pillar which holds my neck by a chain.

The next day was one more step towards a destination I could not see. Fingering the iron band around my neck, I once more stood before a male gaze in which there was neither lust nor an awareness of my breasts, Andrew Everleigh continued where he had left off the day before, "You are aware of the seven days you must serve, my girl," he said as a preamble, "After that there will be an eighth day and a ninth. What say you then?"

"After you've whipped me again I thought you would set me free."

His ascetic smile comes through thin lips. "You engage in wishful thinking, girl. But that is to be expected. I'll not be sending you back to that plush New York office and those pampered clients. You are going to serve me here at Rockley instead."

"As a naked slave? Is that what you want of me?" Andrew Everleigh does not answer, Instead he repeats the dry chuckled I can't interrupt. He goes away. The door slams shut. I was alone with stone walls and a chain.

I ask of my jailers. I am sure they know something but they do not speak. They are polite with their Miss Durrant this and Miss Durrant that. I can tell from the way they look at me I have much to learn. They get pleasure from examining my nudity, perhaps planning where their whip or cane will cut in that time when I would scream again.

My lonely imprisonment would drag were it not for knowing what will be done to me on the seventh day. And the seventh day approached with a speed to make me shiver. I told Andrew Everleigh that he has already reduced me to a naked nothing, but with this he does not agree. He asked me slyly if I would have preferred to stay with Naomi in the whorehouse cage without his ransom. Casually he mentions the sum of money he paid for my release. I am appalled and envision myself being whipped forever to compensate him for so huge a sum. Everything said and done to me here points to my jailer's whips as the only valid currency I have left.

Instinct and my lawyer's training tells me of hope. Andrew Everleigh probably sees the second whipping as cutting me down to size, but if it is no more than that, there lays behind it a purpose, Andrew Everleigh will demand a service from the chained and naked woman he will make grovel at his feet. This pathetic hope is all I have in my impotence.

I hope I appear more courageous than I feel as the last day comes. No one mentions what would be done to me tomorrow but it hangs heavy over me. Even the old man who holds me captive does not speak of it. I shiver constantly but not with cold.

It will be done to me in Rockley's great Hall, a frightening vastness of space in which I will stand alone beneath the cynical eyes of centuries of ghosts, Goodness knows what the immensity of stone may once have seen. Today it will behold a naked Miss Diane Durrant unkindly whipped at the orders of a man who, a month ago, I did not even know.

The collar I had worn for seven days is unlocked and taken from my neck. One of my jailers, Constance, assures me that everything will be okay and I'll be all right but I don't believe a word of it. I am led downstairs.

The stark immensity of it is awesome even if I were clothed.

Naked, it diminishes me to a frightened little girl who's pleas for forgiveness and mercy have echoed uselessly against the stone. Encouragingly, Constance and Betty tell me that I am to be made ready for the grand event but will have to wait a while for it to happen. Silently I reflect that if they think making me wait to be whipped is a kindness, they're crazy.

The stop is shockingly dead center. From above hang the two ropes whose purpose I can guess. The wristlets are buckled tight, each with it's metal ring. There is a heavy crate on which I am told to stand. There is room for Constance, too, as she raises my arms one at a time to the ropes she gathers from beyond arms length. When I step back upon the floor I am neither suspended or stretched as I had supposed but simply stand with hands and arms held high and far apart. As the crate is carried away I realize I have been fastened in a manner to allow me to jerks and twist and kick to my heart's content as leather marks my skin. My two jailers now strew upon the stone floor a fine array of whips and canes and crops. They say nothing and, indeed, what need is there for words. Once more they tell me not to worry. They go away and leave me there to stand.

I am ten times more naked than I have ever been. The great hall has that effect. I see among the whips there is a gag and know I will scream.

I wonder if there is watcher in the wings but do not care. I manage to spend some time in an exploration of what the ropes permit. They prevent me leaving the stone on which I stand but allow a twisting of arms and legs, and a reaching with my hands to the wristlets and the heavy snaps anchoring their rings. It is quite hopeless, I cannot get my hands anywhere near each other even though I can tease myself by motions meaning nothing.

The voice of Andrew Everleigh sounds one more alarm as he circles the nakedness he appears to own, "I suppose you know you have a magnificent figure. Miss Durrant?"

It catches me off guard. I blush and hate myself for allowing this man to see pink cheeks and disarray. "It's a pity you can't enjoy it." I clothed the words in frost.

"I have an artistic appreciation. I do not drool. You are exquisitely fastened."

"You intend to be present when I'm whipped?"

"No. I would find no pleasure in such sport. Constance and Betty will deal with you. Afterwards we'll talk."

I twisted as I was meant to do against the tethers on my wrists.

"Can't we talk now?"

"We could, but we won't. I prefer the aftermath"

"You want me broken and in tears, is that it?"

Andrew Everleigh shrugged. "I expect you read that line in a novel. By the way, in case you're interested, I've disbanded your office in New York, and after you've received the pain I've prescribed for your ill temper, I'll offer you a position in my service." His eyes twinkled as he added, "Executive rank, what else!"

Once more I was alone. It was a long time before my jailers returned to chose their whip.

I find myself not wanting to talk of this second whipping at Rockley. Pain is a bore and best ignored. I was relieved of the shame of screams by the offered gag which I opened my mouth for eagerly even though the strap and buckle hurt my lips and cheek For me a gag was merciful.

I was whipped with great competence and shrewd female knowledge of where it hurt the most. Constance gently informed my breasts were not required to kiss the thong. It was the master's orders.

When a girl like me is whipped, she goes into another world.

Maybe some other girl could have stood passively and accepted the pain, but I could not. It seemed a pity my audience was restricted to the two women who bestowed my pain for I put on quite a show of leaps and twists and turns and kicks at nothing. In an abstract way I knew what I was doing but could have cared less for I was encompassed by the anguish by which I would be made eligible to discuss

my future with the man who held it in the palm of his hand, the man who had purchased me.

I had a great need to scream as the leather and cane cut but was ridiculously grateful the vocal expression of my anguish was limited to the disgusting small sounds vouchsafed by the gag. When Constance and Betty were done with me, I was unconscious but hung in limp desolation from tethered wrists, glistening with sweat and moaning my way back into the world. They left the gag sealing my lips and went away.

The aftermath is wonderful, knowing the punishment is passed and release awaits somewhere up ahead. A girl does not struggle any more but accepts the status quo in gratitude. Hours later the man I had come to think of as 'Uncle Andrew' came to view his broken woman. I stiffened myself for what must now transpire but had the nerve to ask if he was satisfied with his 'broken woman.'

"You're not a broken woman, Miss Durrant, I never intended to have you broken, I want you intact. And you and I can view what has just happened as simple guidance."

"It hurt me terribly. It's still hurting."

"Good. That is what I intended. I trust you approved of the gag?"

"Yes. Thank you."

"Then may we advance to the next order of business?"

"I suppose so but I'd be a lot more receptive if I weren't standing naked with my arms up in the air. Must you keep me like this?"

"Yes. I will give you rank but you will be always subject to my will. If I want you to stand on your head, you'll do it."

Wearily, I threw away my pride to say, "Very well. I'm defeated. What are the terms?"

Andrew Everleigh was slow in answering. As I hung without caring, listless against the ropes. I cared little for what he might propose. All I wanted was to get back to New York and pick up my life. But the way this man had me fixed it was pretty much like wanting the moon and the stars. I was still getting shivering spells from being whipped and was certain I was an unattractive sight for any male eye. Slowly I became aware of Andrew Everleigh's scrutiny, seeing my woman's nakedness for the first time for what it truly was. Having me whipped filled some egocentric purpose in his mind, no doubt a prelude to the incredible proposition he now offered.

Andrew Everleigh was not a beneficiary of The Estate but the whole damned family must have been money makers because I knew him to be wealthy in his own right. I suppose if you have enough money almost anything seems possible. As he spoke I found myself tensing to stand erect and once more take up the instinctive play of my wrists against their fastenings.

"Constance and Betty gave me this idea, Miss Durrant. I don't suppose it's one I would have thought up myself." He paused, his eyes riveted on my pubic hair, which I felt positive he was not even seeing. He then struck off at a tangent, "I took a fancy to young Ivory - damned nice girl. Nothing like the little bitches of her age you meet these days." He raised his fierce old eyes to mine. "Are you getting my drift?"

I hadn't the faintest idea what he was driving at. All I wanted was to get my hands back and cover myself. But you don't say quiet when Andrew Everleigh asks a question. Politely I asked, "Not really, but please continue."

"I know a lot of people, and a lot of them have daughters. But I don't know a single one where the girl isn't a trial and tribulation to her family." His focus was now on my breasts but he wasn't seeing them, either. "I've got this great, big old house which I scarcely use so I'm turning Rockley into a place of training for the delinquent daughters of the rich. You've seen the headlines in the papers:

'Daughter of Duke's Family Found in Bed with Butler!'" He snorted. "Or maybe the damned girl gets

arrested when some lousy club in Soho gets raided. Or when she pilfers a scarf from a store because shoplifting is popular among our kids. Rockley is going to be a school for the little dears. Discipline and detention is what it's really about. Do I interest you?"

"I'm sure it would never be issued a permit."

"The law won't have a thing to say about it. These people are rich or titled or both. What they do with their daughters the law couldn't care less about. And won't even know." Once more he fixed me with a steely eye. "How'd you like to run the place?"

"It doesn't sound like my cup of tea."

"You'd be the Headmistress, or Mother Superior, or whatever other title you dream up. Constance and Betty will take their orders from you, so you'll possess total authority. I'll pay you more money than you'd ever make out of that lousy law practice in New York."

"But you can't possibly show a profit from a business like that!"

"Who said anything about profit? And I'm not sure you're right about that. There's fifty of these little tricks who's parents can't wait to ship them away. Don't worry about the money"

"Sounds crazy to me. What will you do to me if I refuse?"

"You'll go back to the room upstairs and sit on the floor with a collar and chain on your neck. No whip, no nothing, except a lot of time to think."

He was a shrewd old bird and knew damned well that sitting chained in that horrible prison would drive me up the wall. Suddenly I found myself examining the prospect of more or less possessing fifty young women, who would have to do whatever I told them to. Fifty pert young bottom, one hundred youthful breasts, and fifty pussies! Uncle Andrew discerned my interest. "You're something of a bitch yourself, Miss Durrant, you're made to order for the job. Don't tell me you're going to quibble?"

Quibbling seemed less and less sensible. I was still bound and naked and would quite probably be whipped again if I said the wrong word. On top of this, there was also the prison upstairs with its pillar and its chain. Conceding the disadvantages of my situation, I was finding Uncle Andrew's proposition more and more attractive, It was utterly bizarre and could only happen with a man like him. He had the facilities in Rockley and the money to make it happen.

"You mean I get to wear clothes and won't be chained?" I asked doubtfully.

"That's right, Miss Durrant, and if you're considering the possibility of running away and returning to that city you so adore. I must remind you of the ease with which you may be apprehended and returned here for a punishment you'll remember all your life. Surely I don't have to tell you of the ease of kidnappings?"

The old bastard, he'd do it too! New York faded to be replaced in my visions by fifty young damsels I could personally whip into obedience, respect, and goodness knows what else! Grudgingly, I conceded. "I don't have much choice, do I! Okay, I'll say yes."

I got the brief of nods before Andrew Everleigh turned to leave.

Feeling cheated of detail and longing for release, I demanded loudly, "Aren't you going to set me free?"

Uncle Andrew turned to retrace a couple of steps. The tone of his voice left me in no doubt of where I was at. "You have been demanding and disrespectful, Miss Durrant. Constance will attend you with cane and whip." He turned again towards the door and I knew unhappily that next time I would treat the Master of Rockley with all possible respect.

I went crazy and almost wrenched my arms from the sockets as I tugged and heaved against the leather wristlets and ropes. It was quite useless and by the time Constance arrived I was close to tears.

"I'm sorry about this, Miss Durrant," she said with seeming sincerity. "I have orders to whip you again ... I had hoped we were through."

I was frantic at the thought of going through all that agony again.

I made a mistake. "Please don't whip me, Constance." I pleaded like a child. "In fact, don't whip me at all. I've got so many marks on me now, Mr. Everleigh will never know the difference if we don't tell him."

"I will tell him of this thought, Miss Durrant. He said you would undoubtedly make this suggestion. It earns you an extra infliction of five across each breast."

"What!" I almost scream in dismay. "You mustn't whip my breasts. He didn't tell you to whip my breasts, did he?"

"I fear so, Miss Durrant. With the extra you have just earned, they are now to received ten strokes each. I really am terribly sorry."

"Damn your sorry, it's me who has to feel sorry." I absolutely forbid you to whip any part of me. I absolutely forbid you to use any of those beastly instruments to mark me up any more than I am now. And, certainly not upon my breasts! Not my breasts!"

It was as though I had not said a word. Miss Constance's voice sought to be soothing, "Mr. Everleigh insists upon your breasts. Miss Durrant. And he instructed me to have you spread your legs apart so I might pay attention to that area. I will begin now, Please feel free to scream."

The women who was to whip me had no need to order me to open my thighs. In my leaping and contortions against agony I served her purpose all too well, and she used my movements to score several good hits on my so tender part. I could not hold my legs together, the pain when the thong stuck my ass or breasts was just too great. Each fresh blow set me jerking against the straps upon my wrists. As my breasts were cut again and again, even without blood. I vowed I would never cross Andrew Everleigh's will again. Somewhere along the way Constance paused for breath to ask sweetly, "Have you a message for The Master?"

"Tell him I will obey. I will obey every word." I rushed out the words as I heaved with pain.

"I will deliver your message. Miss Durrant. I now continue."

It went on and on. Perhaps the leather thongs invading the privacy of my sex or impacting across the softness of my breasts were not as hard as that which had marked my back but the pain generated by them was certainly as great or more so. As far as I was concerned, this punishment was worse than the one administered so short a time before. When Constance was satisfied she had done her duty, she freed my wrists, patted my bare bottom with the assurance that all was going to be all right, then went upon her way.

I wept in a desolation of lonely pain. I cared for nothing any more except the terrible sensations recorded by my flesh. I lay upon the floor in naked misery until I heard the voice of the man I must now call Master.

"I am glad to see you a free woman. Miss Durrant. Miss Constance is an artist, is she not?"

"Am I really free? Is it all over?"

"Indeed, yes, but I expect acknowledgment."

"I will obey you. I will do anything you wish. I will go to bed with you, should it give you pleasure."

"Thirty years ago perhaps ... Not now."

Male gaze prompted me to sit up and dry my tears. I was wonderful to have hands. In an excess of submission I mumbled. "Thank you for having me whipped, Mr. Everleigh. I'm sorry I deserved it and I'll try never to deserve it again."

"I'm sure you will, my dear. Let us put the past behind us, and, if you feel up to it. I will escort you to your new office. Come, take my arm."

Rags to riches! All in the time it took to whip my breasts!

Leaning heavily upon male support I became aware I was enveloping us both in an aura of female musk and my own personal scent of sweat. I simply did not care.

Strength flowed from Andrew Everleigh in wave after wave to make me wonder if he had an erection or would use it if he had. I was thankful not to be addicted to male erections, they mess up a girl's body and a girl's life. Trying not to talk, I allowed myself to be led into a new dimension.

It was a beautiful office, totally modern except for the ivy view from the large windows. Everything in the room bespoke a comfortable authority. The desk with it's chairs must have cost a fortune, and around the walls were heavy iron rings, perhaps as hint of possibilities. Hanging upon one wall was an array of whips and crops and canes to set my heart to thudding in forgetfulness that these things could be used upon me, too. Undoubtedly it was a sanctum to daunt a teenage heart.

"You are a headmistress, Miss Durrant. Try your executive chair." I winced on contact, feeling my nakedness against the leather.

Cautiously I suggested. "This is a place of punishment. Are we to be concerned with the academic?"

"Not at first. Perhaps later we will introduce classes as required. The first thing the little hellions need upon arrival is the whip, the pillory, or the stocks. I will rely upon your ingenuity for other things."

"But they're little more than children."

"That is not the case. A girl has to be well advanced into her teens before she demonstrates the qualities which bring her here to Rockley. Judging by inquires I've received, I think you may expect a few inmates beyond the age of twenty. Lady Mord Carryton, who is known to her associates as "Tuppy", is twenty-five. Her parents giving us carte blanche over the correction of her faults." Uncle Andrew cocked a sly eyebrow. "I suspect you will enjoy your new position, Miss Durrant."

"Can I... I mean ... Am I allowed to remove their clothes?"

"If you wish, You'll probably find it convenient to strip them naked for their punishments. But for the rest of the time you may suit yourself. Keep the whole clutter of little hellions permanently nude if you so desire."

For a few moments I forgot my own nudity in mental contemplation of the small army of damsels I must soon distress. By the time Uncle Andrew escorted me to my own personal suite, and announced his need to hurry back to town, I was in a dither of outrageous excitement. His last act was medieval.

"You will kneel here and now and make you vows to me, young woman. Say what you wish but say it well."

Before I had been whipped the second time I would have retorted with anger at his suggestion. But now my knees hit the carpet with a thud and I heard, "I will obey you. Master. I recognize your authority and my own dependence, I will not run away. I am not so foolish as to believe you could not recapture me. I will perform the task for which I am employed and I will do it well, Whip me if I fail."

Uncle Andrew went upon his way and I realized he had faith in my ability to perform the bizarre service of his desire. When he was gone I quickly considered the means by which I might make good my escape but discarded them all in the realization I would be running from my heart's desire. I had

owned darling Ivory and had exerted authority upon Ava and Wilma Wright. But never anything like this! Suddenly I was on Uncle Andrew's side.

As a test of authority, I summoned Constance and Bullock to the lovely office. I quite forgot I was naked but sat in my executive chair as if I had all my life. I motioned to them to sit down so I might explore the measure of my new authority. I was well aware they could easily overpower me and return me to the tower room and the collar and chain. But if it was in the cards, it was best I know.

They were mature and sensible women who knew a good thing when they had it. At the end of our conversation I felt several inches taller, I went upstairs to dress with an easy mind. For reasons of his own, Uncle Andrew had opened the door to my heart's desire. Suddenly I knew happiness.

The frictioning of my whip marks became pleasurable on my second day. And it was then the influx of maidens began. The Rolls Royces and the Bentleys drew up to the door and the front steps of the great house with a discrete silence and unloaded their frightened cargo, one after another in a stream sufficient to keep Constance and Bullock busy. After a while I intruded my own presence upon the scene to pick up what I learned were the standard protests.

"Look, I don't care what you do or say, I'm not going up those steps or in that door." Or, "I'll bet you this place is some sort 'of lousy school. Look, Mother, I want to go home with you! Please!" Or, more strongly, "I'm not going to stay in this place, no matter what you say about it! I'll go to the nearest village and get on the first bus, You can't possibly expect me to stay in such a place."

Constance and Bullock were marvelous, enfolding each protester in arms both protective and authoritarian. It was rather like the collection of some rare pieces which were quickly popped into a cage to be examined and cataloged at a later time. Little did those girls know what they were getting into!

By this time I was involved. Had someone offered me a free ticket to New York, I would have not taken it. It appeared that Rockley possessed a considerable area referred to vaguely as 'downstairs.' And Constance and Bullock conferred with me as to the possibility of confining our dewy eyed delinquents singly in cells or as a group in one large cage, a facility already prepared. For the first time I used my executive chair and the lovely new office to hold a conference with these two woman.

"We have a dormitory ready and waiting," said Bullock thoughtfully. "Each cot is equipped with a chair by which a collar, a wristlet or anklet, will make sure the girl does not stray. But for the first night I favor discomfort on the floor."

"We can't have them getting morbid on us," agreed Constance.

"Leave them in the cage this first night. But there is also a compromise in the collars and chains already attached to the walls so the young woman will not be entirely alone."

"When they are ready for a second shock, we'll remove their clothes. Since they will be frequently punished, it is impractical to have them covered."

"In your own role, Miss Durrant, we think you should maintain an isolated authority for the girls to fear," Constance smiled warmly. "We will bring delinquents to you for sentencing, and perhaps for punishment if you should so wish. If they do not see too much of you, they will respect your authority with a proper sense of awe."

"You must do exactly as you wish, Miss Durrant, but Constance and I have discussed the approach to punishment and decided that something old-fashioned and totally without dignity will be the best approach. These young trollops have been utterly spoiled and see themselves as colorful figures in a colorful world of night clubs, bars, and private parties. For them to bare their bottoms for the cane will be devastating."

It was unreal. The three of us sat comfortably discussing a group of girls I had not yet seen but whom we were holding prisoners. I shuddered to think of defending such an outrage in a court of law, but my whip marked skin had generated a faith in Uncle Andrew and his knowledge of blue blooded omnipotence. I still adored Ivory, but when I thought what I could do with fifty rebellious little tricks,

my heart thudded so loud I could almost hear it. Not until that moment had I realized I was still naked. My two aides had a knack for failing to see the whip marks on my skin, or the skin itself. But it would never do for the head mistress to be seen by her pupils in such a state. I terminated our discussion and went to my apartment to make myself respectable.

Rockley had a considerable staff, and all of these servants shared the same gift of discretely failing to see whatever might embarrass the power who signed their checks. After only partly exploring the sights and delights of my private apartment, I was accosted in the passage by a tearful housemaid who followed me to my office, radiating sniffles.

"My name's Amy, Ma'am. And it's that there, Mary, the upper house maid, who keeps picking on me. Treats me something awful, she does," Amy viewed me with tearful eyes.

"Can't you cope with being picked on? It's a fact of life."

"Not with her, I can't, Miss. I does my work real proper but she's always finding fault."

I pressed the appropriate button. When Mary appeared, she turned out to be one of those appalling English types who effect a superiority, based on nothing more than their desire to improve their social status. I sensed sport.

The dialogue was deplorable and Amy and Mary soon displayed themselves as belonging to what the English call 'the working class.' Both got flushed and abusive in their exchange of accusations which I soon realized arose out of nothing but the boredom of domestic labor. I put an end to it with swift decision.

"You are both being ridiculous. You will accept from me six of the best on your bare bottom, or you may seek other employment."

It was instant shock. Amy stopped sniffing, and Mary clearly saw me as a traitor to a social strata she could not reach. I knew they were scared of my American voice and stared at each other and me in pure dismay.

"Six... On my bare skin... With a cane!"

"Don't tell me you've never heard of such a thing."

"That ain't done over here, Miss Durrant," Amy provided. "Put a stop to it in the schools, they did. Them headmasters were caning girls real bad."

"This is not a school. I have given you a choice." I had to admit Mary showed a touch of class. Without argument she went to the magnificent display on the far wall and selected a yellow cane, beautifully polished. The sight of it made my heart sing with joy. I accepted the awful instrument in regal composure, and said grandly, "I am sure you know what to do."

Mary knew! In swift motions she pushed her panties down to her knees, leaned well forward and flipped her skirt up above her hips to reveal a pair of smooth curves upon which I swished the cane with all the vigor I could, Amy said a devout, "Oh, wow!" while Mary straightened up to rub feverishly and make a small, choked cry before resuming her bent over pose. I slashed again and was gladdened to see two thin lines forming scarlet stripes.

Mary took her six remarkable well. I told her to stay and watch Amy get hers. But by this time Amy was quite disorganized and dissolved into tears and assurances that she could not possibly stand the cane. By this time Mary had pulled up her panties and smoothed down her skirt. I suggested casually that perhaps Amy might appreciate my holding her in position while Mary inflicted the punishment. Once more there was pregnant silence before the sniffling housemaid repeated the humiliating performance Mary had carried off so well. The six strokes were applied by constant threats to enlist Mary's aid, which apparently Amy did not want. I gave her my very best.

When the job was done, I sent away a remarkably respectful pair of women. When they were gone, I sat back in my executive chair and let my heart slow down and recalled the two youthful bottoms I

had ruthlessly slashed. I thought of Uncle Andrew with deep gratitude.

As I sat there in my chair, reviewing past pleasures and future delights, I had to remind myself that in some ways I was as much a prisoner in Rockley as the girls downstairs. I could not fathom Andrew Everleigh or any of his motives, particularly in regard to myself. It could have been chance or design by which I gained the strange power in this prison for girls. I tucked away in the corner of my mind the thought of walking out of this ancient house and going back to New York to pick up the pieces of my life. And give Hugo Markham a piece of my mind for his bungling. Hugo had made such a mess of things that, had it not been for Andrew Everleigh, I would not have been a stripped naked whore inside a cage of iron bars, a female body to be rented by the hour. Or to be bid for in the auctions.

I had to wonder if Everleigh's power was such as to kidnap and bring me back to Rockley should I run. I could well imagine it was something he could do. And I knew myself well enough to realize some perverse compulsion might one day drive me to make the dash for freedom. For me, Rockley was a prison without bars. I could well imagine my spurious freedom getting me into trouble. I shivered at the thought and realized Rockley and its owner were causing me to shiver far too often. I decided to go downstairs.

The cage was not really a cage at all but a huge stone chamber enclosed on three sides by granite and the full width of the other side encompassed by iron bars and a barred door. As yet only about half of the final total of maidens had been delivered, and these were dwarfed by the space in which they were confined. Mostly they stood in small groups arguing, while two or three hopefuls clutched the bars. They were all still very much haughty young rich bitches, which was the reason most of them were here.

Upon seeing me, several of them came to the bars to demand freedom and protest the treatment of themselves. Intermixed were several threats of police action and promises of my soon being thrown into a state prison. I was also informed that their parents had certainly never expected the way they were being treated.

I ignored the protests. They were pert little canary birds singing in their cage. Most were arrogant and proud but a little afraid. I could see that in most eyes. And pure defiance in others. It made my heart glad to think of how much those girls were going to have to be 'trained' and punished.

Seeing that I was not about to reply to their protests, most faded off into silence. "Well, aren't you going to do something!" came a firm and very haughty demand.

They were delightful and diverse. I stood drinking them in until I realized I should either speak or go away. I left them to their indignation and anger. I felt a bitch but I had felt a bitch with darling Ivory, with Ava and Wilma. The lord of Rockley had called me that, too. But Ivory had attracted me to distraction.

I slept that night alone.

2

A Plethora of Prisoners

It took me two or three days to truly believe what I was doing. With each fresh grasp of authority there came more assurance until I was back to the old New York confidence and a seething excitement. I was soon looking forward to the days ahead and counting each new arrival as Britain's highborn delivered its delinquent daughters for discipline. The poor, bad-tempered little darlings hadn't the faintest idea what they were in for. It seemed too good to be true.

We had now reached a total of forty rebellious but still dewy-eyed little darlings behind the bars. More would trickle in as time went by, but I had to make a start somewhere so I had Constance and Betty bring them one at a time to my office to be interviewed and assessed and given an introduction to Rockley I had myself devised. My first was a redheaded, green-eyed bundle of sexuality, glowing

with indignation.

I told her to stand before my desk as I completed a descriptive list of what and who she was, and where she came from. It was pretty much like extracting a tooth but I did wring from her an admission as to the faults which brought her to her present plight. Her greeting was forthright, "If you don't let me go immediately, I shall phone the police."

I am a lawyer, I know the pitfalls of chit-chat. My reply was brief and to the point. "Remove your clothes."

"Why should I?"

"Because I told you to. Do it now."

"I'm not a lesbian, you know. It won't do you any good"

"Strip."

She looked around uncertainly, noticing the array of whips and riding crops and the massive oak of a pillory I had ordered installed. Conversationally, but with a voice trembling just a little, she quipped, "I see you go in for torture."

"Get those clothes off!"

"And what happens if I refuse?"

The three of us had prearranged our response to certain situations. I touched a button and immediately Constance and Betty came in to station themselves on each side of the girl. Once more, and very politely, I requested, "Please undress."

My two aides make formidable guards, jailers, or matrons. After a shocked glance to either side, our first little treasure reached for the zipper of her dress. "Oh, all right, if you insist," she muttered. "But you've made me sleep on the floor and in my clothes for two nights, and I hope I smell."

"Her youthful perfume was delightful but this was neither the time nor the place. Constance and Betty discretely withdrew and closed the door. Her name was Paula Crombie, and she was one of those female creatures for whom the wearing of clothes was a real shame, The sons of the nobility always marry the most beautiful girls, so it is understandable that their offspring should be of centerfold quality. Paula most certainly was. Almost without a waist but flaring out below into as cute a bottom as I've ever seen. I went to the pillory and raised its yoke, once more wasting no words, "Please arrange yourself here, Paula. I'm sure you know how."

"That thing's a pillory. I absolutely refuse to stand in a pillory. Shove it!"

I was not expecting polished English. I raised the yoke an inch higher and asked a patient, "Please?"

"What do you want me to get fixed in that for?"

"Never mind, just arrange yourself."

"Like bloody hell! You stick your own neck in there and see how you like it."

I returned to my desk and was about to push the button when a youthful voice exclaimed, "Oh, very well! You needn't call the guards in again. I know you've got me. Which way do you want me to face?"

I wondered if her question bespoke awareness but realized it was sensible enough. If we were to converse, she would need to face my desk, since I would not wish conversation with her ass facing me. Sweetly, I suggested, "That's thoughtful of you, dear, please face the wall."

"That means you're going to do something to me." This girl was sharp. "Could I have my

back to the wall? I'd feel a lot safer."

"Do as I tell you."

Paula Crombie gave the proposition considerable thought. Her final decision no doubt was influenced by the presence of my aides beyond the door. In ill-humor, she inserted her neck, arranged her hair, and then placed her wrists in the neat half circles. When I lowered the yoke, she commented remorsefully, "Mother never warned me about anything like this. Are you sure you're not going to cane my arse?"

"How did you guess!" I exclaimed coyly. "Remember, dear, it's because mother said so."

"Mother's being horrible. She's a beastly old fan. Look, Miss Durrant, you won't really do it, will you? I mean, you're not really going to cane my bottom, are you?"

"The thought has crossed my mind, dear."

"But I can't move. Not the way you've got me fixed in this damned contraption. If you whip my bottom now, it will be damned unsporting."

"But most effective?"

"How would I know!"

"Are you quite sure you've never been in this situation before, Paula? You seem to be much aware of possibilities?"

"That's none of your business, Miss Durrant. If you put me in the horrible thing to whip me, you may as well let me out right now. If you don't, I shall go straight to the police."

"And how will you do that, dear?"

Poor Crombie burst into tears, tears of frustration, of humiliation, and above all tears of defeat. Between sobs she said, "I knew I never should have stuck my head in here. I knew you were going to do something awful..." Her tone became anxious. "How many cuts with the cane do I have to get?"

I loved her dearly, Undoubtedly this was not her first association with the cane. I went to the wall and chose a wicked yellow length to hold for Paula's inspection and to inform. "I think you should kiss it, dear, in recognition of what it's going to do to you."

"Kiss that beastly thing! No way!"

"Kissing is a choice between ten and twenty, Paula, dear."

Miss Paula Crombie kissed the cane. It was erotically stimulating to possess a girl's naked body but not her head or hands. Miss Paula Crombie kicked dramatically as I striped the pretty little rump she weaved back and forth as best she could. There were the usual vocalisations but I guessed Paula was clenching her teeth so as to not give me the satisfaction of a scream. I intended only the British "Six of the Best," and after the third had implanted its kiss, I walked around to see how the owner of a caned bottom was making out. Her sobbings paused long enough for her to say, "You needn't think I'll plead for mercy, you ... You..." Prudently she shut up.

It does not take long to implant six strokes of a cane upon a girl's bottom. I comforted this wistful thought with reflection on the number of pretty bottoms still to be dealt with. When I had set aside the cane to step around and dry Paula's tears and kiss her moist forehead, I inquired gently. "I suppose you understand why you've just been caned?"

"No. I don't. I haven't done a thing to deserve it since I came here. You haven't given me a chance since I came here, locked up in that lousy cage."

"Take a guess."

"Oh, all right. I suppose it's some introduction thing, an awful example of what will happen to me if I'm not a good girl." She raised her head to stare. "Is that right?"

"Absolutely. I knew you were intelligent, dear. Now I'll let you out and you can return to you companions."

Poor, dear child. I still had one more shock in store. As she stood massaging her whipped bottom, I produced the handcuffs and dangled them suggestively. It did not register at first, but when it did her retort was predicable, "What do you aim to do with those things?"

"Lock them on your wrists, dear."

"Like hell you will! Handcuffs are for criminals, not for girls ... Have you any idea who my father is!"

"It doesn't matter who your father is, dear, your father sent you here. Remember? Give my your hands."

Always I was to discover this the most potent motion of all. Each girl in her turn saw handcuffs as the ultimate degradation. The cane they understood, even the cage. But to have their wrists manacled in the manner of convicts and criminals portrayed on television was a humiliation beyond bearing. It amused me to record how long it took for the little dears to consider the consequences before sticking out a pair of paws for the bit of steel. This was the first time and I enjoyed ever moment before Paula disgustedly thrust her hands in my direction and looked on in fascinated wonder as I clicked the shinning steel cuffs around her wrists. When it was done and her hands were firmly linked, Paula Crombie held up joined wrists in pure disbelief in what she saw. I enjoyed the moment immensely but she did not. I suppose her first retort was obvious enough, "The girls will all laugh at me if you send me back like this, all naked and chained up. My bottom is marked up. Do you have to!"

I assured the little darling that indeed I did. I summoned her escort and sent her back to the cage as an illustration to approximately forty other girls of Rockley's discipline. Gratefully I sat back in my chair and poured myself a drink from the bar behind my desk, I was trembling with lust It might be easy to say that if you have whipped one, you have whipped them all. Avoiding a repetitious account of maiden squeaks and pretty little bottoms scored in scarlet, I did not find this completely true. Each girl varied vastly in their approach to punishment. There were even those among them who wept bitter tears of guilt and repentance when being brought to my office for their initial interview. Then there were others who were aggressively determined not to yield an inch in their aristocratic prerogative of pleasure without pain. Among these was Lady Rose Cressey.

I ran into Rose during my second day of interviews, My aides and I had neatly polished a technique which sent every handcuffed girl back to the cage in shameless nakedness to recount her adventures to a breathless audience. Lady Rose stood before my desk as though confronted by a leper. Her opening of hostilities was instant, "You're American, I know about you. You intend to cane my arse, and put me in handcuffs." She took a deep breath. "Look, can't we make a deal?"

"What do you suggest?" I was curious.

"I'm sure you're a lesbian. How'd it be you keep me for your private girl without benefit of cane or any of that other rubbish?"

"Suppose I double your penalties for such insolence?" It hit her hard. She had been assured and certain of results. Eagerly she offered, "Would you like me to undress? I have the loveliest body and you're already looking at my lips. Please, Miss Durrant, don't send me back to that cage."

I might have been touched had it not been obvious I was being manipulated. However, I might as well avail myself of the opportunity rather than call in Constance and Betty. I agreed. "Very well, dear, take off your clothes. Let me see what you have to offer."

A few moments later I was looking at quite exceptional nakedness. Rose was a beauty by any standard but was not a Lady. I dropped her title to cynically inquire, "My dear young woman, since

you have everything figured out. Tell me what comes now?"

"You whip me, of course, Or is it just the cane?"

"Which do you prefer?"

I knew I was playing her game but I was curious.

"I know about the cane and the games you lesbians play." Her voice was mocking. "I've been whipped and made love in the forests of pussy curls..." Her voice became a sneer, "How do you want it?"

"That's the classic line of whores."

"So, okay, I'm a whore." Lady Rose struck a pose, a very sexy and flattering pose. "Why don't you take your clothes off, Diane? That is your name, isn't it?"

"You're being impudent," I said severely. "What do you expect to happen to you here at Rockley?"

"Kissing your cunt, is there anything else!"

"You spoke of being whipped?"

"Oh, sure, that goes along with the scene. Whip me, I won't howl any louder than the other girls." Her attitude became sly, "I'd love to whip you, too. Would you like that?"

It was evident Lady Rose was a handful. Considering those waiting my attention down in the cage, I had no time to waste. I went to the pillory and raised its yoke. Before she placed her neck and hands where they belonged, this brash young woman of nineteen kissed me hard as though to emphasize the offers she had made. Then, quite passively, placed her neck in the wood and thrust her wrists to where I could lock them tight. For very sure no girl beneath my command could be allowed the initiative. Beneath watching eyes I selected a suitable whip.

"The other girls all got caned," came the accusing voice. She actually sounded triumphant.

"Does it matter?"

"Well, I suppose not. I'm accustomed to being whipped. But the thing is, are you taking me up on my offer, Diane? I'll make you terribly happy."

"No, I'm not. Forget your notions of preferred treatment. You've been bad and I'm going to teach you a lesson." I demonstrated by cutting a line across the white loveliness across Lady Rose's back on which I now discerned the lingering marks of previous inflictions. "I think you're a masochist but I'll try my best to change your mind about what I am. You're going to get twenty."

The poor girl dissolved and, as I whipped the back and bottom she could not shield, she finally wept amid the cries of anguish. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," she sobbed. "Diane, not any more. Please, I can't stand any more! Please stop whipping me."

Thus Lady Rose met my whip. They came in great variety and all were mine to do with as I pleased!

It took me a week to induct them all. During that time I would occasionally view them through the bars of their cage, noting the increasing nudity in handcuffs and the diminishing ranks of those still clothed who saw in their stripped companions their future. As I worked through girl after girl, I realized that having them all captive in a single cage robbed their interview with me of drama and suspense. Whenever I found a girl blasé in her knowledge of events. I raised the ante from six to ten, or even ten to twenty if appropriate. For the first time in my legal career, I was winning every Case.

Some of my little girls limped back to the cage in a sorry state.

Twenty strokes across a bare bottom must leave its mark both on the tender flesh and their minds. These were girls who always had things their own way. They weren't now!

As I drew near the end of these interviews, I became increasingly aware of a willingness to please. The girls who stood before me now had lost a good deal of their brazen attitude. There was one exception in the person of Elizabeth Lord who I interviewed immediately after she entered the door of Rockley. She radiated anger and a strength enough to level these stone walls. She was a married woman.

There was no great difference in our ages, perhaps five years.

Lady Elizabeth Lord stood before my desk in seething anger of a woman scorned. Here was no school girl requiring a caned rump. This one would well tax my knowledge of human nature to the limit. She did not wait for me to speak.

"I do not wish to be divorced. I value my marriage." She was assessing me shrewdly while she spoke. "I can well imagine what this place is and I am well prepared to put up with a certain amount of pain and indignity to satisfy the idiot who sent me here. Perhaps we may find a mutual interest?"

"For instance?"

"If you're a lesbian, I will service you. I am condemned to being striped by a whip. You will discover this in the notes I've just handed you, I believe I'm also condemned to other things, Herbert was a very angry man when he sent me here. But I'm sure you and I can work something out, I don't want any of his lousy punishments."

This one was not going to be easy. To gain time, I casually requested, "If you would be kind enough to remove your clothes?"

She stripped without comment The girl was adult and one for whom I felt sympathy. She was victim to a man!

"I have no choice but to mark your skin," I told her reasonably.

"If I send you home without whip marks, I betray my trust."

"Read on a bit, Miss Durrant, I'm not a bit sure you're going to send me home."

She was right! The terms of reference made Elizabeth Lord subject to indefinite imprisonment accompanied by most definite punishments. I cringed as I read her husband's male fantasies of what his wife deserved, Elizabeth was beautiful. Elizabeth was intelligent. I wondered what I would do with her.

"You're wondering if I belong here, aren't you?" she said softly, "I don't belong her and Herbert is doing this to me only to humiliate me and break me down. I suspect I'm about to join a bunch of frightened little girls?"

"How did you guess?" I tried to match my tone to hers. "Would you prefer to be separated in a separate cell?"

"Good gosh, is it really that bad!"

She stood there in her exceptional nudity and gazed askance. "What the devil am I up against?"

I did my best to explain. The youngsters were food for lust but this mature girl was something more. Desire follows no reason for any path. I desired Elizabeth with ever fiber of my being.

Power and consequence radiated from Elizabeth in an aura I could not deny. While I had been in thought, her eyes had roved and lit upon the pillory. In laughing unconcern, she stepped across the room to where the grim and ugly contraption waited its next victim. She lifted and yoke and left if fall again to ask gaily, "Do I have to stand in this? Really?"

"I'm afraid you do."

"Well, don't let's shed any tears over it Don't worry about being a bitch. I'm actually curious."

I began to understand why a man might send this glorious creature to Rockley, desiring her whittled down to a size he could handle, or with which he could compete. I was forced to recognize that from the moment she entered my office, she had held the initiative. For a few moments I had a vision of her contorting under my whip, I could think of no other way by which she might be subdued. But the vision faded without stirring my loins or generating the lust of punishment I felt so easily for the teenage flesh below stairs. Ignoring the pillory, I took her by the hand and led her upstairs to my bed. She made no demure, either about her nakedness or my intent She could read my mind, and when I, too, had shed my clothes, she acquitted herself with a competence and ardor I know I could easily enjoy for a long time. Here was a Woman!

I had forgotten the whip marks on my skin. But Elizabeth now traced them with an exploring fingertip with the vivid curiosity I would come to recognize was very much a part of all she was. I promised that one day I would tell her of their origin, but for the moment she had best keep quiet about them, Flippantly I told her they were my 'badge of office.'

"Will I be marked like that?" she asked in innocence.

"Yes." She nodded thoughtfully. "I'll hate it, of course, but it's something I'll have to know about. That silly man believes it's something that will change my personality. Will it?"

"Only for a little while. It's pretty bad for the first few hours."

"Haven't you found that being whipped the way you are, all those wonderful marks, lessens your authority?"

"You're the only girl I've showed them to."

"I know you're finding me difficult." Elizabeth Lord mused thoughtfully. "I mean, we're equals, aren't we? I'm not scared of you. There's no need to chain me or put me in a cell. If I ran away, I'd defeat my own purpose in coming here."

"But I can't possibly allow you to run around free," I said.

"Why not! Call me your assistant mistress or whatever you want. I'll help you with the girls."

"How can you help me with the girls if you're standing in the pillory or hanging by you wrists or some of those other things your husband dreamed up. The best thing is for you to pack up and go home."

"Do you want me to do that?"

"Hmmmmm ... Not really."

"That's settled then. I stay at Rockley and you make me scream the way my idiot man seems to wish. Perhaps you should whip me tomorrow. Is it much of a bother?"

She was as delicious as possible! I adored every inch of her firm breasts, taut belly, and curves. I plucked one of her pubic hairs from it's roots to make her yelp and ask, still with interest, "Why did you do that?"

"Imagine yourself tied down tight with your legs well apart and someone with tweezers pulling out your hair, one at a time - does that pique your curiosity?"

"That's nasty and disagreeable. Don't talk about such things."

"I have to talk about them if you stay here. Elizabeth, you're crazy not to go home while you still can. Once Constance and Betty have incorporated you into life at Rockley, there's no way I can

let you go. If I did, it would be one more way to get myself some more of the marks you're admiring."

"Okay, okay! I've told you I'm not leaving, either now or later on. Do I have to be chained in a dungeon or is there some sort of badge I can wear?"

Elizabeth was going to be a handful, but a handful I didn't wish to break or injure. I got a pair of handcuffs and dangled them in front of her nose. "How about these?" She was once more avidly curious. Taking my handcuffs, she explored their shinning surface almost hungrily.

"I'd feel silly with these on my wrists," she admitted slowly. "But I guess they're what the doctor ordered and I'll wear them with pride. Will they defeat those dragons you mentioned a minute ago?"

"Not really. But if you're very respectful to Constance and Betty, they'll do for now. They'll understand your sentiments about staying here because of your husband."

"Marvelous! Put them on." She held out her hands in sweet invitation.

"Not right now, I'm going to need those hands of yours. Come along."

Elizabeth's approach to the pillory was one of barely suppressed excitement without any trace of apprehension. She might be the lesbian of my dreams or a good actress. She might also be a masochist or a girl with a vivid sexual curiosity. She had me laughing, too, as I raised the yoke and she positioned her neck and wrists as though having done it every day of her life. When I lowered the yoke to make her prisoner, I could swear she sighed with happiness. So did I.

I stood back to allow us both to savor her imprisonment.

Elizabeth was turning her head this way and that even though it chaffed her captive neck. Her hands were equally active with the same result. Then she remarked, "I can't possibly get loose, can I? You can keep me in this thing forever."

"Do you find it frightening?"

"Not with you standing by. I'd hate to be alone."

"Suppose I leave you here for a couple of hours?"

"I can't argue, can I? But I'd rather you didn't."

She cocked a laughing eyebrow. "This pillory isn't all... Is it? There's something else?"

I took the yellow cane from the wall and let her have a good look. I flexed it back and forth before holding it to her lips. "Kiss it."

Elizabeth kissed the damned thing as if she were kissing me. It was almost a love affair. "You're not going to whip me with that thing." she said. "You know. If that's what you've got in mind, I'd sooner pass."

I wasn't sure the normal 'six of the best' would do much good. I was dealing with a female so heavily sexed I'd probably have to strip her a dozen times to make contact. Without further conversation I cut with the cane across Elizabeth's gorgeous bottom six times as hard as I could. When I came around the pillory, feeling a bitch. I saw only a naked girl who had made a tremendous discovery. "Darling, I almost climaxed, you should have given me a couple more. Be a dear girl and finish me off with your finger? Please?"

Elizabeth was still in charge. I did as she asked, more because I wanted to than by her command. But the command was there and unmistakable. "You've only had the beginning, darling," I told her gently when she ceased to pant and moan, "I'm afraid there's more to come."

"You mean you intend to cane my seat some more!"

"I really think you need it." I patted her bottom. "Somehow I've got to make you understand you don't order me around."

Elizabeth was shifting around against her imprisoned neck and wrists. She was also raising and lowering one foot, her voice was heavy with reason. "If my seat has to be caned again, I'll climax for sure, Be a darling and watch for the signs and sounds and make sure you thrash me as hard as you can when the moment comes." Her voice was vibrant with shared knowledge, She was utterly mine but I knew also I was hers. I delivered her second six in a vicious determination to compel her to see me as I was. But my flesh was aberrant and I was compelled to add two truly awful strokes to accommodate Elizabeth's twisting and moaning within the pillory. I had given her fourteen truly awful strokes across her bottom but was not the least bit sure she had felt a single one. At least not in the way I had meant them.

The aftermath of orgasm is a very private time for a girl. While she hovers in the never-never land of ecstasy it is kind to let her dreams come true. I slipped away, leaving Elizabeth Lord held tight in the solid oak of the pillory and unaware of my going. I decided I would leave her there a while and allow her to experience the anxieties of someone thus captive and alone. I was all too aware of an attraction between us which might prove an embarrassment. Elizabeth was here to be punished and I had little doubt the most potent part of that punishment would be to find herself upon a common level with the other inmates among whom she would stand out as different. Running across Constance, I directed her to release Elizabeth in two hours time, handcuff her, and place her in the big cage. Since I was robbed of my office with Elizabeth there in the pillory, I went downstairs to extract from among resentful delinquents, the next maiden on my list for Rockley's unkind attention.

I have to admit to a breathless delight in surveying the prisoners behind the bars. Their captivity, their nakedness, along with handcuffed wrists was still new and quite incredible. Only a few of the prisoners accepted the shinning steel which joined their hands, most were still tugging fretfully in a stunned disbelief, Since they no longer saw me as an avenue of escape, they did not bother to approach the bars but stayed exactly as they were, sitting on the floor, talking in animated groups, or isolated pairs. As a slow introduction to what Rockley held for them, I had instructed my aides to use any slightest excuse or expedient to punish and condemn by taking the innocent young hands from front to back where they became much more helpless. The mixture made a pretty picture.

Her name was Victoria Ponsby. She turned out to be one of those with her hands behind her back. When I called her name, her manner said plainly it was about time someone gave her proper attention. She stalked to where I stood, and glared at me as though I were the reason I was here. "I shall refuse to discuss anything with you until you unlock these horrible things on my wrists." she said as though dictating terms. "I have never been so shabbily treated in my life and I am sure my parents will be outraged when they hear of these indignities."

It was so stilted I wanted to laugh. I said no word but grasp a handful of her hair to lead her to a vacant cell where I made her stand to answer my questions while I sat on the only chair in the cell and used the hard bench as a table. Behind her front, Victoria was scared to death and not yet ready to deliver another diatribe. I set the pace. "I have a list of your crimes. Victoria, so we need not go into that. Have you ever been whipped?"

"Of course not! You must be mad."

"I suppose you've noticed the marks of the cane on the bottom of some of the other girls?"

"It's one of the things I'll report to the police at the first opportunity. Please free my hands."

Victoria was delicious, a perfect subject for anyone wishing to bring a proud maiden down to size. Undoubtedly her parents knew what they were doing when they sent her to Rockley. Quietly I said, "You will not be in contact with the police, Victoria, and you hands will not be unlocked."

"Then, at least give me some clothes, some sort of covering ... I am constantly ashamed of this nakedness."

"Don't worry about it. You'll soon be wearing some very pretty stripes."

She must have known it was coming but Victoria was one of those girls who believed bad things happened to other people, not her. "If you are referring to corporal punishment, you'd best forget it as far as I'm concerned. I would never consent to such an unwarranted outrage."

Victoria was amusingly predictable, a cliche for every need! But I was in no hurry and was enjoying her. Besides, my stock of new girls was running low as I had dealt with most of the girls in the cage. "Will you bend over to have your bottom caned, Victoria, or would you prefer to be fastened?" I inquired casually. "Every girl at Rockley gets her bottom caned upon arrival in order to give her a proper perspective on punishment. You are no exception."

Poor child! She was breathing more and more rapidly and obviously less and less certain of the sanctity of her skin. She stood before me in the little cell, eyes roving in search of possible avenues of escape and finding none. She then asserted as if believing every word, "I refuse to submit. I will neither bend over nor allow myself to be fastened." After a lengthy pause, she added, pitifully, "I want to go home."

I sighed as though with weariness, even though my heart was pounding in pleasurable anticipation. I rose and once more possessed myself of Victoria's abundant hair and led her to where the simplest of preparations awaited our attention. The rope from above was the correct length and the hook at its terminus ideally designed for handcuffs. Seeing her fate, Victoria fought and came up with a number of expressions far less stilted than her normal speech. But I had no difficulty in raising her arms and slipping the chain between her steel-clad wrists within the curve of the waiting hook. I stood away and there she was; flushed in the face and twisting in disbelief against raised arms and hurting wrists. Her hair fell towards the floor as she was forced to bend to a degree she would not have chosen herself. Amused. I grabbed her waist with an arm and used my other hands to smooth and explore the tight, round bottom.

"Don't you dare, you rotten bitch!" she hollered. "You needn't think you're going to spank my bottom and get away with it. If you want to spank an arse, use your own!"

I had not intended anything so juvenile but, since the little madam was so concerned over a spanking, I promptly delivered a number of stinging blows with my palm. When her twin contours were pleasantly pink, I reminded her gently. "This is just a little warming up, Victoria. What I want you to do now is ask me respectfully to stripe this pretty little bottom with the cane. I am waiting."

"Drop dead!"

I had Victoria immobilized and continued the application of my palm on her bottom. There is no need to relate her colorful exclamations of distress, but their tone slowly waned as her flesh reddened until she asked, "What was that you wanted me to ask for?"

"Six with the cane on your bare skin, dear."

"I'm sorry, I can't possibly do that."

"If you don't ask for them nicely, I will increase the number to twelve. The choice is yours. Victoria, please be sensible."

I left Victoria to think about her predicament. Time was on my side and all I would get from her right now was heated arguments. I purposely slammed the cell door.

I now had a couple of delinquent charges on hold. And, since I was not yet ready to release Elizabeth Lord, I left the house to view the garden and grounds, which I felt sure offered many possibilities for discipline. The area was vast and I had no time to explore all at the moment. When I returned to Victoria's cell, I had several new ideas. Miss Victoria was actually glad to see me.

"You've been gone for hours." she accused. "And I've been standing like this all the time. It's not a bit fair."

"Twenty minutes, Victoria, that was all. I hope you've reached a decision."

It poured from the unhappy maiden in the urgency of terrible decision, "Please cane my bottom, Miss Durrant..." She obviously had more to say but swallowed visibly instead. No doubt she was afraid. The yellow cane was already in hand. I swished it in the air so she could hear it's whine before rapping her pretty little butt on which it was about to leave its print. I made my voice as gentle as I could, "Hold your breath, dear, it won't take long."

In actual time it took several minutes to plant six strokes across the animated flesh. Stroke number one sent my almost helpless maiden into such a series of contortions and complaints, I stood and watched her performance in a small measure of awe, There was no way Victoria's raised arms could escape the hook but she danced and pranced and swirled around. When I suggested she resume the proper position, she said she could not possibly offer her bottom for me because it hurt far too much. When I moved to reach her bottom, she circled around within the small distance allowed her by the tether so as to keep her seat of punishment as far from me as she could. Unhurriedly, I suggested, "I can strike any part of you, Victoria, and it will hurt a great deal more than caning your bottom Why not be a sensible girl?"

"You wouldn't!"

Victoria's bowed head pointed in my direction so I simply tapped the side of her large breast and fear flashed into her eyes. She turned her bottom my direction without a word. I slashed the round bottom with the rest of her six strokes, then said brightly, "There, that wasn't so bad, was it?"

"It was awful!"

"Very well, it was awful. But it will serve as a reminder if you wish to consider disobedience or insolence in the future."

I think my inspection by touch of her wounds offended Victoria as much as the wounds themselves. She winced and moaned, and shifted her feet back and forth, and produced a whelp of dismay when I patted the red marks firmly. I resumed my seat.

There was a brief silence before a plaintive voice inquired, "Aren't you going to let me loose. Miss Durrant?"

"I prefer you as you are, dear. Keep that little bottom of yours pointing in my direction so I can admire it and watch the pretty colors change."

Poor, dear girl. She had to digest everything I said before answering. I knew she wanted her arms lowered but was now prudent enough not to order me to do that. She shifted her feet and sought some comfort from a position that gave very little. I knew I should feel an absolute bitch but was coming by the conviction that what I was doing to this spoilt teenager was the best possible treatment. Already she had come a little way down from her high horse, but the tone still had hints of haughtiness in it. "How about letting my arms down? And will you put me back in that cage with the rest of them?" She made it sound like a fate worse than death.

"If you prefer isolation. I can lock you in this cell and leave you alone. And I do mean alone! Would you like that?"

"It's a horrible idea. I hate it!"

"But you could do as you like, no one to bother you."

"That's what they call being put in solitary, it's a punishment. Thank you. I'll go back to the cage."

"That's not for you to say, dear. We have this lovely cell for you, and further down there's a lovely dungeon with some lovely heavy chains. Just think, you could sleep the whole day through!"

"I don't want to sleep the whole day through. I'm sorry, Miss Durrant, that I was impertinent. I'm going to try and be more the way you want. Please don't punish me anymore."

"I've been thinking it would be nice if you asked me to give you six more with the cane - just to show good faith."

Victoria stood still and stopped struggling. She seemed to be trying to consider the impossible. Her voice was meek, 'That's just to humiliate me, isn't it? You think I've been proud and this will break my pride."

"You're very perceptive, Miss Ponsby."

"I'm also very helpless, and you're taking a terribly mean advantage. Please, Miss Durrant, don't make me say that."

"You must. Or else!"

Quietly, Miss Victoria Ponsby began to cry. Tears fell to the stone floor. Finally she pleaded brokenly, "Please cane my bottom six more times, Miss Durrant. I'm sorry about failing to please."

It was almost too heartbreakingly beautiful to be real. I patted the marked bottom before cutting at it again and again with the yellow cane. Victoria could not possibly stand still and danced most delightfully. Victoria's tears flowed steadily throughout her second punishment, and at the end it was I who dried her cheeks, When I took her handcuffs from the hook, she surprised me.

"I think I ought to hate you, Miss Durrant, but I don't. I think it's silly but I'm loving you terribly. I want to see you naked the way you have me. Please?"

It was an interesting shock, something I had not seen in this girl.

But there was about the request the same hint of dominance, the act of talking down to a social inferior I had seen before. I refrained from any insincere expression of outrage but simply said, "You're asking for something you're not ready for, Victoria, nor am I ready to grant your wish. You will see me naked in my own good time, but I will always see you naked as I see you now. Get used to it."

"Yes, Miss Durrant."

I took Victoria's cuffed hands from behind her back and locked them in front. I felt actually involved with this girl who, even though taking a predictable course, had done so with elegance, Her real punishment would be explaining away twelve marks instead of six when displayed before her fellow prisoners. I kissed her and locked her inside the cage.

Upstairs, still locked in the pillory, Elizabeth Lord was waiting.

3

A Plethora of Punishments

It was a day of surprises, surprises which told me clearly I had much to learn about teenage female prisoners. I remembered the Frenchman's bit of philosophy that a female is like a fine musical instrument which would respond according to the skill one used upon it. The prospect of exploring fifty feminine instruments was entrancing, stretching on and on into the future. I returned to my office and Elizabeth Lord.

"Hello. Diana." It was as though I had never been away. I almost gasped in sheer ecstasy as I beheld the sight of silken hair falling down beside the captive head and the two captive hands hanging limp. Elizabeth's pubic patch screamed aloud for an attention I was not prepared to give. I simply said. "Hello. Elizabeth, enjoying yourself!"

"Actually, yes. What I mean is, I have to endure this sort of thing so I might as well get all I can out of it. The way I figure it this is a damned remarkable experience I wouldn't want to pass up. I hope you're not going to let me loose."

"The thought had crossed my mind."

"Well, don't do it. Keep me here a while and give me whatever humiliation goes along with the treatment."

Elizabeth still led but this time I did not follow. "You'll have to stop telling me what to do to you," I pointed out reasonably. "You're the captive here to be punished and I'm the headmistress who does the punishing. Most of the time you seem to forget."

"Yes, Diana, you're absolutely right. Please use that damned cane on me some more until you're sure I really am broken and mean what I say. I know your position isn't all that easy."

Good gosh! This mature, lovely girl had been doing some reasoning while I was gone. Her conclusions saved me time trying to express my own. I asked, "You don't really want me to cane you again, do you?"

"Yes. I've not behaved well at all."

I caned the bottom of Miss Elizabeth Lord until she screamed. It took a long time. By that time I was sweating just as hard as the naked girl in the pillory. Only her sweat was from pain, mine from exertion and pleasure. I did not let her free but picked up my papers from the desk and dealt with them even though most of my attention was upon the bowed head of a naked female I would have to treat with caution.

Elizabeth was in a strange detachment all her own, almost a trance-like state. I knew she was aware of me but only as a part of her dream, the experiment she was making of Rockley and herself. I knew also we were tremendously aware of each other. Even at a distance I keep picking up her scent.

I worked hard at keeping my mind on the paperwork even though all I really wanted to do was watch the captive Elizabeth and wonder about this treasure fate had placed within my grasp. Victoria Ponsby had admitted my punishment of her fostered only love. I was pretty sure it worked that way, too, with Elizabeth. I allowed her to stand an hour in the pillory before I used the key.

Directly I used the key, she clasp her arms around my neck and pressed her cheek against mine like a child. Once more I had the feeling I had lost control. I wanted this silent communion as much as she but knew that somehow I would have to break the spell. Gently. I disengaged, turned the lovely nudity around and placed her hands palm to palm behind her back.

I suppose I chose the binding because of the personal intimacy, something of myself Elizabeth must bear, a small but constant nagging pain she would suffer as a gift from me. She said no word as I corded her wrists as tightly as I dared. Then I compressed her forearms to enable loops of rope to clamp her elbows tight. It is not every girl one can do this with but Elizabeth's nakedness had a supple flexibility I adored. Strand after strand I wound around the unprotesting flesh and drew the strictures tight to make the final knot tight and at the elbows where she could never reach. When I turned her once again to behold the protruding breasts, it was I who clasped my victim in my arms to kiss and kiss again before leading her to the cage and inserting her. Our eyes had said everything, we spoke no words. I stood entranced as the lush maturity turned to face the stares and walk with seeming unconcern to find what fellowship she could among the handcuffed beauties who eyed her bonds askance.

Slowly they gathered around their freshly bound companion in distress and I wondered how long it would be before one of them found the courage to untie my wicked knots. But perhaps Elizabeth would be as tightly tied tomorrow as today. It would be an interesting experiment.

Uncle Andrew certainly got around. The shock he slipped me the following day took the form of a smiling African gentleman with very white teeth and an Oxford accent who was securely attached to a mischievous-eyed maiden of Rockley age by a pair of handcuffs from his left wrist. Neither seemed

to notice the connection between their wrists, and once more I had the feeling of others playing the lead while I stood in the wings.

Introductions were instant, the gentleman being Mr. Mandel Matussi, and the maiden Miss Phomie Prendella. Arrangements had been made for Miss Prendella to enjoy the benefits of the Rockley institute to which Mr. Matussi had been delegated to deliver her in good order. Ceremoniously, Mr. Matussi handed me an envelope filled with documents and used a key to detach himself from the girl. Prudently he joined her wrists behind her back with the freed cuff. I sensed he was much relieved to be free of her.

"Miss Prendella has a tendency to run away and get in trouble." he explained. "She needs constant supervision and discipline." He smiled brightly. "You will find in the envelope full permission from her male parent to whip her daily and administer any other punishments you feel appropriate." He sighed. "Miss Prendella has been a great trial and anxiety to all concerned."

I offered him sherry which is a terrible British expedient by which they avoid offering you a cup of coffee or pouring a decent drink. Mr. Matussi shared the couch while sipping ritualistically while Phomie stood respectfully at the end of the coffee table, hands behind her back, and all the mischievousness of Africa in her dark eyes. I was told her behavior had been deplorable in her almost constant desire for male attention. From the way Mr. Matussi eyed his ward, I had to wonder if he had provided some of this male attention himself. Phomie radiated that intense female aura which left no doubt she could accommodate the male population of any country between her thighs, I sighed in resignation and admitted to myself she would be a pleasant change from all that blue blood in the cage.

Mr. Matussi presented me with the handcuff key and made his departure. My latest girl and I viewed each other calculatingly. I sensed intelligence. Phomie's voice was richly colored. "He's such a funny little man," she confided as though we'd known each other for years. "I don't mind having to wear handcuffs but now he's taken his worries back to our country, you might as well give me back my hands. I'm not going to run away immediately I've arrived."

Phomie bounced to where I sat, turned her back, and wiggled two hands securely locked in steel. I knew this magnificent moppet was taking the initiative and I should not let her. But I was curious. I used the key and put it with the handcuffs in a draw while Phomie rubbed her wrists and said thoughtfully. 'Thank you. Miss Durrant. Oh, by the way, my Daddy says you may whip me anytime you wish."

Even with her clothes on, Phomie was a dish, a dish piled high with the assurance just delivered. I felt certain whipping Phomie's bottom would be an event, a happening, which she might easily forget but one I would remember all my life.

"I met Mr. Everleigh at one of the Embassy cocktail parties. And when he told me about Rockley I knew I absolutely had to come." She beamed gratification. "My Daddy is an absolute dear and doesn't mind who whips my bottom so long as he doesn't have to do it himself. Mr. Everleigh fixed everything and here I am." She bathed me in the radiance of a smile in which mischief was nicely blended with serious intent. "I really am a naughty girl, Miss Durrant. I won't pretend I'm not. But being naughty is so delicious, don't you think?"

I would never be sure of Phomie, and she knew it. Everything she said might be a smoke screen shielding her inmost self. Or she might be simply naive. I would find out.

For the moment her roving eye had come to rest upon the oaken Pillory in which so many girls had been introduced to Rockley. 'That's a pillory, isn't it, Miss Durrant! You lock girls like me in there and we have to stand until we cry or ask forgiveness and promise never to be naughty again. Will I have to stand in it?"

"You can stand in it right now if you wish."

"Well, perhaps not right now ... Would you show me around Rockley. I'm tremendously curious."

"That would amuse me, too, but Rockley insists upon a special uniform. I'm afraid it's wearing nothing at all. Does that bother you?"

"Goodness no! When I go traveling with Daddy at home I always wear what the local girls wear. That's usually just what you've described, I expect you've seen our pictures in the National Geographic? Would you like me to undress?"

Phomie was still miles ahead but I comforted myself with the knowledge I could bring her back to heel with the ancient remedy of pain. But this I did not want to do. It would be far more fun to allow her the rope by which she would later hang. I stood in awe as I watched the baring of black beauty beyond any I had ever seen. Phomie's skin was like satin and had a radiance all its own, and a texture I would wish to touch. Miss Prendella also possessed and exhibited with pride a well-whipped bottom. She explain it was evidence of her latest naughtiness with a junior embassy official now sent home to Ugammi in disgrace. With the final shedding of clothes and shoes, she raised her arms above her head, turning slowly as she flexed her contours for my approval. Phomie was something else!

Had Miss Prendella wished to fight the handcuffs, I could not have handled her sleek, young strength. But I need not have worried. When I produced the shinning steel bracelets, her only demure was to ask if I minded using the pair in which she'd been delivered. I gather there was some sentimental attachment I would hear about in time.

This glorious daughter of Africa held out her wrists and sighed gently as I locked the circles tight. Testing as though to make sure they would not come loose, Phomie giggled, "They're so useful when I meet boys because they think they make me helpless. I only have to struggle the least bit to get them tremendously excited." She sighed happily. "And they're so wonderful to remind me to behave myself."

"You don't consider sexual intercourse with a man as something bad?"

"Of course not! It's such lovely fun." She chuckled in pure joy and raised her hands so I could see the shinning silver bands she wore as bracelets, "I mean like it's not bad like borrowing the car, or getting home late. Or being rude to Mommy." Brightly, as though bringing stupidity up to date, she added, "Everybody does it, you know. Or else none of us would be here."

"There's no men to do it with at Rockley."

"Yes, that's what they told me. That's the real punishment in coming here, isn't it? But I'm sure you'll lend me one of your dildos ... You will, won't you?"

"I don't even have one to lend."

"Then I'll bet you have fun with us girls."

"That's none of your business, young lady. You'd best watch what you're saying."

"Will you do it with me, Miss Durrant? Or let me do it to you?"

I refused to be provoked but led Miss Prendella to view the delights of her future home. I dwelt at length upon the dungeon's doom and gloom, and made her lift the weight of chains she would have to bear should her behavior warrant. I felt only a small twinge of defeat when she bubblingly proclaimed it the most exciting place she'd ever seen. The cage intrigued and she implored me to put her inside with all the others. But her indoctrination was not yet complete, so I took her back to my office and the waiting pillory.

"I'll bet you're going to lock me in that thing and cane my bottom," she said as though it were her idea. "My poor bottom's been caned a great deal lately, Miss Durrant. Perhaps you wouldn't mind caning me somewhere else."

"For instance...?"

"I couldn't help noticing all those other girls in the big cage, and all those marks across their

bottoms. Perhaps, if it's all the same to you. Miss Durrant, you don't have to cane me at all because it's already been done." She gave me an understanding smile. "If you put me in among all those other girls, they won't be able to tell if I got these marks today or yesterday." She grinned. "I'm not all that keen on getting caned there where I sit down, it hurts terribly. So if you wouldn't mind...?"

The little so and so was echoing my own thoughts. I had no wish to add stripes to youthful contours already marked up. But it's not practical to use a cane upon a girl's back. And I certainly was not going to use it on any other part. I lifted the upper yoke of the pillory and said, crisply, "Get yourself inside here and stop telling me what to do."

There was only a momentary pause, and, even though she could have gotten the best of me in a struggle, Miss Phomie Prendella arranged herself neatly within the spaces only just big enough to accommodate girlish wrists and neck.

Obviously she felt no ill. "I thought it best to try. Miss Durrant. I do understand your position. If you've all the other girls, you absolutely must cane me, too. Please don't feel guilty."

I felt guilty as hell and snapped the yoke down hard and let Phomie hear the click of the padlock which meant she could stay there forever if I so desired. "Six strokes on your bottom," I snapped at her in an effort to maintain control. "Scream all you like."

Phomie did not scream even through I must have hurt her brutally. By now my aim was quite remarkably accurate, and I planted the cane only on those areas not previously scored. My African beauty made no sound, her only recognition of the punishment was the shifting of her feet and tensing of her arms as I added six more ridges upon her flesh. I left her there to stand while I returned to my desk to make believe I was dealing with bits of paper that really mattered. The scent of Africa filled my room to make me long to take this girl to my bed.

When I had dealt with Phomie's introduction to Rockley, I tied her wrists and elbows in the same manner as with Elizabeth Lord. I noted that as my cords looped and bit deeply into her skin, her breathing increased along with mine. In self-defense I hurried with the most unkind binding there is for a girl, clamping Phomie's elbows tight and knotting viciously, while at the same time explaining to her that she would find another girl in the cage tied the same way. And that, if either of them could get the other free, they were at liberty to do so. When I opened the cage door and thrust the black girl inside, I was conscious of casting my bread upon the waters in the hope it would return to me ten-fold. Approximately fifty young women would yield obedience. They were mine!

Her reaction to the neatly spread out tunic was instant. "I stopped wearing those silly things five years ago and I'm not going to start wearing them now!"

"Would you prefer twenty strokes with the cane, dear?"

Cynthia was undeniably shocked and seized upon the only deficiency. "There's no panties and no bra, the whole thing's indecent. It's worse than being naked!"

"You may have both bra and panties, dear, if you don't mind them being lined with stinging nettles."

We allowed the awful suggestion to hover above our prisoner. "You wouldn't!" Cynthia stared in wild disbelief.

Possibly I should explain that the English stinging nettle is like the American poison ivy. Any girl who had to wear undergarments lined with that plant's leaves would soon be itching and burning something fierce. Cynthia considered the possibility and extended a pair of maiden hands in meek surrender. "If you'll take off these handcuffs, I'll dress the way you wish."

Rockley held all the cards so the end result was always the same.

After a while we tired of the individual sport, and with a dozen school-clad maidens among their fellows in the cage, dumped a pile of tunics inside the cage with instructions to have them on or face the cane. I had never unlocked so many handcuffs in my life. The one exception was Elizabeth Lord.

Elizabeth was a beautiful woman and wore her nakedness with nonchalance. As usual, she spoke first. "I've wondered about this school girl thing. Half the girls have to tug and stretch. You're going to have a lot of ruptured seams."

I unlocked one cuff and clasped it with it's fellow on her left wrist as I motioned to my desk on which reposed a waiting badge of shame. "Try this one, Elizabeth."

"I'm going to look silly."

"Put it on anyway."

She shrugged, her raised eyebrow could have meant anything.

When she had tugged the white blouse into place, she laughed. "These things are for girls who don't have breasts. Good gosh, look at mine!"

It had the effect I desired. I did not want Elizabeth simply one of the girls, I wanted her as Elizabeth. And she would evoke either giggles or awe, When she saw the corset she exclaimed, "You can't possibly mean this. Miss Durrant! If I cinch that corset around my middle. I'll be honestly ashamed."

"Do it!"

I had caught her interest. The corset intrigued, it was a pretty thing and would be cruel in its clasp on any maiden above the age of twelve. To do it right, Elizabeth removed the blouse she had just donned to fit the waist-cincher around her already flat tummy for good effect. She had obviously had a previous acquaintance with such an artful constriction but I said nothing of my suspicion. When it was fitted in place to her satisfaction, she turned and thrust the deadly laces to my attention, while placing her free hands upon the top of her head and saying, mischievously, 'There you are, Miss Durrant, do your worst."

I didn't do my worst but took my time. Little by little I constricted an already narrow waist into the remarkable effect of flared hips and an upthrust bust. The effect was breathtaking and as far removed from school days as a girl could get. The white blouse now bulged delightfully, showing taut nipples beneath the silk. I handed my prisoner the blue serge.

"I suppose you realize I can scarcely breath." Elizabeth said in unconcern, "And you've had this tunic altered to fit no girl that ever was ... Holly cow!"

The effect was gorgeously erotic - almost no waist at all but plenty of breasts and hips! In pure mercy, I allowed her to sit while I tugged on the bobby socks and shoes. I was nervous as to what might happened if she bent down.

When I had once more cuffed her wrists, and led her to my room and the big mirror, before which we stood in mutual admiration of a contoured creation of beauty. I then made her sit while I converted the loveliness of her hair into a couple of school girl pigtails with wide blue ribbons at each end. Not until them did my constricted captive ask, "But what's it prove, Miss Durrant? Except to make me feel silly and a sex object every girl is going to giggle over. Or is this only a prelude to publicly caning my bottom?" She laughed delightedly. "If I can manage to bend over for it, of course!"

Mindful of my weakness where Elizabeth was concerned, I put her back in the cage and stood watching long enough to hear the oooh's and ah's, and watch the cluster of schoolgirls form around this one who was one of them and yet not one of them. I went back to my office to do some thinking.

The obvious way to derive maximum impact was to tease and torment one girl at a time. But my naked nymphets were far too numerous and would compare notes when placed back in the cage, I hit upon a treatment they must dislike intensely, but one far more in keeping with their dress and simulated youth. Talking about it with Constance and Betty, we agreed it was probably the English atmosphere and the pert impotency of handcuffed teenagers which provided the true inspiration. We decided on instigation the following day.

The store house of Rockley came up with the right equipment, as usual. Fifty collars, delightful metal circlets which locked with a loud snap and provided a ring at the back of each girl's neck. Rockley scored again with its immense Great Hall which accepted my fifty captive school girls in a circle around its walls. Before relieving them of handcuffs, we ran the long, long chain of previous acquaintance in a continuous thread through the rings of their collars, so that, even if completely free, there was nothing they could do beyond cause their companions distress, then get their own neck tugged and jerked in return. Their initial attempts to escape their bondage were amusing but they soon realized they weren't going anywhere and quickly settled down. They were all baffled by what came next.

As an American, I was forced to be amused by the English reverence for The Cane. It starts them out quite early in life, and I understand that even at advanced ages, elderly gentlemen hire commercial ladies for the express purpose of having her slice away at them in nostalgic memories of younger times. It was the cane I would have Constance and Betty use today, but not upon bottoms already marked by its sting. Today was to be a festival of 'hold out your hand, you naughty girl.'

Well aware of my ignorance of such corporal absurdities. I had Constance attend me in the office, directing her to cane the experimental palm I held out in order to fully understand the quality of the cane I was about to impose upon delinquent hands. Constance was dubious. "It's going to hurt a lot more than you think. Miss Durrant. Most of these girls have probably been caned before at school, and have some idea. For them there will be no shock. The pain may seem truly awful. Frankly, Miss Durrant. I would rather not inflict it."

"Thank you, but do it and get it over with." I extended an uninformed hand, palm up.

Constance was right. The cut of cane was so bloody awful I could scarcely believe it happened. Uncaring of dignity I clasp my hand under my armpit in an effort to absorb the agony. Constance watched with sympathy. "I told you so, Miss Durrant. Caning their hands is far worse than striping their little bottoms. I suspect we are going to have fifty very obedient young ladies by the time we are through. Do you still wish to have the young ladies received this punishment?"

Reluctantly I straightened up and tried to ignore the burning pain.

I had never previously experienced such throbbing pain and could well believe it was swollen twice normal size. But when I looked at it, there was no evidence of agony other than the red mark. I was stuck with a dilemma of my own making. "You are right. Constance," I said, "it hurts terribly. But I want each girl to receive what you have just given me. In that case, it will be a stroke across each hand. If we fail to make an adequate impression, you and Betty can advance that number to two or three. Let us begin."

Once more I felt a bitch. Not so much over the pain my little darlings were about to endure but over the whole erotic scene Uncle Andrew had made possible. I was positively on fire in my desire to see the manner in which each maiden would cope. At the back of my mind was a vivid speculation about Elizabeth Lord.

Rockley's girls stood around the wall as I mounted the small stage and faced the class. I tried not to look at Elizabeth, who stood out from the rest like a bacon on a dark night. She was entirely glorious and was offhandedly fingering the metal collar on her neck. For her, the thing about to happen would be infinitely worse than for the rest. My pulse raced.

From the slight height of the stage I surveyed my captives who stared back as though I were the angel of doom. "Your punishment today is appropriate to your dress," I began. "You will feel the punishment unjust but it matches your behavior before you came to Rockley. I want each one of you to kneel where you now stand. Come, no dawdling."

They were baffled and paused to stare at each other in dismay.

But if one knelt, her companions must also. The result was a pleasant clatter and clink of chain as they assumed their new position. As I observed Elizabeth Lord kneeling humbly with her teenage companions, my nostrils flared in joy.

"Your hands are about to be caned," I told them in my most authoritative tone. "Some of you will have enjoyed this experience in school, the rest of you will have heard of it. When your turn comes, extend your right hand with open palm, and watch while it is done. There will be no closing of eyes or turning away. You will repeat this as often as required. There is no need to panic, you will not die."

The girls were exquisitely controlled, the collar and linkage imposing a compulsion they could not contest. Constance, Betty and I had agreed to share the task of using the cane, while, at the same time, keeping an eye on the long line of darlings. First on the chain was a fierce-eyed daughter, intelligent enough to realize her helplessness, but unable to control her anger. "I do this under protest, Miss Durrant. At the end of my time here, I shall make quite sure my parents and the police take action against you." Her voice lost something of its arrogance as she added. "Please don't cane my hand too hard. I'm only a girl." Bravely she extended one bare arm.

I made the cane zing. The eyes of number one almost jumped from her head in shock. She stared at me in horror before thrusting her punished palm beneath an armpit with an moan of misery. My own gasp was one of joy.

Number two was frankly scared, a lissome little sweetheart with dark brown hair and pert cones for breasts. She put her hands behind her back and said, apologetically, "I'm sorry but I can't possibly. I can't stick my hand out for that pain. And I can't look at you while you cut it in two." Her voice was choked with emotion.

Without a word I allowed the quivering tip of my instrument to friction the young breasts, making a bland assurance, "If you do not extend your arm, and do as you're told. I will cane these twin delights until you do."

No arm could be extended with greater speed or palm offered with more appeal. My cane cut the air with a wicked song while the girl stared in wide-eyed horror. With a choking sob and tears, she nursed her wounded hand while I tapped the bare shoulder of number three.

The cane was the baton of a sympathy of gasps and sobs and tears. Most girls, when their time came, stared defiantly as their sacrificial palm awaited the fatal cut. Always the injured hand fled to the soft refuge of a girlish armpit. But there were those who bore their pain with remarkable fortitude - after all, their blood was blue!

The disturbance came while I was dealing with number twelve.

An angry redhead across the wall scrambled to the her feet, dragging her companions with her, to cry aloud in anger and authority, "Don't be such a bunch of sheep. There's only three of them! Come on, rush them all together!"

There was a startled hush, girl looked at girl while nervous hands fingered collars on slender necks and the chain Even my aides and I were startled into silence, but that was momentary. With purposeful strides. Betty seized the rebellious hair to shake a rebellious head vigorously before handcuffing the wrists behind the girl's back. She then unlocked the collar and led the would-be leader of insurrection to the center of the hall in full view. In that center there rested a sinister black box from which she immediately extracted panties and bra and, despite struggles, clothed rebellious loins and breasts. But here was not the svelte symmetry of girlish lingerie, the panties and cups of the bra were well padded in a manner to make me long to laugh. Having got these garments properly in place. Betty donned rubber gloves and began to stuff a supply of stinging nettles within each cup and the panties. She seemed to be stuffing more into the girl's crotch than there should be room for. She then roped the cuffed hands high from a noose around the rebellious neck, closed the lid of the box, and resumed her former position. The rebellious girl was left standing stricken and helpless as an example for all go see.

It was beautiful to behold. The girl, her name was Amy, stood for a moment stricken in disbelief and gathering her thoughts as her shoulders weaved uselessly against the binding by which Amy's hands were prohibited from reaching her garments. The poor, dear girl shook herself violently as might a dog to rid itself of fleas, shaking and twisting against the bit and sting of nettles plastered against her skin in her most tender places. There began then a performance to hold every maiden eye spellbound.

With a sob of outrage. Amy lowered herself to the floor and rolled and contorted in anxious motion by which she no doubt hoped to rid herself of this hateful infliction. All could see the agony in her face and most knew to some degree the flaming sting that she felt so privately. Failing to gain relief, she now knelt beside the big black box to twist and trust against the lid to try and rub off her bra or panties. But they had been place on tightly and all her efforts failed. Scrambling to her feet, Amy devoted all her efforts to freeing her handcuffed wrists from the rope around her neck, but this, too, was painful and unrewarding. Eventually she stood before us all, suffering a punishment we could not see. Her breasts heaved as her breath came fast in total frustration and defeat. Amy looked around the circle of teenage concern as if in search of aid. But then, with an inarticulate cry, fled from center stage to fall kneeling at my feet. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Please forgive me. Miss Durrant, I promise I'll behave. Please, please, please!!!"

She was very sweet in her progress, her repentance was real. I could well imagine what the nettle leaves were doing to her. With some compassion I told her she must return to the center of the hall and stand there for ten minutes before her neck would once more be collared to the chain. No doubt Amy computed odds and realized my offer was as good as she would get. With one more sweet little cry of despair, she fled back the way she had come to stand in the center of the huge room. Her feet were rooted to the floor but the rest of her was in constant motion as she twisted and contorted in fiery agony. The distress was beautiful on her face. I loved the way she jerked and pulled on her wrists in an uncontrollable effort to use her hands. The steel edges of the handcuffs bit into the flesh in a lovely infliction of additional punishment.

All the girls watched and learned their lesson Disobedience would earn them all this torment, and they didn't miss that point.

When Amy's sentence was served, she was taken back to her former place, her neck locked in its waiting collar and her hands once more freed to enable her to with swift and savage motions to rid herself of punishment panties and bulging bra. She hurled the bra and its awful contents as far a she could. When her turn came to extend a bare arm and palm, she did so in meek obedience and nursed the resultant wound in the same manner as all the rest.

My main concern was, of course, Elizabeth Lord. Elizabeth's eyes had become sultry, lush lips swelling at the approach of the cane. I had previously arranged it would be I who would inflict Elizabeth's punishment. I was aflame with desire, and gazed down at her swelling breasts, rampant nipples, and cinched waist with a hunger I did not bother to conceal. When our eyes met, it was she who was in command. "You wish to cane my hands, Miss Durrant?" Her husky voice held no tremor.

"You know I do. Elizabeth. Hold out your hand."

I realized it was not because of my command that her eyes clung avidly to mine as the lovely bareness of her arm offered me an open palm. I struck it savagely.

Nothing happened! It was several moments before Elizabeth retrieved her punished palm in a manner of someone forgetting it was there. Slowly she allowed it to fall passively to her side. Equally slowly her other hand came up. Never did her eyes leave mine. "You may as well cane both of them, Miss Durrant. You do it wonderfully well." She was mocking me.

Damn the woman! I wanted to take her to bed, not bruise her, flesh. But with every girl watching, I struck again even harder, a wicked stroke Elizabeth accepted calmly. Her voice was even. 'Thank you, Miss Durrant." It even sounded of real gratitude.

I could not let her get away with it. The performance had been superb, absolutely breathtaking, and I knew every maiden in the place was envying her control. Casually I suggested. "Perhaps your right hand again, Elizabeth?"

There was a flicker of the eyes but that was all. The scarlet palm was once more there, awaiting my cane. I longed to shower it with kisses but knew I must show no weakness. Once more I cruelly cut the palm. The blow got a noticeable wince out of the gorgeous girl. But, as though by previous arrangement, her left hand replaced her right and her eyes mocked mine again. Delivering Elizabeth's forth stroke and sensing rather than hearing the choked back cry of anguish, I broke the

lock which held our eyes, and moved on to the next girl. That girl extended her palm as if mesmerized.

Victory was Elizabeth's.

4

Naomi's Discipline

Betty and Constance were a tower of strength. Without them I would have been lost. They were beautifully methodical in the manner by which they never gave any girl freedom long enough to get ideas. Our pretty maidens were taken from bondage to bondage and punishment to punishment without the faintest opportunity to run, or fight, or effectively argue. Arguments were arbitrated by the cane, or, in more difficult instances, by a whip. By the end of the second week, we had a cage full of the most obedient young ladies in the United Kingdom. The school uniforms, having served their purpose, were stripped away and stored for future use. Nakedness was the true condition for the girls of Rockley, and I made sure they were constantly bare. After the canning of hands, I allowed a couple of days to pass before having Elizabeth Lord brought to my office in all the glory of breasts I could swear had swelled an inch, and a forest of pubic curls I could swear had grown even more. Prudently, I had ordered her wrists crossed and bound with thin twine behind her back.

We went through the meeting of our eyes and the challenging wait for the other to provide a clue. It was Elizabeth who broke the silence. "Why don't you strip naked, the same as me, Miss Durrant? We both know what you want to do. Okay, okay, don't get snooty, it's what I want, too."

I could not control laughter. She was a joyous creature and full of sap. Her husband was undoubtedly a clunk. I could think of nothing relevant to say except, "Are you hands still hurting, Elizabeth?"

"Not as much as my wrists are with this damned thin stuff you've had them tied with."

"That's good. Elizabeth, why do we beat around the bush? You want something, what is it?"

"You know what I want, you idiot! I want sex. But after watching the way you flounder around. I want something more. I want to see you exactly as I am now. One day I will."

"What would you do with me?"

"Thrash you and love you. What else is there!"

I laughed with pretense. It was good to be with Elizabeth.

"You're dreaming, Elizabeth,' I told her flippantly. "You'll never get to thrash me, but that reminds me of why I had you brought here. I suspect it's time I thrashed you. If you wore britches, I'd say you were getting too big for them."

"Damn it, Diana, you don't have to be the omnipotent goddess with me. And you needn't think that caning of my hands didn't hurt. It was the worse pain I'd ever known. If you'd given me a couple more like that, I'd have broken down. But you know that."

We laughed away my wry admission. "I can't have the girls regarding you as an invincible leader," I told her soberly. "It's natural they should look up to you but that performance you put on with the caning of your hands left all of us gasping. They worship you."

"Okay then, whip me until I grovel at your feet."

"I don't want to do that."

"Okay then, take me up to bed. You don't have to untie my hands. I can manage."

"I can't do that, either. Elizabeth, you're impossible! I don't want you groveling at my feet but somehow I've got to make you cry Uncle and do it while those pretty little dears in the cage are watching. Sorry!"

"That sounds like the prelude to the whip. Are you going to have me flogged while forty nine teenagers busily secrete?"

"I've thought of it, of course. But whipping a naked girl is passe, even though it is basic."

"If you whip me. I promise I'll scream. And I'll kick and twist like crazy so the little dears will know I'm hurting. But, please don't whip my breasts ... Please?"

Elizabeth Lord was altogether too much. I took her to bed.

It was several hours before we bothered to talk, but eventually Elizabeth came back to a subject which held a fascination, and which I suspect she was deeply afraid of. Once more her approach was flippant. "If you really want to shame me in front of them all, Diana, why don't you have me hung up by my heels with my legs far apart so they can all see everything I've got. You could have me whipped in that beastly condition. I'd be so ashamed, I'd cry."

"Why tell me?"

"Well, I know you're going to do something to me, and I know you have to. We're sort of boxed in on account of our age. If I was nineteen. I wouldn't be noticed."

"If you had those breasts, you would!"

A long silence drifted deliciously. Elizabeth had made me very happy, even without the use of hands. She constantly complained of the cutting of the twine, but I paid no heed. I was a trifle scared of Elizabeth.

"Darling, you really should consider what I've suggested. You and I should change roles. You have trouble bringing yourself to punish me. But I wouldn't have a bit of trouble punishing you. All you have to do is give Betty and Constance orders. How about it?"

"It's a crazy idea. I'm no way submissive."

"But with me you wouldn't hate it. I suspect you'd adore everything I did to you."

"I ought to gag you, you're a menace."

"And don't you love it, darling!" I loved it. The next day I had Elizabeth whipped. She and I knew it was in self-defense.

Somehow I had to assert myself as mistress of Rockley. I had no idea of the degree in which the involvement of Elizabeth with myself was known or understood by the rest of the girls with whom she spent her time in nude captivity. But I knew the little darlings well enough to be pretty sure they would sense the way things were. I combined Elizabeth s erotic notion with my own.

Our audience was intrigued but none more so than I as my cohorts extracted Elizabeth Lord from among the naked girls. Of their own accord the girls stepped back towards the wall as though knowing instinctively center stage would be exactly that and the star was Elizabeth Lord. With me as director and my two aides as executioners.

Elizabeth probably guessed what we were about to do to her but her only glances were for me in her usual amused challenge of the eyes. Relieved of handcuffs but with wrists crossed and unkindly tied behind her back, she stood for all to see, the girl about to be punished.

In a matter of minutes the woman I hungered for lay upon bound arms with feet spread wide and raised high enough to proclaim her sex to every watching eye. She tested this fresh infliction of

bondage but discovered she could move very little. It was an unusual situation in which a girl about to be whipped would look up along her belly to see the part of herself destined for punishment Elizabeth was secreting outrageously but so was I!

Constance had concocted a solemn declaration of sentence, which she read aloud to proclaim the sin of pride and the manner in which it must be punished. From somewhere she and Betty had discovered a whip I recognized, a wicked looking thing which would not hurt half as much as watchers might suppose. It was ideal for the cleft between Elizabeth' s thighs and the breasts she could not conceal. When Elizabeth looked at it, the sunlight ceased to shine in her eyes. Elizabeth was scared and I was glad.

"Fifty strokes." I heard my voice proclaim the sentence. Fifty was a terrible punishment but I was placing my faith in the whip of Constance's choosing and the knowledge the girls were being deceived. The whip would hurt as it sought the most intimate creases of that lush and wonderful body, but would be no more than Elizabeth Lord could bear. I could only pray she had the wit to put up a good simulation of utter agony.

My aides took turns, and from the very first Elizabeth picked up her cue and screamed lustily as the thongs slapped cruelly within her cleft, expending their venom on her most secret place. First her crotch then her breasts, back and forth in a slow but steady beat of correction - I loved that word, correction!

When we had punished Mrs. Elizabeth Lord, we left her where she was to enjoy the sympathy of forty-nine girls who could not raise their arms enough behind their backs to set her free. No doubt they had much to talk about and most certainly Elizabeth's thighs and breasts were scarlet enough for any doubter's eye. Before leaving the collection of them. I proclaim aloud that if any maiden held doubts about what Elizabeth received, she had only to say so and I would order her to undergo the same treatment No one said a word.

The days passed. Supposing there was an obligation on me to adequately punish these girls, and not allow my sympathy for their delightful curves to intrude upon judgment. I kept Betty and Constance busy with the disposition of feminine bodies. One day all the little darlings, and they weren't really all that little, were tied tight to trees around the park. The next day they shared the darkness of a dungeon and its chains. I stood them in pillories and stocks, and hung them by their pretty little wrists from the limbs of trees. They were not bored. At the start Elizabeth Lord shared theses indignities, but, after all. I was mistress of Rockley, so had her isolated in a cell and allowed only myself to visit her. Loneliness is a terrible punishment and before long Elizabeth was greeting my arrival with delight. Sometimes I taunted her through the bars and went away. But mostly I unlocked the barred door and entered her prison, an barren little stone and steel place which sent shivers up my spine, always Elizabeth's hands were bound or chained behind her back. And always she was compelled to wear a collar around her neck attached to the wall by a chain long enough to give some freedom but not egress from the cell. I often left her door open as temptation, knowing she could not use it In this cell with these precautions against Elizabeth's escape, we became the females we truly were.

"I suppose you're not allowed to tell me how long my sentence is, how long I have to stay in this beastly place?" It was Elizabeth's favorite theme.

"I don't even know and I wouldn't tell you even if I did,' I said crossly. "Tell me which of us is mistress?"

"I am, of course." Elizabeth stared in rueful defiance. "But I can't get off this cords from my wrists or this collar from my neck, so you can go against nature, darling, and do whatever you want with me." She pursed lush red lips to invite a kiss. "But We both know who the mistress really is, don't we?"

It was a delicious game and I played it to the full, keeping Elizabeth always under control but allowing her the fantasy of possessing me in chains and suffering beneath the whip. There was no possibility of this fantasy coming true but I thought of it often and wondered at its appeal and the tingling it generated in my sex. If Elizabeth became too insistent in this demand, I punished her by something she disliked, clips upon her nipples or her vaginal lips. Or being forced to stand in immobility by ropes. There was also the stocks and pillory and other disagreeable machinery by

which a girl could be secured and punished.

I suppose it was inevitable that after a passage of weeks I would start think of New York and my abandoned law practice there. Controlling and punishing so much teenage flesh began to pall. I think that had there been only one or two girls my interest would have diminished less than with a herd of fifty. I went down to stare through the bars of their cage and wonder what to do with them next. I did the same with Elizabeth, keeping the bars between us as we talked, feeling her longing for freedom as if it were mine own. Unable to ignore mutual attraction. I often took her upstairs to my bed. At such times her hands were tied behind her back but that was all. It would have been nice to have them free for full expression in what we shared but I was frankly scared of the dominance in that woman and the smoldering in her eyes. Having her naked without hands beside me on the bed was a constant thrill and I felt gratitude to Uncle Andrew for making me a gift of so much loveliness beneath which was a female vulgarity to ad spice to our relationship. Finally the moment came when Elizabeth accused, "You're bored stiff with this whole silly business, aren't you? I don't mean you and me but all those girls."

Elizabeth was right! Boredom had crept upon on me and caught me unawares. "I'm not bored with you," I said defensively.

"Of course you're not, darling, we two are made for each other."

Mischief danced in her eyes. "What you say the two of us escape?"

"That's silly, I can't possibly let you escape, and there's nothing for me to escape from. I'm in charge."

"Andrew Everleigh is in charge, darling, not you. There's probably a lot I don't understand about Rockley and the Estate, and those girls you've told me about on their Greek island. But anyway you look at it, you're wasting your time. Untie me and we'll make a run for it!"

"You're a married woman, Elizabeth. Your husband would just send you back here."

Her voice was something intense, "Look, you beautiful idiot, I'm sick to death of Herbert and his money. I've got money in my own right and it's very much accessible. It can take you and I pretty much anywhere we want to go. Untie me. Please...?"

Elizabeth knew me better than I knew myself. I was suddenly on fire with longing. It would have been so easy to untie Elizabeth' s hands and the two of us run back to my former life, but I remembered Uncle Andrew's warning. "It wouldn't work." I told her. "In my own way, I'm as much a prisoner here as you. Andrew Everleigh foresees everything and he's promised me that if ever I got the notion to do as you suggest, he'd have me kidnapped within a few days and right back here where I started from. It's no use, dear, he's far too powerful."

We looked at each other soberly but the check on Elizabeth's enthusiasm was momentary. "That's supposing he knows where you are. But suppose he doesn't??? I've thought of the perfect place."

"I don't know. I don't want to be brought back to Rockley in a wooden box," I said.

"You're being morbid, darling. Our ideal hideaway is that island you've told me about - what's it's name? Plessious? He wouldn't dream of us being there. And even if he did, that girl you've told me about would hide us, wouldn't she?"

Elizabeth's excitement was infectious and I was beholding visions. "I don't know how Naomi would feel about it. She's a good deal influenced by Uncle Andrew, too. And he actually is her uncle, and he actually is a power in the handling of the Estate. Naomi was a prisoner here once, the same as you, and got herself well whipped and sent back to Plessious with stern warning to behave. But it's a lovely idea."

"Let's do it then. You'd be going to friends and I couldn't be much worse off than I am here.

Think of it, darling, the Grecian sun and azure seas. And there's those three other girls beside Naomi. Please take me there, Diane darling. Take me in handcuffs if you want but I'm bound to get possession of you sometimes. You can't tell me I'm not getting you interested."

Elizabeth was right, I was interested. But too cautious yet to untie her hands, even when she turned her back and wiggled captive fingers. Once more I was annoyed by the tingling up and down my spine by her suggestion of her possessing me as I now possessed her. There was still the question of boredom, and I was still the Mistress so clung to my authority. "I'm going to have you whipped, Elizabeth, just to teach you not to dangle temptation in front of my nose. You're a menace."

"But a lovely menace, darling." Once more she pursed her lips. "Twenty strokes," I said decisively. Elizabeth stuck out her tongue at me. "You're only having me whipped to salve your conscience. You think Uncle Andrew is looking over your shoulder and it's something you have to do. Sure, I'm tempting you, and it's a gorgeous temptation you can't resist." She laughed in my face as if the threat of twenty strokes with the whip was a mere nothing. "After you've had me all marked up you'll feel sorry for being so mean to someone you love - see if I'm not right."

I did not have Elizabeth whipped but I personally locked her back in her tiny cell and snapped the metal collar around her throat. I hurried away before becoming prey to more outlandish temptation.

For two days I let her sit in chained solitude, expecting the whip but not getting it. She would be, I hoped, somewhat more tractable. Finally I could resist her no longer and took her back upstairs to bed. It was as though the two days of solitary confinement had not passed. Elizabeth Lord was irrepressible. 'Thank you for not having me whipped, darling. I really thought you might. I would have hated it and I wouldn't have talked about our escape for several hours afterward. I thought of the two of us a lot while you keep me locked down there. Diane. I love you."

I sighed. 'Then stop nagging at me to set you free and run off someplace like a couple of kids."

"I won't do that, darling. Whip me all you want. Both of us will still know my idea is perfect. You can't poke a hole in it." Once again she turned her back to me, wiggled bound hands invitingly. "Untie my wrists, Diane, I want to see what it feels like to have hands. I've almost forgotten."

I was enchanted and bewitched. For very sure I was utterly besotted by this captive beauty I adored. Elizabeth's crossed wrists so tightly and expertly bound held potent appeal as though they cried aloud, reminding me of love. Savagely I found scissors and cut and cut and cut until the many strands of twine fell shredded to the floor and she who had been my prisoner turned swiftly to envelope me in ardent arms. It was a long time before we spoke again.

Apart from the first swift dash to Elizabeth's bank, we made our flight as leisurely as plane schedules permitted. Once well on our way, I realized how absolutely right Elizabeth was, I owed nothing to Uncle Andrew and Rockley, and couldn't spend my life whipping the bottoms of girls. Elizabeth Lord was all the female I would ever want!

That night in our hotel room, we scattered our sparse belongings into draws and on the dresser. While placing her things, Elizabeth casually placed a pair of handcuffs where I could not fail to see. Her explanation was typical for her. "I picked them up at Rockley, darling, a little memento I knew you'd love."

"I don't love such things," I said crossly. "Drop them in the trash or out of the window, get rid of them."

"Darling, they're not for me, they're for you!"

How can I explain the tingling nerves up and down my spine and the surge of excitement in my sex! But Elizabeth was being all too much Elizabeth all too soon. I picked up the shinning circlets to say. "You're dreaming. Elizabeth, there's no way I'm having these things on my wrists. Get rid of them."

"If you hate them so much, why are you holding them like that, darling?"

Hastily I put them back on the dresser as though to rid myself of temptation. Striving to keep alive the

atmosphere of fun. I offered, "I refuse to have them on me anywhere, but if you want to sleep tonight with handcuffed hands, I don't mind a bit. You look sweet when you're handcuffed."

Elizabeth sighed as though bearing a great burden. "I know you have to put up a defense, darling, you can't possibly just stick you hands out. But you're going to be handcuffed whether you think so or not."

"If you think you'll get the best of me, you 're crazy." I responded.

"I couldn't possibly use force on you, darling." Elizabeth's eyes were glowing as she beheld my nakedness. "I can't possibly throw them out of the window, darling, and I'm sure you don't expect me to. Leave them there on the dresser. I'll find a use for them."

"I bet you will!" I agreed without feeling the least bit angry. "I know what you intend, you'll wait until I'm asleep. Then when I wake up they'll be on my wrists. I wished to goodness you'd left them at Rockley."

Elizabeth pouted prettily. "Spoil sport!" She laughed at my dilemma. "I'll get you handcuffed one of these days, darling. It's something nice for both of us to look forward to. Stop worrying about your precious little hands."

Suddenly inspired. I grasp the metal restraints and clicked both cuffs tight around my left wrist. 'There, that's the best place for them," I said triumphantly. "I honestly don't trust you." I held up my steel encircled wrist. "This is all the handcuffing you're ever going to do with me."

"But I've got the key, darling..."

"So what! I'll wear them as lovely, heavy bracelets."

It was a gorgeous, wonderful game that left us laughing and in each others arms. I forgot the handcuffs before they'd been on my wrists ten minutes. If knowledge of Elizabeth's possession of the key sent the familiar tingling up my spine. I saw it only as a bonus to everything else we shared.

Airports are wonderful. You forget all about everything and luggage and the time. No one noticed my handcuffed wrist. I used the journey to tell Elizabeth about Naomi's island in the sun, about Honey and Thea, and my beloved Ivory. As I tried to tell Elizabeth what to expect I realized how little I actually know about the island, which the Estate so casually owned, and on which Naomi reigned as Queen with her three darling captives in as strange and bizarre a Court as the world had ever seen. Elizabeth listened avidly, eyes shinning and breathless with curiosity to make the steel upon my wrist weigh with a hot insistence I found intensely pleasurable. Knowing full well I would have allies in Naomi and the girls. I could have cared less.

"No men at all?" Elizabeth could hardly believe.

"Only Thorpe, the butler, and Blandish, the gardener." I assured her joyously. "Isn't that enough?"

"Gosh, yes!" Elizabeth was thinking hard as the plane droned its way towards a female paradise. "It's lovely not having to worry about men, and what they do, and what they want. But these three girls ... Can I cane their bottoms?"

"Of course not! You'll be a guest."

"Well. I've been a prisoner so long, darling, it would be nice to sample the other side. You mean they wouldn't stand for it?"

"Ask them when we get there. Goodness knows what Naomi and her three handcuffed maidens get up to. You can find out for yourself."

The closer we got to Plessious, the more I remembered Hugo Markham. He had retained me in New York to press his legal claim for a share of the Estate. I told Elizabeth about him, also, and voiced my

curiosity as to where he was, and the things he might still do. Since he was male. Elizabeth showed no interest, leaving me wondering what sort of cad Herbert had to be.

It was not until we were on the last lap of our journey, the supply ship to Plessious, that the full enormity of what we were doing struck home. Naomi and I had previously been on opposite sides of a legal fence, and the defeats my client, Hugo Markham, and I had suffered had rankled me a long time. I had to wonder how much of our battles might still irk the uninhibited creature we were about to visit. When I spoke of such sentiments to Elizabeth, she waved them aside with an imperious hand, and told me to leave everything to her. And wouldn't it be best to unlock the handcuffs from my wrist in case they gave a false impression. Doubtfully, i agreed.

Blandish was on the jetty to look after whatever business the supply ship might have with Naomi's island. Nothing every surprised Blandish but his sense of what was proper prompted his query, "Shouldn't you young ladies be taking your clothes off? If I had known you were coming, I would have brought handcuffs."

"We brought our own," Elizabeth assured him in the same spirit of doing the right thing. "I think I should leave myself clothed until I've meet Naomi. Diane can do as she pleases." Mischievously she placed a kiss upon his cheek, and thereafter, I knew Blandish was on our side. Thus we arrived at the big house which was a replica of the old and bore the same name of Rockley. My heart was thudding hard because I was about to see Ivory again.

It was Honey of the platinum hair who took the mail from Blandish's hands and viewed me doubtfully. She, herself, was as naked as they come and wore her handcuffs in front with the unconscious grace I remembered so well, and envied so much. Naomi's three naiads were something for the book. Honey surveyed Elizabeth with somewhat more favor than reserved for me, Led by the golden skinned beauty, we marched to Naomi's office.

The sudden appearance of Elizabeth may have been a delight but the advent of myself was not. Naomi listened politely to what I had to say, and as I said it. I realized how poor our story was. What it amounted to was our asking for refuge for a relative of Naomi's. Honey discreetly stood to one side and said no word but was obviously there as a safeguard in our intrusion. Having listened to all I had to say, Naomi inquired, reasonably enough, "What on earth are you going to do here!"

"Enjoy sun and freedom." said Elizabeth promptly.

"Why didn't you phone first?"

"I wasn't sure of our reception," I admitted. "Look, Naomi, we're in trouble and we need help. Please let us stay."

The air was suddenly tense, and a silence lengthened until Naomi said, "Of course you can stay. I'm not going to cast you to the wolves. But you know how we do things on Plessious, are you sure that's what you want?"

It took a little while to sink in. Having had a good look at Honey.

Elizabeth caught on instantly, but I was slow in observing the principle behind her statement. "I think you're saying you want us to take our clothes off and be handcuffed," Elizabeth said cheerfully. "You want us the same way as Honey is. I don't mind a bit so long as whatever you do to me you do to Diane." She turned the radiance of her smile upon both Naomi and myself and I knew for certain I was lost.

Naomi did her best imitation of The Sphinx and I knew for sure we still had a little way to go. "What we've just determined is routine," she said evenly. "You can't expect to come here and not conform. But what I'm concerned with now is your sincerity. You're both adult and you're taking a lot for granted, including me. Would you be willing to accept a test?"

Elizabeth instantly exclaimed, "Of course we would! Honest, Naomi, this is serious for both of us."

I longed to tell my companion to keep silent but it was too late, Naomi knew she had a good thing

going and, ignoring me, asked Elizabeth. "Supposing I asked you both to accept a quite severe whipping as proof of all you've told me, what would you say?"

I was, not surprised, Elizabeth was. But she was on the uptake with laughter as though Naomi had said something funny. "Everyone connected with your silly old Estate has the fixation about whipping girls. I'm surprised you don't all get whipped regularly before breakfast." She smiled at Naomi and I brightly as though inviting comment.

The lawyer in me said "shut up" so that's what I did. Elizabeth would get us into trouble but would be equally gifted in getting us out. I wished I hadn't had that trouble with Naomi long ago. Things now began to get worse instead of better. "Well, anyway, it's silly to whip both Diane and me, so why don't you just whip Diane. I understand you're not in love with each other?"

Elizabeth made it sound like the solution to everything. "I think that's a lovely idea," said Naomi sweetly.

I was outraged, They were both looking at me expectantly so I said the obvious, "Forget it. A stay on Plessious is not worth a marked up skin. You're both being offensive." I looked straight at Naomi. "I'd be grateful if you'd call that water taxi service on the mainland to come and pick me up." To Elizabeth I said, "You'd be wise to come with me but suit yourself."

Nobody did anything. Naomi and Elizabeth sat like a pair of cats, while I knew myself blushing and out numbered. Impulsively I reached for the phone but Naomi pulled it back.

"Do you always wear handcuffs on one wrist, Miss Durrant?"

Honey asked.

I felt a fool, even the truth would sound silly but I told it anyway and knew I blushed some more. Naomi asked the obvious, "But why not unlock them, surely you have a key?"

"No, I don't. Elizabeth has it."

"And she won't let you use it?"

"No. Look, never mind my bracelet. Will you make that phone call for me or would you prefer I did it myself?"

"If I use the phone it will be to tell Uncle Andrew where you are. If you don't like the rules at Plessious. I think that would be the best way out. I would have preferred the sunshine here on Plessious, even with a whip marked back, to the dungeon at Rockley. But there's no accounting for tastes."

I could feel the trap closing. The supply ship that brought the mail was still a week away. Crossly, I said to the girl I adored, "Elizabeth, why don't you grow up? If Naomi gets you naked and handcuffed, there's no telling when you'll be free again, if ever! The same goes for me. We'd best both go down to the jetty and stay there until some sort of ship gets near the island. Perhaps we can signal it." I turned a venomous glance at our hostess, "Naomi, I think you're being a bitch. Please phone for that water taxi thing. We'll get right out of your hair."

"I've told you. Miss Durrant, that if I phone at all, it will be to Uncle Andrew."

I stood and held out my hand to Elizabeth. I could tell she was disappointed over the way things had gone but would not betray me. She grasped my hand and the two of us marched from Naomi's office and the big house so much like that other Rockley. When we were beyond it's gardens, Elizabeth tried to make amends. "I really am sorry, darling. Gosh, what a blooper I made! This seems a glorious little island but with you and Naomi being enemies, we should have stayed away. It's all my fault. Oh, damn!"

"Do you really want to see me naked and chained and whipped? Elizabeth, I love you."

"And I love you, darling. But I'm still a beautiful bitch with a fantasy. You're my fantasy, and you know what I want. Sorry, sweetheart, but I guess I'm just a plain bad girl."

I could never be mad at her for long. And my spirits were raised by the stand I had taken in Naomi's office, and the fact that Elizabeth and I were both fully clothed and still free of the Plessious handcuffing of girls. We would get off the island anyway. I could go to New York where I could once again be a self-respecting member of the legal profession. Suddenly I felt better.

The jetty had lonely isolation. Elizabeth and I set down our suitcases and searched the ocean for a sign of life. There was none and my spirits fell accordingly. But Elizabeth was as ebullient as ever. "We couldn't expect one to be waiting for us, darling," she pointed out reasonably. "We'll probably have to sleep under some bushes tonight and spend tomorrow looking out to sea." She sighed in mock dolor, "And just to think that I could be sleeping comfortably in the guest bedroom in the big house. With you beside me in the bed!"

"Likely with me locked in a cage or dungeon, or a chain and collar on my neck somewhere." I retorted. "It's all right for you, darling, but I should never have come here."

"Maybe I'd be in a cage with you. That would be nice."

"Elizabeth, for pete's sake, stop being silly! You'd hate being locked in anything and so would I."

Elizabeth wasn't listening. Something had caught her attention.

"What's that little shed over there?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. I expect it's for storage."

The shed had a sturdy lock and key but was empty. It was illuminated by a couple of porthole effects. Thoughtlessly I went inside.

It was my own fault, of course. Elizabeth's closing of the door and snapping of the lock told me all I needed to know of a hazard I should have foreseen. Her laughing features were soon at one of the small windows which I could open from inside but which were no way big enough to provide exit. "Nice little prison, darling," she said happily. "I think you're in trouble."

The sea air flooded through the porthole and improved the stuffiness of the shed. But what I was more interested in was Elizabeth who peered in at me happily to remark. "You sort of walked into this one yourself, darling. I suppose you know what you have to do to get out?"

I could guess but said with all the authority at my command, "Don't be a bitch, Elizabeth! Let me out of here, this isn't giving me a sporting chance."

"You can't possibly expect a sporting chance, darling. Would you like me to dictate terms?"

"Don't bother. But I'd like to know which side you're on and what you' d do to me if you got me helpless."

"You mean, after you're nicely naked and properly handcuffed, dear?" Her tone was as a parent with a child.

I was breathing heavily in alarm. Elizabeth was unpredictable and had found on this lovely island an atmosphere conducive to fantasy. I was afraid of Naomi, but Elizabeth was not. I had been able to discern some sort of pixie rapport between them back in the office. I was the odd girl out, a discord in Eden. Snappishly I said, "All right, what do you want?"

"Darling, you know what I want. Strip yourself naked and pass everything through this window to me. I'm so glad the window isn't large enough for you to try and slide through, you can't possibly but it's perfect for everything else."

"And if I refuse?"

"You can stay here, dear, while I go back to the big house and tell Naomi how difficult you are."

"All the thanks you'll get for that is a good whipping. Let me out of here, Elizabeth, and somehow or the other we'll get off this damned island."

"I think it's a lovely island, and I think you're being silly. We know the way it is with Naomi and her girls, and if she wants us the same way. I can't see any harm in it. We can have the most glorious vacation before someone catches up with us."

I sighed and felt deflated. Unwillingly, I asked myself what harm it would do to give Elizabeth her way and share her fantasy. We loved each other and surely she would allow no harm to come to me. All I'd have to put up with was a great deal of humiliation. But even there it wasn't as though I'd never been naked and handcuffed before! But no matter what my reasoning. I loathed the thought of being led back to Naomi in that condition ... I'd be so damned ashamed!

Elizabeth was equal to the occasion, and, because she either didn't care or didn't believe Naomi, she was thoroughly enjoying this possible fulfillment of her own dream of possessing me. Reasonable, she pointed out, "Diane, darling, don't let's go in for that silly business of pleading and threatening or appealing to reason, and all that stuff. It will be so much nicer for both of us if you simply take off your clothes and shoes and hand them out to me. Honest. I'll love you to bits."

The nice thing about Elizabeth and I was always knowing each other's thoughts. And I knew damned well I might as well surrender now instead of making an idiot of myself with pleadings and threats. Obviously it wouldn't kill me to be in the same condition as Naomi's three girls, even if I was almost twice their age. There was also the matter of the familiar shivering up and down my spine as my eyes met those of the girl on the outside. My fingers were strangely eager as they reached for the fastenings of what I wore.

How the mighty have fallen!

5

Indigo

If this had been my first time, I couldn't have handled it so well. But with Elizabeth watching through the port, my spine and sex responded in an excited approval of my surrender. As I stripped. I was further shamed to find myself fighting down the first stages of an orgasm. When I passed the bundle of coverings out beyond recall, I supposed I had reached a nadir of shame, but I'd forgotten the handcuffs. "Give me your left hand, darling," Elizabeth commanded, her voice loaded with sexual excitement.

Once more I knew the futility of argument. That's the trouble with being a lawyer, you see things too clearly. Without a word of protest, I stuck my arm out of the small, round window.

Elizabeth unlocked one cuff and tightened the other a single click. "There's a box in there you can stand on, darling, so you can raise both your hands up in back so I can attend to them." Her voice was sweetly soothing.

"Elizabeth, please! Not behind my back!"

"Yes, dear. They'd scarcely bother you in front at all, they'd just be pretty bracelets. Come along, you have to."

My spine was dancing sarabands in the moonlight. My sex was juicy and telling me to do as I was told. Betrayed by my flesh. I stepped up on the box, leaned forward and thrust my hands as close to

the porthole as I could contrive. Elizabeth reached inside and a moment later I felt the loss of freedom within cold, steel circles around my wrists. I stepped off the box and thrust it angrily aside with a bare foot.

The opening of the door got me back into sunlight where I could feel Elizabeth's vibrations and her lush red lips upon mine. I was working busily against the handcuffs but knew this an instinctive act only. There was no real hope of gaining freedom. Without feeling the anger I should have, I said tonelessly, "You finally made it, you've got me helpless and naked so I'll have to do whatever I'm told I hope you're happy."

There could be no doubt of Elizabeth's happiness. I was clasped and kissed in more places than one, and fondled quite a bit. At that moment it was exactly as I would have wished. I needed a mistress dreadfully, and most certainly had one!

It took the two of us a long while to sort ourselves out. Our feelings were so intense we sought a patch of grass and there made love. It was quite the most beautiful moment. I no longer cared about being handcuffed and naked, all I knew was the feel of Elizabeth's arms and Elizabeth's lips. I don't know how long it was we twisted and cavorted, gasping and moaning in pleasure, until a male voice inquired, in heavy sarcasm, "You two girls need help?"

It was Hugo Markham! I was consumed by shame. No lady lawyer wishes a client to see her naked, handcuffed, and making passionate love with the most beautiful girl in the world. But Hugo was seeing me now in all my glory and all my shame. We had missed seeing his tiny craft in our survey of the ocean, and he had cautiously drifted into the jetty in silence. No doubt he had used a telescope and seen Elizabeth and I at play. Automatically I exclaimed, "Hugo! Go away, leave us alone."

Elizabeth helped me stand. She was as naked as I, for these games are not played while wearing clothes She had never met Hugo Markham and was busily striving to cover what could not be hidden, until she defiantly allowed her hands to hang passive at her side to provide our visitor with a full frontal view of all her charms. Hugo was not sure which one of us deserved his attention so his gaze flitted back and forth.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he exclaimed happily. "I never expected this." Sarcastically he gave me his full attention. "Would this come under the heading of 'Torts'. Miss Durrant?"

I remember telling him to drop dead and making other, similar suggestions, to which he paid no heed. When Elizabeth hastily started to dress, his voice became imperiously male. "Drop it. No clothes for you, my girl. I want you both exactly as you are. Anyone got another pair of handcuffs?"

Elizabeth stopped dressing. I could be no help in a struggle in which male strength must prevail. Acidly, but with evident interest in our visitor, she snapped. "No, we don't have another pair of handcuffs. The only ones we have are on Diane, and there they'll stay."

I could tell she was uncertain of Hugo's status or possibilities. 'Hugo, take us back to the mainland, and I'll give you whatever you want," I said urgently. "You've walked in on an unusual situation which I'll explain on the way. Please stop looking between my legs."

"What, sweetheart? I'll look where I damn well please. I seem to have struck the jackpot. Who's the glorious creature?"

We sorted each other out in a nice, civilized sort of way which prompted me to innocently inquire, "Will somebody please unlock these handcuffs?"

It appeared both my companions were deaf. Hugo was surveying the two neat piles of clothes lying innocently on the jetty. From them he extracted a full length nylon and ordered Elizabeth, in a male authority, "Back up here and cross you wrists behind your back. And don't argue:"

I fully expected Elizabeth to slap his face or at least make a run for it. But there were still depths to Elizabeth Lord I did not know. With a strange little smile, she shrugged and did as ordered in a docile fashion. She winked at me. Before I could protest or utter a warning, the nylon had sealed her wrists and was then wound and knotted in a manner I knew for certain she could not break. Mrs. Elizabeth

Lord and I were the prisoners of Mr. Hugo Markham.

It was an interesting situation, a pair of naked females with their hands securely fastened behind their backs, and a male. Testily. I demanded, "You're being an idiot, Hugo. What do you intend to do with us."

"Use you carnally, of course!" He cocked a sarcastic eyebrow. "I trust my terminology is legally correct?"

"So is the word rape." I assured him. 'Surely you've something more sensible in mind?"

"I'm thinking about it, sweetheart, but there's the matter of my claim to a share of the Estate which you haven't done too well with to date. Perhaps if I whipped you every day for a week, you might get down to the real nitty gritty, and produce results." He turned to Elizabeth. "As for you, Mrs. Elizabeth Lord, I presume your husband would be happy to pay some fine, round sum to have you delivered back into his loving arms ... Or perhaps returned to Rockley?"

Hugo had seen instant possibilities, probably he would think up others. But at that moment, Elizabeth commanded, "Diane, you run one way and I'll run the other. He can only catch one of us."

We broke apart and fled in opposite direction. Hugo cursed and wasted two or three moment choosing his prey. I suppose formal association prompted his decision to pick me. But I ran towards what I hoped was freedom. I was following a path leading from the jetty towards the house. There was an exhilaration in flight such as I had not known in years. I loved every yard and gave it everything I had. But I suppose the result was inevitable. Hugo was a male and free, and I was female with hands locked behind my back. Within a hundred yards he had a handful of my hair to bring me to a pained and panting halt. I was quickly thrust against a sapling and my handcuffs tied to it with his necktie. Leaving me disgustedly conscious of female helplessness against the Male, he diverted his attention to Elizabeth.

At such times our minds become computers and we obey. I could help no one or nothing. Although captive to the little tree. I fought furiously against the knots in his necktie. It was not the least bit easy because the knots were behind the trunk while my hands were not. I lunged and pulled and strained and was still thus busily employed when Hugo returned to view, propelling Elizabeth forward by a handful of her hair. Failing to make me aware of any regrets she might be feeling, Elizabeth was smiling brightly as if this was all one really fun game.

"Don't worry, darling, the men always win the first battle. But it's us girls who win the last. Let's do what he tells because he's actually had the gall to threaten to cut a willow branch and whip my bottom ... Isn't this fun!"

I had to discount Elizabeth's help. I stood captive to my tree while Hugo looked around for some manner of making us even more captive. He untied his tie from my wrists and used it to join Elizabeth's bound hands to mine, compelling us to walk awkwardly to his command. Thus we returned to Rockley.

Naomi was not pleased to see Hugo but was certainly pleased to see us, especially in the condition we now were. Had I not been well passed the tearful age, I would have wept in bitter chagrin. Nothing had gone right since we had landed on this damned island. In Naomi's office, the authority of Hugo's voice was slightly diminished. "I intend to take Miss Durrant back with me and whip her until she comes up with something constructive in the matter of my claim. I will use Mrs. Elizabeth Lord as a lever upon your Uncle Andrew, who must be shockingly embarrassed by her disappearance, to further press my demands. I refuse to be put off further." He focused on Naomi. "Or would you, at the this time, be prepared to make me some sort of acceptable offer?"

"You'll get no offer from me!" she countered. "These two females you appear to have captured provide no leverage whatsoever to the Estate. Do as you wish with them, I could care less."

I felt like a nothing. Even Elizabeth's radiance was diminished.

She inquired instantly, "Don't you want to keep Diane and I to play with, darling. Weren't you going

to whip us?"

Naomi waved the question of whipping a pair of innocent and naked young women into limbo. "Of course I'll whip you both, but that has nothing to do with the question Mr. Markham raises now." She turned her full attention to the waiting male. "I am indebted to you for bringing the two of them to me in this condition. But you didn't come to Plessious for that. What did you have in mind?"

"I came to tell you I've become aware of what you Uncle Andrew is doing in that big house of his in Dorset. I was wondering if you would care to help my cause if I keep quiet about something that would create a major scandal if disclosed." Hugo was certainly feeling his oats. "I know Uncle Andrew is not a beneficiary but he has tremendous influence on everyone and on the Estate, itself. My source of information tells me your Uncle Andrew was mainly concerned with these two ladies who stand naked before us now. I'm not sure of the connection but it's there, and I suspect he would be glad to have them back. Think about that, Miss Samis."

I actually felt sorry for Naomi. The poor girl had to cope with too many unknown factors to make a reasonable judgment. Irritably she suggested, "If you're in the kidnap and ransom business, Mr. Markham, I would suggest that you take these two naked and pretty young ladies back to where ever you came from. Do as you please with them, they have no interest for me at all."

It was now Hugo's turn to have me feel sorry for him. He stood there deflated and angry while I computed possibilities. I would be whipped for sure regardless, but I figured Hugo Markham offered my best changes of escape. I had not the least idea where he would keep us safe, but at least it would not be on an island. I was pretty sure Naomi would keep me heavily chained. I could feel Elizabeth's heart beat against my bare skin as we stood so closely bound, and I could feel pretty sure her fate would be as painful as mine. Even without motive, people do seem to enjoy whipping pretty girls. It would be easy for Naomi to keep us captive forever, but with Hugo we would be a burden. Excitedly I told him, "Hugo, I want to be back in New York just as much as you. If you'll take me there, I'll give you my promise to go with you willingly and won't make a fuss on the plane, and I'll allow you to make me prisoner again on our arrival. Take me with you now."

"Me, too." Elizabeth added quickly, taking her cue from me. 'There you are, Mr. Markham, you've got everything on a plate," Naomi said cheerfully. "Let me wish you a pleasant journey and goodbye."

Hugo was baffled, his tone was sour. "I'm not falling for this promise stuff. You'd kiss me goodbye whenever it took your fancy. And, as for you Mrs. Lord, you're too hot to handle." His tone became flippant as he looked at Naomi. 'They're all yours. Miss Samis. Aren't you lucky!"

Hugo Markham was half way to the door when I called after him.

"Hugo, stop. Don't leave us here. If you'll forget this prisoner business and simply take us back to New York with you, I'll fight your case forever, and pay all expenses."

Hugo halted and turned. "All right. I'll take you but you alone. I can't afford Mrs. Lord."

"I won't go anywhere without Elizabeth ... Please, Hugo!"

Hugo left and slammed the door. Elizabeth and I stood there, still tightly bound with Hugo's necktie and very nude. Mainly I thought of our clothes back on the jetty and wondered if Hugo would throw them in the water out of pique. Naomi was very much in charge. "It seems I've inherited you," she conceded without concern. "I've come to rather like the idea. A pair such as you will give the girls some fresh interest. I'll keep you heavily ironed, of course, until Uncle Andrew makes up his mind. I really must phone him and break the news."

Elizabeth was intrigued. "And ... You mean like hundreds of years ago?"

"More or less, dear, except what you'll get now won't be rusty."

I was instantly alarmed. "Look, for heaven's sake, don't turn me over to Uncle Andrew!" I pleaded. "He'll whip me to death, and toss me in that rotten dungeon."

"No he won't, Diane. Uncle Andrew won't whip you any more than I'm going to. And he won't make you any more a prisoner than you'll be with me. You know, dear, you really are the most irritating female I've ever met. I hate lawyers, and ever since I first met you I've been longing to give you a course of treatment."

I tried not to show how scared I was. Except for the girl to whom I was tied, I seemed to have no friends at all. With more feeling that I should have, I demanded. "Very well, I know I'm in for it but, Naomi, you don't have to be mean to Elizabeth. If you're going to have her husband take her back, you need only keep her handcuffed. You can give her the run of the island with the other girls."

"Whatever you get, Diane, I get too." Elizabeth said firmly.

"That takes care of that." Naomi said instantly. "You're both of an age I'll enjoy punishing. It will be a pleasant change to my darling girls who I hardly ever punish at all. They'll love watching you whipped."

I could think of bitter things to say but what was the use?

Elizabeth was shinning eyed and curious about everything. I could sense her eagerness as we stood skin to skin, and realized that for her, Plessious was infinitely preferable to the Gothic imprisonment at Rockley. But I wished we had never come to Plessious.

I am in the much hated little hut or little prison or little box, or whatever you wish to call it. I know about it from previous acquaintance, it holds me now. Naomi has given instructions that its door be left open to admit light and air. But a metal collar is snug upon my neck and from it a lengthy chain trails to its ring bolt in the wall. Elizabeth's handcuffs are still on my wrists in the manner in which she clasped them when achieving her heart's desire. I am very helpless. Often I stand up and take the several steps my chain permits towards the open door and sunlight. It is nice to know it's out there and that someday, I am to be out there too. Good gosh, what a spot to be in!

Naomi visits me. At first I thought she came to gloat and keep my hyped up with promises of things to come, But now I realize her lonely authority on this island makes her glad to have an adult like me to talk to. She is with me now. "I've decided to have you whipped tomorrow, Diane dear I've kept you in suspense long enough. Elizabeth has asked to be whipped at the same time and I see no reason to refuse. Okay by you?"

It is as though she speaks of walking in the woods. The 'okay' business is a touch of sarcasm at which I nod in mute agreement. Damn it, she doesn't need my agreement about anything. She can do whatever she likes with Elizabeth and I, and I suppose the other girls, too. Naomi is queen on Plessious and can hand out her royal sentences as she may please. She sentenced me to be chained in this little hut with its open door. I expect she would like me to beg and plead but this I have not done even though I am scared of being whipped. The pain will do things to me I will not like. She makes me kneel while she stands and we talk. The kneeling is symbolic to emphasise my new condition. If my legal clients could see me now, I'd die.

Reflectively. Naomi says, "You've got the most beautiful breasts, Diane. Aren't you scared I'll whip them?"

"Of course I'm scared. I'm scared of everything you'll do to me, and then, when you've done your worst, I'll have Uncle Andrew to contend with. I don't have much of a future."

The stone floor was hard on my knees but I dared not ask permission to sit. Everything now carries a penalty. Naomi was interested in Uncle Andrew. "I don't know what he'll do to you, Diane. I never knew what he wanted you for in the first place. Except maybe as companion to Elizabeth. I suppose her husband's a friend of his and they hashed the whole thing up together. You may both be very sorry girls by the time they're through with you." She added, "Elizabeth's breasts are gorgeous, too. I'd almost be willing to keep the two of you prisoners permanently if Uncle Andrew would allow"

"Would you! I wish you would. Naomi, I really am frightened of being taken back to England, drugged in a box, and waking up in a dungeon. Or a rotten little cell. Please, Naomi, keep Elizabeth here if you can."

"You prefer being chained in here like this? You're crazy."

"Well, at least you leave the door open so I can see the sunlight. When you're taken downstairs at Rockley, there isn't any sunlight and you know you're in trouble."

"But you're in trouble here, darling. I'm going to have you whipped!"

"Oh, for Pete's sake. Naomi, don't harp on it. I know it's coming and I'm trying not to plead or beg or be silly about it. But if you think I'm not frightened, you're nuts. Being whipped is awful!"

Naomi laughed, amused by my dejection. "Have you forgotten, darling, both of us were whipped a long time ago, strung up by our wrists, if I remember correctly. I thought you handled yourself rather well."

Naomi has a gift for making the incredible seem entirely possible. Having a practicing female lawyer whipped naked didn't seem anything out of the way or worthy of discussion. "I think we should stop worrying about what's going to happen to you tomorrow," she said cheerfully. "There's a lot of other things I'd like to do to you, if I have the time, before Uncle Andrew shows up. You mentioned being hung by your wrists. I'll try and fit it in someplace."

It was just that simple for Naomi, just make a list of tortures and then do them to the helpless girl. But she was as much a part of Plessious as the sunshine or Ivory and Thea. And, of course, the girl with all the blonde hair. If she actually did succeed in keeping Elizabeth and I captive on the island, she had a herd of girls, a group of beauties that would drive any man wild, to say nothing of a woman! Here I was chained in a condition no one could possibly believe. I even stayed kneeling long after she had gone. Sure it hurt my knees, but pain can also be a companion in the awful boredom of imprisonment.

I didn't sleep well on the cold stone of the floor. In trying to avoid thinking about being whipped, my mind dwelled instead on Elizabeth. I wanted her terribly but I was pretty sure I'd never be given her again. It was ironic that at the very moment of capturing me and making me helpless as she did, we both lost our freedom, and now were thrust into a condition in which we might never love again. It was the story of me and Ivory all over again, I actually shed a few tears in this contemplation of my lot.

In the morning it was darling Ivory who brought me the breakfast I could not eat. Without words, we clung together, in remembered love and said nothing about anything except ourselves. I knew I would never get Ivory back, any more than I would ever get Elizabeth, and I wondered if Naomi had sent her just to tease me. Ivory said she had only five minutes and then must report back to the house. She carried my breakfast away and that was that! I had even forgotten to ask her the time I would be whipped.

Alone I stood and leaned against the wall. My hands were still fastened behind my back and I was shivering with fear at the sentence I had yet to serve, the punishment still to mark my skin. It was a horrible impotence with the open door and sunshine beyond mocking me, In anger at myself and everything else, I sought what relief I could find in motion, gathering my chain in handcuffed hands. I clutched it's links and lunged back and forth in a futile hope of finding a weakness in the tether. It was quite useless, there was no liberty for Miss Diane Durrant. Panting, I finally desisted and resumed a pose of dejection to await my summons to the whip.

It is so easy to control a naked girl. Naomi unlocked my collar and she and Honey each took one of my bare arms and led me to the place of execution. I could do nothing, my hands were still handcuffed behind my back as I stumbled forward on the path I had no wish to travel. The two of them spoke brightly of the weather and the dinner menu for that evening. Our destination turned out to be the big tree with wide spread boughs most suitable for the tethering of girls. Darling Elizabeth was already standing naked with her hands roped high above her head. She greeted me cheerfully

enough but I could tell she was also scared. It is easy to make fun of being whipped but another thing when the moment comes and you stand helpless and naked, knowing yourself about to be hurt, your courage leaves you. Ivory and Thea had handled Elizabeth, and in a few minutes I, too, was relieved of handcuffs, my wrists corded, and my arms drawn hard until I stood ten feet from Elizabeth to share her agony. Our eyes sought each other's constantly, but in love and not in hope.

"Come along, girls, we'll let them stand a while. Suspense will do them as much good as the whip," Naomi said cheerfully as she gathered her girls and led them from the place of punishment to leave my love and I in a fearful isolation.

Our arms were spread wide as well as high, but Elizabeth and I were not really stretched. Our heels were still upon the soil. Our punishment was to be the leather thongs and not the pains of suspension. "Well, anyway, once we get this over, we can enjoy the island and the girls," Elizabeth said bravely, "But, gosh, I never thought I'd be this scared. It's creepy being tied like this, I seem to be all armpits and breasts."

Poor darling Elizabeth! She was dreaming if she thought good times were ahead. Remorsefully I reminded, "Even after we've been whipped, we'll still be prisoners, darling. Naomi will never give us any freedom. She will simply amuse herself with us as a pleasant change from the teenagers she owns. I'm tied tight, I can't get loose, How about you?"

"Not a hope, Diane, I'm fixed for sure. There's butterflies in my tummy and something crawling up and down my spine. Oh, damn, I wish we could talk our way out of this!"

"All you need, girls, is a good, sharp knife." The male voice was laughing.

Hugo Markham stood surveying our nakedness with masculine approval. Hugo had never been my idea of a knight in shinning armor but that's the way I saw him now. I did not know or care how he had come, but he could not fail to know my thankfulness. "Oh, Hugo, thank you. I'm so glad you came. Cut us down quick."

Hugo did nothing except provide an even wider male smirk.

"Give me time to look at you."

"We're going to be whipped. Please hurry before they come back."

"How much will you pay?"

"Hugo, don't joke. This isn't funny, if you don't hurry up, you'll have four young women to deal with, and they might just happen to get the best of you. You won't be welcome."

Hugo was making no pretense of being a gentlemen. Casually he went back and forth between Elizabeth and I, and, without shame, enjoyed what men call 'feeling us up.' He gave careful attention to everything female we possessed. Standing while playing with my breasts, he reminded, "Lawyers charge a pretty penny for everything they do. You can't expect me to rescue you for nothing." He pinched my nipples to emphasis his point.

"All right, anything you want! But cut us down!"

"Does that 'anything I want' include total obedience, doing anything I want, being a humble little slavegirl?"

"Yes. Yes! I really will be anything you want if only you'll free us. And get us off this damned island." I was desperate.

"My, my! You don't look the least bit like a lawyer, Diane, And aren't you forgetting I'm going to whip that nice skin of yours the same as you're waiting for here. If I take you away, you can't be the least bit sure I'm doing you a favor. I want to be fair."

I went into a frenzy of tugging and pulling and kicking, "I don't care, I don't care about anything

except you cutting these ropes and taking me away. Hugo, can't you see that I'm frightened? You wouldn't want this to happen to you! Stop being so beastly and smug."

Hugo's knife was sharp, I was suddenly free, While he went to obtain rope, I rubbed my chaffed skin and then, on his return, turned my back and crossed my wrists as commanded, With the prospect of getting off Plessious I wasn't arguing, Even when he used the quite thick rope to bind my elbows as well as my wrists, I made no complaint. He grasped my bound arms and was suddenly deadly serious. "Come on, we had better make a run for it." His grasp was commandingly male.

"But you haven't freed Elizabeth!" I was suddenly afraid.

"And I'm not going to, dear girl. Your precious little friend can stay right where she is, as far as I'm concerned. I'm not setting myself up against that rich husband of hers or Uncle Andrew. Diane, don't start giving me trouble."

I, was helpless. Hugo transferred his grasp from my arm to my hair and shook my head vigorously to remind me what I had become. As we started to run, I could manage only a quick glance back at the still-bound beauty under the big tree. Hugo savagely tugged my hair again and I had to concentrate upon running.

It was the strangest flight! I was leaving the woman I adored and running as hard as I could towards a fate unknown. It is difficult and strange to run with your elbows roped hard behind your back and I was conscious of out-thrust breasts bouncing in unison with my pounding feet. Reaching the jetty. I saw the boat Hugo had used before. Saw, also, the pathetic little piles of clothing Elizabeth and I had shed. Hugo picked up the one to which I pointed with a bare foot and a moment later I was in the little boat and we were speeding out of the only harbor on Plessious.

I sat where I was told and Hugo surveyed his prize in evident satisfaction. "You know, Diane, a couple of years ago I wouldn't have dreamed of doing this. But there is something about that island, and that Rockley place, that gets to a man. I'm not a bit sure that the way girls get handled on that island isn't a damned sight more sensible than the rest of the world." He gave me a grin. "Look at you now, I've got you and there's no way you're getting loose. That damned Estate is giving me a dividend without even knowing."

"Congratulations." My voice was cold.

Hugo shook a finger at me. "And I don't want sarcasm. As of this minute, you'll stop being the bitch you've always been, and instead you'll treat me with respect and a touch of humility. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir!"

Once more the warning finger. "And I don't want any of that stuff, either."

"All right, Hugo, I'll try and be what I promised," I said as sincerely as I could. "None of this is easy for me and I'm sure you know that. Please untie my elbows."

"Why would I do that!"

"Because they're hurting and because it's not serving any useful purpose in this boat. I'm certainly not going to jump overboard."

"They'll stay tied, Diane, it has a damned nice effect to your frontal view. I'll untie you and let you dress after a while so we can arrive in civilization more or less respectable. Are you going to run away immediately we land?"

"No. I won't run away. I'm dependent on you, Hugo, regardless whether you've got me tied or free. I made a promise. I'll keep it."

Hugo's every word and motion told me what I had become. Bound or free. I was his prisoner and would remain so until I was once more established in my office and apartment in New York - if that ever happened! In the meantime, my best bet was to be nice to him and do as I was told. I knew

myself a very different girl from the woman who had come to Plessious for the first time long ago. My roped elbows were hurting horribly but I made up my mind not to nag at this man. In any case, I did not wish to humiliate myself with pleading. Trying to give my captor his money's worth. I carelessly allowed my knees to fall apart to provide a view I was certain he would enjoy. Hugo found a pleasure in everything girls had.

I could not avoid elation when I was untied and told to dress. It was the first time I'd been free since Elizabeth had put her handcuffs on my wrists. And every motion I now made had the delicious warmth of normalcy. The handcuffs had thoughtful been clasp upon my arm above one elbow, more or less in storage to be available when needed. I had expected Hugo to use them in place of the ropes. But when I was dressed and he discovered the metal circlets were covered by my sleeve, he said they could stay where they were unless I preferred to wear them as a bracelet on my left wrist. I chose the wrist and was thankful to discover he had a key. Soon the metal bracelets were upon my wrist and, from most angles, actually had the appearance of a bracelet. I doubted they would cause either of us embarrassment. Thus I stepped from the boat onto the soil of Greece.

Hugo was not a brute. He blandly pointed out the hazard of leaving me alone where I would have too much opportunity to think and maybe panic. He gave me the option of being handcuffed in the hotel room or going around with him on his errands. I chose the errands. I was beginning to enjoy myself. Hugo knew his way around. We purchased the plane tickets and he then took me to lunch at one of those cute little places a girl loves. I got the tiniest of thrills in knowing he did it to please me. Back in the hotel room I started to pay my dues but I had expected to part my legs for piercing and played the whore with much skill and abandon. I enjoyed it all myself. I would not have returned to Plessious for anything. I continued to pay my dues through most of the night. Hugo was young and very vigorous. Had I been a bride, I would have been pleased at my bargain. But as it was. I counted the pleasure I received as an unexpected dividend. I slept with one wrist handcuffed to the bed.

The plane was so beautifully normal I could have cried with joy.

The stewardess admired my bracelet and asked where she could get one. The effect of clothes and freedom was wonderful! I was soon animatedly talking with Hugo about his claim on the Estate. For the first time I found myself truly interested in getting him at least a small portion of all those millions and billions of dollars. Normally I would have suggested I visit Uncle Andrew and discuss the whole thing with him anew. But I was pretty sure Uncle Andrew would love to get a hold of me, and it wasn't to discuss a law suit. I'd end up in a dungeon and would probably stay there in chains for a long, long time. I told Hugo I would explore every legal possibility. Perhaps the courts would respond far more favorably than Uncle Andrew. It was in this bit of friendship and a great thankfulness for the familiar sights and sounds of my home town that Hugo and I signaled a taxi. But it was Hugo's address, not mine, to which the driver took us. I never said a word.

I have to admit to quivering with excitement as we stood in the little hallway of Hugo's modest house. Our journey was done and whatever Hugo intended for me I would now find out. If he had told me to undress or hold out my hands to be handcuffed. I would obey without demure. Instead of that he took me to bed and, what with jet lag and my payment of some more dues, we slept late into the following morning. Hugo even forgot to handcuff my wrist to the bed rail, an omission for which he apologized as though it really mattered. At breakfast he was businesslike.

"Look, Diane, I have your word and I suppose you'll keep it. I have work to do and so have you, so I want you to spend the day opening your office and doing whatever else you have to do. We will have an early dinner at Donatelli's and then come back here. Fair enough?"

It was more than fair but I had to ask, "What about my apartment?"

"Keep it. Make sure the rent is paid." Hugo say the uncertainty on my face. "I'm giving you a day's freedom," he said jauntily. "We have to look after business and I can't send you to your office chained or with your hands tied behind your back." He gazed at me searchingly and held my arms to emphasis his point. 'This freedom changes nothing, I'll still expect the obedience you promised before I cut you down from that tree."

"I will do as I promised. Hugo, I really am grateful. If it wasn't for you, I'd still be chained somewhere on Naomi's island. I'll be a good girl for you, and a good lawyer, too"

We went our separate ways. It was a joyous day of fresh discovery, of a realization of possessions and of purpose. I paid accumulated bills and disposed of phone calls. I knew business would be pending but forget to ask Hugo's wishes. Yet I knew I would come by a better understanding of my new condition by the time we had finished dinner in the evening. I constantly spread my arms out wide in joy that they were not joined. The shinning, heavy bracelet on my left wrist was a reminder, but that was all. It was a normal and very happy day, and New York embraced me lovingly. I completely forgot Uncle Andrew's promise to have me kidnapped.

I had to wonder if Hugo was rich enough to afford Donatelli's but was grateful for being thus wined and dined. I was positively seething with feminine curiosity and thrill Hugo and I had reached a sufficient rapport to excuse me being female. I broke in on his lectures about the stock market. "Never mind the market, Hugo, but, for Heaven's sake, tell me what you're going to do to me. The suspense is killing me."

It must be wonderful to be a male and have total ownership of a girl. Hugo oozed total power in a way to make me cringe. "Tomorrow you belong to me, you sweetheart," he affirmed grandly. "But I guess you knew this, or guessed it. There are those vows you made."

"For instance?"

"I'm going to take you downstairs, tie you, and cane your bottom. There's also a nice riding crop I'll try on you. Why not try the lobster bisque?"

I ordered the lobster bisque. I also wondered if I'd gain anything by having Hugo whip my bottom as opposed to Naomi whipping my back. I decided I had to be a bit ahead and then made myself feel a lot better by looking around Donatelli's and comparing it to being collared and chained in Naomi's little hut. Holy cow!

"I'm becoming quite fond of you," Hugo confessed, offhandedly.

"You're quite good in bed, and I do have to admire the way you adjust from hard authority to soft obedience. As a slavegirl you'll make an interesting study. Looking forward to the crop?"

"No, I'm not. I won't ever pretend I like being whipped or that I'm not scared of it. I don't care if It's a cane or a crop or some leather thonged horror, I abhor them all. Now you've explained what I can expect in the morning, could we please go on to some other topic?"

"You'll spend the day in bondage." I took a deep breath but bondage might not hurt.

Hating to spoil our dinner. I inquired no more. Hugo was in a reflective mood. "You really did introduce me to a strange new world," he confided warmly. "I mean, take us right now. Look around the restaurant and who is there who could perceive the relationship we share. If you told anyone of them that tomorrow you'd get your bottom caned, they'd suppose that either you were vulgar, or they might want your phone number. Our waiter has taken note of your bracelet."

I did not care who saw my handcuffs. They were the only part left of the girl I loved. I'd made up my mind to go alone with Hugo with everything he wanted. He was a client who had a lot of money and a justifiable claim. If he gave me enough freedom. I could re-establish my law practice. Perhaps he would only demand my surrender on alternate days. On those days I would be his prisoner and I would do as he told me. I had a wry memory of him promising to whip me everyday until I made some progress with his case in court. I wondered what the judge would say if he knew I had a striped bottom that burned every time I sat down. I would not be bored.

I wondered about that crop.

The Flaming Flesh

I actually ate breakfast. Everything was so different from being chained in the hut on Plessious. Hugo and I had made love repeatedly through half the night, then slept late and found other things to talk about over coffee, quite apart from the pain I was about to suffer. Since it was understood between us that I was Hugo's slave for the day, I listened respectfully to his male superiority. Today I was a nothing and had better damned well like it.

"I want you to address me as "Master," Hugo said first off. "That establishes our relationship and tells us both where we're at. What you say we alternate the days. Right now you belong to me but tomorrow you'll be a lawyer and as free as the air. Okay?"

"Okay by me ... Master."

"I really mean that, Diane, about whipping you should you fail to make any progress on my case. I don't think you were really trying up to now."

"Very well, Master. I expect you're right. I won't complain about being whipped or caned should I fail to produce results." I found it hard to believe what I was saying.

"What I have here is a small conceit all my own," Hugo said proudly. He produced an expensive looking box. "Only the judge uses them in the good old USA, but if we were in England or Canada you'd have to wear them every time you entered the court room. You're free and naked and I want you to put this on."

It was a Barristers Gown in the best tradition. I could tell it was expensive. When I clasped it at my neck, it enveloped my nakedness like a tent. Hugo, walking around and around to get the effect, seemed pleased. I consoled myself with the thought that at least I was covered up.

It's amazing how many houses have a downstairs. Hugo's downstairs provided a room expressly designed for the unhappiness of girls. It took him only a very little time to have me fastened in the manner in which he had found me on Plessious, my wrists tied high and far apart. He walked around a few more times before producing a safety pin and raising the back hem of the gown I wore to uncover my bottom but stop short at my waist. The safety pin to secure the gown so raised. I saw his point. Here was a contrast I could not fail to feel!

"Nice idea, don't you think?" he inquired. "Yes. Master. It's making me shiver."

"I was wondering whether to bother with the cane, it's a juvenile sort of instrument. This crop is the whippiest thing I've ever seen. Have you a preference?"

"The cane, please. Master."

"Okay, if that's what you want. I'm not sure you're making a good choice but you'll have plenty of opportunities to form an opinion. I thought twenty strokes would be about right for this first day?"

"It seems a lot. Master."

"I suppose it is. But, Diane dear, you do have to realize this is the beginning of a new association. The only reason I'm caning you is to get you into a proper frame of mind to reinforce your vows made when you wanted me to cut you down. Get the idea?"

I got the idea, all right, but I'd be damned if I had an answer to it.

I could even see a certain logic in what he proposed. But when I thought of it, I had little doubt that when my bottom had been caned twenty times. I'd see our new relationship in the way Hugo wished. I was about to be conditioned.

"I have you very prettily fixed up, Diane, and I want to leave you a little while to sort of let things sink in. Get what I mean?"

"Yes, I get what you mean. But, Hugo, I wish you'd whip me and get it over with. This standing and waiting is the very devil. And I won't pretend I'm all that brave. Please...?"

But Hugo was gone. My master had things beautifully figured.

He had me exactly as he wished and I had to wonder what the court system of New York would say about a female member of their association submitting to such a strength of purpose. More importantly. I was wondering about how loud I'd scream. Or if I would scream at all!

I'm sure nature designed the place on which females sit as the place on which their master's cane or crop should cut its wicked strokes. I had pleaded that twenty was far too many and more than I could bear, but Hugo was deaf to this feminine plea. I tried to cry but the tears would not come, something which goes to prove the female can be betrayed by her own body. As Hugo sliced at me with his cane, I knew for certain I should have stayed on Plessious.

When the cane cut at me the second time, I'm sure I made a diverting picture for my master. I tugged and squirmed and even kicked as though to rid my flesh of pain as if by simple motion. But I did not scream, and for that I was proud. The damned cane was worse than I'd expected, but it was being wielded by a male arm and impacted my soft flesh with male authority. I wondered if Naomi would hurt me half as much!

"Am I getting to you, sweetheart?" Hugo inquired pleasantly. "You're killing me, if that's what you mean. Oh. Hugo, please stop!"

"Give me a good reason?"

Number three sent me into a frenzied dance. I was desperate.

"You don't have to do this at all," I quickly spit out. "And you're only doing this because you once promised it and now you feel you have to follow through." I no longer cared what I said. Dancing around as the cane beat steadily, I could only plead, "Oh, Hugo, please stop, please stop! Would you settle for ten?"

"We're nearly there now, sweetheart, and you're in great shape. Here's an extra hard one just to keep you interested."

It was a truly awful stroke and lit my bottom into flaming agony.

But it did point out that I was not being caned nearly as hard as possible. In response to the extra hard one, I actually lifted my feet off the floor and kicked wildly at the agony. We had now reached number ten and I heard myself pleading earnestly, "Not twenty, Hugo, oh please not twenty! I can't stand that."

I got the twenty. But, in spite of the number, I knew that Hugo had been merciful. That one awful slash that had crossed my flesh told me all too well that the other nineteen had been no worse than I could bear. As I sobbed and panted in the aftermath. I drew some comfort from this thought, a comfort soon denied when I realized that what had been done to me now could be repeated every second day. Abjectly, I said, "Thank you for caning my bottom, Hugo. I'm sorry to be such a nuisance." Gosh! How humble could I get!

In the approved manner, the master left me alone with my pain. I wasn't sorry to see him go because I wasn't in any mood for conversation. All I wanted was to wait for the burn and scorch of my beating to go away. In the course of my beginning to feel better, I now became aware I was still wearing the ridiculous legal gown and it was still pinned up on back to expose my burning bottom. I felt untidy along with hurt. I hung there, looking and feeling like a scarecrow, and disgusted with myself. The only comfort I could think of was that, had I stayed on Naomi's island, I'd be in pretty much the same fix. But here with Hugo Markham I'd be a free girl tomorrow.

Hugo showed up to see how I was doing, and I was hating the gown more than the burn. I though I would get my hands back now but Hugo had been doing some thinking and didn't reach for my

bonds.

"I suppose you've been thinking about yesterday and tomorrow," he said. "I'd be crazy if I didn't realize you can easily walk out on me, and renege on our agreement. I don't think you will, but are you tempted?"

"Of course, I'm tempted. But I'll live up to my promise. Don't worry, Hugo, you've got yourself a slave."

Hugo held me tight and we kissed. And he did what I longed to do myself, ran exploring fingers across my weald and beaten bottom to make me gasp. "Sensitive, heh? I have to be honest, Diane, and admit I loved every stroke I gave you with that cane, It's too bad you couldn't see yourself, you put up a magnificent performance. "

"Thanks a million." After a second, I added. "Hugo, be a dear and take this gown off. It makes me feel horribly unattractive."

He actually did as I asked to leave me standing nude and very helpless with my arms above my head. He then did his customary inventory of my interesting parts, his voice still thoughtful. "I expect you'd like me to untie your wrists and let your arms down. You must be sick of standing like that."

"I sure would!"

"Trouble is, I don't know what to do with you then. There's something nice and positive about whipping your bottom but I never was into this sort of thing, and I don't have much knowledge of small tortures. Could you give me a pointer or two?"

Hugo was not teasing, he was deadly serious about his lack of expertise in a field no university covers with a course I shifted unhappily against my ropes while exclaiming, "Hugo, don't be silly, no girl is going to ask for pain for discomfort. Or any of those awful things you read about in history books. What I want right now is for you to hold me close and make me feel warm and wanted."

"But I just did that."

"I mean with my hands down, not tied up in the air the way they are."

"Think you could hold out until lunch, sweetheart? I know an interesting little place."

My heart leapt joyfully. It might still be a long way until lunch time but I'd willingly endure if a nice lunch in a nice restaurant was at the end of it. I wondered what the hidden kicker had to be..."You really mean you won't make me wear handcuffs or a collar around my neck?" I asked cautiously.

"You see, you've come up with some excellent suggestions. But I wasn't thinking of things like that. Watching you sit on your sore seat was about all I had in mind Would your conscious be happier if I put some sort of bondage around your body under the clothes?"

"No, thanks! Dh, Hugo, you've made me so happy!"

"Good gosh, with just lunch!"

"Well, it hasn't exactly been a fun day so far and I have to feel grateful for the break. How much longer do I have to stand?"

"Just an hour or two, honey. Look, I'll go and do some phoning while you stand here and meditate. By the way, I should tell you what a magnificent body you've got. And how grateful I am to get a good look at it. Be seeing you."

I felt absurdly happy. Goodness knows I was naked and tied up the way I was and shouldn't have much to be happy about. But there it was! Hugo would have been well within his rights to make me uncomfortable right on through the day but he wasn't doing this, and from this fact I drew fresh hope. In spite of a burning bottom and the shame of my condition, I kept my thoughts busy with the Estate,

Hugo's claim, and a few other related mundane affairs. I even stopped trying to free my hands.

When I was dressed and ready to go, Hugo insisted on the bracelet for my left wrist. I held out my hand and watched the two steel cuffs made snug upon my skin. I had become almost fond of the shinning steel, which reminded me of Elizabeth and which had been my companion for so long.

Hugo had allowed me to back up to the big mirror to admire my wounds. What I beheld in the glass made me nervous at the prospect of sitting down, but I knew this was to be Hugo's reward for lunch and whatever period of rest he might be willing to grant from my day of slavery. I refused to allow the scarlet and purple lines to dampen the lovely, warm feeling of being taken to lunch by a handsome male.

Hugo watched intently as the waiter pushed my chair against the back of my knees. I clenched my teeth as I sat and hoped only Hugo saw the pain on my face. It was my first sit down since being caned and cropped, and for several moments I was breathless and wondering if it got better or worse than that. My scolded rump was a presence not easy to ignore.

"Not too bad?" Hugo inquired.

"Terrible!"

"Good. I expect that's the way it should be. I'm having the Dover sole today. How about you?"

"How about a painkiller for my bottom instead of fish?"

We both got a laugh and Hugo shook his head as if puzzled.

"Damned remarkable situation we've got ourselves into." He mused a few seconds. "I enjoyed this morning but I'm damned if I know what to do with you this afternoon. There's a post in one room downstairs I could tie you to. Would that about look after things?" Hugo's naivete was genuine. He would have been lost in Rockley, although no doubt intrigued by so many breasts and pretty bottoms. I could make a shrewd guess that he and I were where we now stood, simply out of his frustration with my failure to promote his Cause, plus a genuinely erotic curiosity about everything he'd learned on Plessious. If only I could handle him gently...!

Trying to sound truly interested, I asked. "That post will look after me fine for this afternoon, but any suggestions as to how I get tied to it?"

Hugo sighed admiringly. "You do enter into the true spirit of things, don't you. Hell, I can keep you safe all afternoon by handcuffing your wrists in back of the pole. You wouldn't go anywhere."

I shrugged and twinkled. "If that pleases you, Master."

"It pleases me, but don't overdo the 'Master' bit. Let me get used to it gradually. I'm thinking of you and the pole. I like it."

I liked it, too. At least if he had to do something to me, it was about as good as I could expect. I wondered if after he had fixed me and gone away, I could slip down and sit on the floor with my back against the post with not much discomfort, at least not much more than I suffered now. And perhaps because of it. I voiced something I knew I'd have to tell Hugo sooner or later. "Have you realized, Hugo, how it's going to tear me apart to be an attorney at law one day and a whipped slavegirl the next? I'm handling this okay but there's tomorrow and tomorrow. And I don't think I can handle that. Want to talk about it?"

"You're trying to fox me into saying you don't have to bother any more?"

"Anything I say had the savor of that," I replied, realizing I'd hit upon a profitable vein. "Can't help that, it's not intentional. I'm still prepared to live up to my word and yield myself to you every second day. But please thing of the emotional upheaval I have to cope with. I hurt where I sit, you've got this on me," I held up my left wrist, loaded with handcuff. "Tomorrow in the office I'm not going

to be normally adjusted to the work I have to do. Hugo, I really am trying to get some substance behind your claim. But right now I don't care about your claim or my office. I can't think of much at all besides being your prisoner. See what I mean?"

Poor Hugo! Hugo was not a complicated man, and long ago at the start of our association had been scared of me. Back in those days I'd been something of a bitch, but a lot had happened since then, and he and I were now on a quite different footing.

"Sure I can see your point," Hugo said in a friendly manner. "But aren't you forgetting this imprisonment of yours lasts only until my claim is recognized. It won't be forever. How long will it take?"

"I'll get out the statement of claim tomorrow and get it on the court docket, but actual appearance in court may be weeks away. If you whip me every day. I won't have any skin left."

Across the table, Hugo gave me a wry little smile. "So, okay, everything you've said is duly noted and I won't expect a miracle overnight. But I'm going to whip you enough to keep you on the ball. Lawyers live by procrastination and I've had a belly full. I'm not idiot enough to whip you every second day but I'll think of some other things. Let's talk about something else."

I loved this restaurant, with its atmosphere and sense of wealth. I adored being waited on and treated as Hugo's girl friend or wife. For a few moments I toyed with thoughts of being Mrs. Hugo Markham, but that was too absurd so I switched speculations to the coming afternoon. I didn't have long to wait.

The pole, post, or torture, according to one's point of view, was, in a large storage room littered with the things a storage room would like. The pole was of metal and I suppose was about four inches in diameter and painted the same dull green as the walls. It was not an inspiring room or post. But the pole and I had a date and I could swear it had been waiting for me personally. To others it would appear an innocent vertical support, but for me it was like an introduction to a sinister stranger boding me no good. Innocently I inquired, "You won't want me to undress for this, will you, Hugo?"

"Diane, you know perfectly well you remove your clothes. Get with it."

"You want me naked just to stand against a pole...? Really!"

"I want you stark naked, sweetheart, and I want you to stop quibbling."

I sighed but took off my clothes and kicked my shoes along with them. Without being asked. I backed against the pole.

The scenario had already been discussed. Hugo unlocked the handcuffs from my wrist and I put my arms back around the pole and wiggled my hands invitingly to demonstrate good intentions. Warm steel bit and tightened. Hugo played around to get the proper tension. He then came around to admire my breasts and pubic patch, a small pause in anything we did, My female attributes seemed to have an unending fascination to this man. Hugo kissed my forehead and went away, not bothering to close the door. Why the hell should he!

Right away I discovered something wrong. During the ordinary exploration of new bondage I discovered that while my hands were secured in the manner we discussed, they were also subject to an additional restriction. I could neither raise nor lower them more than an inch or so. Frantically I called after my retreating master and, luckily, caught him in time. I heaved a sigh of relief. I went straight to the point. "Hugo, this isn't the way we said it would be. I'm handcuffed but I can't move my hands, you've got them fixed somehow. Would you mind?"

"Would I mind what?"

Hugo pretended to be obtuse. "Unfixing whatever it is you've fixed up. This is going to be miserable for a whole afternoon."

"Isn't that the idea, sweetheart?" Hugo laughed knowingly. "You were figuring on sitting down

after I'm gone, weren't you? A quite comfortable afternoon. Sorry!"

It was exasperating and I wanted to keep to my promise not to plead or beg or demean myself in Hugo's eyes by complaining about every punishment when I know perfectly well I was suppose to be punished. Punishment was the name of the game. Stiffly, I retorted, "Sorry to have bothered you. I simply hoped you were being merciful, but never mind. I'll stand here all afternoon and think about the nice time we had at lunch. Goodbye, Hugo."

It was the right approach. Hugo muttered something under his breath but I felt his hands on the pole. This time, when he hurried away, I was neither kissed. I discovered immediately I could raise and lower my hands and thus could slid my arms down until my punished bottom could reach the floor. But with feminine inconsistency, I simply stood and played with the handcuffs I could not see. It was almost an hour before I gingerly lowered myself to the floor, leaned back against the pole, and stretched out my legs in an effort to get comfortable. It wasn't all that good.

I guess if my bottom had not been so severely whipped I would have come out all right. But the concrete floor did nothing to soothe my burning skin. It was not long before I was feeling sorry for myself. And if I'd been a naughty girl in the first place, I would have been vowing never to be naughty again. But this was pure fantasy, and the simple fact was the concrete chaffed my caned bottom so I struggled back to stand erect, a more difficult task than I that though. Then I stood there wondering if Hugo was laughing up his sleeve at the female who was so totally his on every second day. I hate to admit it but having to stand there all afternoon, I actually generated a few tears I was thankful no one could see.

Handcuffs are an insidious compulsion. Because they don't hurt you feel quite sure you can deal with them and probably slip them off your wrists. I suppose it's this ridiculous notion that drives a girl to twisting and tugging against the steel. Anyway, that's what I did, and when Hugo returned at early evening he found me with chaffed wrists and an almost indecent anxiety to please. Boy, did he possess me but good!

"You look a little sad, Diane?"

"Yes, Master, that's the way I feel."

"We might then say the pole was potent?"

"Yes. Master. Please get me away from it."

"But you make such a pretty picture there. Diane. If I could paint in oils, I could make a masterpiece out of that beautiful pose of dejection. But I do have a camera. Would you like me to take a snap?"

"No thank you, Master. I don't want to see what I look like. All I want to do is walk away."

"Boy, sweetheart, you must have had a bad afternoon!" Hugo's tone was pure admiration. "Are you telling me you'd be happy to walk away from that pole with your hands still behind your back?"

"Yes, Master. I'd be very happy."

Hugo sighed, prolonging the agony. If ever a man was in the catbird seat, it was Hugo right now. Hugo had me for sure! As though to clinch my claim. I said. "I've even been crying - in case you're, interested, "

Hugo was drinking in every word as though it was the sweetest nectar a man could ever sip. "Aren't you overdoing this a bit, sweetheart? I admit I like it but enough is enough."

"I'm only telling it as it is. You've got me and you can do what you like with me. You're my Master. I can't even walk away from this damned pole..." I allowed heart-break to enter my voice. "Please use a key, Master."

Hugo, no doubt feeling absolutely omnipotent, used the key and a few moments later I stepped away from the pole. Hugo had still got my hands handcuffed behind my back, which in my present frame of mind was a mere trifling inconvenience. "Thank you, Master. You've no idea how good this feels."

"I'm sure it does. Go ahead, walk around. Everything you do, Diane, teaches me something. You're a beautiful subject and from now on through dinner I want you to stop calling me master. I know I can do what I want with you but there's no need to belabor the point. Right now you can kneel and make your vow."

The vow was one of the things we had created together in the lighter moments of my captivity. If Hugo wanted it, I was prepared to deliver, so slipped to my knees, which isn't all that easy when you have no hands, and sincerely intoned, "You are my Master. I belong to you totally. On every second day I will deliver my body to your pleasure. I am your slave."

I could tell Hugo was moved. I knew for sure I had done a good job of verbal abasement. I made sure my knees were well apart and my head properly bowed. My captive hands behind my back were still and resigned to the clutch of steel. I belonged to Hugo Markham as no girl had ever done before.

"I find you utterly fascinating." Hugo was helping me up. Face to face we kissed with an intensity to leave me wondering about my handcuffed wrists. Feeling I had to say something, I spoke, "You spoke of dinner, Hugo? What did you have in mind?"

"Bathe and dress, then I'll pick the place."

"I can't bathe and dress unless you give me my hands."

With another mutter, Hugo produced his magic key. My heart sang with joy as the twin cuffs were once more locked upon my left wrist. As I bathed and dressed, I found myself singing those small, sad songs of unrequited love.

Once again the magic of a restaurant in which money did not matter wafted me from the clutch of restrains and the bite of the whip. Hugo Markham can be an amusing companion when he chose, and I found myself enjoying his every quip. The first thing we knew we were both laughing as though our situation was entirely normal instead of being about as bizarre as any could be. Hugo exerted himself to make me happy, and I really and truly was happy in forgetting tomorrow.

A cloud crosses the sun, and for several moments we become conscious of mortality. It was that way now, and when Hugo and I looked up in surprise at the intrusion, we beheld a female far too beautiful for her own good, or for the welfare of mankind. She was looking at my left wrist and, as though from old acquaintance, said with deep sincerity, "I know about that thing on your wrist. I know about you and what you are." She looked at Hugo. "I offer myself, do you want me?"

Poor Hugo, he wasn't ready for it, and I bristled with hostility. But Hugo was a gentlemen. "Would you care to join our table?" he asked politely. "I don't believe we've met?"

"I don't want to eat or drink or sit down." our gorgeous interloper said without emphasis. "I want you to take me home with you and deal with me in the way you deal with her." She made a contemptuous gesture my way. "If you care to dispense with her. I'll take her place. I'm probably the most beautiful girl who will ever make you such an offer."

She sat, taking Hugo's glass and quietly sipping while Hugo and I stared in wonderment before he signaled a waiter for more drinks. My feminine hostility simmered as I examined the intruder. The damned girl had it all, and was well aware of having it all. She even quietly apologized for draining his drink. "I'm not a drinker, but what I'm doing now is not that easy." She smiled at both of us. "I expect you know all about making contacts and how impossible it is, my first worthwhile opportunity. And I won't just walk away from it."

"But you're not the type, you're no sweet, little submissive!" I burst out angrily.

"Did I say I was!" Her eyes stripped me bare, still with that faint inflection of contempt. "There wouldn't be any point in what I'm asking if I was one of those, what do you call them, submissives? I

wish to be broken. I want you to break me."

"You're taking a great deal for granted." Hugo said. He was intrigued but cautious. "You're reading a lot into a pair of handcuffs on a lady's wrist."

"It's not what I see but what I sense. The vibrations from you both are very clear." Margo Hammil was almost panting. "Look. I'm a beautiful bitch who wants to be broken by a man and genuinely enslaved. I'm real! Can't you understand!"

It was obvious our beauty in distress had little interest in me, she wanted Hugo. She was probably seeing him as a dominant force, breaking maidens to his will. I looked down at the shinning steel encircling my wrist and got a thrill out of my own handcuff. I could well imagine what it would do to a girl aware of its intent and purpose. I began to view Margo Hammil with a more kindly eye.

"Miss Durrant and I have an arrangement satisfactory to ourselves. I really don't know where you'd fit in. You'd probably hate it anyway," Hugo said patiently.

"I would hate it. That's the whole idea. I don't even know what you would do with me or to me ... I don't even know what games you two play. I'll resent and rebel and you really will be compelled to break me down into obedience and humility. And I warn you right now, I'm not a humble girl. What should I expect? Chains and ropes and whips...?"

With the arrival of the soup our proud beauty consented to eat with us, I could tell Hugo was thinking hard what to do, so I spoke for him, "Mr. Markham is not the whip-wielding monster you seem to think. The relationship you find us in is by mutual consent. He's right, you know, you wouldn't like what I have to put up with one little bit."

"Let me take your place. If it hurts, it hurts!"

I looked at Hugo and shrugged helplessly. Hugo must have been feeling out of the conversation and now took command in one of those authoritative moments of which he was entirely capable. He motioned to my much-discussed left hand, "Give it to me."

Two females watched him use the tiny key, both of us a bit breathless. While I massaged pink skin, my owner barked at the intruder. "Stick it out!"

At first I was miffed at seeing my own personal handcuffs on another woman's wrist, but in that moment there was such an intensity of feeling between the three of us I saw only Margo's enraptured face and a sudden vista of advantage: Whatever venom Hugo expended on this willing recruit might easily mean fewer stripes for me. Perhaps if I played my cards right...! I nursed the thought in growing satisfaction.

We got her story. Her name was Margo Hammil, she was alone, and her main problem seemed to be a husband she had just divorced. "I really did love the guy," she explained earnestly. "But he loved me so much he let me have my way in everything. He wasn't a wimp but I found myself making all the decisions while actually longing for him to knock me around a bit and make me pay attention to him as a man. She sighed, "I suppose the whole trouble was he loved me far too much and didn't know a damn thing about girls. Even when we made love, he was so damned careful and considerate I could scream. I know it's silly but that's where I'm at right now." She raised her left wrist to examine the shinning chrome now locked on her, a grateful smile on her face. "You've no idea what this means to me, I owe you both a hundred thank you's."

We took her home with us. Hugo did not abandon me for his new possession. Once inside his house, he lost no time in unlocking one of the cuffs from our visitor's wrist and snapping it tight to one of the rings in the living room wall. He then grasped my arm and led me to his office. The backwards glance I took showed me an absorbed woman who would stand exactly where she was until Hugo used his key, a delighted young woman playing with a new toy.

The first thing Hugo said upon reaching his office was, "Take your clothes off, Diane, remember this is still one of your slave days."

I stripped myself bare for my master's pleasure, thinking all the time of the girl downstairs. To be naked before a man no longer bothered me. In fact, I was discovering a lot of advantages to being naked. It simplifies so much. In the rapport which had grown so strong between us, I turned my back to him and crossed my wrists. Neither of us had said a word or spoke while he knotted the thin cord again and again to rob me of my arms. When I was effectively his prisoner, he waved me to the chair to make me a naked client neatly bound while facing her owner across the desk. It all seemed very natural and very comfortable and I knew I would not want to part with it.

"What the devil am I going to do with the damned girl!" Hugo actually sounded unhappy in the face of such good fortune. "Should I take her seriously?"

"Use that riding crop good and hard on her bottom and send her back to her husband."

"But they're divorced."

"That may be, but send her back to him anyway. If you make her seat as sore as you've made mine, she'll be a changed woman. And if that idiot husband can't read a message out of the way you'll mark her skin, he has to be hopeless. I hope you enjoy having me tied this way."

"You know I enjoy it. Don't be pert. Hasn't it occurred to you I might as well expend my energies on our pretty prisoner instead of on you. This would leave you free to really apply yourself to my claim. You don't really enjoy getting your bottom cropped, do you?"

It was my own thought exactly. Margo Hammil had arrived with almost perfect timing to make me free, free, free! I wondered why I didn't feel happier but put it down to female jealously. She was wearing my handcuffs and I wanted them back.

I think girls sometimes loose their wits. Without any great show of enthusiasm. "Are you offering me freedom? My vow is canceled?"

"That's right, sweetheart. You're my lawyer, not a bottom to be cropped every day. Aren't you pleased?"

"Of course I'm pleased but it seems too good to be true." I twisted against Hugo's twine which seemed unusually tight. Then I made the craziest admission of my life. "I'm going to miss the things ... The things we've done together. Please don't let that girl steal my handcuffs."

I sat there, naked, my hands behind my back, like an unloosed flower. Hugo was suddenly eyeing me with an interest he had never previously shown. He laughed. "'Then don't say anything is forever. Tomorrow is you day at the office - no beatings, no bondage. I'll amuse myself with our lovely new plaything while you get busy against the Estate. The day after you can either go to the office or offer your wrists to be handcuffed. Think about it, sweetheart, I'll be amused at what you come up with."

I wished now I'd been quiet, but that was to be expected. Hugo was being generous but only because of the girl handcuffed to the wall downstairs. But anyway I looked at it. I came out the winner, and a whole day for Hugo to play with his now toy and for me to discover myself must surely bring the two of us safely over the hurdle of indecision. I allowed myself to be led to our bedroom where I accepted the collar and chain on my neck without demure and watched my master go to deal with that incredibly lovely and sexy woman downstairs.

For the first, and perhaps the last, time in my life I enjoyed bound hands and collared neck. I told myself crossly it was only because I knew I would soon be free of them. But I knew it more than that. Everything that had happened to me since my first visit to Plessious had changed me. And I was glad. I sat on the side of the bed, dangling my legs like a little girl awaiting the arrival of authority. I had no need to test the length of my tether for I knew it already. Knew, also, that I could never free my hands so might as well enjoy the firm, warm indentations of my master's twine by which my hands were held. Something nice was about to happen.

Margo's hands were still handcuffed behind her back in my handcuffs when Hugo thrust her into the bedroom. He closed and locked the door. Margo was now an anxious and probably frightened young woman who was wishing she had more sense, but who could not give voice to her misgivings. Hugo

had installed on her the most horrendous gag, it filled Margo' s mouth, sealed her lips and locked behind her neck with a padlock quite needlessly huge. When her eyes met mine, I read in them a conviction as to what Hugo would do with his two women, but I don't think she was all that thrilled by the prospect of sharing a male phallus with the slavegirl already firmly secured to the master's bed. She need not have worried.

"Over here beside the bottom bed post," Hugo told her as he took her bare arm to steer her where he desired, for a purpose I was uncertain about. Margo was twisting feverishly at handcuffed wrists, but since she was getting exactly what she wanted, made no motion of revolt. What she actually did get was something she did not want at all. He simply chained her right ankle to the lower bed post. The poor girl probably could step within a four foot radius, but stood there as if expecting something else. She got that, too.

"You expect to be naked. I hope," Hugo asked his new slave. "In this house no female wears clothes. He produced scissors and barked, "Stand still," at the lovely girl.

I had no idea what Margo's feelings about nakedness might be, she was eyeing the scissors with an element of disbelief. But the things that happens to a girl when she becomes a slavegirl are always something of a shock. I sat there, happily dangling my legs when she made frantic motions with her head, indicating a desire to speak; a desire totally ignored. The stripping of a girl is always exciting. You never know how she will react or what will be disclosed. Either she did not wish or dared not move as her personally chosen master snipped away at a dress which probably cost a lot of money. When the new slavegirl was down to panties and bra, she was panting and I could well suspect she was torn between conventional modesty and pride in what would be revealed when the last of the clothing came off. When that moment came, Margo was disclosed as an unusually beautiful girl who's body was every bit as beautiful as her face. Hugo had himself a winner! And I wondered if he knew how lucky he was. I suppose I could have asked but was quite content to be a spectator in this small drama of a maiden's loss of freedom. Hugo said it all with remarkably few words, "You can sleep on the floor, Margo. Diane and I will make love but you haven't yet earned that privilege. You can stand or sit as you please, but if you wish to sleep, it will be on the rug. You can stop making those motions with your head because I have no intention of taking the gag from your mouth. You have nothing of the faintest interest to say, and slavegirls have to ask permission before they speak. Amuse yourself."

Poor Margo! I'm not sure this was what she wanted. But if she truly wished to take my place, she was getting no more than a taste of things to come. Hugo tossed his clothes aside, pushed me back upon the bed to lay upon bound arms, and then possessed me while Miss Margo Hammil watched in a mixture of emotions she could not voice. As my master pleasured me. I was aware of her testing her tether with a step this way or that. But finally in disgust, or perhaps distaste, she sat upon the rug, leaned back against the bottom of our bed, and tried to ignore what was taking place between my master and me. After a while I forgot she was there.

I have spoken of change, and probably the most drastic one was my avid acceptance of Hugo's repeated violation of my loins. Hugo possessed me utterly and I loved every moment of it and his mastery. I never even tried to keep count of the orgasms he extracted from my female flesh but was grateful for each. I was a slave.

Hugo Markham owned me utterly.

7

Whips & Girls & Things

I never found it easy to adjust myself to being alternately a lawyer and a slavegirl. The two do not mix, although I am sure they provide erotic contrast for the male who calls the shots. I have often wondered why I did not break my promise, but this was something I wanted to do, In the morning my hands were still tight bound behind my back and the collar tight locked on my neck. But at least I could go to the bathroom without hindrance. Which was a damned sight more than Margo could.

She was still gagged so we could not compare notes, but she had surrendered to her chains and slept upon the floor as best she could. Today I would be a lawyer while Margo Hammil remained the plaything of the man who was our master. Hugo was deliberately mean in delaying the release of her chained ankle. When I came out of the bathroom she was gone, and since Hugo had vanished; too, and had, most honorably, set me free, I dressed in my clothes and went to the kitchen to ensure coffee.

My office enfolded me in a familiar warmth. I applied myself vigorously to the various channels by which Hugo's claim to the Estate might be pursued. I didn't even bother with lunch and received no male invitation to partake, a factor which left me more miffed than I cared to admit. It was not until close to quitting time that I allowed myself the luxury of envisioning Margo's torments throughout the day. I turned the key to Hugo's front door in pleasant anticipation.

Margo was waiting, her ankles leg-ironed, her wrists handcuffed.

As I enter the hall she knelt in greeting and to pay homage to a female who was free while she was not. Kneeling there in meek humility, she made as pretty a picture as I have ever seen. The gag was still locked tight across her lips. But by motions and funny little sounds she led me to the lounge where Hugo and I enjoyed our cocktail before dinner. It was a cocktail prepared by a girl in chains for the first time in her life. Hugo was in an expansive mood.

We accepted our drinks before the Master spoke. I was still a free girl for the rest of the day but Margo knelt before us in mute submission she could do nothing about. Margo had undoubtedly had the course!

"I haven't whipped her yet. I'm saving that for tomorrow and you." Hugo explained grand unconcern. "She's been obedient so far but I've told her what to expect. She hasn't made too much fuss about it because I've kept that gag locked tight over her mouth. Want me to relieve her of it so she can talk?"

"Relieve her of it anyway, Hugo. It's a beastly thing to have to suffer, I should know."

Hugo actually followed my request. A girl can never be quite sure what Hugo would or would not do. I think he wanted to hear what Margo had to say as much as I. She took my drink in chained hands to moisten her mouth so she could speak. She spoke directly to me, "Our Master says I am to be whipped tomorrow, along with you. Is this what slavegirls must expect?"

"Of course. And we're not supposed to complain."

Margo responded, "Very well. I asked for this and mustn't complain. Will you be whipped, too?"

"Quite probably."

"Our Master has explained the terms of your indenture." She was giving me her full attention. "I'm not sure I understand it, but you seem to be acting most honorably." She turned to Hugo. "Am I behaving as you wish, Master?"

Considering she had not yet been whipped, Margo was doing remarkably well. I could feel pretty sure I was stuck with her the next day, and being given a whipping with her. But after that I could see light and hope ahead. With only the faintest trace of sarcasm, I told her, "Don't worry, darling. I'm sure I'll scream every bit as much as you. Being whipped isn't the least bit nice but men seem to think that's what girls are for. Don't worry, darling, we'll both get plenty of bondage afterwards, probably a lot more than we'll enjoy. Being a slave is wonderful."

"Diane, you and I are going out to dinner." Hugo was enjoying his twin possessions. "Margo hasn't earned the privilege, so she'll stay at home. Nicely secured, of course. That please you, Margo?"

I saw the flash of hurt. The poor girl could probably have used food and gaiety after whatever Hugo had been doing to her through the day. Her tone was no longer submissive. "I would have hoped to be included. Frankly, I'd enjoy going out to dine. Please take me with you."

"Request denied. Slave girls never get anything they ask for."

Hugo was feeling his oats.

I saw the kneeling girl wince, saw, too, the rebellious tug a the handcuffs. But I also realized that there was some sort of rapport between these two and could not be sure what was real and what was feigned in this master/slave relationship. I refused to think of tomorrow and was well content to watch what now took place. I could tell Margo was as surprised as I when the omnipotent Male unlocked both leg irons and handcuffs to leave her standing free. Margo looked from on to the other of us in uncertainty, giving me time to once more admire the exquisite contours of her femaleness, and to see the rebellion in her eyes. If Hugo had taken steps to break her spirit during the day, I expect it was about to flare anew in feminine indignation. But flight or fight was soon nullified by Hugo grasping a handful of slavegirl hair and shaking it vigorously to admonish. "I know what you're thinking and I know what you'd like to do. Forget it! Come along."

"Let go, you're mussing my hair. Where are you taking me anyway? Look, I want to go with you and Diane to the restaurant. Stop yanking my hair, it hurts!"

"Downstairs!"

I followed the master and his slavegirl down the fateful steps. I hate having my hair dragged around the way Margo's was, it hurts and makes a girl terribly helpless. When we reached the little cell with it's barred door, Hugo used no key but thrust his captive against the bars. "Stand still. Margo, this is where you get tied."

Once more I could not be sure of them, but with her hair free, Margo reacted instantly. "You can take your lousy master business and shove it," she retorted tartly, while, at the same time, aiming a bare heel at Hugo's groin. "If you think I'm taking this kind of treatment...!"

It was as far as she got. Hugo neatly sidestepped her kick and grasped her ankle to leave her hopping on one foot in defeat. To keep herself from falling, Margo hopped back against the bars, which she clutched with outstretched arms. She glared angrily and demanded. "Let go of my foot! Don't stand there holding it like a dummy!"

"Nice way to keep you under control, sweetheart."

It must have been one insult too many. Thrusting herself from the bars, Margo actually managed to jerk her foot free and head for the stairs. She got only four paces before her hair was once more in a strong male hand and she was cruelly jerked back to the spot where Hugo intended her to spend our dinner time. He demanded, "Tie her waist back to the bars, Diane, she's a handful."

Feeling a bitch, I did as I was told. Margo was amusing and whether her fight was real or make believe, it provided entertainment. I slipped several bands of rope around her narrow waist and the bars behind and cinched it very tight indeed before stepping back to watch the rest of Margo's bondage. Girl smell was heavy in the air. And I was pretty sure that if I tested Margo's private place, I would find it juicy and ready. While our captive tugged vainly at my ropes now holding her, Hugo tied her feet in similar fashion to inhibit the kicks which were now Margo's only weapon. I was surprised how he took the trouble to tie them far apart to obtain the maximum exposure of the struggling girl. It was easy for him now to noose a wrist and drag it out and up to be tied against a waiting bar, and to have it's twin similarly bound in stretched helplessness on the other side. Margo was now a lovely naked butterfly, secured against the bars of her cell, breasts heaving and her skin wet with sweat.

Hugo and I watched our captive's struggles in pure rapture. The poor girl couldn't move much at all, but did her best while muttering savage curses and protests in our direction.

"Isn't this what you wanted?" Hugo asked pleasantly.

"I wanted to go and dine with you." Margo appeared to have a one track mind. "You could have tied me up when we came home if that what you wanted to do. And if I didn't decide to pack the whole thing up and walk away. I think you're being terribly mean."

It was a beautiful job and Margo soon stopped struggling.

Satisfied at her helplessness, Hugo examined each one of her bonds, tightening where ever possible before producing the hated gag and a short length of chain. "You don't dare put that damned thing in my mouth," Margo said heatedly. "I could scream my head off down here and no one would hear. I don't want to be gagged!"

"That's why you will be." Hugo held up to view the leather and steel punishment. "Open that pretty mouth."

Poor Margo, I knew how she felt! But after initial resistance, she accepted the inevitable and allowed her mouth to be filled with the hateful wad and her lips sealed. The strap was unkindly tight around her head. It should have been enough but Hugo was taking no chances as he circled a bar with the short length of chain to gather the end links within the grasp of a truly awful padlock which was used also to seal and secure the straps of Margo's gag. "You can't trust a girl," Hugo said cheerfully. If she gets the rest of herself loose, she won't be able to do a thing about that. Rather neat, don't you think?"

The last I saw of Margo before we went away was a tear slowly making its way down one lovely cheek. If that tear came from hurt feelings or the defeat of tight bondage, I was not to know.

That night my only bond in bed was the collar and chain, Hugo being nice enough to explain that he had something else in mind that required my hands not be tied. He then inflicted a night of pure frustration upon a young woman who was getting everything she was asking for, her hands being tight joined by thumb cuffs and her big toes similarly locked. Hugo thoughtfully looped a length of chain between my legs and locked each end to a side of the bed to leave me the freedom of floundering around as much as I pleased. But I could go nowhere. Never had I been held by so little steel.

As I lay there in my minimal but very secure steel cuffs, I had to give a thought to poor Margo downstairs in her cell, still bound and gagged. She must certainly be getting used to that gag. And I wondered, as Hugo spread my legs and entered me, if Margo was jealous over what she knew was going on in our bed while she spent a lonely night.

As owner of two female slaves, Hugo proved impartial. For Margo, her second day of captivity was pretty much a mystery but the tone of his voice as he told me I was to be whipped left no doubt that I was to be used as a demonstration for Margo's benefit, but also, as Hugo insistently hinted, to hurry me up in getting results on my master's claim. I couldn't relax and enjoy it but did my best simply to relax.

Two naked girls with arms wide apart above their heads, their wrists strapped tight! I am sure we made a pretty picture of feminine helplessness and acute anxiety. A girl never really gives up hope of escaping a whipping until the first stroke burns across her skin. The fastening of Margo in the same manner as myself had caused our master a good deal of trouble and his slave a good deal of discomfort in the jerking of her hair. The threats of what would happen if she failed to stand still helped.

"I'm going to whip Diane first so you can get the hang of it, Margo, and see how she behaves," Hugo explained helpfully. "I do hope you girls get something out of this. I know it keeps Diane on the ball in the work she performs for me. And for you, Margo, it's the start of an education. There is a belief that after a whipping has been done to a girl, she's never the same again. I'll be glad of your opinion." He chuckled gleefully. "You have to stand there for now, not knowing when the whipping will start. That's part of the suspense. And the punishment. It gives you a chance to chat. I should gag you but I won't. You did spend the night gagged, you remember?"

He left without waiting for an answer from Margo. This was old hat for me but for Margo it was discovery. She was still panting from the struggle. She voiced her puzzlement, "I still don't understand why you do this, Diane, the allowing him to make you prisoner every other day and punishing you so."

"No crazier than you, darling. You wanted what you're about to get, so stop worrying. Relax

and enjoy."

"That's not funny. If I could walk out of here right now, I would. Is he serious about it? I mean, does it hurt real bad?"

"He's serious, and it hurts terribly."

"Well, don't sound so damned smug about it. I'm glad you're being whipped, too, Diane. If you can stand it, I suppose I can."

"You think you're going to die but you never do. Honestly, Margo, is this what you wanted?"

"I suppose it goes along with what I wanted," Margo conceded.

"When I used to dream about it, it was always of ropes and chains and iron bars and things. I never dreamed of being whipped, but I can understand how it sort of fits."

Margo was obviously doing some thinking. "I'll admit that the way he tied me to those bars last night thrilled me to bits. I hated being left behind when you went to dinner. And when you two were having all the fun in bed. But that sort of added a spice while I was left alone. I spent many hours trying to get loose but I never did. But I'll also admit to an indecent sort of thrill in having my pussy so exposed. Gosh, I'd never have believed!"

"Does being fastened the way we are now hit you the same way?"

"Sort of ... But it's overshadowed by knowing what's going to happen. I mean the whip. I'm scared." There came an awkward pause. "Diane, dear, do you get all juicy at times like this? I'm being positively indecent."

"Oh, sure. It's part of being female. I was ashamed of it myself at first but now I don't even think of it. If a girl was really frigid, I suspect she could be cured by having someone fasten her the way we are and giving her a good whipping."

Margo was taking all my words very seriously and constantly stepping from foot to foot. She also looked up often at her strapped wrists as though she needed reassurance of her helplessness. There was a tinge of embarrassment as she inquired. "Can you stand still, Diane, I mean, are we expected to be stoic and stand still while we get whipped, or do you dance around? You know what I mean."

"I usually manage to stand still for the first one or two, but after that I just loose control and behave disgracefully. I've never pretended to like being beaten. Don't worry about behaving, just do what comes naturally and don't be ashamed of anything, even pleading for mercy."

"Gosh, you sound as though you know it all, Diane. I envy the way you're handling it. Is Hugo really this mean a man?"

"No. He's a nice guy. And the way he got started on this slavegirl kick is a long story. I suspect most men would like to do what he's doing to us now. It's easy to analyze their feelings if you want to bother. But everything will hurt just as bad after you've figured it out, so what's the point?"

Hugo gave us an hour in which to shiver and struggle at our bonds. Even though I knew all about it, it was just as potent as back that first time, and I knew it always would be. When out master returned he spread on the floor between us an array of whips and riding crops and some wicked looking straps.

"Nothing like a bit of variety to keep you girls on your toes," he remarked as he picked up a supple length of leather which I think used to be called a flagellum in ancient Rome, and let me have it with the full strength of his arm across both cheeks of my bottom. I wasn't the least bit prepared and squeaked and danced and kicked at a new and awful pain as the impact spread itself across my previous punishment. As I panted and contorted I was well aware of Margo's interested eyes and of Hugo's enjoyment of his work.

"That's not fair!" I protested when I caught my breath. 'That's not like the last time. It's

terrible."

"I thought it might be," Hugo said casually. "If you don't like it where you sit, would you care to suggest some other portion of your person?"

"No, I wouldn't! I don't want to be whipped at all, and I don't see why I have to be whipped."

"You wouldn't want to cheat Margo of an interesting introduction to punishment ... Would you?"

"Yes, I would! She'll learn all about it the same way I did." I turned my attention to the instruments of punishment which were tastefully arranged for inspection. They all looked deadly, so I asked pathetically like a little child anxious to please, "Perhaps if you whipped my back with something that's not too unkind...?"

Hugo chose another strap, a lighter one, and I tensed for new and different pain. Beneath its shock I lifted myself from the floor and kicked wildly. I guess the second strap was kinder than the first but applied resoundingly upon my back and curling beneath my breast it felt no less terrible than the one he had used across my seat. During the following five snapping and cracking strokes, I managed to scream only twice before standing limply while my master decided what to use on me next. I made no suggestions.

For the life of me I could not fail to watch each selection chosen to impact my skin. If they were wickedly severe, I expect Hugo held his arm. For the rest, he let me have it full force. It was a different instrument for each of the next five strokes, which he delivered slowly to give me time to do my dance and kick savagely at the air as though it was the source of pain. I screamed each time he struck me, half in agony and half in anger that I should thus so needlessly suffer. As blow followed blow, I knew for sure that even if I had to move mountains, I would do something positive to further Hugo's claim. Here and there, as crop or cane or whip bit at me, I managed a small smile towards the girl who's turn was coming. As though to live up to my own prophesy, I heard my own voice weakly plead, "Oh, Hugo, please stop! Don't hurt me any: more. Hugo, I'm asking you, please stop!"

"I don't see why I should stop, Diane. And do you usually address a Master in such terms?" Hugo was in his element.

"Please stop whipping me, Master. Please stop."

With a double-thongs quirt, Hugo started to whip me once again, I got what seemed a regulation twenty, I did not count them but was told afterwards of the count. By the time Hugo was through with me, I glistened with sweat and smelt outrageously of musk. My wrists were still as tightly strapped as before the first blow. Slowly I panted my way back to where I dared meet Margo's horrified regard.

I'm sure it was a vivid tableau, myself, the sweating punished girl, Hugo standing midway and smiling at us both as he chose the instrument he would use on Margo's virgin skin. And Margo, who had no doubts about helplessness and vulnerability, gave voice to conviction, "I don't want to be whipped, Master. I know I could never stand it the way Diane did. Please don't whip me. I'll promise to do anything and everything you ask. I'll be the humblest of slaves. But please don't mark my skin with those horrible things."

She paused, visibly trembling, while her master paid no heed and made his choice. Without preamble he dealt with his new slavegirl in the same manner as he had dealt with me. That awful leather was lapping from hip to hip across the lovely contours she could not hide. I watched unwillingly but utterly fascinated.

It was really something to see and left me gasping in disbelief.

After the frightful crack as leather bit at flesh, Margo neither moved or spoke but turned to gaze back over a bare, raised arm to the man readying himself for another stroke of the limber leather. "Is that the best you can do, Mr. Markham," she inquired carelessly before turning away to stare into some horizon of her own, I was appalled!

It was a beautiful, courageous assertion of feminine pride, something Margo had to do. Hugo stood admiring the single wound. No doubt he understood Margo's defiance but gave it no sympathy. His second blow was every bit as wicked as the first. It stung Margo into a silence from which she emerged in a pealing scream of agony and outrage, while her naked loveliness proclaimed an outrage of its own in a series of jerks and a little dance upon air. While she was thus frantically engaged, Hugo struck again and then again until his leather had planted itself five times upon female contours no strap should ever touch. He then ceased to inquire pleasantly, "Was that what you expected, Miss Hammil?"

"Oh, damn you to hell!" Margo got the words out with difficulty between gasps and moans. "You don't have to hit me so hard, you don't have to do this at all. Please don't whip me any more. Please stop ... Master?"

"You only just remembered that 'master' bit at the end, didn't you?" Hugo inquired. "I must find a reminder." The captive eyes followed ever move. Breasts heaved and she panted. When the strapped girl beheld Hugo's choice, her cry was piteous. "Not that! Oh, Master, not that! I saw what that did to Diane, and I know I can't bare it. Please, please, please!"

Hugo sliced the virgin back five times with the chosen but fearful instrument. I know he was not applying it as hard as he might have done, but Margo evidently could not tell for her performance equaled my own in its intensity of feminine surrender.

I had to hand it to Hugo that he whipped us only from behind, leaving our breasts still virgin. It's bad enough for a girl to be whipped on her back and where she sits down but there are other far more intimate places into which or across which a leather thong might impart its venom. Actually, I suppose both Margo and I were that day treated with male mercy we did not realize while it was taking place. Suddenly two naked maidens were alone and panting in our bonds while drops of sweat trickled from our bodies. After a while, my companion ventured timidly. "Is it really over?"

"I think so. He's leaving us to stand like this just to make sure we think about the punishment. Like when he left us before the whipping."

"Are you quite sure, Diane, he won't come back and whip us some more?"

"A girl can't be sure of anything while she's fixed the way we're fixed. That damned man can do anything he wants to us."

Hugo must have been doing some thinking while he was gone for when he returned he tied my left wrist to a ring in the wall overhead, then did the same for Margo's right, making sure we were well apart to make his next little trick possible. He crossed my right ankle over Margo's left and tied them tight before raising them up to attach them to one more ring, just high enough to assure discomfort and placing them out of-reach of our hands. Noting the instability of our posture, he most kindly cinched our waists back to one more ring in the concrete wall in a fashion to give us support from which we would have no wish to free ourselves since it was the only help we were getting in a damnably horrid posture. He stood back to admire his work, "You make a really lovely pair," he enthused with genuine enjoyment of our feminine exposure. "I like the raised leg effect. It shows both of you to good effect. And you tied ankles make a nice communion, don't you think?"

I didn't dare complain, it could be worse. But Margo apparently did not feel the same. "It's horrible," she said with real feeling. "It's an absolutely indecent exposure, I don't like this. Do something else."

Poor girl, I wondered if she really believed we had anything to say about our punishment. Hugo kissed us both, Margo too startled to protest, then went about his own affairs, leaving us to stand like a couple of storks. It wasn't a good situation for two naked girls.

We each had a free arm and hand and looked at them in doubtful speculation. Our first act was to a make a dive for our fastened feet but our other tied hand were too high and wide. Our fingers could get nowhere near the ropes tightly knotted on our ankles. We might have gone to work on the ropes around our waists but that would rob us of stability.

"I don't believe this!" Margo cried. "Is this the sort of thing he does all the time?"

"I think he wants us to enjoy communion," I suggested. "Mostly you get tied to a tree or a post or chair, or spread-eagle on a bed. But Hugo does really try for innovations. I'll be he's watching somewhere through a peephole to see if we play with ourselves. I don't see why else he'd leave us this one hand."

"I never play with myself," Margo affirmed proudly. "A girl has to be in a damned bad way before she resorts to that."

"We are in a damned bad way, and he's made it so very easy"

"You can do it if you want, I'll look the other way, I wouldn't have thought it of you. And you a lawyer."

"Don't worry. I won't. Can you think of a way to get us free?"

"I'm working on it. What about you?"

"I never bother. Once a girl's been tied by an expert, she might as well save herself the trouble and a lot of chaffed skin. Margo, we're here to stay and we might as well make the best of it."

"But I'm already tired of standing on one foot, and I'll be more tired every minute."

"That's the way he wants it, dear. I recall you telling us you wished to be broken? A few hours of standing like this will at least get you bent."

"A few hours!" She turned to me in pure horror. "He wouldn't dare!"

"Why not? He owns us. If we get too abusive when he visits, he can always whip us again. He can make most effective use of one of those whips with us tied this way. I'm sure you can guess how."

"You mean my pussy and my breasts! Oh, come off it, Diane, he wouldn't do such a thing." She pouted for a few seconds, then added. "Would he?"

"Why not? It's probably the reason he keeps us the way we are. My pussy screams aloud for attention the way we are, and I expect yours does, too. Hugo has been damnably clever in leaving us this one hand and I'm damned if I know what to do with it."

"Can you reach...?"

She held out her hand invitingly. I tried but fell inches short of her fingers.

"The best thing we can do is think of something we can talk about. We can't get loose. Come on, dear, think of something."

We stood, raised wrists hurting, and the one leg on which we were forced to stand getting more and more tired of the weight it must bear. If we kicked our other leg, all we did was upset the one our ankle was tied to. We constantly reached around with our free arm in a quaint belief that surely there must be something we could reach or do. If there was, we never found it. After a while Margo fell into a trance-like introspection, and withdrew into her fantasies, while I thought of my office and being a lawyer. A lawyer stripped stark naked and bound against a wall with her leg pulled high to reveal her sex. Hugo returned sooner than I'd dared hope.

My master and client probably has a foot fetish. Or next ordeal was to stand strapped as if to be whipped but with an ankle roped to its companion, so that Margo and I were still standing on one foot. The indecent exposure was the same as before and evidently pleased Hugo immensely. And I was not a bit sure about Margo's protests. I suspect she was getting a great, big charge out of the whole thing. I realized I would never be completely sure of Margo. Perhaps Hugo, too, would never be certain what went on inside her pretty head. Anyway, the two of us stood there with hands tight strapped and a single tied ankle, We simply had to endure this fresh bondage, since we could make no progress at freeing ourselves. We tried to be content with standing as a stork. Hugo's first visit proved

unwelcome.

Our master was all smiles as he surveyed his dual prizes, paying close attention to the area now exposed between our legs. He affected to sniff the air inquiringly before ceasing to be a gentleman. "You two girls stink to high heaven," he told us. "I absolutely have to do something about it or you'll chase me out of the room." He went outside to return almost instantly with a hose. I don't know where it was attached to, but when he turned it on, the water that came shooting out proved to be cold.

He washed our naked bodies, paying serious attention to getting our exposed pussies very clean. The water was cold and the spray hard against our soft skins. I had wondered why there was a drain in the middle of the floor but just assumed it was a normal part of this basement.

Hugo said little as he cleaned us. But what was there for him to say? He had come up with a new punishment, one that came under the category of 'good, clean fun.'

Probably because he didn't want us to stand there dripping wet, he then fetched towels and rubbed our bodies dry, paying extra attention with the rough towels to our breasts, sore bottoms, and pussies. Then he left us still bound and standing nakedly exposed, and alone again.

I will have to admit that my body responded to the toweling and the strong male hands on those erotic parts of my body. But I didn't admit that to Margo. I suspect she felt the same, to judge from the look in her eyes and those erect nipples sticking out. Strange how such rough treatment can excite a woman's body.

Our master was in a mischievous mood and showed no hint of leaving off the punishment. When he returned his voice was thoughtful. "How about a nice spring clip on each of those pretty lips you're displaying? It would be a nice topic of conversation."

It took me a moment to realize that he was talking about putting a metal clip on the very tender lips of my pussy, and that sent a shiver down my spine. I was pretty sure Hugo was teasing but behind the tease was a deadly possibility we might easily provoke. I though longingly of my office and the work awaiting me, and asked myself bitterly what a lady lawyer was doing naked and exposed like this. Somehow this had to stop. But for sure, that termination was not to be today!

Hopelessly I said, "What you're doing to us now is bad enough. And remember we've both been whipped. Couldn't you go a bit easy?"

Unpredictably as always, Hugo shrugged, kissed us both, and went away to leave a pair of nude females heaving vast sighs of relief. But we also had to be wondering what he might think up next.

Margo's ankle and mine, tied together as they were and no way able to reach the floor, were a constant torment. The single foot on which we stood constantly hurt. Margo's own beef, when she came out with it, was a surprise, "Diane, do you remember that first evening in the restaurant when I asked to be broken? I said I was in no way a submissive but wanted the very thing most girls would hate - a cruel male hand?"

"I remember"

"Do I seem sort of silly to you now? Half the time I want to murder Hugo but the other half adores everything he does. Am I weird?"

"Probably a case of too much too soon." I suggested cheerfully. "But it will sort itself out because freedom and you are going to be strangers for a long time. And whatever Hugo wants to do to you, he most certainly can, he's not likely to break bones or do the hot iron thing, but can certainly make us feel less self-reliant and certainly hurt us."

"I've never been a submissive," I continued, "but if Hugo walked in here right now and offered to release us, I'd kneel and kiss his feet. I'm sick to death of having to stand the way we are."

Margo sighed and shifted as much as straps and rope permitted. I forgave her for tugging at my bound ankle. "I don't think I could do what you just said, but I'd like to get out of this." Her voice

suddenly changed. "But I love him as much as I hate him."

"I know that feeling well."

"I'll take your word for it, Diane, but please give me a bit of help. What am I?"

"Just a girl who couldn't find anyone to play with. But finally you found Hugo. But I'll warn you straight, there'll be plenty of times you'll wish you hadn't. For instance, right now. Or isn't this bothering you?"

"Not as much as I think it's bothering you. But I'm thinking, beyond now. Hugo and I haven't talked about time, but do you have any idea how long he'll keep me prisoner?"

"I don't see why he'd give you back your freedom so long as you give him physical pleasure and are good to look at. I'd say at least ten years"

"Ten years! It doesn't seem possible. But I can easy see how he can keep me as long as he likes. I've been watching for chances to escape but he's never given me the hint of one. He keeps me foxed one way or the other all the time. But there's another thing." She gave me a girl to girl glance. "He's sleeping with you right now, but when will he sleep with me? I haven't enjoyed lying in chains on the floor while you two make love. Honestly. I think you've got it good, Diane."

The thought had never occurred to me. I'd yielded myself to Hugo's phallus and Hugo's whip because of an obligation I'd entered into. But the way Margo presented it made me think. For sure I wasn't enjoying what I was enduring at that moment, but there had been other things...! I set that speculation aside to demand, "You don't really want to get free of Hugo, do you. Margo? If he pushed you out into the street right now, you'd feel let down."

You can only bat eroticism around just so long until you find yourself going around in circles. I've long known it was just a case of men doing things to girls in order to find a prolonged pleasure not usually attendant upon the sexual act itself. For most men the act of sex is a brief ecstasy, easily spent and regretted. But to have a girl prettily bound and to whip her to your hearts content produced all the same sounds and emotions which extreme sexual satisfaction and excitement extracts from girls, Men with money are fortunate because if they don't get the thrill from us in one way, they do in another. Margo and I kicked the whole scene around while standing on one leg. The SOB made us stand like that for hours until we both shed tears of self-pity and were so glad to see him when he finally showed up that groveling on hands and knees would' have been a pleasure. At least it would have been for me!

"May I ask both of your to join me for dinner at The Wharf?" he inquired in greeting.

I said an immediate yes, but Margo simply stared. "You mean you'd let take me out in public?" she asked in disbelief.

"Of course, why not?"

The poor girl swallowed a couple of times before proving her innocence. "But I could run away, you'll lose me. Is that what you want?" Her voice was vivid with hurt.

"You won't run away," Hugo said with assurance. "You'll return here with me and Diane and you'll ask me for your chains."

In a belated realization of the chance being offered, Margo said a hasty yes, and added a thank you. I reserved judgment, knowing there had to be a hidden kicker in this somewhere. I was bound with more than chains but Margo was not. Our master took his time about freeing us, and we had to endure some more pussy frictioning before the return of hands and feet. We were sent upstairs to bathe and dress and do the things girls do before the temptation of a flirt with freedom.

Margo and I bathed together, I had evidently earned her trust for she told me without shame of her intention to use this dinner date as an opportunity to escape. She had had enough, and Hugo's methods were either too harsh or her own tolerance too weak to continue on and make a career of

being a slavegirl. I simply shrugged. It no longer mattered and my mind was engrossed with thoughts of a freedom of my own.

My chance came sooner than I dreamed.

8

Scarlet & Purple & Gold

Everything was wonderful! The Wharf imposed it's magic and our master was in rare form as a host. I think even Margo forgot her resolve beneath his charm, the music, and food, and the subdued excitement forever seething beneath the surface of such ultra expensive restaurants. But when she went to the restroom and failed to return. Hugo shrugged without concern and sent me in search. I was still his slave until midnight and did as I was told.

Margo was killing time in front of the big mirror. I sensed relief in her greeting. Clinging to me, she implored, "Oh, Diane, darling, tell me what to do. I got all ready to slip out the back way and go home when all of a sudden I wasn't sure I wanted to. Am I going crazy?"

Hugo had given me handcuffs, the ones I loved. I took them now and possessing Margo's right wrist, clasp first one cuff and then the other snugly tight upon her skin while she watched without a single peep. When she stood looking at the shinning metal she could not escape, she accused, "You want me to go back to Hugo, don't you? Do you really thing it's what I ought to do? Diane, I'm lost!"

I led her back to our table without saying a single word. To Hugo I remarked carelessly, "These are my handcuffs on her wrists, please don't forget."

At the end of a long evening we returned home happily to our chains. It is said girls are crazy.

As always, my office was a vast relief, and I determined to have a showdown with Hugo including a bold request to be released from my promise. Hugo now possessed another girl who was probably capable of far more amusing reactions than I, and he would lose nothing but a sulky girl who could serve him better as a lawyer than a slave. I was determined to do this in a friendly manner, if possible, but to do it anyway I had to. Margo served the dual purpose of taking my place and salving my conscious. I went to work with vigor and the vision of a fresh start all around.

In the afternoon it happened! Andrew Everleigh did not bother to knock but walked in and took the client's chair with a casual assurance which told me I was in for trouble. He smiled in greeting and went straight to the point.

"Miss Durrant, you're making a nuisance of yourself."

My heart was thudding painfully. Visions of chains and dungeons were vivid in my mind. I could feel the force and power of this man. His attitude was calm and benign but there was strength and authority underneath the smile. With a levity I did not feel, I shot back at him, "Lawyers are supposed to make themselves a nuisance. Mr. Everleigh. Especially when their efforts for an out of court settlement are ignored."

Uncle Andrew cocked an amused eye; after all I was only a female who had been a slave who, when given authority, had scorned it and took flight. I wondered if I was on the verge of being kidnapped once again.

"You're a good girl and not a bad lawyer," he ventured. "Constance and Betty both like you, and Elizabeth Lord phones my secretary every day, hoping you'll return. You're in demand."

He was up to something and I had the feeling I'd find out what very soon. Striving for composure, I asked, "Did Elizabeth return to her husband or have you got her in a dungeon?"

"She's back home and thinks she's won the toss." Uncle Andrew chuckled. "Her old man has a few things up his sleeve for her she doesn't know about. So have I. Your beloved Elizabeth is marking time until your return," He gave me his familiar searching glance. "How about this afternoon?"

Fear clutched at me like a live thing. I cursed myself for a fool to ever believe Everleigh had forgotten me, or would let go of his hold. I hardened my voice and tried to keep the trembling out of it. "I'm through will all that, Mr. Everleigh. You can't walk in here, like that and whisk me away. The only business you and I have is Hugo Markham's claim."

"Damn it, girl, I like you! I'd describe you as a mixture of the stuffily erotic, mothballs in one hand and a horse whip in the other. Will you come quietly or do I have to take steps?"

"I've no intention of going anywhere with you, Mr. Everleigh. Now, about the claim...?"

Uncle Andrew was never dull. What he took from his pocket now widened my eyes - a pair of golden handcuffs. "Left wrist, Diane." he said calmly, "Stick it out." Even as I obeyed I knew myself a fool but there was something hypnotic in Uncle Andrew's eyes and his billions were an invisible presence, like a ghostly army of armed men. "Had these made expressly for you, Diane. Nicely feminine but fully functional. You'll enjoy the way they feel." Carefully he fitted a golden jaw around my wrist."

Everleigh was right. The jaw closed with almost soundless clicks to invade me with sensations. The metal was smooth as silk and fitted my wrist to a perfection ordinary handcuffs never achieved. They were warm from Uncle Andrew's pocket, and when the second cuff followed the first, a sensual glow possessed my being. Striving hard to remain a lawyer unaware of heat within her loins. I icily inquired. "Aren't you being childish, Mr. Everleigh?" I got no answer. Sarcasms ran off Uncle Andrew like water off a duck's back. I was aware of disadvantage and retrieved my gold-encircled wrist.

"It's not pure gold, you understand," Everleigh apologized.

"There's special steel beneath that pretty surface. Gold is a rather soft metal and we can't have you getting them off without permission. When you want to wear them properly, let me know."

Aware of being played with. I nursed my gold and felt a fool. I tried not to think of wooden boxes equipped with straps such as I think I had made my last trip to Rockley in. "Surely you don't expect me to walk around in public with those things on my wrists, do you?" I asked bluntly.

"You're forgetting I have a private car and a private jet," Everleigh said gently. "The people who will see you once those things are behind your back could care less."

"Behind my back!"

"Certainly not in front, can't have you making an unseemly fuss."

Once more the fear. It would be so damnably easy. Andrew Everleigh's vast wealth would capture me and make me a prisoner with an ease to make me shiver. But my tone was sulky, "You've just lost a pair of handcuffs, Mr. Everleigh. Unless you wish to take them off right now?" I offered my gold-encircled wrist.

"I've got a place in the Bahamas where I intend to keep you prisoner, Diane, my dear." Uncle Andrew was patient. "I could take you back to Rockley but that's a too familiar scene. What you're going to find in the Caribbean is a return to the old days of slavery on the sugar plantations with the rolls reversed. It's you who is going to be the slave and cut the cane."

"You're dreaming. But please don't let me interrupt."

He was enjoying himself and continued his discourse in a cultured Scottish voice. "There's everything there to revive the ancient days. Your jailer will be a mulatto and I'll put Constance in residence to look after things between my visits. I'll be regarding this as something of an experience so I'll keep an eye on you. When I think you're sufficiently abject. I'll take you a step further." He spared a truly warm smile. "The question is. Diane, do you come willing or do you insist I use force?"

"The whole thing is too ridiculous to consider."

"I would like you to walk willingly into this new segment of your life clothed in nothing but those handcuffs. Even if I am long in the tooth. I still have an eye for a beautiful naked girl in chains. I know you understand."

"Could we return to the legal business of Hugo's claim, Mr. Everleigh? I find your fantasies distasteful."

"Ah, yes, business! That poor boy's claim and the nuisance you've been making of yourself. As a concession to you personally, Diane. I'll make Hugo Markham an offer of one hundred thousand dollars."

"That's in insult."

"If you willingly yield to my car and plane, I'll raise it to a million."

I tasted victory but was still a lawyer. "Two million is the barest minimum. And that's only a fraction of what he claims is his right."

No one could win with Andrew Everleigh. From an inside pocket he withdrew some folded papers. "I have everything here, ready to sign. I figured on the two million, so everything is in order. It will need Markham's signature." Everleigh spread the papers out flat on the desk and looked me squarely in the eye. "I'm not really settling a claim, Diane. I'm buying you. These documents won't get my signature until I have you safely handcuffed and firmly committed to being once more my prisoner. What do you think of that?"

"It's crazy! No lawyer would sell herself into slavery to settle a client's claim. Mr. Everleigh, please give me a break."

My plea was waved off. "We all know the unusual circumstances relevant to what we are about to do." Uncle Andrew said, evenly. "You're probably half in love with Hugo Markham, but remembering when you were at Rockley, I'll make a shrewd guess you're getting hot between your legs. Now about that situation in the sunshine I've just offered ... Believe me, it has intriguing possibilities for you. And let's not call it slavery but a special vacation. And you're not my prisoner, but my possession. I value you, Diane."

"I sell myself without receiving a penny!"

"You'll have no need of money, not ever again."

What a package, the most incredibly messed up situation any girl could face. I knew Uncle Andrew was easily reading my mind, knew also it would be useless to protest, but I was still female. "What you've told me of this 'situation in the sun' sounds horrible," I said. "Would you care to tell me more? Something that might intrigue me just a little?"

"You're already intrigued, my dear. No, I'll tell you no more, you'll have to take me on trust, the same as at Rockley. But get this straight, Diane. I'm offering you a deal. Two million for the settlement of Markham's claim, and I'll sweeten the pot with a trust fund of a million for yourself. I don't know when you'd ever use it, but in your state of mind it will give you comfort." He winked a wise old eye. "Money cures everything for lawyers ... Doesn't it!"

I sat there stunned, gold on my wrist and a million dollars hovering before my eyes. I'm only human and I am female. When Uncle Andrew pushed the papers at me and rose to leave. I felt a feminine anxiety. "You can get Markham's signature on these. And when you're ready to yield yourself to me and wear those handcuffs properly, you can give me a call at the number you'll find on the letterhead. When you hands are safely locked. I'll hand you the trust company's certificate for your million. But I'm damned if I know what you'll do with it."

Uncle Andrew raised my golden hand and kissed it and then was gone.

For long after my would-be owner closed the door I sat in dazed elation. Even though the price might be my freedom, I had obtained for Hugo his heart's dearest wish. With my own bribe, I had won three million dollars for us both. And for the life of me, Andrew Everleigh's outline of his Caribbean island and my place thereon simply was not real. Somehow the absurdity would iron itself out with Andrew Everleigh proving himself an English gentleman and keeping me as his guest, perhaps prettily retrained, in some ancient estate for a month or two or three ... What did it matter. I had a million dollars!"

In this state of euphoria I phoned Hugo. I expect I was incoherent for he arrived in record time and the first thing he said was, "What the devil' s that thing on your wrist?"

I told Hugo about the whole thing and showed him the papers.

We read the papers carefully and found them in good order. There was nothing cheap about Uncle Andrew. No matter how I tried to keep them out of sight, the golden handcuffs constantly intruded until Hugo produced the universal key. He unlocked one cuff and swiftly fastened it again on my opposite wrist. "If that old bastard thinks he's going to steal you away, he has another thing coming. If it means parting with you, I don't sign a thing."

"Two million for you. Hugo? One for me; It's very handsome"

"Piss on Everleigh's millions. He thinks he can buy anyone and do anything. He's not getting you, and if we loose the millions, so what!"

Hugo was always surprising. His declaration now sent a wave of heat throughout my body. We had never spoken of love but had fallen into an easy friendship that was warmer than I had realized. But while this left me wildly exhilarated on one hand, it deflated my enthusiasm with Everleigh's millions on the other. Breathlessly I suggested, "Let's get the money, Hugo. And let him play out his fantasy with me. If I'm not back in three months; you can do something. I'll leave you my million to look after expenses, if there are any. I won't be having pockets or handbags."

"You mean that old fool wants you naked!"

"Well, yes. Let's go along with him for the three months. Or if you don't like the three months, make it two. Anything you like."

"You're getting horny just thinking about it. You want to go."

Hugo was hurt.

It's difficult for a handcuffed girl to hug a man but I did my best. I was beginning to feel like the most wanted girl in the USA but I was torn between loyalty, love, and dollars and cents. When Hugo led me from my office, I did not resist. It was one of those times when a girl is thankful for a man knowing what to do. When he got me home, he stripped me bare and cuffed me by one wrist to a ring in the wall. Hugo decided to go and make coffee while I did what he described as 'think it over'.

I didn't want to think, what I wanted was a terribly expensive dinner in a plush restaurant to clear my mind of millions, Caribbean prisons, and the question of what to do next. I had stood there several minutes before realizing Hugo had relieved me of decision:

When I absent-mindedly started for the bar to mix a drink, I was abruptly reminded of my status as a slave girl It was a very gorgeous feeling of belonging to Hugo and hoping he'd keep me locked up and safe. After the restaurant, of course!

"Get any ideas," Hugo asked when he returned with coffee.

"No, I'll leave the whole thing to you. May I please sit down?" With an air of long suffering. Hugo took me from the wall but locked both my hands behind my back. All I had gained was the privilege of sitting beside him on the couch, but I was grateful for even that. He helped me with the coffee while thinking aloud. "I don't see how that old devil dare kidnap you. He knows I'd raise a

stink."

"You wouldn't do that if you thought he'd take it out on me. Hugo, dear, let's be realistic. And, please, may I have my hands?"

"The idea of him holding you like that is preposterous. The whole thing is preposterous. And, no, you can't have your hands."

"Where's Margo?"

"I've got her tied to the pole downstairs. A few hours of that won't do her any harm. Look, sweetheart, if this old Scottish bastard wants a girl to be mean to, let's give him Margo?"

"He doesn't really need girls, Hugo. He's got a prison loaded with them in Rockley. For some reason of his own. I've aroused his erotic instincts and he wants me and no one else. Hugo, I'm scared."

"So you want to sell yourself for three million bucks? Is that it?"

"Not really. But I thinks it's best if I go with him. If I don't, he'll take me by force and I'd hate to be strapped up tight in a crate or getting a needle jammed into my arm and waking up goodness knows where. Just two or three months...?"

"No. You belong to me. We'll show this old goat there's something he can't buy. But can't we show Margo to him, he might like her?"

"Go ahead, Hugo, introduce them but you're running the risk he'll take her, too. There's nothing cheap about Uncle Andrew."

"I'd phone the old fart if I didn't think he was bluffing. But if he's playing it straight it would tell him where you are. In your frame of mind, I can't trust you, Diane. You'll stay the way you are. I like it."

"But, Hugo, you've got me naked and helpless. Don't you understand it makes me a package ready for picking up if he or some of his boys broke in here."

"That isn't going to happen. But if it did, they'll have to kill me first. And then take you anyway. The worst enemy is yourself and this erotic dream he's planted in your mind. That's what I have to protect both you and myself against. If I take you out to dinner, will you promise to come back here like a good little girl afterwards?"

"Of course, Hugo. I'd love that. But are you sure you don't want all that lovely money. I mean, I will do all you tell me but it seems to me a shame to pass up three million dollars."

"Damn it, girl! I'm no slave trader. I'm not selling you or any girl for cash. Can't we take my claim to the courts and get the money that way?"

"That's still uncertain, Hugo, dear. But I think it would be less uncertain indeed if I allowed Uncle Andrew to get possession of me." I bestowed a sly glance of assessment. "I don't think we have to call it 'selling me'. Couldn't we sort of think of it as renting me out? Or, better still, renting myself. I'd love you to have all of that money ... Master?"

Hugo was only slightly mollified. He kept my hands cuffed behind my back until it was time for me to dress. And even then I knew he hated to free me. I was not allowed to have a look at Margo, she was not included in the dinner plans. For a girl who wished to have her spirit broken, she was getting her money's worth.

Considering I was a girl contemplating indefinite enslavement, I enjoyed dinner very much. But Hugo was morose and was having a hard time sorting out three million dollars, his integrity and the possession of my person. The hell of it was I couldn't help him but had to be touched by his evident concern for my welfare. He kept muttering about me being locked in dungeons or being beaten half

to death and then being handed over to a bunch of blacks for their enjoyment. I told him he'd been reading too many novels. And there we stuck.

Everything had changed. Or should I say Uncle Andrew had changed everything! I no longer wanted to sever my ties with Hugo. In choosing between the two: Hugo or pending enslavement. Hugo won hands down. He had me and he could keep me so far as I was concerned. If he didn't want his two million dollars, that was his affair. It sounded simple and logical but I knew it wasn't. Hugo might truly believe he could best Andrew Everleigh, but I knew if it came to a tussle of wits, or money, or sneakiness, he didn't have a chance. I didn't bother to ask myself what the hell I really wanted myself - I didn't know!

Hugo's male ego insisted I be naked and handcuffed on our return home. And, if that pleased him, I wasn't going to argue. The golden handcuffs had taken my fancy and felt good upon my wrists. I had missed them at dinner and felt sure I would recapture their magic when they bit again. I went straight to the lounge to undress and pour the brandies while I still had hands. But once inside the door I stopped in my tracks in surprise.

Margo Hammil stood against the wall, her wrist was locked to the ring in the manner by which slavegirls were parked. I had never seen her more radiantly happy.

Sitting comfortably upon our couch was Constance and Andrew Everleigh. They had found the brandy and seemed well content. Hugo went straight to the point, "Get the hell out of here!"

"Don't be angry," said Uncle Andrew soothingly. "We've only just arrived and had a pleasant chat with the young lady over against the wall. This brandy is not at all bad, and, in case you're interested, I have a key which fits most doors. Please do sit down."

Hugo could probably have made mince meat of Uncle Andrew but that would solve nothing. I smiled at Constance who, smiled right back, but it was to Uncle Andrew I spoke. "Mr. Markham doesn't want to accept your offer, and he doesn't want me to, either. The papers will be returned to you. I'm terribly sorry."

Uncle Andrew sipped the brandy with appreciation. I dragged Hugo to a chair then sat on his knee and put my arm around his neck in a way I had never done before or even thought of doing. It's strange how you can sleep with a man without really becoming intimate. Uncle Andrew was not fazed. "I suspect you're doing that for my benefit," he suggested slyly. "I was young myself once but look back on it as a bit of a bore." He looked at us mischievously. "Oh, by the way, there's been a change of plans." Hugo's tension eased somewhat. "I've come here." continued Uncle Andrew, "to take delivery of Diane Durrant. But when we looked around we discovered Miss Hammil tied to a post downstairs. She explained she is partial to such treatment so I've decided to divert her to my castle in place of Miss Diane Durrant. I'm sure you approve?"

We approved but dared not say so. There are times when fate is just too kind, and you wonder if the axe is still about to fall. Hugo asserted his position as a host with a declaration, "I'm glad you made that decision, Mr. Everleigh. I had considered that possibility myself. Miss Hammil is a most charming woman, appreciative of any kind or length of rope. But so far as Miss Durrant is concerned, she is my property and I intend to keep her"

He sounded a bit pompous but the speech went over well. I refilled glasses and good will flowed. Darling Margo was given a half glass of brandy which she immediately drank down on an empty stomach, ignoring the possible effect. "It's a nice idea to leave a slavegirl with one hand free to do the chores and look after herself. Margo behaved delightfully and did not even ask to sit down. She was excited as all get out."

"I am taking Miss Hammil to the Caribbean to fill the position intended for Miss Durrant," said Andrew Everleigh calmly. "I contemplate a mutually satisfactory association."

"I hope you'll be very happy," said Hugo.

"You really don't mind?" I spoke directly to Margo. "Gosh, no. I can hardly wait!" I suspected the brandy was beginning to take affect.

"Constance will make sure she will not be whipped beyond her capacity," Uncle Andrew said regally. "Should you wish to visit, please feel free to do so at any time." I shivered as might a maiden delivered from a snake-pit but inquired. "There was the matter of money, Mr. Everleigh. What are your feelings on this matter?"

The ancient billionaire was in a benign mood, probably due in part to Hugo's brandy, partly to the beauty and incredible figure of Miss Hammil. He said, "If Mr. Markham will be kind enough to sign the documents. I will attach my own signature and the transaction is complete. You will receive your check within a few days and may I wish you every happiness." He mused thoughtfully. "Should your conscience bother you about Miss Hammil, please feel free to visit my estate and satisfy yourselves her chains are not heavier than she can bear." He smiled lovingly. "You may also inspect the other delights to which she will be subject. With all the money you'll receive, you may wish to fill in a bit of time in your retirement."

I suddenly realized I possessed hands, and with breasts and other parts still covered. I got off Hugo's knee and knelt in front of the man who held us all in the power of one hand. I couldn't make much of a speech but said, "'Thank you, oh, thank you!" over and over again, and meant every word until Constance interposed.

"I'd be glad for a length of rope, Diane, if you've got one handy. I like to tie a girl's elbows tight behind her back when she's in transit. The poor darlings get such silly notions of escape."

As Constance went about her task, I watched in a fascination prompted by memories of biting rope, shinning steel, and the delightful pain that comes from extremely tight strictures. If Constance's predication about Margo ran true, she would have fought, but she did not fight. Instead she stood very erect as her wrists were locked behind her back and her elbows bound in what I knew had to be a most painful constriction. When she asked for one more brandy, I wasn't sure whether to give it to her. But Andrew Everleigh nodded and I held the glass to her lips. She gulped down the potent liquid and I knew that, at least for the first part of her journey, she would be feeling no pain. In fact, she looked as if she would be enjoying the experience immensely.

Uncle Andrew took the floor, "This whole business of possessing slavegirls is extremely basic and its origin is way back in history. Possessing a slavegirl, or several slavegirls, is a desire inherent in every male. Every home should have at least one, or perhaps more according to the man's substance. At home, at Rockley, I have a considerable collection in a cage. I am sure Diane has told you of it. A strange facet of this wish is that no matter how many we have, we are always prepared to purchase one more. I seem to recall that King Solomon owned three hundred of the little dears, or was it a thousand. I forget. It is a precedent we should no ignore."

"Look here, Sir, you don't intend to be cruel to this girl, do you?"

Hugo was once more being Male.

"Don't disturb yourself. Mr. Markham. Slavegirls enjoy a certain amount of cruelty and despise a master who never uses a whip. I am sure Diane will acquaint you with female inclinations upon request. But I suspect you have already dealt with this subject. I have little doubt her skin is marked."

I suggested we retire to the office and sign the papers, mostly to inform Hugo that we should quit while we were ahead. Uncle Andrew couldn't be on his way too soon. If I hadn't known Margo was in her heart's delight, I would have tried to do something, but what the hell can you do for a girl who would fight you if you tried to free her? Margo was still tight bound against the wall with a slightly silly smile on her face. I could tell that she was getting high on more than just the brandy and envied her such a great love of pure bondage. I mean, I like being tied, but she adored it!

We signed the documents with a fine flourish of satisfaction and Uncle Andrew and Constance departed with their prize. It was the biggest sigh of relief I'd ever heaved.

"Good gosh, that was a streak of luck!" Hugo said happily.

"Damn it, this is a lot better than I'd ever dared hope. Sweetheart, are you okay? I mean your conscious doesn't bother you about anything?"

"Only about Margo, but there's not much we can do about her. She sold herself."

"Don't let's drink too much of this stuff, Diane." Hugo's suggestion was close to an order. "I don't want to get looped because I'm feeling the strain of all this emotion and tensing myself up tight for your honor. Or something ... The way I feel right now..."

"I am sure I know the way you feel." I was way ahead of Hugo.

Emotional trauma always makes a man long for intercourse, or to whip a girl's bottom. Usually it's both. "Okay, I won't complain. Should I strip?"

I stripped, then held out my hands to be bound. I was excited and under pretty much the same influence as my master, the man who now owned me safely. But Hugo waved away my passive wrists and, grasping a handful of my hair, propelled me downstairs to whatever fate his male caprice might favor. I was meek as a lamb.

"You know I want to whip you?"

"Of course! I'm your property."

Hugo fixed my hands above my head, well stretched but not too high. I would be able to kick and struggle to my heart's content as he appeased his demons with weals upon my skin. When he strapped my wrists far tighter than there was any need. I found myself enveloped in such a flood of sensuality as to cause my breasts to heave and my lips to gasp in a totally illogical ecstasy of pure lust. I was every bit as bad as Hugo!

I had expected to be savagely flogged but in this was wrong.

Hugo was in a conversational mood to say nothing of having a huge erection which explained his fingering and palming of my pussy. The whole thing was delicious, and I refused to think of pain to come or how I would behave. I had put such maiden modesty behind me long ago.

"Are you happy, sweetheart?" Hugo asked. It was a ridiculous question but he was sincere.

"I'm so happy I want to cry," I told Hugo without a single tear.

"It's knowing you want me the way you do that makes me feel this way. You know I hate being whipped, but I want it right now in a way I've never wanted it before. Don't bother about my screams."

My nakedness was suddenly enveloped in Hugo's hot embrace. I could feel his phallus longing for my sheath but contentedly knew it would be waiting when all else was done. I was the luckiest of girls! In a ridiculous mood of self immolation, I asked, "Are there other things you'll do go be besides the whip?"

"Like what, for instance?"

"Well, a girl can't ever be sure. Maybe stringing me up by my thumbs? Or making me sit on the edge of a plank the way you've told me about. I don't want it. I'm just asking."

"That's where you're wrong, sweetheart." Hugo bit my ear and thrust hard at my bare belly as my breasts rubbed against his shirt. "You've never wanted anything more in your whole life than what you know you're going to get. I expect we should both thank Uncle Andrew for this moment. Are you ready?"

"I've been ready for a long time. Please whip me, Hugo."

Hugo whipped me with five swift, wicked strokes as if he could not contain himself. I knew he was

thinking of Margo and wishing he had not so easily surrendered a guiltless girl to Andrew Everleigh's tender mercies. If my pain eased his, I was content. I tried desperately to tell him how I felt but could only get out gasps and moans as I dealt with the pain as best I could. After the fourth stroke I began screaming.

It was a wonderful beginning.

"I've marked you enough, Diane," Hugo said regretfully after the eight stroke across my burning bottom. "This is the third time you've been whipped in a few days. We're going to have to seek fresh ground. Spread your legs apart."

I wondered if I should be grateful. It had never been Hugo's idea to whip me now, and when I had asked for it, I had also forgotten how severely marked up my bottom already was. What he was about to do to me probably made good sense, but as I widened my legs apart, I felt ten times more naked than before. When I had got my legs as far apart as strapped wrists permitted. I asked timidly, "Is that okay?"

"Splendid, really splendid! You're a wonderful girl, Diane. Look, if you want me to stop right now. I will."

"No, go ahead."

The first upward cut between my thighs told me I should have stopped while I was winning, I knew Hugo would not stop now, having once given me the opportunity to retreat. I whimpered distressfully as this fresh burn spread venom through my secret place and beyond. The temptation to close my legs tight was almost irresistible, but I forced myself to stay wide and open. I coped with the agony by tugging with the straps and moaning.

"Pretty bad?" Hugo inquired sweetly.

"It's bloody awful but don't mind me." I held my breath for thong's second delivery of pain.

He gave me five swift, hard strokes up inside with a small whip he said was made especially for that purpose. I took his word for it. That little instrument punished me with an almost personal viciousness. At the end of five, I had screamed a couple of times and was sweating. I was given permission to stand straight for a short period of rest, during which I failed to think logically of anything expect the fire Hugo had created within my crotch. Once more I was comforted by male arms and male lips, and a punished girl's hope of a speedy end. When Hugo did his familiar cupping of my pussy with his hard male hand, I went absolutely wild. "Sweetheart, you can't possibly get away, you know," he reproved gently.

"I know I can't. I'm sorry Hugo. Jeepers, that hurts!"

"Spread them again. This time you'll know what to expect."

I did as I was told. What the hell else could I do! By the end of the second series of five, during which I screamed lustily, Hugo came around to stare at my sweat drenched breasts and scarlet thighs. "Haven't you had about enough, sweetheart?"

I had had enough and was suddenly and unexpectedly freed of the straps and being carried up to bed. If I had harbored doubt about the ability of my poor, beaten pussy to perform the sexual act, they were scattered to the winds in a surging flood of sensual joy beyond any response I had ever given any man. If the fire had burned low in the night. I would have asked to be whipped again to make its flame flare. There was no need. In the morning I spent time before the big mirror admiring myself like a peacock. Scarlet and purple were much in evidence arid I did not have much desire to sit down. Hugo shared my pleasure, and it was not until after we laughingly argued about who mixed the pigments and applied them to my skin that we suddenly realized I was not handcuffed and bore no bonds at all, an omission instantly corrected by the golden handcuffs I was beginning to adore. Happily, we went to breakfast to talk about our three million dollars.

"I owe it to you, Diane," Hugo said earnestly. "Whatever Everleigh's interest in paying me

may have been, without you being who and what you are it would never have happened. Look, sweetheart, you're a wealthy girl now, and I'm wondering if you want your law practice or to be my prisoner?"

"I don't see why we can't continue as we are, with me being your prisoner one day and your prisoner the next. Remember, you've lost Margo. You don't want to lose me, too."

"Damn it, you know I don't. But I can't go on whipping you every other day."

"I could probably heal swiftly enough to cope with five strokes on alternate days, Want to try?"

"Okay, it's a deal. But, Diane, what about the rest of the time? Won't it be a frightful bore to be handcuffed or tied to the wall?"

"Until it happens. Hugo, I really don't know. I know what it's like for a few hours or a day, but you and I are now talking long term. In a way, we're planing a marriage."

"You want me to marry you, I will?"

"No. Hugo, don't be silly. Getting married would spoil the whole thing. Wait a while. If I get bored with the things you do to me. I'll tell you fast enough. But it should be understood that won't mean you have to stop. If it happens, it's a problem I'll have to cope with myself."

It was delightfully intimate sitting there over breakfast. I made as much play as I could with the golden handcuffs on my wrists and knew the costly circlets were getting us both excited.

Hugo had a problem he had to voice. I had come to know him pretty well, and when Hugo had something on his mind. I could sense disquiet. I sensed it now.

"I've been thinking about Margo and old Andrew Everleigh." he admitted. "I should never have allowed him to take her away, any more than I could let him grab you. I let him jump to a false conclusion."

"'But, damn it. Hugo. I've never seen the girl happier. Why worry about her?"

"Uncle Andrew thinks he's got himself a delightful nymphet who will glow and twinkle and wiggle in his ropes. And he has. But I discovered something else about Margo he probably won't like. Whenever she gets her hands and feet free, she puts up the damnedest battle to escape. It's for real and she almost has to be beaten into submission. You and I know that's what she wants, but Uncle Andrew doesn't and that's what bothers me."

"Don't worry, Hugo. Constance can deal with her. She dealt with me without any trouble."

"Margo wants it done by a man. She doesn't want a mistress, she wants a master. You know that. What's going to happen is the two of them will be at cross purposes. I wouldn't be the least bit surprised if he brought her back and wanted you instead. It's you he's always wanted."

"Hugo, stop worrying." I raised my hands and clinked golden bracelets. "You've got me and we're going to have ourselves a wonderful time. Damn it. Hugo. I've made you a millionaire, so stop worrying about a girl who doesn't know what she wants"

Hugo brightened up, got himself another cup of coffee, and then started off in another direction. "It's damned rummy, Diane, the way you and I have started off in this business of ropes and whips and chains. Not too long ago neither of us had heard of such things. And we would have scorned them. But everything thats been happening to us has gradually made us addicts."

"I like it. Stop worrying the same way I've stopped worrying. Let's talk about buying me a pillory and a set of stocks, and when I'll get whipped again. Real fun things!" I sparkled at my master imploringly.

We tossed worry to the wind and became a very happy couple. But Hugo had planted a seed of unease in my mind. I was scarcely conscious of it then but it was to grow and flourish. I wore the golden handcuffs all that day.

9

Prisoner of San Jancith

It is hot in the slave pen. During mid day I seek refuge in a tiny bit of shade afforded by one concrete wall. There is the strangest smell about the place but since I perspire almost constantly, I am wondering if it is not a relic from the days when fifty chained woman might be locked in this enclosure, and I can well imagine what the smell was like then. Like Uncle Andrew said, this whole place is a relic of ancient times.

If I had my hands I could probably climb out of this enclosure but I do not have my hands. I don't even have those lovely golden handcuffs, but instead my hands are tight bound with some kind of rawhide strip and I've chaffed my wrists almost rare with my futile twisting and tuggings. But what the hell, there's nothing else to do!

The walls of this enclosure are part concrete, part stone, and a lot of stout timbers spaced enough apart to give no chance of wiggling through. There is also a latticework of rusted iron and an iron-barred gate with a fresh, shinning new large lock. I am a prisoner for sure.

The name of my female jailer is Juanita, she is stronger than I and can handle me easily. Constance doesn't bother much, I think she is ashamed of seeing me in this condition. There is also a grinning and amiable black man who will rivet heavy irons upon my limbs when the time comes. I am given to understand there will be a sequence of ordeals such as the one I endure now. No one will tell me what the end of it may be.

Needless to say, I am naked. It's a blessing I have been naked as much as I have for the sun would burn to a crisp any girl who's skin was freshly stripped of covering. The name of Uncle Andrew's tiny island is San Jancith. There are other similar little rocks sticking out of the water, but here on this bit of rock, he owns he has all the privacy he wants. I don't have a hope.

I haven't even seen Uncle Andrew this trip. After issuing the order by which I am now his captive, he went about his affairs and left Constance to do his dirty work. I think I have been cheated and swindled, but until I can talk to Uncle Andrew I can't be sure. Constance says the least I know, the better.

Even this enclosure is better then the dungeon I was briefly shown, I think they wanted it to be a warning, along with the pile of rusty chains which would have held an elephant. At least here there is open air and I can see though the various slots what goes on outside, and sometimes Jacob passing on his errands. Sometimes he even says a few cheerful words. Juanita is cheerful enough, but she goes around naked to reveal her magnificent curves and wears a belt from which dangles a wicked looking quirt.

This whole thing stinks and I have to feel bitter and betrayed as I seek a bit of shade and press bound arms against stone. The walls are at least seven feet high and I look at them in longing and in a fury of anger that I cannot free my hands. Juanita must have faith in her knots, which I suspect are wired, since my wrists are the only restrains she has imposed. But even if I could climb the wall, I'd still be on an island, and I'd probably be given a very bad time for trying to escape. I'm up the creek for sure!

When I sit in the hot shade at noon, I think back to how this all happened. It repeats over and over in my mind in disbelief at the defeat right on that first day when Margo walked back into my office after a five day absence The poor girl had proved unworthy of Uncle Andrew's chains and was thus sent home in disgrace. Her first question was if she could go back to Hugo Markham and be his slave forever. There was a letter from Uncle Andrew but Margo knew the terms anyway and was all too willing to provide graphic descriptions on request. The letter was simple and direct. If I didn't

immediately get on a plane and go to San Jancith, I would be kidnapped within twenty-four hours and would make the journey strapped within a stout wooden box. Poor Margo was frightened of the man. I wrote a brief, heart-broken message to Hugo and went straight to the airport. If I was chicken, then okay, I was chicken!

I had never been to Hemingway's 'Island in the Gulf' and would have been thrilled to death had I not been going to my imprisonment. I had Margo's fervid assurances of kindly treatment with maybe a week or two's captivity and one real, honest-to-goodness whipping before being sent back home. I think she believed this but I did not, so I've only myself to blame for being naked in a slave pen with my hands tied behind my back. Oh, shit!

I think of Hugo a lot and feel I've let him down. Hugo would want to fight Uncle Andrew but I know better. My meek surrender to his ultimatum wasn't being weak, it was simply a choice between going in a box and making the journey comfortably in a first class cabin, the ticket for which he had thoughtfully included with the letter. The ticket was for one way.

It was a let down finding Uncle Andrew gone but Constance was kind. "I'm afraid he wants you as a prisoner, dear," she explained with seeming regret. "There's no use telling you to go back home before you get fixed so you can't go anywhere. This is an island and you're here to stay. I hate the things you'll have to put up with and it's Juanita and Jacob who will follow their orders and make your life uncomfortable. But they're an amiable couple and won't hurt you beyond whatever instructions Mr. Everleigh has left with them. You're a most courageous girl. If I'd been in your place, I would never had come here willingly." She shrugged. "But you are here so that's the end of it. Mr. Everleigh has left a program of punishments I'm afraid you'll have to endure until he comes again." She suddenly clasped me to her and kissed me warmly as though I was a relative going far away. "I hate the things Juanita has to do to you but there's nothing I can do about any of them. Forgive me if I don't see you too often."

I suppose that was the beginning. Juanita had taken charge of me.

She stripped me naked and tied my wrists the way they still are tied. She then took me to see the dungeon, and anther equally horrifying stone room in which there were all sorts of horrible devices for punishing a girl. If they were not actually ancient, a simulation had been artfully achieved and I noted with cynical suspicion that every orifice was small sized and would in no way accommodate a male. The slave pen was actually a relief when she pushed me inside and closed the gate. Wanderings within the mind keep prisoners from going nuts. I keep thinking of Hugo and the golden handcuffs, and of Margo, who would certainly be tightly bound at that moment. And she would be getting a fine, wet snatch out of what is not really punishment at all. I hope Hugo knocks her around a bit, it would serve her right. As for myself. I don't know if I'll be moved on to my next ordeal tomorrow or left in this enclosure to rot a few more days. I wonder what Andrew Everleigh gets out of treating me this way. But I suppose he occasionally thinks of me tied in here like this, and feeds his ego by knowing he can keep me thus or turn me loose. Such power should not belong to any man!

Juanita is probably as bored as I. She decides my hands have been tied behind my back long enough and I deserve a change. She unlocks the gate and leads me to where Jacob and his tools await. I am still bound and she guides my steps by grasping my hair and shaking my head to tell me I must behave. I remember Hugo using this trick on Margo not long ago. It is wonderfully effective.

Jacob is waiting with his hammer, his anvil and rivets heating in the fire. I get carefully fitted with an iron belt just a little too small, and then held down to enable a glowing rivet to be thrust through waiting holes in the brutal iron and hammered flat. It is the beginning of a fresh control of a young woman who used to be Miss Diane Durrant, a lawyer.

At the back of the iron belt there is a ring and through this ring there is a chain. And at each end of it is a shackle for my wrist. Once more I am pushed and twisted into a desired contortion. Once more a glowing scrap of metal is thrust through waiting holes and I cringe as the hammer strikes it flat. The same thing now is done to my other wrist. When I am allowed to stand free. I discover that I can pull one hand up enough to scratch my nose but the other hand is then pulled up tight to that ring at my back. I can feed myself with a painful indignity. San Jancith is certainly striving for a historical atmosphere. These iron shackles are certainly not the same as smooth, efficient handcuffs.

"You is nice and comfortable, missy," Jacob assures me earnestly. "You not get loose but you do not hurt."

"You'll probably wear then until the Master returns," Juanita explains. "I think they're cute and you look nice in them. Miss Durrant. Nice and tight, heh?"

They are indeed 'nice and tight.' The snug grip of the irons falls just short of pain. Remorsefully I explain, "You don't have to keep me ironed like this. I'm not an animal, and I can't possibly get off this island." I hoped my voice sounded close to tears.

"We can make it much worse for you, Missy." Juanita assures with a smile. "Would you like Jacob to iron your ankles and maybe rivet a collar around your neck?" Her tone is sugar sweet.

I hasten to disclaim desire for additional iron, and assure them both of gratitude for the way I am now. Good gosh, if I was once a lawyer, no one would know it now.

I get put in a different pen. I think Juanita is trying to be kind within the limits allowed my Uncle Andrew's wishes for my discomfort. This pen is pretty much the same except a tree grows in one corner. But this tree will be a real boon at mid day. I have to feel I have met with approval and am moving up the ladder in some one's approval. After Juanita has locked the gate and left. I went to the wall to experiment to see if my new bondage will permit me to climb. It won't! No matter how I pull and tug my chained wrists back and forth through the ring. I cannot get the use of both my hands to attempt a climb. I am as foxed as ever. But if it was not for the terrifying solidity of hot rivets hammered flat, I could feel better off than with my crossed and bound behind by back. I go and gratefully sit in the shade of the small tree and wonder what will happen next. I don't have to wonder what I will do. I can't do anything!

A few hours later Juanita tells me it is time for change and I follow, her hand grasping my hair. Once more it is to the smithy and I am devastated by what the fact portends. "But I haven't done anything!" I cry aloud. "I don't deserve to be punished any more, or have to wear more chains. Juanita ... Please!"

"You are not to worry. Missy." Juanita assures with an easy confidence because she knows it is not she who will be hurt. "It is believed what you suffer now will make you very good girl."

"But I'm already a very good girl. I haven't given you any trouble!"

"That is true. Please do not complain. I will punish you. It is something I am allowed to do." She thrusts me towards the anvil and Jacob's waiting smile.

The bondage now grasping my middle and hands would have defeated me for a hundred years but swiftly falls victim to Jacob's hammer and cold steel punch. My chains are taken off, but my freedom is short-lived as Jacob places on the anvil some heavy, rusted shackles. I am invited to kneel and place my wrists within the awaiting jaws. Juanita grasps my arm and I kneel. But I ask plaintively, "Do you have to use this miserable rusty iron on me? Haven't you anything that isn't a couple of centuries old?"

No one answers. Since my wrists are now where they belong and I kneel humbly to await the hammer, Jacob closes the tiny but wickedly solid shackles around my wrists, and pounds happily away while I wince with ever blow and long to cry. When my second wrist joined to my first by only a couple links of ancient iron, I know myself well constrained. It is only a beginning.

Since I already kneel, it is convenient to deal with my neck next.

The collar is the right size for my neck, although snug. I am now even more frightened of the hammer blows which rivet this circlet. It seems so permanent to have cold iron hammered on, knowing that there is no way I can ever free myself from it. I notice a ring is firmly attached to the collar at the back and my spine goes cold at the possibilities inherent in that. My ankles are treated in the same manner as my wrists. I am given a box to sit on while my feet go up to the anvil. I see everything and hate it all. To make sure I don't get too far up the wall, my ankles and wrists are joined by other chains that keep my hands from raising above my waist. The sheer weight of what I

must now carry is daunting.

It is now difficult to walk and I am terribly helpless. Chain seems everywhere upon my nakedness and I make a frightful clatter as Juanita leads me to what comes next. I have already guessed what that is.

Juanita did not call it a dungeon. But it was a stone chamber beneath the surface of the land and it's small amount of light came from a couple of tiny windows high on the wall. [was led in to where a heavy ring was set into the wall with heavy chain trailing from it on the floor. The end was now padlocked to the ring at the back of my neck. I was now so ridiculously constrained that it might have been laughable. To an observer, perhaps, certainly not to me.

The door would have held me safe. The rest of the metal was pure punishment.

"Maybe not for many days," Juanita encouraged before she left. The weight of links I was forced to carry caused me to sit against the wall where I could hold them. The iron was a real drag, particularly that on my neck, the collar with its chain falling to the floor was heavy enough to compel me to grab whatever of it I could to ease the stress. Comfort was not possible but I finally arranged my array of irons to make them bearable. With nothing else to do I counted the links as a nun counts her beads. Uncle Andrew was being a real ripe bastard!

I was left alone and even while it was still day the ghosts crowded the hateful place to make me realize I could be left there forever. I tried to think of cheerful things and to assure myself of early release but the chains and rivets and appalling weight of iron mocked optimism. I cried a bit and forced myself to get up and walk whatever steps the chain to my collar permitted. It was generous in its length but what good was that? Always I was back there to my seat by the wall, wondering why the hell I'd been such an utter fool. I countered this dismal reflection with the knowledge Uncle Andrew would have had me kidnapped anyway and I'd still be right here, secured as I was. I hope my shockingly marked skin would absolve me from the whip for at least a week.

I had a strong suspicion Uncle Andrew phoned daily to have Juanita tell him of my ordeals and the way I behaved. I knew there were a lot of men who would get a big charge out of that but wondered if Uncle Andrew was too much of a senior citizen to be one of those. But you never know, even with men possessing a lot of gray hair. And Uncle Andrew would not have surprised me had he taken me to bed and proved himself as potent as the rest. I was infuriated by the thought of my providing one of the richest men in the world with a little sexual titillation at long distance.

There's something truly frightening about irons when they are riveted on your ankles and wrists. The knowledge that only a smith can free you from them gives you a cold feeling in the pit of your stomach. As the beastly dungeon grew darker as the day faded, I remembered all those tales of men and women imprisoned for life in a place like this, and weighed down with chains. But I was positive I couldn't handle it. I would die or go crazy. Already I longed to scream against the ghosts hiding in the shadows. I was the saddest and most frightened girl in the world.

Juanita came just before it became pitch black. I could tell by her manner she was anxious as to how I was handling my frightful solitary confinement. Anxiously she asked, "You okay. Miss Durrant'!"

"I suppose I'm okay, but I wish I was dead."

"You like to get out of here?" There was mischief in her voice.

"You know damned well I would like to." I retorted. "Juanita, these chains and this place will kill me in short order."

"If you ask me nicely to whip your bare, skin. I'll take you to Jacob right now and get rid of all this iron. Would you like that?"

There it was again, the same old theme! But even if the whip killed me, it would be better than remaining where I was. I wasn't sure about Juanita's humor, so said unhappily, "I've been whipped almost to bits. I'm covered in whip marks. I shouldn't be whipped again so soon."

"There's always room for a few more marks on a girl's skin," Juanita suggested cheerfully.

"And, anyway, there's most of your front that hasn't been touched yet. And there's always the soles of your feet. Cheer up, Miss Durrant, if you ask me nicely I'll have you out of here in no time."

I refused to think about the screams and scorched skin, and dutifully in shame, came out with. "Please whip me, Juanita, whip me anywhere you wish if it will buy my release from these chains and this prison ... Please?"

My shameful begging for something I did not want evidently was considered 'nice.' I was helped to stand up and my jailer kindly carried a part of the weight of my chains as I was led back to the magic anvil. I forgot all about the whip, and where it might be used on me as I watched the striking hammer and punch. In disbelief I soon stood totally free with Jacob admiring my nakedness and Juanita telling me how brave I was to keep so still. I could have run away but what was the use!

What happened then was one more surprise. The lovely chains now produced had modern locks and sheen of bronze. They weighed far, far less than the awful irons Jacob had just struck from my nakedness, and the collar that went with them was not hard to bear. The shinning links at wrists, and ankles made me feel like floating on a cloud even though they held me as securely.

"But shouldn't you have whipped me first," I blurted out. "before putting these on?"

"I am a tease." Juanita sparkled at my surprise. "You do not get whipped today at all. And not even tomorrow, Miss Durrant. I was having fun with you."

"You won't put me back in that dungeon?"

"No, you are free. You can walk out of this house and anywhere you want upon this island. These chains make sure you cannot swim and make it easy to fetch you if needed." She raised my shackled hand and kissed it. "The night is warm, sleep where you please." She thrust me towards the passage and the door.

It was always too much, too soon. I tinkled and clattered as I walked, my ankles snubbed constantly by their chain, but walking was possible. I felt a tremendous exhilaration as I wandered out into the Caribbean moon and warm night. My hands had been chained in front and, even though the links were few. I was not nearly as helpless as before. My heart sang in gratitude, which was sort of silly considering the way I was restrained But the island of San Jancith was beautiful in the pale moonlight and the phosphorescence of the surrounding sea. I tripped constantly but couldn't have cared less. My thankfulness for being out of that blasted dungeon was intense.

I clinked my way around in the magic night of San Jancith. I followed one of the foot paths to a ridge which I climbed with difficulty but was rewarded by a truly gorgeous view and a comfortable place to sit. I arranged my nakedness and chains to cup my hands beneath my chin and gaze longingly across the silver sea to where other islands were plainly visible. If boats traveled these waters, I suspected they stayed well clear of Uncle Andrew's island. I hated to leave the loveliness on which I gazed but it would be there tomorrow and the day after, so I found a collection of fallen leaves which I gathered into a pile to give some comfort to my contours, and went to sleep. In the morning I was ravenously hungry and, since the ancient house with its dungeon and goodness knows what else, was the only source of food, I returned and sought Juanita and Constance who shared the breakfast table with me as though I was an honored visitor, making no mention of my chains. After the final cup of coffee. Juanita unlocked the shackles from my wrist and told me we would go for a walk.

I pointed out I couldn't walk very fast with joined feet, but she laughed and said it didn't matter, we had lots of time. Constance didn't say anything.

Juanita held my arm, as much to keep me from falling as to keep me moving in the direction she wished. She chatted busily about how she admired Uncle Andrew and Constance and loved the tiny, rocky island. We followed a different path from my journey of the night before. It led us to a pleasant little green area shaded by widely spaced trees, a little glade in which it would be easy to hear the pipes of Pan, and the laughter of the maidens he pursued. Dead center there remained a grim reminder of human hand, an ancient pillory. A small green vine wrapped around the heavy vertical post, giving the appearance of age. Like other things I had seen on this island, it was just girl sized.

Juanita detected my distaste and the slowing of my steps. Her voice because a soft authority. "It is desired for you to stand here for a period of time I cannot tell. If you do not wish to help me fasten you, I will get Jacob and Constance to help me lock you safe ... Please. Miss Durrant?"

What the hell could I do! I could fight and get fixed anyway or be a good little girl. It was Uncle Andrew's ultimatum about a kidnapping all over again. I understood now why my hands and arms were free. I raised them disgustedly to place my wrists and neck where the pillory would hold them fast. I could not fail to note the clean and shinning surface in the holes in the wood. I wondered if this had been done on my account or if other girls had recently stood in this pillory to appease Uncle Andrew's quaint sense of humor. I did not ask, but arranged my hair to the best advantage along my cheek.

"Is this the way you want me, Juanita?"

The answer was instant. The upper yoke was carefully lowered upon my waiting neck and limbs where it fitted perfectly. I turned sideways to watch Juanita click the huge iron hasp and huge padlock. I was fixed for sure.

"I expect you would now like to scratch your nose, Miss Durrant." My jailer laughed. It is the first thing a girl wants to do when she is fastened as you are fastened now. I will do it for you and then go." Her fingers were soft upon my skin.

"How long do I have to stand like this?" I asked unhappily.

"I have told you. I do not know. Miss Durrant. But there are worse things then standing as you are now. The worst part of it is to be left alone, and so I say goodbye." She tilted my chin and kissed me on the lips.

The sound of Juanita's retreating steps soon vanished. I soon felt like I was the only living thing in the world. The glade was pretty and very still but offered very little in the way of a view. Since I couldn't stand fully erect. I could see only the grass and shrubs close by. I had to suppose the reason for placing the pillory in this isolated place was to give a girl the shivers in a constant bout of apprehension as she stood awaiting the touch of unseen hands. It was a lot better than the dungeon but I was fixed so firmly as to be frightening. My hands mocked me in their helplessness.

It was probably a couple of hours and I was becoming tired and a little scared when I heard footsteps behind my naked back, and Constance came into view. She looked at my condition approvingly, then kissed my forehead with genuine warmth before finding a chunk of wood on which to sit. Her greeting was forthright. "I'm glad you're out of that dungeon, dear. If Juanita had kept you there much longer, dear. I would have had to do something about it." There came a long pause. "But I don't like the way you're being treated anyway. I suppose Mr. Everleigh had his reasons but he's a strange man and treats his females in strange ways. Honestly, I don't like to see you locked in that pillory the way you are, naked and with your feet chained. And I'm sure you're imagining all sorts of horrors about to happen." Looking at me earnestly, she added. "I really have to do something about it."

"You mean you're actually going to let me loose?"

"I can't do that, dear. You have to be punished, and this is about as mild as punishment as you're likely to get. I'm afraid you'll have to put up with it. I'll make sure Juanita doesn't leave you here all night. What I want is something more constructive, so I've phoned that nice Mr. Markham and told him where you are and how to get here. But he's not likely to get her until late tomorrow or the next day because of the connections he'll have to make."

I was enveloped in a flood of gladness and showered my, benefactor in thanks.

"I like you, dear," Constance continued in explanation of her acts. "I liked you back at Rockley with all those silly girls we had to look after. By the way, the girls are still there. Why don't you ask Mr. Everleigh to give you back your old position there. I understand Elizabeth Lord is scheduled to be a prisoner there again, you liked her, didn't you?"

"But won't you get into all sorts of trouble if you let me free? If Andrew Everleigh discovers it was you who told Hugo where I am?" I shifted anxiously against the pillory.

"Mr. Markham would have discovered where you are anyway, it would simply have taken longer. I can't tell what sort of pickle Juanita will have you in when he arrives, but I'll guide his steps some way or other. And no one will ever know you were not rescued by your knight in shinning armor."

"But if Hugo gets me off this island and back to New York, Uncle Andrew will just have me kidnapped again, or give me another of those propositions where I can come quietly or else. I won't come here quietly again, I just won't! Oh, Constance, you're being so kind."

"I really don't know about him kidnapping you again," Constance admitted slowly. "I do know you've got under his skin some way, quite probably no more than some minor thing you've done. Or it could just be he likes the idea of having a lady lawyer naked and handcuffed for his amusement. I wouldn't worry too much about it, dear, because I've seen him interested in a lot of girls he soon forgets. Usually he sends them away with a nice check. I don't know why he sent the two of us here, but I suppose it's some sort of fantasy he has. If Mr. Markham comes to rescue you, you'd better run and don't stop until you're far away from here."

"You can count on it. But, in the meantime, you sure you can't let me out of this beastly contraption?"

"It wouldn't be wise, dear. You can put up with it for a few hours. Look, Miss Durrant, it's time I was back at the house. And, anyway, you're supposed to be left alone. And try to stop worrying." She kissed me gently and vanished beyond my range of vision.

Solitude returned like an ancient enemy. Once more I went through the fruitless exercises of looking at my hands, trying to twist my neck against the hard wood, and gazing as best I could at my limited view. It was a delightful view I was in no condition to enjoy. I kicked one chained foot fretfully against the other, and relapsed into a state of helplessness.

It may have been an hour or perhaps two before I heard the sounds to send shivers up and down my spine. Someone was coming, someone I could not see, but someone I instinctively felt would bring me no good. The steps were bold, there was nothing small about them. When I knew their owner was standing close behind my pilloried nakedness, I had no time to ask a question before my head and shoulders were enveloped in a sizable square of cloth. Even though it failed to blind me totally, it did prevent me from seeing what now took place. There came the unmistakable fitting of the key in the padlock, followed immediately by the lifting of the heavy metal hasp. Still in sinister silence, the cloth was whisked away by a hand behind my back to leave me blinding in amazement and hear running footsteps retreating. I stood tense and waiting and not instantly aware of possibilities.

It was a breathless moment when I tried to move but felt defeat when my tugs and twistings discovered the pillory as solid as ever. It was another minute before I realized that I had pulled instead of lifting. It was not easy pushing the heavy wood upward with the backs of my wrists but I managed to lift it far enough to get one hand turned around. Then it was easy to lift it the rest of the way and find myself standing there, arms and head completely free.

I didn't run, my feet were still chained, and, anyway, there was nothing from which to flee. I stood there, happily rubbing wrists and neck, and examining the ridiculously large lock in which some friendly hand had turned the key - or was it a friendly hand! Enveloped in a joyous feeling of relief and release, I clinked my shackled steps to the bit of wood on which Constance had sat while we talked. I sat there too.

I had hands and arms and about half use of my feet. But even though almost physically free, my mind was a turmoil of confusion. Not so much over who had set me free, but why? And what to do now? I was still a prisoner on the island, and any exploration I was to do would have to be done with short steps. Chained feet prevented me swimming and the obvious thing to do was to make my way back to the lovely old house, which for me had not been lovely at all. Whenever I thought of it, I saw only that damned dungeon and those beastly chains. I might be driven there eventually by the need for food, but until that time I would explore the shoreline in the hope of finding some sort of boat, even

a rowboat. Or perhaps waving at any vessel that should venture close enough to see. If someone on the island was watching and laughing at my plight, they were welcome to look. I had little doubt I was the focus of an experiment, but with a tremendous sense of adventure, I rose and kicked angrily at my chain.

It was not the first time I had walked with shackled feet, but I had ever become used to it. At least I did not fall on my face. Resigned to my metallic handicap, I clinked my way towards the sea.

It was very beautiful but very hopeless. I actually discovered a small jetty to which was attached a motorboat. Unfortunately the boat was attached to the dock with heavy chains and padlocks, no doubt placed there for the express purpose of preventing just what I was planning.
I may not have been able to use the boat to escape, but exploring the cabin brought to me a small fridge in which I found a couple of sandwiches and a chunk of cake. I devoured them hungrily. Feeling better, I continued on my search.

It was quite useless. I found no rowboat, nor were there any craft out on the ocean. When night came I still feared a return to the big house and consigned myself to sleep beneath a bush. In the morning, while I was still rubbing the sleep from my eyes, the awfulness happened. Something was thrown over my head and shoulders by an unseen hand. It's drawstring was drawn tight while someone thrust me to the ground, knelt on my back, and proceeded to bind my hands and arms. My wrists were crossed and corded tight in a manner I knew all too well. This done, and with me floundering helplessly, swift fingers unlocked the fetters from my feet. I was hauled erect and strong hands propelled me forward toward a blind destination I could not guess.

The whole thing had been done in silence. Now, as I was forced to walk to an unknown fate, I pleaded and questioned to no avail. By the sound of the ocean I assumed I was being taken to a boat. Hot sand under my feet told me we were walking over a sandy beach. We stopped within the sound of surf while hard male hands positioned me to some sort of male pleasure. Suddenly my ankles were looped with rope.

I couldn't do a thing except complain and question and twist against bound wrists. The cording of my ankles had been swift and deadly. They were tied to something that was solid and unmoving, about a foot apart. Hands steadied me as I teetered in this new bondage. Then, with me standing helpless, those hands explored my breasts, finally moving down to take possession of my defenseless sex. This male mauling was of short duration in what I had to suppose was carnal enjoyment of my charms. Suddenly the hands were gone and I heard the sounds of feet running back towards the island. I stood alone.

It was strange and frightening to stand as I now stood and wonder what came next. It was almost a minute before I realized the drawstring of the blindfold was loose and it took me another couple of minutes of tossing and twisting my head to get rid of the bag. Blinking in the brilliance of a sunlit stretch of sand, I looked down to where my ankles were tied tight to an ancient rusted anchor no one had found interesting enough to haul away. It weighed a ton and held me as firmly as it might once have held a ship. I twisted tied wrists but soon gave that up as hopeless and took a wider view of my surrounding.

I was tethered on one of several such beaches on San Jancith.

No human being was in sight, and I scanned the tree line in a certain conviction that someone was watching. No doubt my behavior in this bound solitude would prove of interest to a watcher I could not see. Since I was evidently here to stay for a while, I gauged the possibilities of sitting down but was frightened to take the chance for fear of breaking an ankle or being unable to get back on my feet. The safest thing was to stand and become a well behaved but tired little girl. I guessed that was the purpose of the exercise, but my guess was wrong.

The sea was the sea, and I had no reason to hope for a rescue from the wave. I had stood in blatant bare exposure for an hour before realizing the import of the tide, the lapping and receding wavelets were now far closer than before. My heart contracted in fear as I read the message in the contours of the beach, mostly the line marking the highest intrusion of water upon the sand. The sharp slope on which I stood bound would insure my becoming victim to the rising tide. I screamed for help.

Reason told me I would not be left to drown, but right then I wasn't much concerned with reason but only with the surge of surf as each wave thrust its dark water and foam higher on the sand. Now, with me all too conscious of my fate, the water's advance was more rapid. Soon the first wavelet lapped my toes and I knew myself fastened thus to drown. Again and again I screamed for help, my voice lost in the vast ocean and long beach. None heard my cry.

I was alone.

10

Lost Liberty

It was not long before my roped feet and the rope itself were below water, making the binding doubly terrifying as though my feet were in the grip of a marine monster. Bound wrists forced me to stand while the water rose higher along my legs with each new surge. I searched around but found no one.

It seems useless to recount the agonies I endured as saltwater engulfed my knees, crept relentlessly up my thighs. By the time it took possession of my sex, I was a sorry girl indeed and could feel, or imagine, numerous small sea creatures exploring my flesh. I tore constantly at the binding on my wrist to no use. I stood there, a jerking, naked offering to Neptune, fearfully conscious that some beastly undersea creature would insert itself within my pussy lips. I had never felt more female!

Soon my belly and bound hands were taken by the tide, and almost instantly the cords upon my wrists seemed to shrink and bit in an ever-tightening embrace. As an extra strong surge of surf wet my breasts, I screamed and screamed without ceasing until a cheerful West Indian voice reassured, "Don't take on so, Missy Durrant. You is in good hands, and I soon get you back them pretty feet."

There was a splash as Jacob dived and then a knife was busy at my bounds. In a moment I was able to step back from the iron anchor to face my grinning rescuer who led me to dry ground but made no effort to free my hands. I did not care. I was so damned thankful I could have cried.

You can imagine my feeling as I beheld Uncle Andrew comfortably seated in a deck chair high up on the beach, viewing me through binoculars through which he must have viewed my whole ordeal. Jacob brought me to stand before the Master like a wet felon before a judge.

The tone of Andrew Everleigh's voice was conversational enough for an English rose garden. "I don't suppose you'll ever forgive me, Diane," he said gently. "But I simply could not give up the opportunity to watch you cope with the Caribbean. You put on a marvelous show."

Suddenly I was on my knees, head bowed, weeping bitterly and uncaring of the words fighting for expression within my lips. The whole thing was involuntary to leave me without shame but knowledge of being possessed by this man with his power to sit quietly and survey a poor, wet, broken female as she though she was about to die. My relief and gratitude was beyond expression. But I had no doubt another ordeal was already planned.

After allowing me to sob myself out. Uncle Andrew wiped my cheek and raised my chin to plant a warm kiss upon my forehead. Thus encouraged. I asked meekly, "Could I have my hands, please? I feel an awful mess."

"No hands for you, my girl. You make a beautiful picture the way you are. Right now you'd be a glorious subject for a camera. Don't you dare get up."

I didn't want to get up, I didn't want to move at all, but was content to kneel as if in homage to the man who's eyes, less fierce than usual, was devouring my nakedness, the nakedness which I could not hide, and which, no doubt, belonged to Andrew Everleigh. I asked weakly, "Please don't have me punished anymore. I've had enough." Once more I bowed my head.

A silence grew, a silence in which I could feel Andrew Everleigh's satisfaction with my condition but

saw within my own mind a vision of my nakedness stretched tautly for the whip and several other assorted horrors. At that moment I would have found the solitude of the dungeon and chains a merciful blessing. I never wanted to see a man again.

"I intend to marry you, Diane," said Andrew Everleigh.

I was jolted! I heard a voice from far away say, hopelessly, "You can't marry me, I'm going to marry Hugo Markham."

"Like hell you are!" Andrew Everleigh did not even raise his voice.

"Hugo and I have had an understanding for a long time. I thought you knew."

"Understand, my arse!" Everleigh said coarsely. "That boy has never owned you the way I own you. Don't tell me you've failed to guess why I bothered with such a contentious bitch?" He eyed me. "I'm not sure I understand why myself. You need your ass whipped at least once a week to keep you from reverting to torts, and statements of claim. But that can easily be arranged, along with any other disciplines you earn. I hope you're flattered."

Damn this impossible man! I actually did feel flattered in the way he took for granted. Married to Andrew Everleigh, I'd become one of the richest women in the world. I could well believe a multitude of young women would gladly suffer the permanent pains of sitting down as a small price to pay for the privilege of being rich. In evasion, I demanded, "Do you have to keep staring at my pubic hair?"

"It's not your pubic hair, my gal, it belongs to me, and I'll look at it as often as I like. I'll keep you naked after our wedding long enough to get you properly adjusted to me looking at any bit of you I want. Is that clear?"

"I don't believe any of this, it can't be happening. If you ever did get me to the altar, you'd have to tie me tight and whip me into saying yes. I'm sure that won't happen."

"It can be easily arranged, if thats the way you want it." Uncle Andrew chuckled. Then his voice became less stern, "But that's not going to happen tomorrow. I've got several jobs for you to do first."

Any bit of euphoria I felt vanished right there. Uncle Andrew's 'little jobs' would almost certainly be painful, and the last thing I wanted at that moment was any more of the outrageous notions men have about what they want to do to females. When I was much younger I used to suppose a girl's ultimate joy or degradation lay up inside the soft spot between her thighs. But Hugo and Uncle Andrew had shown me this was but a prelude to the main events, the last of which had placed me here upon my knees in shameful humility. I asked. "I don't see why you bother with me. You've got a great big cage filled with girls much younger and more beautiful than I, and there's those other girls on Plessious I expect Naomi would allow you to play with, should you chose. Compared to those little tricks at Rockley. I'm ancient."

Andrew Everleigh heard me out, his voice became more reflective and tolerant. "You sell yourself short, Diane. When I first met that lady lawyer, all I wanted to do was cane her rump. Every action you took on Hugo's behalf made me want to do it more and more." He laughed down at the anxiety my face betrayed. "But the Estate got you involved in things you never dreamed of. You got yourself involved in all things which benefit a wench like you. You've been punished, imprisoned, shamed, and broken, and the effect of it all has been to put beauty in your face, and finely hone that lovely body into a man's desire. Diane Durrant, you're a beauty!"

I was mollified and wondered if what he said was true. Anytime Andrew Everleigh said something kind, I got shivers and thrills up and down my spine to a degree I despised. But the feelings came from someplace deep inside. I was still wet and messy from my trauma on the beach and said sulkily. "So, okay, you find me attractive, and you want to marry me and whip me the rest of my life. Does that make sense?"

Everleigh waved our discussion into limbo. Jacob helped me to rise then fell back respectfully as we made our way to the house. I felt shockingly untidy in front of this man who I knew I had to please,

and who I wished to please if it didn't hurt too much. Longing to tidy my hair, I asked, "Are you sure you wouldn't like to untie my hands? I sure could use them."

My plea was ignored. Uncle Andrew did not believe in females possessing their own hands unless performing chores. I was handed to Juanita who bathed and attended to me prior to delivery at the dinner table where Uncle Andrew sat in State. I was forced to my knees beside his chair, a leather collar strapped around my collar, and from it a leash attached to one leg of the table. It was a very short leash! My master thrust food into my mouth whenever the thought occurred, and as we ate he talked. If I would have had a tail to wag, I would have made the perfect pet.

"This young buck. Hugo Markham, he's a bit of a nuisance," my master said. "According to the advice I'd had, he's due here this evening, probably after dark. I expect he has a plan to rescue you." Uncle Andrew chuckled. "He'd call it a rescue but it's pure theft. He'd be stealing my property."

"You're not going to hurt him, are you?"

"Just send him away with his tail between his legs, I'll allow you time together if you wish."

"Yes, please! I want that, I want that very much." Kneeling, tethered beside his chair I dared not disturb the great man as he enjoyed his food. He passed me enough to keep me munching. There was a hidden something in his voice as he spoke of Hugo and I, but I knew it useless to ask. I'd find out soon enough, whatever this extraordinary man had up this sleeve. After dinner we took a brandy in the lounge with me still kneeling at his knee and sipping as he might choose. My master steered the conversation from dangerous ground to subjects which held my interest until, as darkness fell, Jacob came to politely inform, "All is ready, Sir. It is the time."

The servant observed my plight with deep approval. The night air was warm as Jacob led me from the house and down the fine flight of stone steps to where massive stone pillars stood like sentries guarding entry. They were all five feet high, and to one of them was attached something I recognized all too well. Once again Uncle Andrew was going to score.

Jacob carefully clicked the collar shut around my neck. It was plenty tight and from it trailed the inevitable chain, just long enough to allow me to either stand or sit He felt called upon to explain, "Is special steel. Missy, very strong!"

"I'm sure it is, Jacob. Anything else?"

"No. Missy, you just enjoy the starlight and maybe go to sleep." Alone, I tested my tether. It's anchor was a solid ring about half way up the pillar, thus enabling the short chain around my neck to reach down far enough for me to sit, or up far enough for me to stand. But I couldn't walk away. Disgustedly I sat, not bothering to think of escape. There would be no escape for Diane Durrant until her master chose to turn a key. For a few moments I considered trying to fray the cords around my wrists by rubbing against the comer of the stone but simply didn't bother. What the hell was the use!

It was an hour before I discerned Hugo striding towards the house in the starlight, obviously a man with a mission.

I stood erect at his approach and, with his first exclamation of surprise, turned my back and flapped bound hands in a silent plea. When the cords were cut away, I turned and threw my arms around his neck, and whispered between kisses. "Thank you, thank you, thank you. I knew you'd come."

"What's the silly old twit been doing to you now!" Hugo demanded angrily. "Don't tell me he keeps you like this all the time!"

"It's just a collar and chain, Hugo, dear. And, of course, tied hands. Uncle Andrew is a great believer in tied hands behind a girl's back. You got Constance's message?"

We exchanged our news in hurried whispers as if it mattered. Uncle Andrew was probably watching us out a window, so what the hell! It was not long before Hugo said, "Let's get you free of this damned chain. There has to be a way."

I didn't answer but my heart was beating fast and hard as male fingers explored the metal by which I was held captive. "I figured on something like this," Hugo said. "I've brought along a pair of bolt cutters. I'll soon have you loose."

The bolt cutters Hugo had were impressive, magnificent steel jaws and long handles. I began to hope as I thrust myself against the pillar to hold tight while he snared the topmost link of my chain. I heard him grunt as he exerted all his strength. Nothing happened!

"I'm afraid it's some sort of special steel, Hugo," I ventured timidly.

"I don't care what it is, I'm going to get you loose." Hugo readjusted the bit of jaws to the other end of the chain. "The dirty old son of a bitch!" he exclaimed as this effort proved equally without result. "I'll see if the damned thing protrudes the other side of the pillar. Just hold your horses."

It was all quite useless. Hugo tried every way there was even to the point of having me lay down and endure the pain of inserting the blade beneath the collar. The collar defeated him as did the chain. That effort broke the handle of his bolt cutters, leaving him cursing and me fingering the sore spot on my neck. If Uncle Andrew was watching, I was certain he would be laughing.

I suppose I'd never expected Andrew Everleigh to let me get away.

My disappointment was only half of Hugo's anger. He threw the broken bolt cutters to the ground. "There's nothing for it but the police. I'll get back to the mainland and lay a charge against this old bastard and put an end to this damned fool slavery business for end. I've allowed it to continue too long already. Look, dear, if I leave now I can get back before daylight. Can you hold out?"

Poor, dear Hugo! I felt terribly sorry for him in his male impotence. He was seething with fury. With my arms once more encircling his neck, I whispered, "Hush, darling. It won't do a bit of good to go to the police. They'll never act against Andrew Everleigh, and he's capable to turning them against you. Just let things drop and stay the way they are. He won't keep me chained to this stone pillar too long. And, anyway, it doesn't hurt and I don't mind."

"I've got to get you away from here somehow!" Hugo's ego was fighting hard.

"All we need is to be patient. Hugo. I think Everleigh is going to take me back to Rockley, and I'd be surprised if I can't slip away somewhere, sometime. What he's doing with those girls and with me is utterly impractical. Please wait a little while."

"Damn it, this is unreal! I have to leave the girl I love standing against a block of stone, collared and chained! I can't believe it!"

Hugo ranted and raved while I did my best to try and make him understand everything would be all right. I wasn't sure myself about everything being all right, but what could we do! After a while I managed to calm him down until he strode dejectedly away with my promise to join him forever as soon as one of my jailer lowered his or her guard. I wasn't all that happy myself but felt guilty over being able to watch Hugo's back vanish into the night without being torn in two with longing and regret. I knew I should be as angry as he, and even angrier with Uncle Andrew for watching out of the window as I was sure he was doing. Hopelessly I fingered the steel around my neck and knew myself a slave.

I fell asleep crying tears I could not wipe off. Silently on the ground beside me lay a broken pair of bolt cutters.

The penthouse of Mrs. Valerie Latimer spelt money. It also spelt isolation. No one would hear my screams. I took a deep breath as, clutching Uncle Andrew's letter. I stepped from the private elevator to whatever fate I was now consigned to by Uncle Andrew's mission. I was scared.

Svelte was the word for Valerie, an ageless beauty with sharp, shrew eyes and sensual lips. Her hair was drawn severely back to focus attention on finely chiseled features. Her greeting was impersonal.

She read the letter then tossed it laughingly aside to say. "I suppose you know you're a bribe?"

"Yes."

"I can do Everleigh a favor so he does one for me. I'm a lesbian and something of a bitch. But in between us, we'll probably enjoy ourselves. Let's drink to it."

This woman was simple and direct. I wished I were there to do business instead of offer my 'nakedness for whatever pains she might impose. Uncle Andrew had been brutally frank.

"She falls short of being a sadist, Diane, but she loves hurting girls, especially ones like yourself who are out of their teens. I've told her of your legal background so she can enjoy getting back at a lawyer the same way I enjoy it. I don't know how much she'll hurt you but that may pretty much depend on how you handle her. If you can handle her at all."

Valerie Latimer said without emphasis as she poured drinks. "I wish to see you naked."

Valerie was wasting no time but I knew it would come sooner or later and stripped myself naked without comment. Posing to show off my equipment. I was subjected to the closest scrutiny my nakedness usually enjoyed, almost a male's curiosity even though there was nothing male about Valerie Latimer. She motioned to an armchair. "Sit facing me. Diane, keep your legs well apart. We can talk while I look at you."

So far so good, it was pretty much routine. And I didn't give a damned if this woman did find sexual interest in what I had to show.

"You've got a nice body," she said sincerely. "You know I'm going to hurt it."

"Of course."

"I'm puzzled you'd walk in here like this. Bribes usually have to be delivered bound and gagged. And come up the freight elevator."

"I'm paying off an obligation."

"Well, that's your affair. I think I'll enjoy you. Old Everleigh is a crafty bastard and stands to pick up about seventy million out of something I can do for him if you please me. But remember, the first time you act sulky. I'll thrash your bottom and send you home. You've been well whipped so I don't have to explain what that means to you."

The drink was potent and I could feel its fire in my belly. Oddly, I was both scared and a little excited at the thought of what this woman would do to me.

"I haven't known Andrew Everleigh all that long and I won't pretend to understand him," I ventured cautiously. "I don't believe he's interested in the things he does to girls, not sexually. I think his interest is more in the girls themselves. His thing is to put us in situations and watch us squirm. I've always believed him more interested in me as a person, the ropes and chains and whips being simply a means to an end, Just an opinion."

"The old boy's probably impotent. And those are the ones who think up these strange notions. And get more enjoyment out of them then they ever did from impaling a girl on their shaft. I don't notice tendencies of submission in you?"

"I don't see them in you, either."

"They aren't there to see. I have to admit, though, that when I'm hurting a girl, I do have a curiosity as to what it would be like to take her place. I'm not going to tell the old so and so, but if he asked me to submit to him for an afternoon, I'd be inclined to say yes just to get a good look at his technique."

"He'd probably turn you over to an underling. He might not even watch."

"If he watched, it would be good enough. I'd pick up his vibes. But that's not going to happen so let's drop it. If you're thinking I might let you have a go at me, forget it."

I sipped in growing content. My flesh was heating by the intensity of Valerie's regard as much as by the potent drink pouring down my throat. She approved of Uncle Andrew's gift, an approval to send shivers up my spine in foreknowledge of pending pain. The voice of the Mistress was brisk.

"Are you schooled to submission, Diane, or do you struggle when you're hurt? I don't mind either way because I know a few tricks and can easily get the best of you in a fight. If you want to test this out, by my guest."

I nodded, not much caring either way. "I'm not submissive but I play the role. Let's say I'm obedient." Hopefully I added, "I hate being whipped."

"If that's a hint, Diane, you can forget it. I'll whip you as often as I wish and as hard as I please. Run back to Everleigh if you're scared, it's your last chance."

I accepted a second drink, feeling pretty certain I'd need it. She continued warmly, "I've got three play room, we'll have a look at them when you finish that drink. And I, suppose we might as well get started." Valerie Latimer's grin had a quality of friendship. 'This need not be our last conversation, I enjoy a good talk with a girl I'm hurting. A bit of pain brings out all sorts of moments of truth."

There was something tongue-in cheek about this whole thing. I could not be sure of Valerie Latimer and considered it would be wise to turn and run but the hold Andrew Everleigh had on me was a powerful force I could not deny. And there was curiosity that told me I should see what was going to happen, even if it meant getting hurt.

We both rose and I felt very conscious of my naked skin contrasting with Valerie's very sleek dark blue velvet dress. I followed her to something I could feel sure I would not enjoy.

The big room was unexpectedly bright and bare, but in the center was a box-like affair upon two trestles, disturbingly like a coffin. "Just step up and sit down inside, Diane," Valerie invited disarmingly. "You'll find it doesn't hurt a bit."

Figuring I'd passed the point of no return, I obeyed. The box was a pretty piece of work with nothing cheap about it but from which I could get no idea of its purpose. I sat upright with feet extended which just about took up its entire length, the box itself raising above my hips. Valerie Latimer was smiling.

"I feel an absolute fool," I admitted, feeling the need to say something. "This is something new."

"Apart from whipping you, Diane, I will strive for innovations. Hold still while I fix a couple of things."

The 'couple of things' proved to be my ankles. They were slightly raised and clamped to the sides of the box by a couple of 'u' bolts which slipped into small holes in the wooden side. There was a clicking as each slid in, much like the clicking of a pair of handcuffs. Quickly my feet were securely fastened to the side of the box.

Next my knees! Steel encircled each in the hollow above the knee itself, clamping them to the wood walls. It was a bit of an uncomfortable stretch as my thighs were forced apart to allow the knees to be secured touching the sides of the box. Evidently Valerie Latimer maintained an interest in keeping a woman's private parts open and exposed. I couldn't have gotten out of that damned box if I'd tried. She could have kept me as I was and held me safe enough. But a neatly shaped and fitted lid now slid smoothly in groves to cover my imprisoned limbs and loins, encircle my tummy and lock it tight back as though I were a woman sawed in half. This whole trick reminded me of that ancient hoax seen often on the stage. Next it was my hands, drawn down on either side against my hidden hips. Once more there were clamps. I was now held helpless by steel at ankles, knees and wrists, but the show was not yet over. A stout upright timber slid easily into sockets to press against my naked back. To this and joined by but a single link, was fastened a metal collar instantly snapped around my

neck. Fingers rearranged my hair.

Mrs. Latimer stood back and I could not be sure if she was examining her handiwork or Me. "You look absolutely charming, dear," she praised sincerely. "I expect you're curious."

"Of course I am. In case you're interested, I can't move anything that matters."

"Of course not, Diane, helplessness is of the essence. Have you ever been kept immobile for any length of time?"

"I'm afraid not. Is that what happens now?"

"I'm going to leave you now for a little while so you'll have a chance to adjust. You can picture all sorts of horrors still to come. You're not hurting, are you?"

"No. Except for my knees which you've stretched unnaturally apart. I can't call it pain."

"I'd like you to struggle, if you don't mind. See what you can shake loose."

Struggling wasn't any crazier than the rest of the whole damned thing. I gave it all I had but managed nothing except to move my elbows a bit and make the one link, to my collar laugh metallically. "It's no use," I admitted, "you've got me foxed."

For once being alone wasn't all that bad. For all I knew this could be what she considered punishment. And if I were left long enough, I suppose that is what is would become. In the meantime I tried to figure out her next move. I cringed at thought of my breasts now on display and beyond my ability to protect. My arms had been drawn back just enough to make my favorite twins shockingly available.

My new owner did not leave me long alone. When she returned she was carrying something I at first mistook for a kitten but which turned out to be an active and affectionate skunk.

"Don't be alarmed, Percy's been deodorized. I'll just pop him inside the little trap door you didn't notice at the far end. He makes wonderful company."

My stomach tied itself in knots of apprehension as I felt the furry tail and snout begin its first explorations of my person. Its owner went to the adjoining room wherein she keep the instruments for a maidens discomfort to return with a chair into which she carelessly reclined. "I'm going to sit and watch your face, dear," she explained. "You've been an absolute delight so far. The last girl I fixed the way you're fixed had to be beaten into submission. I want to see how you make out with Percy. If you feel strongly on the subject, I could exchange him for a few mice? Or a pet rat? Don't bother to thank me."

I gave no thanks, scarcely hearing her mockery. I could imagine the small wild thing with which I shared the box slowly exploring closer and closer to my private places. I also was speculating wildly on what he might do when he got there. Girls fear mice because of a silly notion they may get up inside us. But Percy was too big for such a notion, but had claws and a snout and a tongue, I suspected he had been used thus before because he took his time sniffing my legs and thighs on his way up. Realizing my features mirrored my thoughts, I gasped protestingly, "This isn't punishment, it's just plain horrible. Please, Valerie, get that thing out from between my legs."

"You will address me as 'Mistress'."

"Please, Mistress, get that little beast out from between my legs. Please, please, please!"

"Don't be silly, he likes it in there. Think of it, he's got a lovely warm girl to himself."

"Valerie ... I mean, Mistress, I'm frighten! He'll eat me alive."

"Struggle, dear, I love to watch you do that."

For a while I forgot about Valerie as I concentrated against an enemy I could not see. I didn't struggle because I'd been told, my struggles were terribly real but ineffectual. I was so damned helpless, the clamps and collar held me almost motionless. But in my struggles my breasts jiggled in a manner that I didn't like but I'm sure was an interesting show.

"I'm so glad Andrew sent you to me. I can always rely on Andrew for something interesting. Please don't feel I'm punishing you like a child today. Tomorrow I'll whip you like an adult."

By this time Percy had discovered the obvious. His first nuzzling brought froth a wail of anguish I could not contain. Once more I went into a frenzy of struggling that only made the steel by which I was held dig into my flesh.

I know nothing of the mating habits of the skunks, but my mind was vivid with imaginations about the half of me locked within the box and totally available for anything the skunk might want to do. As Percy thrust his snout against my sex, I screamed and screamed in horror, while Valerie Latimer watched and listened, loving everything I did.

It was a shrewd and clever torture, extracting the reactions of a girl who knew nothing of true possibilities. It was not until after my release that wounded wrists told me of just how hard I had fought. As Percy amused himself. I pleaded with agonized gasps, "Get me out of here! Whip me instead. Anything you want. He's eating me alive!"

"I'm going to get a cup of coffee, dear, and I'll bring you one."

Valerie kissed my cheek and went away.

It should have been worse but wasn't. Without watching eyes, I felt much less shame. But there was still Percy inside my box. By that time I had come to the hope that he would not eat me alive but content himself with sniffings and proddings with his snout. There were some tiny nippings and I could occasionally feel his tiny claws against my skin. I could not control the spasms of my flesh against this invasion, the limits of which it did not know. My sex proved to be his main interest, and he was soon licking parts of it with his tiny tongue. By the time Valerie returned I could show her only heaving breasts as evidence of what was going on below.

As Valerie held the coffee cup to one set of my lips. I could feel Percy shoving his snout between the lips of my sex.

"He enjoys your secretions," Valerie said. "Enjoy him, he's a real friend."

Valerie kept me fastened as I was until Percy went to sleep. But before that his tiny tongue had found my most sensitive place and given it a good licking. It was a licking that created reactions in me I did not wish to have. My breathing became heavier, my breasts rose and fell with the panting. Little moans of pleasure escaped my lips as the excitement rose within my captive body. Finally I had to close my eyes to shut out the smiling face of Valerie Latimer. Even though I fought it. I was soon gripped by an orgasm of considerable proportions. With one loud cry and a stiffening of my body, I trembled into an unwanted and extremely shaming orgasm.

Percy must have been satisfied, too, for he curled up between my legs and went to sleep. Valerie was grinning when I opened my eyes again.

"I expect that's all we're going to get out of Percy for today," she said consolingly. "I could get the mice or the rat, but I think it would be pretty much the same thing and I wouldn't want you to be bored or think I was running short on ideas. I'll let you loose."

The lid of the box was withdrawn and Percy picked up, petted, and placed on the floor. My wrists were freed but only to pull them behind my back to lock them in the familiar grip of handcuffs. "I won't trust you from now on," Valerie explained. "I expect you're obedient enough but why take chances! It's nice for you, too, because it saves you from wondering if you should make a break for it or obey. I'll get another chair and I'll get you a fresh cup of coffee before we go on to number two. I might as well use you while I've got you. I'm pleased with you. Diane, you're beautifully sensitive."

Before I sat for coffee, my owner grasped a handful of my sex. I jumped.

"You don't need to keep me handcuffed, Mistress. If you will let me have my hands, I'll promise to be good."

Valerie rose and looked down at me in grave appraisal until finally she smiled and used her key to free my wrists from the steel. I accepted a cup of coffee gratefully.

"He's got you trained, hasn't he?" she said with a touch of admiration. "I'm going to enjoy you. Your obedience is actually a new dimension I'll explore. You do understand I'm going to punish you again?"

"Yes, of course. But first let me finish this coffee?"

She gave me lots of time to drink. When I was done she watched as I examined my pussy to make sure there was no damage from Percy's teeth and claws. I was pretty much used to being seen naked by now and didn't mind much. Fleetingly I wondered if my enslavement would ever end.

I was in no hurry to go on to number two and sat contentedly enough while Valerie Latimer told me of things she had done to other girls at other times, tales of horror or levity which I listened to in a mixture of laughter and shock. I wasn't even sure she was telling the truth. Percy curled up on the floor and slept.

Valerie must have spent a lot of money. All her heavy stuff was on castors and could be wheeled back and forth with ease. I helped her roll Percy's box into a store room and replace it with a massive "X" affair I didn't like the look of.

"You can figure this one out ahead of time," Valerie said as she busied herself with straps and the placement of an initial step on which I was told to stand. "Up you go, dear. I'll strap your wrists first and then the rest will be easy."

Standing on the step I watched with interest as leather straps bit snugly at my wrists and were buckled tight behind the stout timber. First one and then the other of my hands were immobilized. And then the straps did the same service for my elbows. Every bond was neatly contrived to be fastened out of sigh leaving only the smooth band of leather deeply indented within my flesh. When a broad width of leather buckled around the narrowest portion of my waist, I was fixed for sure!

I made an involuntary cry as the step was jerked away from my feet, to leave me suspended in the clutch of the cross and bit of straps. But, so cleverly were the straps contrived, that my weight was equally carried everywhere except on my legs. First my left ankle was tugged out to one side, strapped there, and then my left knee strapped to that member of the "X". Then my right, leaving me with legs widely spread and a pussy wide open for inspection or anything else. I looked at the sleeping Percy and wondered if he could be invited to climb my legs. I could not move.

"It's an interesting bit of bondage," Valerie commented casually.

"You do have the most delightfully shaped sex, neat and tidy, and very, very female. Let's see how it's reacting to the stretch."

There was nothing I could do to prevent the palming and kneading of that portion of myself. I was evidently reacting satisfactorily, for when she held her hand for me to see, it was wet. Miss Valerie Latimer compelled me to lick it dry. "If Percy enjoyed it, why shouldn't you?" Her voice was deliciously mocking.

With my mistress once more reclining in her chair to once more focus on my sex, and whatever else there was about me she enjoyed. I began to feel in luck. Being bound as I was was severe and I was helpless, there was also the knowledge that my widely stretched legs were going to hurt before too long. I could already feel the stress in my legs. Her majesty began to chat, her tone pleasantly informal as though I, too, were reclining in a chair instead of being tautly stretched upon a massive wooden frame. "I want you to think about tomorrow, Diane. I said I'll whip you, and I will. Is it traumatic for you or something you can cope with?"

"I manage to live, if that's what you want to know," I said without enthusiasm. "Every time I'm whipped I know I'm going to die, but I never do. I suppose I've never been well and truly flogged, that would be traumatic for sure! Mistress, please don't whip me."

"Well, well, you really don't like it! Are you sure you don't secrete for the first few strokes? I'll bet you do?"

"Well, all right, so I secrete before I start to scream."

"Tell me the various ways you've been bound for your whippings. I really am interested." Valerie was a sleek cat, hungry for eroticism, seeking the pain of girls. She had shown me a streak of kindness in between and I could not be sure what was the dominant factor in her temperament. I was about to tell of being strung up by my wrists when something truly awful happened. The cross to which I was tightly strapped suddenly made a ninety degree turn to leave me fastened horizontally instead of upright. I cried out in alarm but was soothed by Valerie's amused explanation. "The axis is controlled by a motor and a timer. It will flip you every so often, I won't tell you how often. But it will be something for you to look forward to. Eventually you'll rotate around and come up to where you started. After that you start another revolution. Naturally, I intend to watch."

"It frightened me. And don't you realize the next flip will put me upside down! I'll die!"

"That dying bit is a fallacy, Diane. It might kill a seventy-five year old, but you could stand it for an hour or more. I left one girl strapped upside down an hour and a half once. There were no ill effects." She laughed at my visible apprehension. "And how do you know you will be upside down? The mechanism is set to sometimes tilt you the opposite direction from the last time. It' s a beautifully versatile ordeal, particularly adapted to young ladies who have their sex stretched wide open in full view. Gosh, you're delightful !"

Valerie was undoubtedly sexual and I was half expecting the insertion of a dildo within my pussy which must indeed seem to plead for such attention. Mistress' reflections continued as though everything was normal "I've got a compact model of a rack in the storeroom, dear. The name has a fearsome sound and evokes most appalling visions. Mine works electrically the same as the machine you're fixed to right now. Perhaps we should try it sometime. Not enough to dislocate anything but to give you a chance to boast to having been on the rack. A girl changes shape entirely when she's on it. You'll see what I mean. By the way, did you ever read the story of Beatrica? The poor girl fell pray to the Italian Inquisition and was questioned under the influence of the what they used to call 'the cord'. They simply tied the poor creature's hands behind her back and raised her up by them high enough so that when they suddenly released the rope she fell as a dead weight which was suddenly stopped short to cause her arms to be dislocated from their sockets and for her to hang suspended in what must have been considerable agony. The story had it that a doctor was in attendance and when she was released, he relocated her shoulders so it could be done to her again on the following day. And the day after that... Would you like to try that?"

"Please don't talk, of such things. I don't believe you're like that at all. And anyway it would make such a mess s of a girl you wouldn't enjoy her afterwards." My heart was thumping hard at the pictures she evoked.

Whatever it was my mistress said next was lost to me because the damned machine flipped me again and I found myself well and truly upside down, my hair falling towards the floor and my strapped feet upward. I was gasping for breath in disbelief. Being strapped upside down like I was is hard to describe. Everything is absolutely wrong. I don't suppose I hung much more than right way up, but I thought I did and that's what counts. I tried hard to struggle without success. I even tried to touch the floor with my hands. And I realized just how much my open pussy was exposed. It was perfectly positioned for any attention Valerie might wish to do to it.

Carelessly Valerie Latimer rose and walked to me. First her fingers teased my pussy, thrilling and exciting nerves all along my most sensitive parts. Then her fingers stroked my clit, lightly, just enough to evoke the most delightful shivers down my spine. Suddenly her head was bent over me and her tongue lapping my wide open sex.

Quickly she brought me upwards towards a climax, expertly toying with my sex while her strong hands gripped my bottom cheeks and dug their fingernails in. Her work was quick and sure and I was soon teetering on the brink of an intense orgasm.

As suddenly as she had begun, she backed off and resumed her seat. I strained my body, aching for the return of that velvet tongue. But it did net return and I ached in frustration. It was truly amazing how fast I could work up to another orgasm after having had one in Percy's box just a short time before. But I've heard that some women can hit multiple orgasms, one right after another. Anyway, her leaving me so close to the pleasure of satisfaction but not allowing me to reach it was torture of a different kind. I was thankful, after I cooled down a bit, that Hugo and Uncle Andrew were not inclined to such tortures It was very frustrating and shaming. I had never been driven so close to an orgasm by another girl's tongue before. It was wonderful and terrible at the same time, I found myself wishing she would shove a dildo inside me to finish the job her tongue had begun.

"Please..." was all I whispered but that plea was ignored.

Valerie continued watching the contortions of my face. I hated my hair hanging down and the strange shape my breasts assumed under the wrong influence of gravity. I could well believe a girl would die if held like this long enough. I said so but was soothed by Valerie's silken voice, "Don't' be silly, Diane. I've already told you of the experiments I've done, and I wouldn't do this to you if it was dangerous. It's simply something for you to suffer and a delight for me to watch. If you keep on complaining. I'll whip your upturned pussy. Of course," she mused, "that would probably drive you right into a climax, but we all have our little crosses to bear."

It wasn't until a long time later that I realized she had made a pun.

"Don't you realize you're beautifully stretched little pussy cat is positively begging for the lash? I have the nicest leather whip made just for that place."

I shuddered. I was trembling in fear and getting small comfort from Valerie's reassurances. I tried hard to not think of a whip crashing down between my thighs. I longed most ardently that the damned machine would give me one more flip. When it finally happened, my position wasn't upright but horizontal and much better than being upside down. When the flip after that arrived. I found myself upright again and very thankful for it. I could have cried with gratitude, but my mistress had something else to say.

"You've had one full turn, dear, so you know there's nothing to be scared about. I'm going to leave you alone for a while and I want you to count the turns you make while I'm gone. I want you to count every one and thank me for them when I come back."

Strangely she kissed my nipples and went away. For a while I could swear my breasts were burning from her lips.

It was a hateful punishment, nothing to be thankful for at all, even during those times when I was vertical I was still a helpless prisoner anticipation the next flip. It was horrible but I will have to admit I did not suffer a single hurt. Only some bad times.

"I've been thinking about that obedience thing of yours, it intrigues me," Valerie Latimer said as she set me free. "Anyone is foolish to believe a mature mind can fail to savor the agonies of decision you must endure every time you do as you are told. What you say we both go out to dinner?"

Once more Valerie was being kind amid the cruelties. But I said, "Yes, that would be lovely." By that time I'd grown up enough to acquire a captive's realization of the benefit of half a loaf as opposed to no bread. If I could get an hour or two of happiness in a public place instead of being chained or locked in a cage, or tightly bound with hurting ropes, I'd be crazy to refuse. I really was grateful. The afternoon hadn't been all that much fun and tomorrow was tomorrow and far away. As though to reassure myself, I asked. "You'll let me be really and truly free? Not even handcuffs?"

"Not unless you ask for them. Diane. I had a girl once who did. She said she felt naked unless her hands were joined. Would you like the handcuffs?"

"No thanks, but I'll let you lock them on me anytime you want. Taking me out is really nice, a treat I could certainly use. Thank you."

Valerie laughed at me and told me I was entirely welcome, and promised to resist the temptation to tell me what she would do to me after she got me home. The way she said it left me wondering if we'd be looking at TV or I'd be tied up in a cell. I didn't ask, I didn't want to know.

Valerie's personality had pretty well erased Uncle Andrew from my mind. The restaurant to Which she took me was gorgeous and reminded me of Donatelli's, and that reminded me of Hugo. Amidst the glamour and noise and good wine, I was suddenly aware of having made two promises, one of which I could not possibly keep. In that sense, the restaurant was a mistake. Valerie should have kept me securely bound back in her penthouse. Once a girl starts thinking irrationally there's no telling where it will lead. Andrew Everleigh's hints about marrying me now seemed like nothing more than whimsy. But I had made him a promise and I couldn't forget the huge amount of money he'd handed over not so long ago. But memory instantly took me back to Hugo, the broken bolt cutters, and a collar and chain for which only Uncle Andrew held the key. Belatedly I remembered my promise to Hugo to slip away at the first opportunity and join him in New York. I'd been so positive the opportunity would occur and I would simply walk out. But now, as I sat across from Valerie in the candlelight, I realized I held freedom in my hand. I could simply walk away and she couldn't stop me. From that point I had to be concerned about Valerie Latimer and wondering if my pledge of obedience was actually a promise, a promise I'd be a bitch to break. I was suddenly confronted by promises in all directions.

"What's bothering you, Diane," Valerie asked shrewdly. "As if I didn't know."

"Freedom!" I admitted frankly. "I don't know if I can handle it."

"I thought we handled that back at the beginning. I want to watch you torn in two by indecision! The things I'm going to do to you tomorrow won't hurt half as much as now."

"I didn't think I'd feel like this, Mistress - or may I call you Valerie in public?"

"While you belong to me, you've got two choices: don't call me by any name or call me 'Mistress'." She bestowed the sweetest of smiles. "If you want to run away, now's your chance. If you don't want dinner, get up and go."

Valerie's magic brought me at least half way back to where I wanted to be. Of course I wanted dinner!

"I'm grateful for you bringing me here, but this place and everything around is so normal that it's hard to believe you're going to take me back to the penthouse and whip me."

"You should be able to cope with it, Diane. Parole was a well established custom years ago. Captured soldiers often gave their parole in order to gain time or get a favor. I don't suppose it was ever easy for any of them to go back and be a prisoner again. The same with you. I love it!"

I don't know what triggered the act but suddenly I was on my feet and saying, "Goodbye, Valerie, and thank you for everything."

I walked away. I think it was instinct, for I had no plan. But a phone call and I'd be safely on a plane, heading toward Hugo.

I used a side door and was running towards the glitter of the main street when I bag went over my head, handcuffs clicked behind my back, and I was tossed into the back seat of a waiting car like a bundle of merchandise. I suppose that's what I was.

Lesbian Interlude

I hurt. I was spread tightly between two bedposts at the foot of Valerie's bed. My captors stripped me bare and bound me thus under the direction of the woman I'd betrayed. My outstretched arms are secured by wrists alone, wrists that are tightly bound in soft bandages to let me know I'm intended to be suspended thus a long, long time. My feet are roped wide apart to leave me once again in the position of the "X" frame of bitter memory. But this is worse for my nakedness is without support other than my wrists. When Valerie goes to bed, we would be face to face.

Miss Valerie Latimer sat on the side of the bed and surveyed me with an amusement I did not share. "Silly girl!" she said quietly. "I suppose you know what to expect."

I longed to be freed from the appalling fix but instead said quietly. "Yes. I'll be terribly punished."

"Well, that looks after that, you little idiot." Her voice held hints of laughter. "If you're curious as to why you got picked up so swiftly, it's because I judged you by myself. In your shoes I would have run away just like you. A precaution seemed sensible. Welcome back!"

I could think of nothing worthwhile to say and kept silence.

Valerie was surveying my nakedness with every evidence of pleasure. "Hurting?"

"Horribly. My arms are being dragged from of their sockets."

"No, they're not. You just think they are. You'll still be on one piece by morning."

"If you leave me like this, I'll be dead."

My mistress laughs. "You overstate a bit, Diane dear. And a lovely sense of drama. May I assume you feel regret?"

"I feel a bitch, I let you down. I am guilty as hell, but please punish me some other way. I can't endure this all night."

"Poor darling! Everleigh tells me you have a gift for doing the wrong thing. He says you were a lousy lawyer and should be kept on a chain. I guess the old boy's got you figured."

At that moment I could have cared less about Uncle Andrew, all I wanted was to be untied. Helplessly, I asked, "Is this my punishment, or can I expect something worse? If there is anything worse."

"Diane, my pet, you know perfectly well there's something worse. Didn't I promise you a whipping? Now it's going to be doubly worse."

Between guilt and pain and fear I ceased to be Diane Durrant or a lawyer of anything else other than a girl who's spirit was utterly broken. I started to cry, and once the gates were open, my tears flowed with floods of misery. My mistress eyed me with interest until she kicked off her shoes, stood on the bed to dry my eyes and cheeks with an avid tongue as though their saltiness was good to taste. Soon her lips found mine and, in the loneliness of despair, I kissed her back as though with love.

"That's better," she said when we paused for breath. She patted my pussy in its blatant spread. "Want me to let you down?"

I tensed with longing, not believing what I'd heard. Urgently I surrendered, "Yes, oh yes! Valerie, I'd be so grateful!"

"I'm sure you would. But I'm still curious about obedience. Do you still have any?"

"Yes! I'll give you the obedience I thought I owed to others." I shook the hair out of my eyes with the only movement allowed me. "I don't expect you to believe me, but I promise I'll do whatever you ask."

Valerie laughed and patted my cheek lovingly before stepping off the bed. I was tense and anxious with hope. But instead of reaching for my bonds, she started to undress. When she was as naked as I, she posed prettily to ask, "Like me?"

"Of course I like you, you're beautiful. You've got a wonderful body. Please untie me."

"It's bed time, dear, no special occasions. By the way. I'll be naked when I whip you, it gives me so much freedom."

I watched as she turned off all light save the bedside lamp. She lay upon the covers and stretched erotically for my view. Her fingers played lightly along her body. At another time I might have been enthralled, but now was too engrossed with my pain to really pay attention. With a sob of despair, I allowed my head to bow forward. In bitter disappointment I blinked back another flood of tears.

Valerie was enjoying me. I wasn't paying too much attention to anything but hurting but I could feel the intensity of her eyes as they traveled up and down my nakedness, and sometimes lingering upon my corded wrists and ankles. As though I were sharing her bed, she talked entertainingly of this and that, asked questions about Hugo, and described Uncle Andrew affectionately as a wicked old so and so. I tried to keep up my end of the conversation but mostly came out with little gasps and moan, interspersed with pleas to be freed. After a while, Valerie got tired of my absorption with my own punishment, turned off the light and went to sleep.

I was the loneliest girl in the world. I was terrified at the prospect of hanging where I was during the hours until dawn. The turning out of the light and sounds of Valerie making herself comfortable for sleep dissolved any courage I had. Recklessly I blurted out, "Don't leave me like this! Valerie, you can't! I'm begging you ... Please!"

I should have known! The light went back on and Valerie's nudity slid from beneath the sheets and went to perform an errand I could not see but almost immediately I heard the placement of a chair and rubber placed against my lips. "Open up! I'm going to give you five with the cane in a moment, and you can easily make it ten. Hear me?"

Valerie stuffed my mouth and bound my lips tight in the soft leather strap buckled tight behind my neck. The chair was taken away and the pain began with swift, sure strokes biting at the bottom I could not move. I got the five strokes. "You'll be able to make some noses through your nose, darling, but if you do, I'll whip you again. Be a sensible girl and enjoy your punishment."

Once more the light went out as Valerie sought her rest.

My hands were numb, my shoulders wrench with the stress. But I realized I had reached a plateau in my suffering and must endure in silence, if I could. It was coming through to me then that I really was going to hang there all night, spreadeagled across the end of her bed while she slept!

I told myself in dark despair that by morning I would be dead. Punished girls don't die. I'm not entirely sure how I got through that awful night. Here and there I lost consciousness but those periods didn't last long. I hated the tight strapped gag with a bitter loathing. Sometimes I cried, the tears trickling and drying to leave their salt upon my skin. The times in which I hung unconscious were a blessing I desired.

By morning I was pretty far gone and only dimly conscious of the cutting of the cords. I fell to the bed and lay there not much caring about anything except a vast welling of gratitude I had not the energy to express. Gentle fingers arranged my nudity and covered it with a blanket. I slept.

I awoke to the aroma of coffee. I drank it eagerly and came alive.

Then I was led to the bathroom by a mistress who ignored my ordeal of the night. I was then handcuffed and led to the kitchen to be fed. There was not a spark of fight left in me.

"I'll have coffee with you, dear. Haven't the cords left the most gorgeous marks! I won't bandage them, they're altogether too lovely. I've got you the loveliest breakfast." Valerie was

quicksilver, slipping back and forth between a sadist and a warm and affectionate female, I couldn't hate her, and basked in her affection all through four cups of coffee and food I ate as though starving. The sleep I had been granted worked wonders.

Handcuffs in front don't bother a girl. When I had done the dishes and stood uncertainly in punishment-induced submission, my mistress got back to normal, "Seems we had something on the books for today, didn't we?"

"You were going to whip me."

"Yes, of course! Looking forward to it?"

"No. Oh, Valerie, must you!"

"I'm afraid I must, dear. A woman in my position absolutely must keep her word. If I let you out of that whipping, you'd think I was a softy."

"No, I wouldn't. Mistress ... Please?"

"Darling, I've planned a real flogging for you but you've had a rough night so I'll leave your pretty back alone and concentrate on somewhere else. Ever hear of the bastinado?"

My stomach did flip flops. The handcuffs suddenly bit hard. "It's where they whip the soles of a girl's feet, isn't it?" 'That's right, dear, nice change, don't you think?"

I was broken. Without a word I sank to my knees, placed my handcuffed hand in my mistress' lap and buried my face there, too, in a silence plea most graphically sincere. The fingers of my mistress played in my hair for minutes before she said, "I won't let you off, Diane. Come alone and let's get it over with."

I stood in abject misery as my handcuffs were changed from front to back. Valerie eased me down to a blanket on the floor and placed me on my stomach, suitable for the punishment of my feet. It was wonderfully simple as she bent my leg upward at the knee and bound my ankle tight to the horizontal bar of a small metal frame. There was also a bar just above the floor at the level of the back of my knees. Ropes were also lashed around that bar and my legs. When finished. I could not move my legs at all. I could wiggle my feet but was sure that would do no good in any efforts to avoid the whip. The soles of my feet were pointed towards the ceiling and very vulnerable. They were about a foot apart and certainly ready for punishment.

I looked over a bare shoulder at the preparations for my punishment and my stomach twisted into knots. When Valerie said, "I'll leave you a while, Diane, to think about what's going to happen. Silly to get it over too quickly."

I think waiting for something awful to happen must be one of the reasons people take to drink. Had I possessed hands and a bottle. I would have drunk it all. I'd read about the bastinado and while Valerie hadn't told me the instrument she would use, I could already feel the frightful impacts on the tender soles of my feet.

Mine was a terrible posture in which to have to wait. Handcuffs give a girl enough freedom to tantalize and keep her struggling. I could scarcely believe how shockingly solid my legs were bound to that frame. I simply could not move them at all and figured that the metal frame must be somehow bolted to the floor. I wondered if Valerie would have been kinder to flog my back. I simply did not know!

It was a thin, yellow cane Valerie was flexing when she returned.

She explained how desirable it was to employ a flexible instrument rather than something rigid which might break something in the foot. She explained helpfully that a whip was not suited for the punishment she would now inflict. I did not speak but pleaded with my eyes.

It was worse than I'd ever dreamed. The very first blow sent me into spasms and contortions against

my bonds in a manner sure to please. My sounds of protest were little more than screams.

"Yes, dear, I know exactly how you feel," Valerie Latimer said sweetly, "It's a marvelous punishment, isn't it? Quite a unique kind of pain, right?"

I could not move my feet not even a single inch, This awareness dominated my mind in the turmoil of emotions filling me. The bastinado was a new, fresh kind of anguish against which every part of my rebelled. It was the worst pain I had ever felt in my life.

I could not keep still, I just couldn't! I floundered like a gaffed fish, even raising my breasts from the blanket so I could turn imploring eyes in a fascinated need to witness the punishment take place, I screamed outrageously.

After what Valerie said was the tenth, she paused. "I think it would be kinder to us both if you were gagged, dear," she said as if bestowing a gift. "Wait right here. I'll get one. Of course, so much noise is to be expected, isn't it?"

Never the same gag twice. The one I got now was a steel bit capturing my tongue and brutally sealing my lips as the buckle tightened behind my neck. Steel and leather bit my cheeks against which I could make only the smallest sounds.

"You're doing wonderfully, darling," I was told as the cane resumed the beating of my soles. I yearned for unconsciousness that would not come.

All things end. When the bastinado ceased, I lay there on the blanket, panting and moaning and still not even twisting against the handcuffs. I knew myself sweating like a horse. It was quite a while before I realized I was alone.

If there was anything good about the caning of my feet, it was the knowledge it was past. Laying uncomfortably on the rug. I reveled in the thought of a terrible punishment now past. My feet burned and throbbed in an outrage of pain, but when I looked back I could not see any damage. I flopped back down and waited for what came next.

"I'm so proud of you, darling, such a heroic girl!" Valerie's soothing voice hummed with pleasure over whatever sort of picture I made. My hair was tumbled all-over the place and my body wet with sweat. I did not care.

I had to learn to walk, or should I say adjust to the agony of planting my feet on the rug. Valerie helped as she led me to the bath. The soaping and soothing massage of her hands was a delightful contrast to the burning ache of my feet. That she spent most of the bath time with her hands on my pussy and breasts was something I did not mind, either.

"I'm going to take you out again to dine," she told me as she toweled my body. My hands were still cuffed behind my back and unable to do the job. "Would you like that, darling?"

"But I can't walk! You know I can't!"

"Yes you can. That's part of your punishment. Don't get any ideas I'm treating you as a invalid just because I've whipped your feet. Tell me you'd love to go."

"I'd love to go. Valerie."

"Do I have to keep reminding you, or will it take a punishment?"

"Mistress." I hurried out.

"I'll get you dry and dressed suitable for public view. In the proper dress, you're a beauty. And no, I won't unlock your handcuffs. You can wear them until we leave. I'm in the mood to make you wear them in front and give you a scarf to wear in emergencies. I've done it before."

Valerie would not let me sit down, but insisted I use my feet to prevent them getting set and their

wounds loosing flexibility. I hadn't anything to say about it because she keep the cane close by. If I gave her half an excuse, she'd cane my bottom once more, and perhaps my top! I was meek, I had no courage left.

If my feet had belonged to someone else, I would have enjoyed the selection of clothes. I stood passively with my hands behind my back while being dressed and having make up applied, and my hair done beautifully. When the garment required my hands be parted. I stood submissively while one wrist was freed then reattached. At that moment I was willing to believe every maiden's malaise could be cured by the cane. I hadn't a care in the world, I was owned.

It's stupid but I have to admit to diminishing concern about my wounded feet as I gazed into the mirror to behold the magic Valerie had performed on me. The full length glass revealed not only a face of which I was proud but a slim figure who's contours were such to make me fear public attention to chained hands I might fail to hide.

"You're getting excited, dear, I can tell," said Valerie. "I'm going to give you the best dinner you've ever had. You've earned it. You're gorgeous!"

I had half expected Valerie not to carry out her threat to take me to dinner handcuffed, but going down in the elevator she changed my cuffs from back to front. And then made sure the silver bands were tight. Feverishly I clutched the scarf.

I faced the crowed restaurant in pretty much the way Custer must have faced the Indian hordes. But I was surprised by the absence of attention to what was hidden beneath the scarf. Reaching our table I sat down in dual relief at taking weight off my punished feet, and placing my chained hands in my lap, pretty much out of sight.

"Pick up the menu and read it, dear," came my mistress' voice.

"They know me here and the waiter could care less."

It was one of the hardest things I'd ever done, to lift my chained hands and reach for the menu. But, if anyone saw, they did not stare or make comment. Life in the crowded restaurant went on without the gasps of surprise I had expected. When the waiter came. I calmly gave my order beneath his indulgent eye, but heaved a sigh of relief when he was gone.

"You see, darling, just the way I said." Valerie laughed away my pink cheeks. "You're not the first handcuffed girl this place has seen."

I refused to think about having to stand on wounded feet later, and refused to hide my chained wrists. No doubt some of the courage came from a cocktail which I downed quickly and asked, in shameful respect, if I could have a second. I had learned bitterly I must never take Mrs. Valerie Latimer for granted. Memory of the bastinado would cause me to think twice about doing anything without permission.

I looked around to find only one young woman gazing at the steel I displayed. I caught her eye and she smiled before turning away.

It was not until we were well into the entree that my world was suddenly shocked. Hugo walked in.

I learned later our meeting was pure chance. I looked up to behold his stricken features and accusing eyes as though he saw me naked in a public place or knew me for the traitor I was. When Valerie looked up questioningly, I blurted introductions.

"So you're Hugo!" The woman who owned me now stripped the man with her eyes. "Would you care to join us?"

I should have been on my feet and Hugo and I should have been hugging and kissing. But Hugo squirmed uncomfortably and said. "I'm afraid I can't. I'm with some people. I just happened to see..."

"Very well, then. Nice to have met you, but please do run along."

Valerie dismissed my Hugo as a person of small concern.

Hugo did not move. He was looking at me and my handcuffs and the reproach of all the world was in his eyes. "I thought you were going to come to me, Diane, when you were free. That was the deal, wasn't it?"

I held up joined hands and said, "I'm not exactly free, Hugo."

"Nonsense. A pair of handcuffs never stopped a girl from doing anything, What sort of nonsense are you into now?"

"It's not nonsense, you intruding man." There was steel in Valerie's voice. "I've just whipped this girl's feet and the last thing she or I need is a moonstruck male, Please go away, you're obsolete."

Poor Hugo! He gazed back and forth between my stricken gaze and my mistress' stern gaze. She obviously had no time or sympathy for any male. For Hugo, she was something new and mutual loathing blossomed before my eyes. My male lover dismissed my feminine owner without a word as he held out his hand to me. "Come along, Diane, we've had enough of this nonsense. Never mind the handcuffs, I'll take care of them later." Hugo was playing the heavy male and playing it well.

Instinctively I reached for the hand but stopped half way as the steel bracelets proclaimed my condition. For a moment three pairs of eyes were locked, until, like a scared little girl, I returned my hands to my lap. I looked up at my impatient Hugo and said meekly, "I can't! Oh, Hugo, I can't! Ohhhhh. Hugo...!"

Until that moment I hadn't realized the hold Valerie had on me. I knew I should get up and walk out of there with Hugo holding my arm, but I suppose there were several reasons why I sat like a dummy and waited for others to decide, not the least of which was the illogical bond that had formed between me and the woman who had done such terrible things to me.

Valerie made the decision by speaking to me alone, "Your feet are punished, Diane. That punishment is finished. Do you want another?"

I most certainly did not want another. I felt strangely content that I had paid my dues and a slavegirl in good standing. As the wait lengthened, Hugo said an abrupt, "Have a nice day, Diane," and strode away.

"So that's your Hugo." Valerie laughed at my distress. "I suppose such men have their uses but he's not for you, dear, and I wouldn't give him the time of day. Men only become interesting after their first hundred million. Eat your dinner."

Valerie's authority was total. It enfolded me in a strange likeness of love as I worked my knife and fork. I realized that she had broken me and I was hers. It was almost a good feeling.

"I suppose he's impaled you a few times." my mistress inquired without much concern.

"We were lovers." I admitted. "He also whipped me on occasion."

"Well, well, the full service! I suppose you thought yourself a lucky girl!"

"You said my punishment was finished? Will there be others?"

"You know there will be others, darling. Don't nag. Your punishments are the essence of me being Me, and you being You. There's wonderful times in store for us."

"But what about Andrew Everleigh? Won't he be expecting me back?" I asked.

"I'll look after Andrew Everleigh, forget him." I didn't tell my mistress how much I'd forgotten already. Valerie's force and power possessed me in a way that overrode all else. The past was already growing hazy. Plessious and my law practice dissolved into the mists before the radiance of the

woman who had caned my feet. And even Hugo had become a disappearing back in a crowded restaurant. I shivered deliciously but not from cold.

