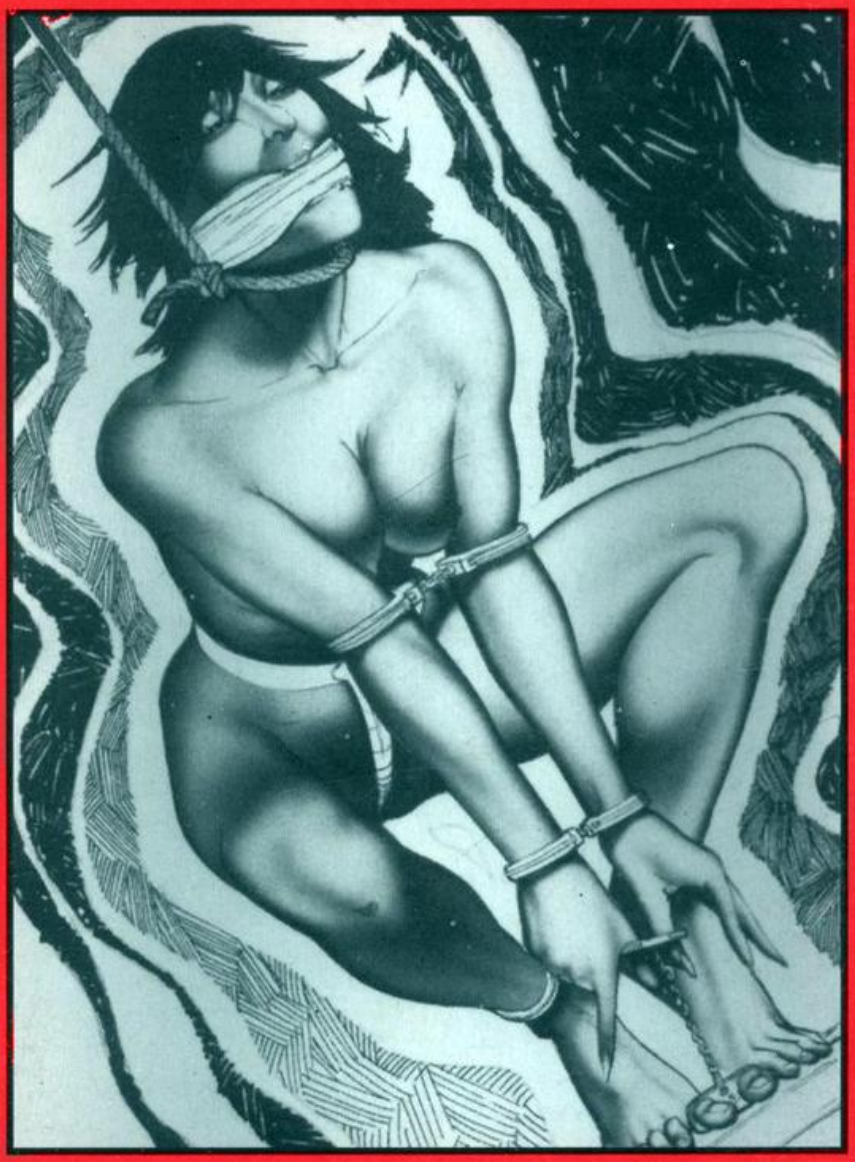
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SUBMISSIVE OF THE CASTLE



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Submissive of The Castle - HIT-211

- by John Savage - F E Campbell

- Prologue - Punished Girl

There were two areas of pain, my bottom and my wrists. Which was not unexpected since my bare bottom had just been whipped with a very wicked black leather whip. So, of course, it burned and cried out its suffering. And during that entire whipping I had been hanging by my bound wrists, toes just off the concrete floor, so it was natural that my wrists should hurt.

I sucked in breath and wished that I could use my hands to reach down and wipe away the tears that were running down my cheeks. But I had to content myself with wiping such as I could on my bare arms, and telling myself that it could have been worse. Matt - excuse me, Master Matt as he has ordered me to call him - had told me that he would one day whip my breasts just as he did my ass, and that promise scared the hell out of me. No woman wants to contemplate the whipping of her tender and precious breasts by a braided length of leather ending in a slender thong that could cut her soft flesh to ribbons. So I drew what comfort I could from the idea that it could have been worse. Much worse.

It must have been a wonderful show, I thought, a beautiful and very naked young woman hanging by her wrists, dancing on air with each stroke of that terrible leather beast upon the soft flesh of her bottom. And screaming. I shouldn't forget the screaming. I was ungagged so my pleas, protests and screams could echo off the cement walls of that horrible torture room. I hoped very much that Matt had enjoyed them; they were certainly very heart-felt on my part. Perhaps if my cries of pain pleased him enough, he would leave off the almost constant tormenting of my poor body that has been my fate every since my kidnapping. "Punishment" he called it. Punishment for sins I hadn't even done. And they weren't even sins in the first place.

If I stretched my toes downward, I could just brush the concrete floor, which was oddly more frustrating than if I could not reach it at all. So near yet so far, or something like that.

I could look up and see my wrists with the tight ropes about them and the rope going up and over the pulley he had installed in the ceiling just for this purpose. All my weight was keeping that rope cutting into my wrists, removing any chance for my working the ropes loose. And had I been tied a little less skillfully, there was always a chance that I could worked some ropes off me. Before Master Matt had taken control of my body and my life, I had plenty of practice at trying to escape from rope bondage, and was pretty good at it. But when all of a girl's weight is pulling the ropes tighter, she has no chance.

As I swayed gently and twisted lazily at the end of my rope, I knew that the sun was shining outside on a beautiful summer afternoon in California. I had seen that lovely sun shining down on the peaceful valley of Miller's Creek as I was brought across one of the grassy areas to this special torture room created just for me. I had even watched two tiny white butterflies dancing from flower to flower across the small meadow as I was lead to this place, a naked girl in chains and a gag. The chains and gag had come off in order to place me in this painful suspension and so that my cries of pain and pleas for mercy might be heard. The whipping room, as Matt called it, was actually below ground, entered like one of those old bomb shelters via a door set into a mound and leading downward. The walls were concrete with dirt piled on the outside of that, totally soundproofed. The perfect place to allow a naked girl to scream her head off as you lash her bare bottom until it's burning with a fiery pain.

Master Matt had left a small light burning, so I could see the bare room around me. I could also see my arms stretched up above me, and my rising and lowering breasts if I looked down. With a logic that escaped me, I noted that my nipples were erect, simulating sexual arousal. But I had not been sexually stimulated; I had been whipped. There had not any been kisses and fondling, only the pain in my wrists and the explosions of pain in my bottom. Yet my nipples were standing out.

There was also a warm feeling in my pussy but I chose to ignore that.

Knowing that I would hang there for at least an hour, my mind wandered back to the beginning of all this pain and punishment. It had not been that long ago...

- Chapter I - Barn Bondage

I guess that to understand the real beginning you would have to go all the way back to one summer of my young womanhood year, to an old, dusty and weather-beaten barn on my parents farm, and to a girlfriend named Diane Boxer. By the way, my name's Melinda - Melinda Crosby. Diane and I were best friends. She often slept over at our farm, I slept over at her place, and we did a lot of things together. And that included, as teenagers are prone to do, experimenting with matters sexual. We had found that two woman could make each other feel very good. And giggled over the frightening stories of what boys would do to our pussies if we were not careful. Neither of us had yet to experience the act that would change us from girls into women, but we had a fair idea what sex was, and, to be honest, were in no hurry to do the actual act. Perhaps the fact that we found so much pleasure in each other's arms had something to do with a reluctance to let boys touch us. Our mother's constant warnings against pregnancy, diseases and what a good girl did and didn't do, helped to make up our minds.

On that hot summer afternoon, we had sought some shade within the old barn. The barn had not been used for a long time, and held only a rusty old tractor and miscellaneous farming equipment. As our eyes were getting used to the shaded light within, I happened to see some rope coiled up and hanging on a peg. It was a short piece, manila and well used. I took it off the peg and tested it with my hands. It was stiff and rather rough. I turned to Diane and waved the rope menacingly before me. "Pirates are going to capture you!" I cried and tried to throw a loop of the rope over her. The roping of Diane failed, but it got us to laughing. She took the rope out of my hands and was looking at it in a strange way.

"Well," she said, "being captured by pirates isn't too bad an idea. But this rope wouldn't work very well to hold either of us captive. It's too stiff and big. And it would itch or scratch the skin. Doesn't your mother have some clothesline in the house?"

"Sure! I'll get it."

The barn was not too far from the house, around the side of a small grove of trees, so it was not long before I had retrieved a couple coils of rope and hurried back to the barn. Only much later I realized that Diane had managed to get us started on a new game without even asking me if I was interested. It did not occur to me to question the wisdom of our new game. Diane was for it, and that was good enough. I came right up to her and handed her the rope.

"Here it is," I said helpfully. "This clothesline is made of cotton and much better for tying a girl up." It was then that I realized just what I had said. I swallowed hard, and I did not know why that idea made me a little nervous and excited inside.

"It will work fine. Turn around."

"What? Why me? Why can't you be the captured maiden?"

"Do you know how to tie up a girl?"

"Well... I guess it wouldn't be hard."

Diane smiled that I-know-something-you-don't smile. "Okay," she said, "we'll find out. We'll make a contest out of it. You go ahead and tie me up. If I can get free, then I'll win. If not, then you win."

That sounded okay. "And what do you win?" I asked. "Or me?"

"If I win," she said smoothly, "I'll get to tie you up." She paused. That sounded fair to me. Then she added, "Naked."

We had seen each other naked many times. On the hot summer nights we used to sleep naked in the same bed. It was such an adult thing to do. And, as I said, we had discovered the arts of Lesbos before that point in time. Of course, we didn't know it was called lesbianism; we only knew that we could pleasure each other.

I swallowed. This was something different in the way of games. She was suggesting that I get tied up completely naked and out in the barn where anyone could walk in! The idea both frightened me and excited me. "Okay!" I said. "But you won't win. I'll tie you so good you'll never get out."

Diane handed me the rope and smiled. She turned around and put her hands behind her back, palm to palm. I fumbled with uncoiling the rope. Then I began wrapping it around her wrists.

"What when I win?" I thought to ask her as I was tying her wrists. "What do I win?"

Diane did not turn around. "Well, then... You'll get to tie me up naked, of course." I could not see her but I was sure that she was smiling that smug little smile of hers.

I finished with her hands and thought that I had done a pretty good job. The whole length of rope was wrapped around and around her wrists, and there was at least fifty feet of it. I tied the end in a couple knots. Then I picked up the other piece of rope, which was also about fifty feet long, and told Diane to sit on the ground. I tied her ankles together, wrapping the rope around and around her ankles, tugging it pretty tightly, or so I thought.

"You finished?" she asked when I tied the knot on her ankle rope.

"Yeah. Pretty good. Let's see you get out of that," I said.

I guess I never did learn not to trust Diane. She was always pulling fast ones on me. I stood there and watched as she wiggled her fingers up to take some of the rope around her wrists and pull it down. She worked with that one strand a bit, pulling it so that the tiny bits of slack in the adjoining loops were transferred to it. When she had enough, she worked it down over her hands. Then she worked that large amount of slack to the next loop. Quickly, that loop was worked down over the hands, and she had more slack to work with. Within a minute, she had loosened the whole mess enough to slip it down and off her hands. Then she casually reached down and untied the knot on her ankles and unwrapped her feet.

"See?" she said. "It's really harder to tie a girl so that she can't get out than you think. You have to know how to do it." After that demonstration, I did not doubt it. She had made pretty short work of my ropes. "Now your turn."

I suddenly looked up from the rope in her hands to her eyes. "You're not serious!" I cried. "What if Mother comes home from the store and finds me out here, all tied up and naked! She'll have a fit! What if someone else comes in?!"

"You made the bet, you lost it," she said reasonably. "You'll just have to hope that no one comes in here." She looked around. "No one every does, anyway."

I knew that was true. No one ever went into the barn except us kids. But it was still a scary idea. "You want me to undress?" I asked, hoping she would not insist upon it.

"Every last stitch," she said with a smile. "Every last stitch."

With a sigh, I unbuttoned my blouse and took it off. With reluctant fingers, I removed my shoes, jeans and bra. I stood there in only my panties, looking worriedly around at the door. "Come on! All of it!" she said firmly. I pulled down my panties and put them on top of the pile of clothing. To tell the truth, I found that being naked felt very good on that hot summer day. The air against my bare skin was rather pleasant. But I was still as nervous as a long-tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs, and even covered my pussy with one hand. This was scary but exciting.

"Okay! Turn around and put your hands behind you," she ordered in a delighted tone.

I did as I was told, putting my hands as she had done. Diane already had the rope in her hands and had tied a small loop in one end. She then passed the rope back through the small loop to make a larger sliding loop. She crossed my hands and put that loop around the wrists. She then wrapped the rope around my wrists, first going around them horizontally, and then wrapping them vertically. Then she wrapped some rope across the others, between my wrists. That bit of wrapping, which I later learned was called the "cinch", was the most important part. It held all the other ropes down, and could tighten up the whole bit of bondage by being tugged tightly. She then tied the knot up between my forearms, away from where my fingers could reach it. Or should I say them? I think she tied about four knots, all tugged down tightly as she could.

I could see a little of what she was doing by looking over my shoulder and down. The rest I had to judge what was happening by the feel. When she was finished and tying a small loop

in the end of the other piece, I pulled my hands around and tried to see what she had done to me. It looked fairly tight and much more solid that what I had put on her.

"Come here," Diane said, pointing to a square post that helped hold up a hay loft. I walked over there, wondering what she was up to. "Sit down," she commanded. I looked down at the straw and dirt and did not want to put my bare bottom on that. I told her so. "Do it, or I get mean!" she barked.

There is something about being naked and tied up that makes a girl automatically submissive and docile. At least, it does to me. I swallowed and did as I was told, all protest dying in my throat, unspoken.

"Put your legs around the post," she continued in her commanding voice. "Scoot forward. That's right."

She crossed my ankles on the other side of the post and tied them just as she had done with my wrists, only a little tighter. I watched as she did it, and knew that unless I could get my hands free, I would not be able to work the ropes off my ankles. They were very solidly tied, cinched down, and multiple knotted. And I could not reach my ankles with my hands tied behind me; the post prevented that.

"There, you're tied," said Diane. "And I think you'll be staying tied until I untie you. Don't you agree?"

A suddenly fear grabbed my throat. Exactly how long was I going to stay tied? And what if Diane just left me alone forever!

"I don't know if I can untie myself," I said weakly. "Please don't leave me for long. It isn't fair if you leave me for hours."

"We didn't agree on how long the loser would have to stay tied. If you had won, you would be the one now setting the time limit, wouldn't you?"

I did not speak. She was right. We both played games with each other, holding each other down and tickling, stealing clothes while we were in the shower so we had to run back to my bedroom naked, and things like that. If I had won, I would be powerfully tempted to leave her for a long time. At least a few hours. After all, if I had her tied as good as she had me tied, she couldn't do anything about it.

"Okay. I know you agree with me. I think I'll wander back home and see if Mom has something cool to drink. I'll come back before dinner time to untie you." She smiled sweetly. "Probably. Of course, I might forget... "

I wanted to plead but held my words back. She was just doing the same thing I would have done to her. The only difference was that she could tie me well enough to make her plans work. I couldn't.

"Please don't leave me too long," I said as she neared the door. "Mom might be back any time... "

"You'd better be quiet then, shouldn't you? I'll see you later."

Then she was gone.

I muttered a few words I had overheard my father say when he hit his finger with a hammer, and then I settled down to trying to free myself from Diane's tying. I quickly found out that she did, indeed, know what she was doing. Try as I might, I could not work my fingers up to where she had the knots tied. I tried to work an individual loop of rope loose but none of them would come. I tugged on anything I could reach and shook my hands and arms in frustration. A while later I stopped trying. I wiggled my feet some, but it was as I feared: the ropes on my ankles were simply too tight and too well put on to work them loose.

I was tied up. Helpless. Naked and helpless, to be exact.

And it was an incredibly exciting feeling!

Sort of like the time Diane and I raced down to the creek in the middle of the night, both of us stark naked and hoping no one would see us in the moonlight. But this had that easily beaten. This was exciting like nothing else I had every felt. It took a bit for me to realize that it was not just the fact that I was naked, but also that I was helpless. I had never been tied up like that before, I mean really tied up so I could not get loose. It was a very intense feeling, sort of scary, but also exciting in ways I had never felt before.

And it was sexual, too. I knew that, but not why or how. I only knew that I felt the same way I did when Diane touched my breasts or between my legs. My loins were warm and it was not just the hot weather.

After a while, I began to wish my hands were not tied behind me because I really felt like touching myself. All teenagers experiment with masturbation, and I was no exception. Had I

been able to touch my pussy, I would have worked myself up into a really intense orgasm, I was that horny. But I could not, and sexual satisfaction was denied me. That added frustration to the fear of being discovered and minor discomfort of the ropes and ground.

I was so glad to see Diane come into the barn. She insisted later that she had left me only for one hour, but I could swear it had been several hours, at least.

"How you doing?" she asked. Then she walked around me, examining all the ropes, nodded when she saw that I had not made any progress at freeing myself. "I see you're still tied."

"I wish you would untie me," I said, hoping it didn't sound like pleading. "I've paid my penalty."

Diane made no move towards the ropes. She was obviously enjoying herself. "I could go away for another hour... " she suggested.

"No!" I cried. "Please don't." Then I got to thinking, my little mischievous mind coming up with something I knew she would like. "If you'll come over here," I told her sweetly, "and pull your jeans down, I'll use my mouth on your pussy. But only if you promise to untie me right afterwards."

Diane looked like that was just what she had been waiting for. She had her jeans totally off in a few seconds, and her panties went with them. She came over to where I was sitting with my legs around the post, and straddled my body, her back against the post, her pussy right in front of my face. "Go ahead," she purred, "make my day!"

It was a very different position from when the two of us lying side by side in bed, but I managed to use my tongue and lips to reach her pussy and please her. And, I'll tell you, it was a strange and wonderful feeling to be making love to her while I was tied up! It was quite unlike any of the other times when we had done it. Somehow, it was much more intense and special.

It didn't take me long to bring her right up to a nice orgasm - to judge by the way she thrust her hips towards my face, trembled, and moaned loudly.

For a while she just leaned against the post, her legs still straddling me, and her hands holding her breasts, actually squeezing them. Finally she came down from that wonderful high, and opened her eyes. "That was good," she told me with a very sincere smile.

Then she got off me, put on her clothes and came back to me and my post. She knelt down beside me and took my head in her hands. "You were very good with your tongue," she informed. "And you made me feel so very good. Let me do something for you."

I was about to say that she could untie me and we could call it even, when she kissed me. It was a kiss of pure passion, her tongue forcing its way into my mouth. I felt a thrill race down my body, and my loins, which had been pretty warmed up, began to blaze with passion.

Then her hands found my breasts and I jerked. My nipples were already hard when her fingers teased them. She quickly had me panting and more excited than I had ever been in my life. Then her hand descended between my legs and I gasped aloud.

It took her even less time to bring me to an orgasm than it had taken me to do the same for her. And it was an incredible orgasm, the most intense I had every felt. As my body heated up towards a climax, I was very aware of the ropes holding my hands and feet prisoner. And it was a wonderful feeling, exciting and frustrating all at once. I think I leaned back on my bound hands and pushed my pussy towards her hand. When she knew that I was having my orgasm, she withdrew her hand. I shuffled forward until my pussy was hard against the wooden post. Then I shuttered and trembled and moaned through a very good orgasm.

I sort of drifted back to find that she had already untied my hands and was working on my feet.

"That was very good," I told her. "You're wonderful. And being tied up made it more exciting."

"Was it better because you were tied?" she asked me.

"Oh, yes. I want to be tied up every time from now on."

"Oh... You'll have to do it to me. I want to know what it's like."

"Of course I will. Be glad to. But you'll have to teach me how to tie you up with the ropes. I'm afraid I'm not very good with them."

"You can learn," said Diane. "It's not hard. Just a few rules you have to learn."

"Where did you learn how to tie a girl?" I asked.

"My older brother used to tie me up. I don't know where he learned from but I never could get loose when he tied me. He's very, very good at it."

"You never told me your bother tied you up."

"The subject never came up."

"Well, I'm glad. He taught you and you tied me very well. I liked it."

"I like being tied up, too. Of course, my bother never touched me like I touched you. But he sometimes leaves me tied up for a few hours. Like I did with you."

"Lucky girl! Do you get all sexy feeling when you're tied?"

"Yes. But I've never been tied up naked, and I think that will make it much better." She put the rope aside and took my hand. "Well, I'll teach you, and then we can do it to each other."

"Sounds wonderful!" I exclaimed.

- Chapter II - Introduction to The Castle

Well, that was the beginning. On that hot summer afternoon I found out I love being tied up with ropes. Diane and I experimented, and very quickly she had taught me how to tie well. It is simple. Just cinch everything down, tie tightly, and keep the knots out of reach of the victim's fingers and teeth. And having a vivid and active imagination helps. Soon, we were experimenting with new ways to tie each other up. The barn was a good place, but we also did each other up in my bedroom, her bedroom, and other parts of the houses after our parents went to sleep. Before the end of summer, we were experimenting with being tied up out in the yard at night, the barn at night (scary), and even tied to trees around the houses. It was a fun summer.

Diane and I played our little bondage games for almost three years, then Diane's parents moved away. It was right after graduation from high school and I felt a real sense of loss. Maybe that was part of why I ran away to the big city. Well, I didn't exactly run. My mother knew where I was, although she did not approve of my leaving the small town where both she and I were born. She wanted me to pick a nice boy, get married and settle down. Well, I was not ready for anything like that. No, sir!

I also was not ready for the big city. You can see all the television shows you want, but that is not the same as actually being there and having to cope with all the problems of a big city. I guess I was one of the fortunate ones. I got a job almost immediately. It helps that I am really

quite pretty, some say beautiful, and I have a figure that most women would kill for. I suspect that the store owner immediately hired me because of my looks. And that theory was proven out two weeks later when he had me in the storeroom alone and after hours. He made a pass at me, and was pretty insistent about it, too. I let him know that I was not that kind of girl and got out of there. I never went back. Two weeks later, my final paycheck came in the mail.

I tried being a waitress but quit that real fast. That's no job for a girl with any kind of intelligence and ambition. Then I worked as a secretary, mostly a typist, but that ended when I refused to go with the boss on a business trip to New York. He was practically drooling as he told me about needing me with him to take notes. I wondered how many other secretaries he took along on business trips. Two days later I was laid off.

Which brings me to The Castle.

I was sitting on a park bench, reading the want ads, having a hamburger that tasted like cardboard, when I happened to see a page from a different kind of newspaper sticking out of the trash. What caught my eye was the picture of a naked girl with shackles on her wrists and ankles. I picked up the paper and found that it was a page of ads for "Houses of Domination" and "Bondage Parlors" and outcall services along those lines. The pictures left little to the imagination. There were girls in chains, tied up with ropes, even locked into tiny cages. Most were naked but some wore nylons and garter belts and high heels. There were also woman dressed in black leather outfits and high heels, holding whips and looking very mean. They were advertised as "dominants."

To a girl who was raised all her life in Gables Corner, population 525, this was a revelation. My heart was beating fast and a funny feeling grabbed my stomach. This was something I had never thought possible. It was like Diane and I had done, yet very different. I put the page in my purse and went back to my want ads, but my thoughts kept returning to that page full of sexy ads. And all those tied up women.

I was looking over the page that night in the tiny apartment I rented and was about to lose if I did not get a job real soon, when the small print in one corner of an ad caught my eye. "Submissives wanted" it read.

I was dialing the phone number before I realized my fingers had made a decision for me. As I waited for someone to answer the phone, I told myself that it could not hurt to look into this. A woman answered. I told her that I was interested in a job as a submissive and could I get more information about it? She asked a couple questions about my age, and was I good looking. Then she said I should come down for an interview, and she gave me an address. I said that it was late and perhaps I should come by the next morning, to which she laughed and informed me that the

normal hours at The Castle was noon to 2 am the next morning. I said I would come that night if I could find the place.

Finding the place proved not too hard. It was in a business section, what I think is called light industry, and a fifteen-minute trip on the bus got me there. I only had to walk two blocks from where the bus let me off. The outside of the building was not much, mostly bare concrete, just like dozens of other buildings around it. There was no sign, only a door and a painted over window. But the number over the door was the same as she gave me, so I knocked.

The door was opened by a huge, well-muscled man who looked like an ex-marine complete with the short haircut. I later found out that Timmy was an ex-marine, but was one of the gentlest men I have ever met. He just scares people by the way he looks and his size.

I told Timmy that I was there for a job interview and he led me past a small reception area and through a door into The Castle itself. The reception area was bare; really only a place to make sure that the person was where he wanted to be. What surprised me was that the place was just like a modern office building. There was a desk with phones, couches and coffee tables in what had to be a waiting area. There was an open door to another room which, as far as I could see, was done up like a waiting room too. There were a few paintings on the walls, mostly reproductions of classic nudes in different styles. All very tasteful.

There was one man waiting when I came in. He looked up casually, and then almost did a double take when he saw me. Suddenly he was very interested in me. I could feel his eyes roving over my body, and for the first time I knew what the expression "undressing you with his eyes" meant. I was used to men looking at me, any beautiful woman has to get used to that, but this man was frankly open in his visual assessment of my body.

Timmy told me that Sam had said to show me right in and he held open a door behind the desk. I went through into a different world. The walls were dark colored, done in a deep shade of red wallpaper. There were a few paintings, mostly originals of varying quality, and all showing either a naked woman in chains or one dressed like in those ads, usually holding a whip in her hand. Then one of those women was coming towards me.

"Hello, my name is Samantha," she said in a friendly fashion. "Welcome to The Castle. And don't call me Sam."

"Charming place," I said. Immediately I regretted it. It sounded like a sarcastic reply and I didn't want to get off on the wrong foot.

"It is, in its own way," she said, not apparently taking offense. "Come along. We can talk in the blue room." The hallway had several doors, all closed. Since each door was painted a different color, it was not too hard to figure out which was the blue room. But I was not ready for what I found inside.

Samantha was about thirty, maybe a bit more. She had long dark hair framing a beautiful face with dark eyes that could either laugh or glare. She was dressed in a short skirt of black leather, nylons with garter belt - I could see the tops of the nylons, the skirt was that short - a black see-through blouse, and high heels. Under that blouse was a fine pair of breasts, not as large as mine, but very nice. I noted a riding crop hooked to her belt.

As to the room we entered, can you imagine a scene right out of the Spanish Inquisition? A dungeon complete with torture instruments and everything you could ever need to hold down a helpless prisoner? That was what hit my eyes. There was a rack in one corner - yes, an actual, functional, stretch-them-until-you-hear-screams rack complete with a windlass at one end and a bar across the other end for tying the victim's hands to. In the opposite corner was a pillory, made of stout wood and quite solid looking. Around the walls, hanging on pegs, were various sizes and lengths of rope, leather cuffs, locks, chains, and a small selection of whips just inside the door.

My gaze went around the room then came back to Samantha who was watching my reaction. "These things all real?" I asked.

"Of course. They all work."

"But these are torture devices!" I exclaimed. "They hurt people."

"Not really." She paused to perch on the edge of the rack. "There are no real torture devices here. This rack is the closest, and it's used only with care not to hurt anyone. Everything else is real but not torture devices. Most everything in any of our dungeons is meant to hold a person. Like that pillory. You'll also find a whipping post, a set of stocks, a couple cages, and a pit. But no thumbscrews, iron maidens, or branding irons."

"A whipping post?" I probably sounded scared.

"Yes, a wooden post. It can be used for bondage or as a whipping post."

"But whips?! Your ad didn't say anything about girls getting whipped."

"Girls do get whipped here," she said with a smile. "But they don't get hurt."

"How's that?"

"Look at one of those whips on the wall," she suggested. I went to the wall and looked at them. They were all made of black leather and looked like they could cut a girl to pieces. "Go ahead, take one." I picked up one that was a braided leather up to a tip that was made of two strips of thin leather. It looked like it could strip the flesh off anyone's bottom. Or back. "Bring it here." I obeyed. This Samantha was a hard woman not to obey. She took it from my fingers, and then told me to turn around and bend forward a bit. I did, although I was not sure why. It was not hard to figure what was coming next. The only question was why I meekly submitted and bent forward, hands on my hips.

The stroke, when it came, made swishing sound followed immediately by a small crack as it impacted against my bottom. But the surprise was that there was only a sharp sting, not the terrible pain I had expected. I turned around to face her. "You didn't hit me very hard," I accused.

"I hit you about as hard as I could swing this whip. Here, take it. Now hit me across the bottom." She turned and presented a leather-clad bottom. I lifted my hand and brought the whip down as hard as I could across that round bottom. The cracking noise was louder. But the effect was about the same. Samantha turned back to me with a smile on her face. "You see?" she said. "You can hit as hard as you want with those whips but they only sting. It's because the leather strips at the end, and most of the whip, are very light in weight. It's like trying to whip something with a string. You can't get any force behind the leather."

She took the whip from my hand and put it back. "They're all like that. Even that cat-o-nine-tails. The worst that could happen with these is if someone were to beat on your bare bottom for a long time. You'd get a lot of stinging and burning, but nothing worse. But the important part is that the customer gets to hit your bottom as hard as he can and he'll see your skin turning red. Not bruising, but turning a nice shade of red." She smiled at that little trade secret. "And the whips sting just enough so you can react to them. Of course, it's much better if you react as if the blow were hurting considerably."

"But isn't that faking it? Or something?"

"Honey, this is the entertainment industry. At least, part of it. A customer comes and pays good money to whip a girl's bare bottom. He expects to see her bottom turn red and see her react to the pain. We just exaggerate a bit. Well, a lot sometimes. But what's the harm? The customer gets to see what he expects. And the girl doesn't get hurt. You'll be ready to be whipped again when the next customer comes in."

I was learning a lot. "So all that torture promised in the ads is fake?" I said.

"Not totally. When a submissive male comes in and wants me or one of the other girls to do a number on his ass, the pain is real, very real. In those cases, your skill is shown in judging just how much pain the customer wants and how much you're giving him. Every man, or woman, has a limit. Up to that point the pain is a stimulus, an erotic thrill. Beyond that point it becomes simply pain and the sexual stimulation disappears. Of course, there are some who seek punishment for reasons other than sexual stimulation, but that's different."

"But for the girls who work here, the ones who are submissives, the pain isn't real."

"The whips are not the real thing. Have you ever been whipped with a real whip? Thought not. If you had, you'd understand why we can't let the customers use real whips. A braided leather whip with a stiff tip can put bruises on every square inch of your bottom in just a few minutes. And give you so much pain that you'll be screaming with the first stroke. And it won't be faked at all."

"You sound like you're speaking from experience... " I said.

Samantha said nothing for a few seconds. Perhaps she was thinking back to some experience. "Yes, I know what a real whipping is. That's one thing that a dominant needs to know: how it feels to be on the receiving end of punishment. Otherwise, how could you understand what you're giving to the customers?"

Made sense.

"And there are other sources of pain," Samantha continued. "Many customers prefer to give a submissive a hand spanking, and that can hurt." I flashed back to some of the bare bottom spankings my Father had given me and had to nod. "There's no way to make a spanking hurt less except to show the pain, exaggerate it, so the customer is getting the reactions he wants. Otherwise, he will spank you harder and longer until he gets the reaction he's looking for."

"So I would get spanked fairly often?"

"Several times a day," Samantha agreed. "And there's other sources of pain. Have you ever been tied with ropes so tightly that there was pain just from the ropes?"

I hesitated, not wanting to get into the games that Diane and I played. "Yes... I have been tied in what we called a 'punishment tie'. It was very tight."

"Well, some customers tie a girl as tight as that, and probably tighter. Of course, most don't tie very tightly at all. Nor very well. Do you enjoy it when the ropes are loose and you know you could free yourself with little effort?"

"Well, no," I admitted. "What's the use of being tied up if you can get out yourself?"

"Exactly. But tying a girl well is not a natural-born talent. Most people simply don't know how to tie well unless they've done it. You'll find that well over half the customers will tie you pretty poorly."

"What do I do then?"

"You have to judge the customer. Some think that they've tied you and you are helpless. For them, you pretend that you can't get out, and try not to let the ropes fall off." I must have made a face at that, because she added, "That's part of being a professional. Customer's always right, etc. But there will be enough men who really know how to tie a girl and will give you all you can handle."

I think she saw the glow in my eyes at that thought, for she began questioning me about my experiences in bondage. I had not wanted to go much into the games that Diane and I played, but I soon found myself describing in detail some of our better techniques and little adventures. Samantha was an easy person to talk to, and I quickly enough found myself telling her about Diane and me on hot summer nights. Occasionally she asked a question about some aspect of the bondage we used, but mostly she just let me talk once she got me started. I even found myself telling her about the first time I had sex with a boy, and how I had to beg him to first tie my hands behind me or I would not let him have my body. I think it was then that she really believed I am a true devotee of bondage.

Finally I ran down. For a while we both sat there, Samantha on the rack and me on a padded table with hooks all around the sides, looking at each other.

"I guess you might make a good submissive," she finally said.

"Good. When could I start work?"

Now I'll be honest and have to tell you that I don't know why I said what I did. Maybe it was because the rent was coming due and I had no job. Maybe it was because the pay was good. Or maybe I was just attracted to the idea of getting paid to do something I enjoyed doing anyway. Being tied up, I mean. The spanking and whipping I would wait and see about.

Samantha smiled and said, "There are a couple little formalities. You'll have to take the 'Test' from Ted. And you'll have to wait a couple days. And you'll have to show me your figure out of that dress."

I lifted my eyebrows at that one. But it made sense. She had already told me that most customers wanted their submissive naked. So I reached behind me and unzipped the back, then pulled the dress off. Without being told to, I shed the bra and panties. Then I did a little turn, up on my toes. Go ahead and look, I thought to myself, I know I have a really good body.

Samantha must have thought so, too. She nodded approval, and I swear I could see the tip of her tongue lick her lips. But maybe it was the subdued lighting in that dungeon. I was putting my clothes back on when I asked, "What is this 'Test'? And who is Ted?"

"Ted is the man who owns The Castle. He has a standard test that he puts all applicants through. It serves to make sure that the girl can take the kind of work here. And that she really wants to."

"I don't understand. Wouldn't any girl know if she likes being tied and spanked and all that?"

"We do get girls who are attracted only by the money. They say anything to try and get the job. But when they actually get tied up, or whipped, it's a different story. I've seen girls panic when they get tied up. And more than a few have decided that they didn't really want to be spanked and whipped for a living."

"I guess I see. But you don't have to worry. I've been tied up many times and that's no problem. In fact, it's been a little while since Diane last tied me and I kind of miss it. It will be nice to be tied up again."

"We'll see." Samantha had a wicked little smile on her face. But I did not feel any hostility behind it, more of a mischievous wickedness.

"Fine. When can I take this test?"

"Ted will be in tomorrow. Can you come back at noon? He would prefer to get most of it over with by the time the evening customers come in."

"Fine. Do I need to wear anything special? I don't have any nylons and garter belts like you. I don't even have any high heels."

"Don't worry. When you start working, we'll get you what you need."

"Besides, the usual working uniform is a birthday suit, right?"

She smiled sincerely. "You got it, honey."

Samantha showed me the way out and we said goodbye. As I walked the nearly empty streets to the bus stop, I was doing a lot of thinking. Mostly about what was I getting myself into, and what the hell would I tell my Mother? Hi, Mom, my next letter would read, I started working at a place where a bunch of strange men take my clothes off and tie me up. And spank and whip me. But the pay is good.

Yeah, sure!

- Chapter III - The Test

The next morning I considered not going for the test, and not working at The Castle. But when I thought of the alternatives: being a waitress or going back home to Gables Corner, I was depressed. Besides, I could just try it. If it was too unpleasant, I could always quit and be no worse off than I was right now. I tried not to admit to myself that the whole idea behind The Castle attracted me.

I caught the bus early and had to walk slowly to arrive at The Castle just about noon. The whole neighborhood looked different in the daylight, much busier, and perfectly normal. There were trucks delivering things and people walking to their cars to go to lunch. I had to wonder how many of those people suspected what was going on behind those plain gray concrete walls.

Samantha was there but the waiting room was empty. "Hi, honey. Ted's in his office. I'm glad you came back."

"You didn't think I'd chicken out, did you?"

"Some girls do. They get second thoughts. Or they talk to their boyfriends. It happens. But I'm glad you came back. I am certain that you really do like being tied up. I can tell from the things we talked about last night. But there's more here than just being tied up by a friend. Come on."

"What kind of man is this Ted?" I asked as we walked down the corridor with the dungeon doors on each side. I counted six of them.

"He's a little gruff. You may not like him at first. But he's honest. And he cares about his girls."

"He doesn't... Well, you know... Expect the girls to... "

"To go to bed with him? Heavens no! Ted has never hit on any girl working here for sex in all the time I've known him. For one thing, he's married, but his wife hardly ever comes down here. She's some kind of professional and has her own office. But she knows all about this place. But, no, Ted won't expect you to have sex with him."

"Good," I said, and then told her about the boss I had who hit on me. And the one who expected me to take trips with him.

"Is Ted... Well, is this just a business to him? Or is he... "

"Ted, for your information, does love to see a girl tied up with ropes. And he can tie a girl very well indeed. That's his personal fetish. And sometimes he has one of the submissives tied up in his office, sort of like decoration. But that's all. He's very fair and respects all his girls."

We reached a door that was colored dull gray. It did not have a number on it, like all the others did. Samantha opened it and ushered me into a large, somewhat cluttered office. There was a big desk with a computer on it, bookshelves, a couch and coffee table, and a wall unit with TV and stereo. One end of the office was fairly clear with about ten by ten feet of open carpeted floor.

The man behind the desk glanced up at us then returned to his computer. Samantha said nothing and I took my cue from her. For half a minute we stood there while he looked at the computer screen and clicked keys. I had a chance to study him. He was the far side of fifty, with lots of gray hair and a van Dyke beard, also gray. Immediately, I noticed his dark, bushy eyebrows, two or three times as thick as normal and also mostly gray. His eyes were a deep blue, and intense when he looked at you.

Finally he turned off the computer and looked up.

"This is Melinda, the girl I told you about," Samantha said. "Melinda, this is Ted."

Ted stood and offered his hand across the desk. I took it a little hesitantly. I wasn't used to men who shook hands with a woman.

"Samantha says that you really like bondage," he said in a voice that sounded like it came from a man in his early twenties. "We can always use a good submissive. She told you about the Test?"

"She said that I had to take a test to make sure that I could take the work here," I offered.

He glanced at Samantha. "Basically, I learned a long time ago not to find out if a girl won't work out when she's with a paying customer. Test her first. Samantha, prepare her for the Test."

Samantha touched my arm and I began backing up. Ted walked around the desk and I noticed that he picked up a cane and used it. He had a pronounced limp. Samantha hurried me out the door and down to one of the dungeons, the one with a green door and a number three on it.

I guess she saw me looking at his cane, for she said in a quiet voice, "He was flying F4's when a SAM got him." Apparently she thought that was enough explanation, for she said nothing more. I was not sure what an F4 or a SAM was, except a nickname for Samantha. But she had told me not to call her that, and it made no sense anyway. She opened the door and ushered me into dungeon number three.

Once inside, she was all business. "Take your clothes off," came the first command. "All of them."

I obeyed. She had already seen me naked, so that was no big thing. Besides, I had always felt comfortable being naked with other women. It might be different when a strange man saw me, but I'd cross that bridge when I came to it.

I hung my clothes on a peg on the wall and left my shoes beneath it. Samantha was standing there with some rope in her hands. My heart sped up a bit at the sight of it.

"Put your hands out in front of you," she said. I did, and she looped the rope around my wrists. I noticed that there was a small loop tied into the end of the rope and she began with a sliding loop, just like Diane had first shown me how to do. Samantha wrapped all of it around my wrists then cinched it down tight and knotted it. "Come here," she ordered.

'Here' was at one end of the dungeon on a wooden platform under a chain that came down through a hole in the ceiling and ended in a metal ring. Samantha had another length of rope, and she looped that around the rope already on my wrists. Then she passed the rope through the ring

and back down between my arms again. She pulled and tied it firmly at the ring. My fingers were touching the chain, and the ring was right up against the ropes between my wrists.

There were three buttons on the wall. She pressed the top one and I heard a motor hum somewhere over me. A second later the slack was taken up and my arms began to lift over my head. I remembered times when Diane made me stand on a chair and tied my hands over my head to a rafter in the barn. Then she would take the chair out and leave me hanging in mid-air with my toes straining to reach the floor. This was much like that, only I was lifted slowly into the air. My toes were soon pointed down towards the wooden platform but not touching it. The strain tightened the ropes around my wrists, but the discomfort was not too bad.

As I slowly twisted in mid-air, I noticed that Ted was standing by one wall, watching me. I blushed at the thought of a man I had met only a minute before seeing me naked. Fortunately, there was nothing I could do about it. My hands would probably have flown to cover my breasts and pubic patch, but tied this way they were going nowhere. I tried to take the mild humiliation in my stride. I was, after all, trying out for a job of showing off my body for men.

"Many men will want to whip you," said Samantha from behind me. "They will all have to use the house whips; we don't allow them to bring their own. You know that the whip will not do you any harm, but I want you to imagine that it is a real whip and a lot of pain is shooting up your body from your ass. Then act the part. But don't overact. Think you can do it?"

"I'll try," I said bravely. At least, I hoped it sounded brave.

Samantha gave me no warning. The first stroke came quickly and stung. I had not gotten ready and said nothing. But I was ready for the second stroke. I gasped when I felt the thin strip of leather strike my bare bottom. "Ouch!" I cried. Again the leather stung my bare bottom, and again I cried out with more feeling than the small amount of pain called for.

"Jerk. Move your legs. If I were really whipping you, you'd be dancing on air."

I liked that phrase, dancing on air. It evoked visions of a naked girl wildly jerking her legs around in response to terrible pain in her bottom. When the next stroke came, I gasped aloud and tried to pretend that it really hurt so bad that I had to get away from it. Perhaps my acting was not good enough, because Samantha stopped the whipping. For a few seconds I heard nothing from her, then a burst of pain exploded in my bottom and I cried out in very real shock. My hips jerked and my legs danced. "Ohhhh! Damn, but that hurt!"

"It was supposed to," said Samantha when I had calmed down. My bottom was burning and hurting from that single stroke. "That was done with a real whip," she said as she held out a

wicked black thing for me to see. "And I didn't hit you very hard. Remember what that felt like when the house whips hit."

She put down the real whip and I breathed a sigh of relief. I was afraid that she was going to hit me again with that thing. Very much afraid.

The whipping continued with the house whip. I tried to do as she suggested and remembered the terrible pain that real whip had caused. I must have done a better job because Samantha did not return to the terrible thing.

Finally, she was finished with the smaller whip. My bottom was burning and stung for real, mostly where that one real stroke had tenderized my poor flesh. But I could take that kind of pain. It was not that bad and, to tell the truth, I was kind of turned on by it. I told myself that it was only the memory of Diane whipping my bottom with rope as I hung from the rafters in the barn. That had seemed to us to hurt a lot back then. I was glad that Diane had never found a real whip. It was not until later that I had to admit to myself there was something more to the warmth I felt in my loins.

Then I heard Ted's voice from behind me. "Sometimes men will want to spank you. Usually that is done over the knee. Get her ready."

Samantha came into view and touched the second button to lower me to the platform. I looked at my wrists as they came down, and I was glad to see that they were just a tiny bit dark but apparently unharmed by my hanging.

She untied the rope and I wondered if the test was over so soon. Had I failed? Was my performance of a girl in pain lacking so much that they were going to kick me out? I felt like crying, and then realized that there were tears already on my face.

Samantha pulled my hands behind my back and retied the wrists crossed there. Then she used another rope to link my elbows and pull them fairly tightly towards each other. With the wrists crossed, my elbows would not quite touch, but they were pulled almost together and tied there. She cinched down the ropes and knotted them up at the elbows where my fingers could never reach. For some reason, having my arms bound that way behind my back made me feel more helpless than when I was hanging by my wrists.

She pulled on my arm as an indication that I was to get to my feet. Ted then sat down on the chair and began explaining what was going to happen. "Most men want to spank a girl over their knee. It's traditional." Samantha was pushing me down until I was resting face down on his

lap. He linked one leg over my leg and put one hand on my shoulder. I had the feeling that with my arms tied and useless, he could easily control me in that position.

"A man's hand can be hard and hurt," he continued. "We can do nothing about that. But you have some control over how hard he hits you. If you don't react like you're in pain, he'll hit harder. That's because he wants a reaction out of you. So give it to him. Like you did when the whip was stinging your bottom."

He illustrated with a hard swat directly on my bottom. I cried out, and it wasn't acting. He could hit pretty hard and his open hand made a loud slapping sound.

Then he settled down to a regular pattern of swats to my bottom, all stinging more than the small whip had but probably not as much as it could have. I got the feeling he was holding back. In fact, I knew it.

I reacted. I tried to remember the pain from that real whip. I jerked around and tried to cover my bottom with my hands. His hand took firm hold on my wrists and pulled them up out of the way. I gasped and cried and begged him to stop. I wiggled, and in doing so managed to rub my breasts against his leg and grind my pussy into the other side.

Now, I have large breasts but they are quite firm. If he did not react to them pressed against his thigh and my hips wiggling on his other thigh, then he was not a man. I could feel him getting a hard on, and knew I was doing the right things.

The spanking finally ended. I think he could have continued it, but he had learned what he wanted to. I could put on a good show - that was what Samantha told me later. And I had an idea what it was like to be spanked and whipped in The Castle.

But the test was not over. I was allowed up to stand there with a rather hot bottom that I was holding with my hands as best I could. Ted and Samantha said a few things to each other that I didn't catch, and then he left. Samantha smiled at me. "You did fine," she announced. That made me feel better. It would have been terrible to get my bottom all burning and not get the job. She began untying my arms.

"We'll work on your reactions a bit, but for the most part you did fine. Most girls either can't exaggerate their reactions, or overdo it. There, you can have your arms back but only for a few minutes."

There were some ropemarks in my wrists and elbows, but I was not worried. I knew from long experience that those were only pressure marks from the rope pressing into the skin. They looked much worse than they felt, and they faded away pretty fast.

My rest period was not long. Samantha took me and the rope into another dungeon, this time number six. There was a padded table, which I later learned was called a "bondage table," and a couple chairs. The room looked like it was only half finished: there were bare two by fours and tools laying around.

"We're refinishing this one," she explained. "Which is good for the next part of the test. This dungeon isn't being used for customers right now."

She put the ropes on the padded table and turned me around. My hands were put together, palms facing each other, and rope wrapped around them. I figured I knew what was coming. Diane had bound my arms behind me most of the time with the elbows touching as soon as she found out that my elbows easily came together and could be tightly tied that way for long periods. I was right. Next, my elbows were looped and drawn together. When she finished, my arms were as tightly bound as Diane had ever done, especially the elbows. It felt wonderful.

Samantha helped me up to a sitting position on the table. Then she tied my legs together with rope at the ankles and again above my knees. Again I had a good idea what was coming. The hogtie was one of Diane and my favorites. Sure enough, she had me rotate until I was lying face down on the table. I could feel the rope being tied to my ankles then her fingers as she passed it up and between my forearms. When she pulled, my legs lifted and folded. Quickly my ankles were being pulled between my hands in a pretty good hogtie. She tied the knots up at my elbows where my fingers could never reach them.

What was happening was about what I had expected. I was being tested to see if I could take extra tight bondage. Which did not concern me. Diane and I had done some really tight numbers on each other. But Samantha added some touches that Diane had not. She tied rope around my elbows and down to the hooks at the edge of the table. That held me down to the table, squashing my breasts. She then added a ball gag, pushing a pretty large ball into my mouth and buckling the strap tightly behind my head.

I knew from experience that I was a helpless girl. No amount of fighting the ropes or struggling would free me from this bondage. I had spent too many hours in hogties not even this tight to expect anything else. And Samantha had tied me down to the table, which prevented me from rolling onto my side. I was stuck to that table until she untied me. The question was how long would that be?

But before I could worry about how long she was going to leave me, I found out that she was not yet finished with the bondage. Suddenly, there was a short length of cord in her hands and she was looping one end around my big toes. She wrapped the cord, more like thick twine actually, four times then cinched it down. Then I felt her pulling the end of the cord through the strap behind my head. I had a sinking feeling then, because I was pretty sure I knew what was coming. As the cord was pulled, my toes were arched towards my head. And my head was pulled up and back. Samantha used one hand under my chin to push my head back, while the other one kept the tension on the cord. When she tied it off back at my toes, I was in a hogtie unlike any other I had ever experienced.

It was simple. The cord between my toes and gag strap kept my head lifted and pulled back. And my feet painfully arched. It was a stressful position and I really began to worry about how long she was going to leave me. Already the muscles in my neck were starting to hurt. The rest of my body was going to be rather uncomfortable before long, but it was the strain on my head being tied to my big toes that worried me most.

"There, Melinda, dear, you're finished. This will test two things," she said casually. "For one, how well you can take really tight bondage. As I said, most customers don't tie very tightly, but some are a bit, shall we say, extreme... I've seen girls tied tighter and in more uncomfortable positions than you are."

I had to wonder just what position could be more uncomfortable than this one, but I was not able to ask. Besides, I was not sure I wanted to know. This one was bad enough.

"The second part of the test is to find out how well you can take being tied for a long time."

Here it comes, I thought. I knew she was a sadist.

"Most customers rent a submissive for an hour at a time. A few for longer, but that gets expensive. So I'm going to leave you like this for one hour."

She had come around to where she could see my eyes and reaction. I opened my eyes wider at the mention of one hour. That was a long time for a girl tied like I was. She patted my cheek over the gag strap. "Then I'll come back and take the gag off. And, of course, the cord between your head and toes." Great, I thought. "Then I'll leave you for another three hours." Whoa! I thought loudly. She continued, "Because, there are occasional customers who have a submissive delivered to their homes and they often like to leave her tied up for hours on end. It will be a fair test."

Fair is in the eye of the beholder, I thought.

She patted my cheek, this time my ass cheek, and much harder than the first pat, and then she was gone. I strained to look back, only to see the door close. At least she had left the lights on.

I whined in frustration. Why did I get myself into these things? I knew it would be worthless to try and free myself, but I had to try. Mostly, I tried to work my fingers around to find something that I could untie or work loose. There was nothing. I finally gave up that hopeless quest and settled down to waiting.

It could have been worse. I mean, I was hurting some, but not much more than with Diane at her extremes. The worst part was having my head held up so high by that damned rubber ball. Which did not taste so good, either. And my big toes and bent foot were beginning to hurt. I feared that a cramp might happen in my foot and I could be in some terrible pain with nothing I could do about it.

But the cramp held off, even though it threatened to put in an appearance for most of the time I was tied like that.

What did get to hurting was my neck, my shoulders and my jaw. Having to wear a big ball gag for any length of time, I found out, can make a person's jaw ache something fierce. By the time that Samantha came back I was not sure what hurt worse, my jaw or my feet.

She was good to her word and did untie the cord from my gag strap to my big toes. It was with a great sigh - sighed into the gag - that I lowered my head to the padded table and unarched my feet. And she did take off the gag, which made my jaw very grateful.

"How do you feel?" she asked me.

My first reaction was to tell her just fine. But something made me tell the truth instead. I enumerated my pains, but added that I could take such pains. And, besides, there was no harm done.

She checked out my arms and legs, paying particular attention to my hands. They felt a little cold, but I could move them fine and there was no numbness. I told her so.

"You do have exceptional circulation," she commented. "Well, you seem to have survived the first hour. Let's see about some longer time alone."

"Do some customers really leave a girl tied up for hours?" I asked.

"Some. Most don't have the money or inclination to do the long period scenes. But some. I've seen a girl tied in the same position for twenty-four hours."

"Twenty-four hours! Wow! I'm impressed." And I was. The longest I had ever stayed tied was a little over eight hours, and that was one night when Diane and I were alone in my house for a sleepover.

Samantha turned and was almost out the door when I asked something that was on my mind. "How would you have known if something went wrong with me? I mean, what if I got a cramp in my foot and was in really serious pain? Or something else?"

She turned back. "Each of the dungeons is bugged," she said. "I can listen in to what is happening in each room, and three of them are equipped with a TV camera hidden in the ceiling. I checked on you often during the last hour. If you had shown signs of distress, I would have come in."

"Well, nice to know that."

"I didn't tell you because I wanted your honest reaction to what you thought was being left alone and in pretty uncomfortable bondage."

"It was uncomfortable," I agreed.

Samantha came back to the table. She gently touched my shoulder. "But did it do anything to you?"

I knew what she was talking about. Diane and I were lesbian lovers, as I think I told you. I knew very well that she was asking me if I felt any sexual excitement from this strict bondage.

"I... It did things for me." I had trouble putting into words the warmth I had felt in my pussy, a warmth matching the low burn on the bare skin of my bottom. Or the way her touch was making my skin tingle right then. "Oh, hell!" I finally got out. "I'm turned on, hot to trot, horny and frustrated! Does that answer your question?"

She laughed. It was a good, honest laugh and I shared it with her.

"Good," she said. "It helps if you are sexually turned on by this kind of treatment. It helps you get through the periods of rough handling and burning bottom and tight ropes. Of course, as

I told you last night, there won't be any sex with the customers, but if you're turned on by this kind of treatment, you'll do better. And enjoy yourself more."

She was leaving again when I got bolder than I would have thought possible. "Samantha," I asked, "what if I got so horny from the way customers treat me that something had to be done about it?"

She smiled again. "Something would be done about it," she said simply. Then she was gone, leaving me to wonder exactly what that meant.

The next three hours were both uncomfortable and exciting. I was actually enjoying the helplessness and tight ropes on my body. It reminded me so much of very pleasant times with Diane, and that was good. My shoulders got to aching and my elbows hurt a bit. And my knees a little. When your legs are doubled up, the area above the knees kind of spreads out and gets bigger. That makes any ropes there tighten up and dig in more. In that hogtie, the ropes around my knees seemed tighter than those around my elbows. And those were plenty tight, I can tell you.

When Samantha finally untied me, I was limp and could hardly move my arms. My hands tingled a bit with returning circulation, but I had experienced worse when Diane was in one of her mean moods. As I sat there, recovering, Samantha brought in my clothes. I had the urge to take her in my arms while I was still naked. And I thought that I saw the same feeling in her eyes. But this was not Diane and I held back my feelings. I got dressed instead.

In his office, Ted hardly looked up from his computer. "When do you want to start working?" he asked, and that was that. I was a member of the crew of The Castle. I was a professional submissive.

- Chapter IV - First Day on the Job

So I became a professional submissive, a girl who gets paid to let strange men see her naked and tie her up and spank her and even whip her. I rationalized to myself that it was no different from what some actresses do in the movies, and they are famous for it! At it was not like I was a prostitute or something like that.

All the rationalizing aside, two facts remained. I needed a job. And I liked the idea of being paid to let people tie me up.

So I began working the next day. The first day was mostly my observing as Samantha taught me the ins and outs of that business. I had already learned the basics with the little test

they gave me. You make the customer think that you are really tied up, no matter how sloppily he put the ropes on you. And you make like you are being hurt when the pain is not really that much. The hardest part was learning how not to lay on the acting too much. But I was enjoying the whole thing, so learning how to act was not hard. Maybe I have the heart of an actress inside me anyway. Samantha said that I was doing fine, and ready for a customer that night. Then she took me out shopping for a costume.

Now, there is a standard costume for places like The Castle. First, you start out with high heels, shiny black leather and as high as you can walk on. Then nylons, not pantyhose, and a garter belt to hold them up. Then a pair of black panties, selected a size too small so that they fit tightly. A black bra that shows more than it hides. For the dominants, full-length black gloves are required. A submissive does not have to have the gloves. And the submissives often do away with the bra and wear a see-through babydoll or some other lingerie that makes you look sweet and innocent and sexy at the same time.

My first customer was one of their old regulars, a practice I found out is common with new girls. Less chance of them making a mistake and losing a customer who might become a regular.

His name was Tom - no last names are ever asked or given - and he saw me sitting there, obviously a new girl. I actually saw his eyes grow wider when he looked at me, and I wondered if it was my rather full figure or the revealing lingerie that did it. Maybe it was both, but this man was obviously interested. He went into a quick consultation with Samantha, and a few minutes later I was being led into one of the dungeons for my first session.

"How would you like me dressed?" I asked him, as I was told to do and as soon as we were in the dungeon. Most customers preferred their submissives nude, but there are other tastes. He requested that I remove all my clothes. As I did, I watched him select some ropes from the pegs on the walls. He was in his mid forties, slightly balding, wearing a business suit. He was not handsome, was not ugly, just sort of plain. Looked like an insurance salesman I once knew. Samantha says that many professional men drop by for a little sexual stimulation before going home to wives and families. He was not the kind of man I would ever think of allowing to date me. I was not attracted to him, but still a tingle of excitement raced down my spine when I saw him coming towards me with those ropes in his hands!

I made it down to buff just as he arrived with his selection of cords. "Turn around," he said. Actually, his voice was rather mild and he did not sound like a sadistic master ordering a slavegirl around. More like an accountant telling you where to find a balance sheet. He crossed my wrists and bound them with cords wrapped X fashion around them. The way he tightened

down the ropes and cinched them and tied the knots up between my wrists told me that this was not the first time he had tied up a girl.

My heart was beating a little fast and I could see my nipples sticking out. I hoped my pussy was not getting too juicy; there was enough warmth between my legs to tell me that I was turned on! I told myself it was silly to get sexually excited with a man who was old enough to be my father, but my body thought differently. It was very much aware that I was completely naked before a strange man, and that tight ropes were going on, making me helpless. I think any woman would feel some excitement at that, even if she were not as kinky as I am.

The ropes then went around my upper arms and chest, just above my breasts. Then he wrapped some around below my breasts. When he cinched those down, it had the effect of lashing my upper arms to my back and making a nice feeling across my chest. Made my breasts stand out a little more too, not that they needed any extra help to do that.

Then he wrapped some rope around my wrists and hips. That would help to hold my hands hard against my bottom if he had only cinched it down, but he tapped the inside of my thigh in a silent command to spread my legs apart. I did, and felt him pass the rope down from my hands, between my legs, and up to the ropes in front. He passed it over that and back between my legs. When he pulled on that rope, it pressed hard all the way from my asshole through my pussy. I was a bit surprised that a man would know about the pussy rope. Diane and I had invented the tight rope between the legs to press against a girl's pussy, and called it a "pussy rope." I guess we should not have been so presumptuous as to assume we were the only ones in the world to discover what a rope between the legs can do to a girl.

The trick is to make the pussy rope tight enough to press against the part that feels good being pressed, and not tight enough to cause any pain to the tender and sensitive flesh in that place. This man knew about that difference, or at least I assumed he did because he stopped just short of making me rise up on my toes. I don't know if he was aware of it, but he had hit that delicate point between pleasure and pain, where it felt so good but also hurt just a little.

I was starting to like this job.

I expected him to tie my legs so as to make me completely helpless. Unless Diane and I were playing some kind of game where one of us had to walk a distance while her arms were bound, or we were having sex, we usually made each other completely helpless. So it was a surprise when he did not reach for any additional rope, but told me to walk around the dungeon. I did as told, trying to show off my body with its attached ropework as best I could. I guess by now you have the idea that I have a good figure and know it. I'm sure that was a nice show I was putting on for this man I knew only by the name of Ted.

As I had discovered before with Diane, the rope through a girl's pussy moves slightly when she walks. Or, if it's tight enough, at least the pressure changes against her clit. If the ropes are just the right firmness and placed carefully, it can make a simple stroll an experience in sexual stimulation.

I would be lying if I said that it was not exciting to be showing my body off to a strange man. I was raised by a very conservative mother who made sure that I never wore anything sexy to school, and made sure that I was home by ten o'clock from every date. Of course, she didn't know what Diane and I were doing after she went to bed; that would have given her a heart attack! But most of her teaching took, and I would never consider being naked in public or showing off my body at the beach in one of those tiny things they call swimsuits these days. Yet, here I was, naked as a jaybird and with my arms tied behind me, parading around like I was the winning horse at the county fair races.

He told me to bend forward at the waist, keeping my legs straight, until my body was parallel to the floor. I did it, feeling my rear end moving backward as I did. Then he told me to straighten out. I was not sure what he was getting at, but I went along with the program. Then he told me to continue repeating that move, slowly. About the third bend I began to get the idea. Moving my body that way moved the rope between my legs. Which rubbed against me in a very interesting way. Diane and I had discovered that walking and running with a crotch rope could get us pretty excited, but we had not thought of doing exercises! By the time I had done a dozen bends, I was really feeling it.

I suppose the excitement of being bound and naked had already gotten me half aroused, but those bends were making it hard for me to think about anything else but the good feeling between my legs. It was stimulating, and I was probably grinning like an idiot. Then it hit me that perhaps he was trying to work me into an orgasm. I knew it was entirely possible. I had many times achieved an orgasm from struggling against ropes Diane put on me, using the pussy rope to masturbate myself. It was very possible that I could reach an orgasm just from doing this exercise. I was certainly getting more and more heated down there.

But there was a problem. I had been told that the customers would not be touching us sexually and that there would be no sex. But was this sex? If I did have an orgasm, was that breaking the rules? I wished I had Samantha there to ask.

Ted was grinning. He knew what was going through my mind! That male bastard knew what he was doing to me, and it was his plan to embarrass me by making me have an orgasm while he watched. And it would have that effect. Already I was blushing with the knowledge that he was sexually exciting me without touching me.

Sometimes in a girl's life she has to make a decision. Go to college or get a job. Get married or tell your boyfriend sex is out of the question. Those sorts of things. I was faced with such a decision. Should I give in to the passion heating up in my loins, or fight the temptation and stick to the no sex rule of The Castle? Life is full of hard decisions.

I debated for all of a tenth of a second, then surrendered my body to powers far stronger than this poor girl can handle. I increased my bending speed as the feelings between my legs grew stronger, until I was panting. About then, I closed my eyes. A few seconds later, the expected and desired orgasm blossomed within me and, with a tiny cry, I sank to my knees and leaned against the wall to shudder with ecstasy as a big wave of pleasure washed over me.

I was vaguely aware of strong male hands on my body, but they were not touching my breasts or pussy and I didn't care much what was going on right then. Eventually, I drifted back to his world. I was still naked, still had my arms bound behind me, but now my ankles were tied together. And a rope trailed off from my ankles across the wooden platform and then straight up to the overhead hoist. Ted was standing by the wall, only inches from the buttons that would activate the powerful motor and pull me up by the feet. He was smiling.

"Well, had us a little orgasm, did we?" he asked cheerfully. "I don't remember telling you that you could have one. Did I?"

"No, Sir. You didn't," I admitted meekly. "I'm sure I need to be punished for having pleasure without permission."

Samantha had taught me that when a customer says you have done something wrong, it's usually a preamble to punishment. Might as well go along with the program. Customer is always right!

"True. And I think I know what will do." He touched the button. The rope took up the slack and my feet slowly rose before me. I was lying on my side, so when they got high enough, my body was pulled until I rolled over on my back. Suddenly the hum of the motor stopped. My legs were straight up but my bottom was still resting on my bound hands.

This was not an unfamiliar position for me, but I was aware how his eyes were staring right at my little pussy where it showed between my legs when my hips were bent like that. I didn't mind Diane looking at my private parts, but to have a strange man staring at me there was something else. It was embarrassing, to say the least.

For a little while, nothing was said. He was enjoying the sight. I was still sort of floating along on the aftermath of an orgasm. All these tight ropes felt good to me.

Still, I had this feeling that something was called for. "This is uncomfortable," I began in what I hoped was a submissive voice. "But I was pretty bad to go ahead and have a... my pleasure when you hadn't given me permission. Maybe I should be punished more... ?"

Ted grinned from ear to ear, and I knew that I had performed properly. Most girls might not wish to have their legs pulled the rest of the way up until they were hanging by their feet in mid air, but I am not most girls. I have been hung upside down before and actually like it. Well, for a while. After an hour or more it starts to get to you, but up to then it's really wild!

He pushed the button and my feet continued towards the ceiling. My shoulders scraped across the floor and then my head was the only part of me still in contact with something solid. Then that was gone and I was slowly twisting in the air. I might have just finished an orgasm, but I swear my pussy was heating up again. There must be something wrong with me. Being tied up and treated roughly turns me into a sex machine!

For a long time, he simply looked at me as I slowly twisted, first to the left then I unwound a bit to the right. I could see my long hair hanging down all the way to the wood, which was almost two feet below me. I was very much aware of how very tightly the ropes were cutting into my ankles. After all, they were taking all my weight. But I also knew that the pain was not all that bad and I could take it hanging by my ankles for at least an hour before it really became intolerable. I was also aware, in a pleasing sort of way, of the tight ropes holding my arms together and to my body. All in all, it was a delicious helplessness, aided, no doubt, by the lingering afterglow of a nice orgasm.

I will have admit that I am not sure which of us was enjoying this more. He certainly was, to judge from the smile on his face. And I knew a feeling inside me that I had not felt since the last time Diane had me completely helpless and was going out the door of the barn with a promise that she would not return for a long time.

But I was not forgetting that I was supposed to be a professional playing a part. So I hammed it up. "Oh, Mister, this hurts me so! Please, couldn't I be let down? My ankles hurt. Surely I've been punished enough?"

I added a bit of wiggling and some jerking that made my breasts bounce. For good measure, I tossed my head back and forth hard enough to make my hair swish and lash the wooden platform beneath me. I strained and pulled at my arms a bit, as if I were struggling to

free them. We both knew that I couldn't, but it looked good to the customer and it felt good to me to be doing it.

I must have put on a first rate show. Ted left me hanging upside down for the rest of his hour, only reluctantly lowering me when Samantha came in to inform him that time was up.

I had such nice rope pressure marks, on my arms but especially on my ankles.

- Chapter V - Kidnapped!

Well, that was what happened on my first day on the job as a professional submissive. And I will have to say that it was much more than I had expected, and I do mean in a good sense. In a way, I was both very experienced and an innocent. I knew what it was like to be tied up, and by an expert. Diane had tied me in probably at least fifty different ways, all of which were inescapable. I knew at least as many ways to tie a girl myself, and had practiced them on Diane as often as I could. But when it came to sex, and to being tied up by someone else other than Diane, I was Little Miss Innocent.

I found out over the next few days that Samantha was right; most customers do not really know how to tie a girl. I could have easily freed myself from ninety percent of the bondage I was put into, but I did not. Samantha made it clear that I should go along with the program and pretend that I was tied up for real. The customer is always right sort of thing, once again. So I got tied up, poorly most of the time, and that was when the customer felt like tying me. Some just wanted to spank my bottom, or to make me obey and kneel before them, acting very submissive and meek. I guess I'm good at that. Samantha said that the customers were pleased.

Please don't think that there were not customers who really knew what they were doing - there were. Just not as many as I would have liked. So I did my work, and earned more money in the first week than I had made in all the jobs since I came to the big city. That part didn't hurt much.

The only real problem during the month that I worked at The Castle was what I was going to tell my Mother. I have never lied to Mom and was not going to start now. But I could hardly tell her the truth, could I? And she insisted that I call her at least once a week; mothers are like that. So I told her that I was working as a customer relations specialist for a small company. When she asked what exactly I did, I told her it was to make sure that the customers of that company were satisfied. She accepted that without realizing the innuendo. I have found that when you tell Mother something she does not really know about, she will never admit it. She was probably telling everyone back in Gables Corner about her daughter's wonderful job, without being able to describe it any better herself.

A month passed, and I work pretty well into my new job. I worked Thursday through Sunday, and then had Monday through Wednesday off. It was a rough schedule in that I had to be there from noon to two o'clock the next morning. That made for a fourteen hour shift. But there was a break for dinner, and I could sleep late the next day. And I liked having three days off in the middle of the week.

The money was not bad at all. I considered buying a car. It would certainly be better than taking the bus to work and home. But I did not feel comfortable yet with putting all the money I had saved as a down payment. I guess I take after my Mother in being conservative when it comes to money. If something should happen and I lost that job, I would not have felt comfortable with nothing saved up and an additional monthly debt for car payments. So I continued to ride the bus.

Which was my undoing.

Getting out after two o'clock in the morning left me with a couple blocks to walk to the nearest bus stop, and then I had to wait a while as the buses do not run too often that time of the night. One night, I said goodbye to Samantha and left, going out into the darkness with little thought for my safety. I was hardly out of the parking lot when I dark shape came at me from behind a car. I had not even the time to cry out before a hand was pressed against my mouth and a strong arm wrapped around my neck. I barely had time to smell a strange odor before I passed out.

When I awoke, it was to find myself with a headache, in darkness and tied up. For a long time I did not understand why the darkness was humming or why I was so uncomfortable. But eventually enough conscious returned to tell me that I was locked in the trunk of a car and it was driving, probably along the freeway to judge by the constant speed and noise. My hands were bound behind me with rope, and my legs were tied at the ankles and then up to the wrists to make it a hogtie. The bottom of the trunk was rather hard against my stomach. I tried to roll onto my side but found that I was wedged into a well on the bottom of the trunk floor and could not move.

Shortly after coming to those conclusions about my physical condition, I realized that there was gag of some sort in my mouth. It felt as if a big balloon were forcing my jaws apart, so big that I could not force it out of my mouth. I shook my head but could feel no straps around it. Later, I was to see that gag and realize that it was, indeed, a big rubber balloon, thick rubber to be sure, but inflated just like a balloon. There was a short tube sticking out in front and valve on that. The thing is called an inflatable gag, and when it is pumped up and the valve shut, it becomes a very effective gag. It pushes down the tongue, keeps the jaw wide open, and silences

any sounds coming from the throat. And it is damned uncomfortable when worn for any length of time. I know, because it was over four hours before my captor and his car reached their destination.

In the warm darkness, I took inventory but there was not much. I was tied pretty tightly, could not move, could not speak, and did not know who had kidnapped me or where I was going. About all I had going for me was that my blouse and jeans were still on me. Not much.

After the car stopped and the engine turned off, I still had to wait a long while before I got to see my captor. It was a bit disappointing when the lid of the trunk was opened to reveal, after I blinked a lot to get used to the light, a man I did not even know standing there. He was middle aged, wearing a white business type shirt but without a tie, and slacks. His temples were touched with gray, making him look distinguished, sort of like a banker. Or at least what a banker should look like.

For a while, he simply stared down at me, and I stared up at him. Then I grunted in question of why. He did not answer but it did get him to moving. He bent over and began untying the ropes that connected my ankles to my wrists. I would have been happy had he left those ropes alone and taken that damned balloon gag out of my mouth. The worst pain of all was my aching jaw. He undid the rope around my ankles and helped me to get out of the car, mostly by pulling on my arm. Eventually, with much effort, I was standing beside the car, my legs shaking a little but I attributed that mostly to the shock of being kidnapped. I had been hogtied longer before, courtesy of Diane.

Being the strong, silent type, he did not offer any explanation, but took my arm and led me out of the garage and through a door. The garage, by the way, was not one of those concrete and steel kind you find in an office building, but more like a home garage if you had a very big home with half a dozen cars, all very expensive ones. The other side of the door was a corridor which I was hurried along, then another door, and finally a third door at the end of a rather long corridor barren save for the doors at each end. We had gone down a flight of stairs, so I thought that perhaps we were below ground level.

The room facing me was rather depressing. Bare plaster walls, a chair, a table, two trunks, both closed so I could not see what was in them, and an overhead light. But what caught my eye first was the cell at the end. It was a prison cell, no mistaking that. Steel bars for a door, a large hasp with padlock. Inside I could see a small wooden bench and a couple iron rings set into the walls. The cell was no more than eight by six feet, rather on the small side. I was immediately reminded of the dungeons at The Castle, but this room lacked the ropes and whips hanging from pegs on the walls, and the pillory, stocks, etc. And The Castle did not have any

cells, only one barred cage, much smaller than this cell. Still, its purpose did seem obvious: keeping a prisoner secure.

I stood by while he took a key from his pocket and unlocked the cell door. Running away did occur to me, but my hands were still bound behind my back and I didn't think I could make it beyond the first door before he caught me. I remembered a couple times when Diane and I were playing and I made a dash to try and escape her. If my arms were tied, I never could make it very far. I came to the conclusion that a girl with her hands tied behind her cannot run as fast as she can with them swinging freely. So I stood there, hoping that this was all some kind of big joke.

The cell door opened silently, not creaking like in all those westerns and horror movies. A hand on my back propelled me inside. I was shaking my head and making strange whining noises through my noise, trying to indicate that I did not want to go inside the cell. But I was there, and the man was between me and the door. He kept an eye on me while he backed over to one of the trunks and opened it. I couldn't see much inside, but it looked as though it was filled with ropes and other stuff from The Castle. He selected a leather collar, a short length of chain and a padlock. I didn't like the trend I was seeing here.

Holding my hair with one hand, he put the leather collar around my neck, closing the hasp and inserting the chain through the metal loop. The two free ends were locked to the iron ring on one wall, securing me close to the wall. He jerked on the chain to test it, and then stepped back. The chain was short enough so that I could sit down, stand, walk a couple feet in a half circle, and that was all. I couldn't even reach the cell door.

My captor returned to his trunk and found a pair of handcuffs, which he used to secure my ankles a few inches apart. For a minute, he just stood there looking at me, sort of undressing me with his eyes, but also sort of taking a moment of rest after having gotten me into a condition where I could not do a thing. His hand went into his pocket and withdrew a pocketknife. My heart thudded fast as he opened it and I saw that blade gleam in the light. He took hold of my blouse with one hand and pulled. The buttons popped off, one by one, until the front was open. He pulled the material out of my jeans, and then used the sharp blade to cut across to each sleeve. In a few seconds, my blouse was lying on the floor, cut and ripped beyond usefulness. Without bothering to unhook my bra in the back, he sliced each strap from my shoulders and then cut easily through the center of the bra between my breasts. The bra fell, exposing my breasts.

For a while he just looked at them, but I could not read the expression on his face. Perhaps it was lust, perhaps something else. In The Castle, I was happy to see a man looking at my body with lust in his eyes. It was part of job. Besides, it made me feel proud. But here and under those circumstances, I was more than a little afraid of him getting his lust worked up. Not

that I could do anything about it. My breasts are what they are: a large, beautiful, firm pair that any woman would be proud to have.

With a sigh, he unbuttoned my jeans and used that razor sharp blade to slice the tough material from my legs. It seemed he was being careful not to cut my skin, but cared nothing for the nearly new pair of jeans. Then it was my panties, quickly cut away, leaving me clad only in ropes, collar and handcuffs. I could feel the tingle inside at being exposed to a strange man, and had to tell myself this was not a customer and I could be in a lot of trouble.

He gathered up my clothes and tossed them by the door. Then he put the knife away and I breathed a sigh of relief. At least he was not going to cut me up right then. For a while he did nothing, alternating between looking at me and back towards the corridor. Perhaps he was thinking. The decision finally made, he went to the trunk and rummaged around until he found a riding crop. I had seen them at The Castle and felt one upon my ass briefly. I knew they can hurt a bare bottom something terrible, and I was not happy with this turn of events. I whined and tried to back away but there was no place to go.

For the first time, he spoke, "Turn around and bend over."

I swallowed hard and considered refusing. But if I had learned anything from Diane and The Castle, it was that a tied and chained girl should not refuse her captor anything. I slowly turned and bent forward until my head was against the wall. My bottom, which I was sure was the target, was pointed towards him and exposed.

The first stroke, when it came, was what I had expected: terrible. This man was strong and he had swung the crop with his full strength. It crashed across my bottom and I cried out as loudly as I could with the inflatable gag in my mouth.

I jerked upright and snubbed my neck on the chain. "Bend back down," he said quietly. I sucked in air through my nose and looked pleadingly at him. I whined pitifully. He shook his head and gestured towards the bench with his riding crop. I whined some more and bent until I was back in position. He took his time and warmed up my bottom quite well. I could not see it, but I was sure that every square inch of it was bruised and inflamed. Each time the crop lashed my bare flesh, I jerked and cried out. Soon tears of pain were racing down my cheeks to fall upon the wooden bench in large, dark stains.

I did not count how many strokes I got. I am not sure he did, either. Suffice it to say that is was a good whipping and my bottom burned something terrible.

Before I realized the whipping was over, his hands were on my shoulder, urging me into an upright position. Then his fingers were turning a tiny screw on the valve and my inflatable gag was deflating. I cried as my jaw closed, for moving muscles that have been held strained until they ache can be a pain in itself. He pulled the rubber balloon from my mouth and tossed it towards the trunk. From his pocket he took a small rubber bulb with a short tube attached and tossed that after the gag. I figured that was the pump.

"Why?" I managed after a few seconds of working my jaw.

"Because... " For a while I thought that was all he was going to say, and remembered my Mother constantly telling me that "because" was not an answer. But he continued, "Of what you did to my son."

"You son?" I was puzzled and sure it showed in my voice.

"You ruined the boy," he said. "Messed up his mind. He's not what he should be now."

This man seemed to be referring to something I was unaware of. "I don't know your boy," I said, then added, "Do I?"

"Of course you know him. He visited you at that place entirely too many times."

"The Castle?" I ventured.

"The Castle," he confirmed. "You are responsible for ruining my son, and I'm going to make you pay for that. You'll deserve every bit of punishment you get."

"Hey, wait a minute! I didn't ruin anybody's boy! I just work there."

His face turned hard. "I don't mind kinky sex," he said carefully. "That's okay. But when done properly. You perverted my boy into a wimp, a milksop who worships the ground you walk on. That's not right for a man to do. You ruined him."

Where I come from, it is the girl whose father complains about her being ruined, and that always means that she is not a virgin any longer and a shotgun wedding is coming soon. But I did not think this man was saying that I took his son's virginity.

"I didn't do anything," I protested. "I've never turned any boy into a wimp. I don't even know how."

He snorted, and I knew I was not doing this right. "Please, I don't know what's happening, but I think you've got the wrong girl. It's true I work at The Castle, but I only started there a month ago. And I work as a submissive. If anybody gets ruined, it's me and my bottom."

"Liar," he said simply. "You know that you're caught now, and you'll say anything to get out of the punishment you deserve."

"No, I won't! I mean, I don't deserve any punishment. That's all I get all day long at The Castle anyway. Mister, you got the wrong girl."

"My name is Matt. You can call me Master Matt. Might as well get off on the right foot. You are my captive, and I'll do with you as I wish. And I wish to punish you for what you did to my son."

"Please, I'm telling you, you've got the wrong girl!"

"My son, when he was enthusiastic about The Castle, described you and told me your name. I've got the right girl, all right, Mistress Monique of the long shiny black hair and deep green eyes."

"But you've got the wrong girl!" I continued the protest. "Mistress Monique does have long black hair, and her eyes are green, like mine, but I'm not her! You've made a mistake."

"Do you take me for a fool? You've tasted a tiny part of the pain you'll get here, and you'll say anything to escape from it."

"My name is Melinda Crosby. You can check my purse."

"That might be your real name, but you girls always use a different name when you're working at a place like that."

I couldn't argue with him there. Samantha said it was standard practice to use a different name. I went by the name of Gwendoline at The Castle. Samantha told me that it was the name of a famous submissive.

I could see that arguing with this man was getting me no place fast. Perhaps it would be best to let him whip my ass and be over with this punishment for ruining his boy. "How long is this punishment to last?" I asked timidly.

He laughed. "My boy has been ruined for life. I figure that punishing you for the rest of your life would be fitting."

The rest of my life? The rest of my life!

"Whoa! Hold it right there. I told you, you've got the wrong woman. I'm not Mistress Monique. I don't even speak with a false French accent like she does. You can't punish me for the rest of my life for something I didn't do! You can't!"

My little outburst earned me an additional punishment. "Bend over," he said evenly.

"What?" I said.

"Bend over," he repeated.

"My bottom is sore already. Please don't whip it again."

"If you don't bend over, I'll use this riding crop on your breasts... "

I bent over. This time I counted ten strokes, each of which hurt worse than any of the first group. I was crying anew when he said I could straighten up.

"You don't argue with me. You've earned your punishment, and you'll have to take it like a... Well, like the bitch you are."

I sniffed and really wanted to say something, anything to make him understand that he had the wrong woman. It was laughable to think of me as a dominatrix, making men cringe beneath her whip. But I was not laughing right then, I was crying.

He tossed the riding crop into the trunk, and then closed the door. The padlock looked huge and clicked shut with a very loud snap. I watched his departing back, wishing I knew what to say. When the door closed, I managed a weak, "You've got the wrong girl," but he was already gone.

I looked around. The cell was perfect for holding a female prisoner forever. There was no window. The only opening was the barred door and that was held quite firmly shut with that big padlock. Plus, my neck was chained to the wall, not to mention that my hands were still bound behind me and my ankles were linked with handcuffs. I was one pretty helpless girl.

Without thinking, I sat down, and then winced as my sore and swollen flesh came in contact with the hard wood. For a while, I just stood there, not wanting to sit down. But I was tired and I could not just continue to stand there all night. I had no clock, but I was pretty sure that at least an hour had passed when I decided to try sitting again. This time, the pain was less and I managed to stay sitting, although I didn't feel like wiggling my bottom much.

There was a source of fresh, warm air from a vent under the bench, so I was not cold or worried about breathing in this windowless room. I leaned back, and wondered what I was stuck in. It was obvious that this man thought I was Monique, who I had met a few times but did not really know. How could I convince him that I was not Monique when he did not believe a word I said?

Eventually I fell asleep. I must have slept for the better part of the day because I felt more refreshed when I finally awoke. The fiery pain in my bottom had turned to an ache that cried out anew each time I moved it against the wood. I stood to stretch my muscles, as much as the restraints allowed.

If this had been a game played on my by Diane, I would have enjoyed it. Being tied and handcuffed and locked to a ring in the wall, not to mention locked in a cell, would have been grand back when Diane and I were playing such games. Even if this were happening at The Castle, it would be fun. But there was just a little too much uncertainty about my future for me to enjoy it much right then.

I guess it was around suppertime when Matt returned with food. The tray held two apples and a dish of water. But my stomach was grumbling and any food looked good. Matt unlocked the door and entered my tiny cell. I remained sitting, while he stood before me. Without a word, he took that pocketknife out and sliced one apple into a dozen slices. Then he popped them into my mouth, one at a time, allowing me to chew between bites. It tasted good, actually.

"If you want the other apple, you'll have to earn it," he said when I had finished the first one.

"How?" I asked timidly.

His reply was to put the tray down on the trunk outside and return to my cell to unlock my neck chain from the wall. He pushed down on my shoulder until I was on my knees and then locked my chain to the leg of the bench. The chain was short enough so that I could not have stood if I had wanted to. His zipper came down and an erect penis emerged from his pants. "Suck it," was all he said.

Suck it? Me!

I'll have to explain something. At that point, I had never taken a man's penis in my mouth, and did not want to. I considered it a disgusting sexual act, and had sworn that I would never do it so long as I lived. I just was not that kind of girl.

"I... I can't," I stammered.

"You will."

"I don't know how."

"All girls know how. Take it in your mouth and gently suck on it. Run your tongue around it, caress it, slide it back and forth in your mouth."

"I'll gag. I can't do that. It's disgusting."

"And don't even think of biting down," he continued as if I had not said a word. "The punishment would be a fate worse than death."

A fate worse than death? I couldn't figure out what that might be, and I did not want to dwell on it. I promised myself that I would not bite. But could I take that thing in my mouth? I looked at it and shuddered. I had seen the tool on only a few boys, and I can tell you that each one is different. This one was larger than the few I had seen, that was for sure.

"I haven't used the riding crop on your breasts yet," he said gently.

Suddenly I saw the wisdom of learning new sexual skills. I leaned forward until it was touching my lips, and then opened them to admit that unwanted thing inside. My first surprise is that it didn't taste like anything. Somehow, I had expected it to taste horrible. For a few seconds I just held it there, half in my mouth, half out. It was strange to have a living thing inside my mouth, but oddly exciting.

I have a submissive nature, I know that. It makes me love being tied up, and most any kind of activity that makes me aware of being helpless. I guess being forced to perform oral sex on a man appealed to my submissive nature, for I found myself exploring that thing with my tongue. It liked that, and grew even larger and pulsed with life. What a strange experience! I found my head moving back and forth to make my lips and mouth slide over his penis. Its head felt so soft against the roof of my mouth. And good. Soon my head was moving faster, almost eagerly. I really did not know what I was doing, but apparently it was the right thing. He moaned

softly as I worked away, but suddenly the moans grow louder and faster. Then he was arching his body forward and grasping the back of my head with his hands. It was then that I felt a shiver race through his penis and suddenly it was spurting warm, slimy stuff into my mouth!

I almost gagged. Then he said, through clenched teeth, "Swallow it!" I did, without thinking. I swallowed and swallowed until his tool was finished pumping and began to shrivel. When it was withdrawn from my mouth, I was feeling rather degraded and ashamed. Good girls simply don't do that, my Mother had told me enough times. And to have to swallow it was insult on top of injury.

I thought that I might throw up, but surprisingly my stomach did not rebel. I knelt there, resting against the bench and hung my head. For the first time in my life, I actually felt disgusted with myself. But I told myself that I had no choice in this matter. It was do as he said or suffer more punishment.

His fly zipped up again, he returned with the tray. Silently, he cut the other apple into slices and fed them to me. Perhaps it is a sign that he was right in asserting that all woman know how to perform that oral service for a man, and it is a natural thing to do, but I ate the apple slices. If you had asked me before this all happened, I would have said that I could not have eaten a thing after having to suffer through this. But the apple tasted good, and I simply ignored what I had eaten a minute before.

Matt put the plastic bowl of water on the floor and left my cell. He locked the door and was leaving with the tray when he turned around at the door. "Tomorrow," he said with a faint smile, "you will begin your formal punishment."

"You mean what you've done to me today isn't punishment?" I asked, a little more heatedly than might have been wise.

He laughed. "No, not punishment at all. Just a welcome. Tomorrow you'll learn what punishment is."

On that cheerful note, he closed the door. A few seconds later the light went out, leaving me in total darkness and despair.

- Chapter VI - Punishments

I quickly discovered what he meant by punishment. The whipping with the riding crop had been a taste, but I was to find out that there are many, many ways of causing a girl pain without hitting her with something. I already knew from my prior experiences with the mischievous Diane that

being tied tightly for long periods could become surprisingly uncomfortable, even downright painful. There was this time she left me with my ankles tied behind my neck for... Well, that's another story. I was talking about what Matt did to me on the second day he had me as his captive.

I was to come to find out that Matt was rather wealthy and had taken me to his "country house." More like an estate, it was, but I was not really concerned with real estate right then. The way in which the size of his estate was brought home to me was in the number of special punishment devices he had installed around the place. To begin with, there was that underground cell where I spent my first day and night. Then there was the pillory. And later the soundproofed whipping room where I was eventually to hang by my wrists and feel a variety of whips. But that second day it was the pillory.

Behind a rather large house in Spanish style so popular in Southern California, there were extensive grounds, mostly covered with oak forest and grass. The pillory stood in a small clearing among those oak trees, set in a concrete pad. It consisted of a single square post coming up out of the concrete, and two cross pieces of boards with half circles cut in them. The top yoke was hinged on one end and had a hasp and padlock on the other end, just like in all those old movies. I was brought to it, still naked, and with my hands still bound behind my back, but lacking the handcuffs upon my ankles and the leather collar around my neck. This was after a meager breakfast of more apples slices, but without the requirement for oral sex in order to have the second apple. The pillory did not look too intimidating, and so far the worst part had been being naked out in the open air. Sure, Diane and I had run around naked outdoors in our games, but that had been mostly at night. It was strange to be tied and naked on the grounds of a mansion. There might have been servants, but I saw none.

As we approached the pillory, an idea occurred to me. In order for my head and hands to be fitted into those half circles made for them, he would have to untie my hands from behind me. At that point I would be completely free. One good, swift kick between the legs and Master Matt would be down and I would be running for freedom as fast as my legs could carry me.

But Matt was not that stupid. He made me stand behind the pillory, but instead of untying my hands, he took a pair of handcuffs out of his pocket and locked them on my ankles! Then he took a padlock and connected the center link of those handcuffs to a metal ring screwed into the pillory post. That held my feet not only together, but also right up against the post. So much for running!

Then he untied my hands. I was not given much time to massage sore wrists that had been bound for a day and a half before he placed my wrists in the half circles meant for them. Then he pushed my head down and set my neck into the larger middle one. I thought about

resisting, but those damned handcuffs on my ankles changed my mind. I was quite helpless and would certainly earn more serious punishment than being in a pillory should I fight him. Or even balk at his orders, probably. So I let him place my wrists and neck as he wished, like a docile little toy. He pulled my long raven hair out of the wood before closing the top yoke. The fit around my wrists and neck were surprisingly snug. It later occurred to me that the fit was so good that it might have been custom made to measure for me. But the important thing right then was that I would not be able to pull my hands free, and my head was not going anywhere, either. I looked over as he locked a big padlock on the hasp.

As he stepped back to look at his captive, I became aware of how awkward that position was. Not only was my back bent to fit my head and hands in the yokes, but also my feet were held close to the post. It would have been much more comfortable had I been able to move my feet around, back a bit, and spread them some. In fact, I was to come to wish very ardently that I could spread my legs when the pain became intense in my back. But that was hours away. Right then, he was smiling at my situation.

"How long?" I asked. To be honest, I was not too sure that I really wanted to know, but felt that I had to say something.

"What day of the week is this?"

"That long, huh?" I hoped he was joking. I didn't want my sentence in that pillory to be measured in days. Hours would be bad enough, I suspected.

"I'll let you out when I'm sure you've suffered enough."

"I am not the woman you think I am," I said evenly. Can't blame a girl for trying.

He laughed. "You can claim whatever you want, but I don't believe you." He turned to go, but paused long enough to inform me, "And if your insistence on innocence gets on my nerves, you'll be wearing a rather uncomfortable gag until you learn better."

Then he was gone, leaving me to stand in the speckled sunlight.

I explored my limits and found that they were pretty severe. I could turn my head a bit but not move it. My fingers were far enough away so that I could not even scratch my nose. And I could wiggle my butt, but nothing else. I was pretty helpless.

As the morning wore on, I tried to remember every customer I had seen at The Castle, whether he had used me or not. But I could remember none of them that might have been this

man's son. Which did not surprise me. At The Castle, care is taken to keep the customers from seeing much of each other, probably to assure that two business acquaintances do not discover they both like the kinky side of life. And if Matt's son was a submissive, then one of the dominants would have attended to him. Monique, apparently.

Not that it would have done me any good even if I had remembered the boy, but such mental exercises helped to pass the time. After a few hours, I was shifting my weight from one foot to the other, trying to ease the increasing discomfort in my back. Around noon, I could feel the muscles trembling and aching all across my back. A few hours later and I was sure they were going to start cramping and causing me so much pain that I would soon be screaming.

I didn't scream, but sometimes I wondered why I did not. It may sound very simple to you, but unless you have had the wonderful experience of spending a day in a pillory, you have no idea how much it can get to hurting. Not even Diane at her worst would have made me endure that much suffering. She had left me tied in pretty uncomfortable positions for hours, but she always knew just where the limits were and never pushed me beyond them. Perhaps it was partly because she knew that the next day she might be tied in the same way and I would be the one who decided when she would get out.

I was moaning softly to myself when Matt came by in the late afternoon. My long hair was hanging straight down around my head, limiting my vision, so I did not see him coming. What I guess was a playful pat across my bare bottom announced that I had company.

"Oh, Matt, please take me out of this. I'm hurting so much. This is terrible."

"But not as terrible as your forgetting to call me 'Master'. Right?"

"Oh... Master, please let me out of here."

"I would have, but there is the matter of your little slip with my name. Can't let that go by without punishment."

"I'm punished! Haven't I suffered enough?"

His reply was another pat on my behind, this time hard enough to make it sting. It didn't take much, since my bottom was still sore from the riding crop. "Sorry, I'll have to leave you here another hour for that mistake."

"Oh, please not an hour. I can't take it."

"If you can't take it, what are you going to do?"

I sniffed back the tears that wanted to come to my eyes. "Please, Master, have pity on me."

"You had no pity on my son when you turned him into a sniveling wimp."

"I told you, I didn't do that."

"Ha!" was his only comment on my pleas of innocence. Suddenly he was walking rapidly away. "An hour," he called back over his shoulder.

It felt like several hours before he returned. The sun had long gone behind the trees and the sky was darkening. My biggest fear was that he would leave me to stand in misery all night. He seemed to enjoy hurting me and that was the worst thing he could do to me, or so I thought right then.

"Please, Master... ?" I was ready to kiss his shoes right then if it meant freedom from that wooden prison.

"Your attitude seems to have improved. We'll see if it lasts or not. I'm going to unlock the pillory now. When you can lift your head and hands, immediately put your hands behind your back."

I heard the lock click open and felt the pressure of the top yoke lifting from my neck and wrists. Slowly, very slowly, I straightened up, sharp pains darting across my back as muscles and bones eased their way out of a strained position. I had to hold on to the pillory for a second or two while I stretched my back, but as soon as I could stand, I put my hands behind me. Between the riding crop and this pillory, I was beginning to fear this man and what he could do to me.

Rope, probably the same rope that had been around my wrists before, was wrapped around them again and tied tightly. Only when my hands were tightly secured, did he unlock the handcuffs on my ankles. In the dim light I could see red marks around my ankles where the steel circlets had been cutting into my flesh all day.

I was taken back to my cell, fed a small dinner of apples and a bit of bread, washed down with a dish of water. Afterwards the ropes were taken off my wrists and replaced with handcuffs. My ankles were connected by a shining pair of legirons. The connecting chain was long enough so that I could have walked, had I been able to get out of my cell. I figured that the legirons were

more to remind me of my status than to restrict me. Not that the handcuffs snug around my wrists behind my back and the iron bars around me didn't do that job well enough.

I fell asleep enjoying the relative freedom of handcuffs and legirons. Much better than a pillory any day.

The next morning I met Carlos, Master Matt's henchman. At least that is what I think of him as. I suppose he is really a butler or chauffeur or gardener or something. But he is young, strong, and totally obedient to Matt. It is not a master/slave kind of thing, like he was trying to set up with me, but simple that Carlos would do anything Matt told him to, no matter if it was illegal or what. I mean, right away he was a party to keeping a girl prisoner against her will, and he never batted an eyelash at that. I found out later that Carlos was not in this country exactly legally, but Matt gave him a job. Carlos would do anything Matt said because he wanted to keep a good paying job and not get kicked back to whatever country he came from. And I gather that the authorities in whatever country that was would like to have a talk with him.

Well, it was Carlos who came with my breakfast of apples and water, plus a little dark bread this time. I sat there on my bench, hands handcuffed behind my back, ankles shackled, and had to eat each piece as this man held them up to my mouth. I might not have been so embarrassed but for the fact that Carlos was a rather handsome man, and I was getting more than a little horny. I mean, you know how I like being tied up... Well, I had been a prisoner for over two days and constantly chained or tied. It was having an effect on me. And Master Matt had not even touched me. I thought Masters were supposed to sexually use their slavegirls every night. It's in the rules, or something.

I finished my meager meal and was taken out of the cell at the end of a leash attached to a leather neck collar. The legirons did not really hinder my walk much, but they made metallic sounds with each step, a constant reminder that I was a chained and naked girl.

I tried to engage Carlos in conversation while we walked, but he remained the strong, silent type. Beyond telling me that his name was Carlos, I got nothing out of him. I even tried to tell him that I was being held captive against my will and the police would one day come down on all of them, but he did not seem to even notice that I was talking. After a little while I gave up. Either he was not going to answer me, or the only English words he knew were, "My name is Carlos."

Our destination was a small room off the corridor to my cell. It was a stark room, bare white walls, concrete floor, no windows, and the only object in it was a metal pipe attached to one wall, crossing the room at just below the height of my breasts, and bolted to the other wall. Carlos pulled me into the room and tied my leash to that pipe. Then he left, giving me a chance

to look around. The pipe looked very much like those lead pipes used for plumbing, about an inch in diameter. The room was about ten feet long by six wide. That was it. Bare white walls and that sinister looking pipe. What could it have to do with the punishment Master Matt had promised, I wondered?

Carlos had some ropes and a chair when he returned. He put the chair next to the pipe and lay the ropes across the back of it. Then he knelt down and unlocked the legirons from my ankles. I watched with interest to see if Carlos would take the same precautions as Matt did when it came to keeping me partly restrained at all times while changing me. He did. My hands stayed handcuffed behind my back after my feet were free. He motioned that I was to stand on the chair and even held my arm while I stepped up. I was still pretty far from the ceiling, but my outlook was growing dimmer all the time. The only thing the chair could mean was that I was going to have to sit on the pipe somehow. And that didn't sound too good to me. One time, Diane made me sit with my legs straddling a two by four board. My arms were tied behind me and my ankles tied under the board, so I had to stay there until Diane decided I had had enough, which, with her usual mischievousness, was not for well over an hour. I learned that a girl should not sit on anything thin and pressed against her pussy. It gets to hurting. And that pipe was thinner than that board. A lot thinner.

It was as I feared. I was to lift my leg and straddle that pipe. By standing on my tiptoes on the chair, I was able keep my weight off the pipe, but that was only temporary, I was sure. He locked the legirons back on my ankles, effectively securing me to the pipe. Then he unlocked my handcuffs and untied the leash. He motioned for me to unbuckle the collar and hand it to him. Then he took one of the two lengths of rope from the chair and bound my hands behind my back with one. My palms were facing each other, and the rope was tied very tightly. After knotting it solidly, there was some rope left hanging down. That, he wrapped under the pipe and back up between my arms, and then repeated that several times. The effect was to tie my wrists a couple inches above the pipe with my fingers spread to either side of it.

Things started to get worse after that. Carlos put his hand on the chair back and tugged gently. It was his way of telling me that the chair was coming out and I could ease myself onto the pipe or suffer when the chair was pulled out. I eased my weight down, grimacing as that hard metal nestled into my pussy. I held onto the pipe behind me with bound hands to keep my balance, for that pipe was terribly thin. The idea of falling to the side frightened me almost as much as the fear of what that pipe might do to me between my legs if I was forced to sit there very long. I had just settled onto the pipe when Carlos pulled the chair out, and I cried out as my toes left their only support.

Carlos calmly unlocked the legirons and replaced them with rope, crossing my ankles and binding them very tightly. Each time he wound a loop around my ankles or jerked tight a knot, I

felt like the tug on my legs would upset my balance and make me fall. When my ankles were quite tightly bound in the crossed position, he took his chair and left.

I faced the prospect of a very unpleasant day, both suffering pain in between my legs and trying very hard to keep my balance. And perhaps the most terrible part was that I did not know how long I would have to endure. It might be all day, in which case I would either suffer terrible damage to my poor pussy or I would fall and hang by my hands and feet in a head down position. It was not looking to be a very nice day at all.

That was when Master Matt came into the small torture room. He was smiling when he saw me. Must have been the worried look on my face that pleased him. He checked the ropes carefully, but changed none. Either Carlos was a natural or Matt had trained him, but I would not be getting those ropes off by myself.

"You comfortable?" he asked.

"You've got to be kidding! You ever try to sit on a lead pipe?"

"No, but then I didn't ruin a boy's life and have to get punished for it."

"I told you, I didn't... "

"Yes, I know, you didn't do it. But I watched that place carefully. You are the only girl with long dark hair to enter or leave. You're Mistress Monique."

I bit back a retort. This man just was not going to listen. And I couldn't think of any way to prove to him that I was not Monique. So I changed the subject. "How long am I going to have to spend up here?"

"While, now... " he stroked his chin as if considering the problem. "A few hours would hardly be punishment. On the other hand, a week would be a bit severe... Let's say just for the day."

"The day! The whole day! You've got to be kidding. That will ruin my pussy!"

"Maybe."

"I'll be in terrible pain."

"I hope so. Would be a waste of effort if you weren't."

"You're terrible!"

"I know. Now let me explain something to you. You can stay the way you are, balancing with the help of your hands holding the pipe behind you. Or you can fall over, in which case you'll find yourself hanging by bound hands and feet. You'll be facing down and the way your ankles are tied probably won't be too comfortable. But you may decide that it would be better to hang than to sit. Just be aware that if you make that decision, you won't be able to get back up to a sitting position."

"I had already figured that out."

"Oh, yes, I forgot, you're the dominant, the expert at torturing people, especially innocent, impressionable young men."

I made a face at his insult but held back the words to go with it.

"Well, that being that, I'll bid you goodbye and leave you for the day."

"Will anyone be checking in on me?" I asked.

"Why?"

"In case I get into trouble; something harmful or something."

"You'll either be sitting like you are, or you'll be hanging face down. There are no other alternatives. And neither of those will do you harm. Pain, yes, but harm, no."

He turned to go but my exclamation stopped him. "Wait! Would you please do me a favor?"

"A favor!? You don't seem to understand your position in life now. You are not in a position to ask favors. But, since I'm in a good mood, what is it you'd like? A pillow for your poor pussy?"

"I would appreciate if you would have your son come by so he can see me and tell you that I'm not Mistress Monique."

He seemed taken aback for a second. "No," he said slowly. "I won't. Timmy was so under your spell that the sight of you suffering might make him do something he'll later regret. No, for

now it would be better if he didn't see you. Later... Well, when I've reduced you to a submissive, obedient, meek slavegirl who wouldn't say boo to a goose, then I'll let him see the way a girl should act around a man. I'm sure it will impress him that his mistress, his goddess in black leather, can be turned into a whimpering, docile pet useful only for sexual satisfaction and whipping."

He sure had a way with words! I couldn't think of a thing to say. He closed the door. A second later the light went out.

Well, I had shot my one hope and it was a blank. It seemed logical that if his son said I was not Monique, he might believe him. He certainly did not believe me. Sigh!

I suffered from the lead pipe cutting into the soft flesh between my legs for as long as I could. Really! Hanging face down for the rest of the day did not sound like a very good idea, and I thought that sitting upright would be better. Maybe not less painful, but more dignified, if nothing else. So I sat there, trying to keep my balance, trying to lift up as much as I could with my hands (not much, I can tell you), and trying to ignore the screaming of punished nerves within my sex. You simply cannot believe how much it can hurt when all your weight is resting on a thin pipe and cutting into you.

The bright idea did occur to me to bring my legs up and try to shift my weight onto my bottom. But my ankles being tied the way they were defeated that. If my feet were not tied, I could have brought one leg up and over the pipe, then worked myself carefully into a sitting position with my weight on my bottom inside of trying to slice me in two. But I could not raise my legs high enough. I could get my knees up high enough to grasp the pipe with them, but then found that my ankles being crossed when they were tied prevented me from closing my knees hard enough to do any good. Finally I abandoned all attempts at holding onto the pipe with my legs and let them drop to hang straight down. I had discovered that bringing my legs up did change the position of the pipe embedded in my flesh, so I occasionally did that, just to make a little difference, but it was difficult to hold my legs up.

The worst part about enduring punishments like that one is the lack of time reference. I had no clock, not even the changing shadows of sunlight to measure the passage of time. I was in a darkness that was nearly absolute, engaged in a struggle with the pain, and under such conditions the mind plays tricks. Time seems to stretch out most unreasonably. I could swear that I had been sitting there for five or six hours, yet I knew from past experiences in such conditions, courtesy of Diane, that in reality only an hour or so had passed.

I suffered, I endured, I swore, I tried to ignore pain, I cursed Matt and Monique and his son, Timmy. But mostly I suffered. Sometime, probably in the afternoon, I could take it no more.

While considering if I should slide down to get that terrible pain off my pussy, I was wiggling this way and that, trying fruitlessly to find some position that hurt less, when I felt myself slipping to my right. With a cry of distress, I fell. It was not a long drop, and the most pain was generated when my shins hit the pipe. For a few stunned seconds I hung there. I had been only thinking about doing this, and was not ready. But it was done, and now I could get on with the business of suffering in a different position.

First off, I noticed that my shoulders were in a rather uncomfortable position. My hands were tied to the pipe and in the face down position that meant my arms were pulled up behind me and most of my weight taken on them. It was a lot like those times when Diane tied my arms behind me then pulled them up to the rafters in the barn, often ridiculously high above my head. Only, those times all I had to endure was the pull on my arms, not my body weight trying to dislocate my shoulders. The next thing I noticed was that my pussy was tingling. Severe pins and needles from awakening nerves was making my whole pussy shockingly alive. Which was only to be expected since I had been sitting on it for a long time.

All in all, I came to the conclusion that I should have done this earlier. It was not comfortable, and I suspected it would grow worse, but it was not as bad as having that damned pipe trying to cut me in two.

A few hours later I was not so sure I was in a better position. My shoulders were aching something terrible. And it was not much fun to hang with your head down. For a little while I amused myself by swinging my weight from side to side, not that I figured it would do anything to help me escape nor to ease my suffering any. But it was something to do. Do you have any idea how desperately you seek both physical and mental distractions when you are constantly suffering and cannot do a thing about it? Finally, I stopped adding additional pain to my ankles where they were rubbing against the pipe, and I settled down to enduring. Considering the huge amount of time I have endured being tied up and punished by at the hands of Diane, Matt, customers of The Castle, etc., you would have to say that I have many enduring qualities.

Somewhere in the middle of the afternoon I realized that my pussy had settled down to a mild ache, and that it was possible that it was not permanently damaged as I had feared. With a little luck, I figured it might even function again as the ultimate source of pleasure for a girl.

It was Carlos who came for me. He did not seem surprised that I was hanging down where he had left me sitting upright. He first untied my ankles and eased my feet to the floor. It was a great relief to feel the concrete cool beneath my bare feet. Then he untied my hands. I noticed that he had not shackled my ankles before removing the ropes from my hands. In fact, for a minute I was completely free. But my hands were dark colored and rather lifeless for a while. I could not use them until the circulation returned, by which time they were firmly trapped

behind my back in handcuffs. I didn't know exactly how long I had hung face down, but it had been at least three hours, by my guess. That is a long time to have most of your weight hanging by your wrists. It also made ruined my equilibrium for a while.

I was given a meal a little bigger than the others, but still consisting of sliced apples, water and dark colored bread. I ate eagerly, and would have asked for more had I thought for one second that it would have done any good. Still, that meal was the largest, perhaps to make up for the fact that during the lunch break I was hanging completely helpless in a dark room.

I spent the night in my cell, naked still, with handcuffs on my wrists behind my back, and legirons on my ankles. In addition, my neck was encircled by a leather collar and chained to the ring on the wall with such a short chain that I could only sit on the bench or stand. Lying on the bench or floor was out of the question.

The next day I was whipped again.

- Chapter VII - More Punishments

Well, that brings you up to where I began this story, with my hanging by my wrists in the special whipping room Master Matt had made for my punishment. By then I had stopped protesting that I was not this Monique, and he stopped insisting I was the only girl working that place with the proper long, black hair and green eyes. The one part that I did not understand was his insistence that he had watched the outside long enough to see everyone coming and going many times, and I was the only girl with long black hair. I knew that Monique had long black hair, so why had he not seen her leave?

I hung there that morning, my bottom burning, my wrists hurting, and tried yet again to come up with some way to prove to Matt that he had the wrong girl. Outside, the sun was shining down on the very beautiful area called Miller's Valley, or at least that was what Matt called it when he saw me looking down from the low mound as we walked to this special whipping place. Somewhere, people were smiling, having lunch with friends, shopping, reading books. But within that dark room I hung by pained hands and wished I were someplace else - any place else.

Having no idea how long I was to be left hanging, only that it would be long enough "to let me think about the whipping," as Master Matt had put it, I tried to remain as still as possible and even hung my head. Every motion of my body added its little bit of hurt to my sore wrists. It must have been a few hours later when I heard footsteps coming. For a while, I did not raise my head. What would I see? Only Matt or Carlos come to let me down and prepare me for the next punishment.

"Well, you certainly look punished."

The voice was not Matt's, nor the accented voice of Carlos. I looked up to find a young man standing there. He was maybe twenty-four, not bad looking and grinning at me. His hair was cut short in the current fashion, almost a military crew cut, but on him it looked good. Then I saw the resemblance between him and my "Master".

"Are you Timmy?"

"Gawd, I hate that name," he said with feeling but smiling. "The only person in the world who calls me 'Timmy' is my Father. Please call me Tim."

"I want to talk to you," I managed to get out evenly. "Please tell your father that I'm not Mistress Monique. Please!"

For a few long seconds he only looked at me with puzzlement on his face. "Oh... " he finally said. "Dad thinks you're Mistress Monique. And he was talking about punishing her for what she did to me. That explains you being here."

"Yes."

"Oh... Well... I don't know what to say. I'm sorry."

"Just tell your father that I'm not her and he can let me go."

"Why does he think that you're Mistress Monique?"

I sighed. "Could you let me down while we talk?" I asked. "My wrists are hurting."

"Better not. Dad might get mad."

I sighed again. "I work at The Castle. Your dad saw me coming out of the place. I have long black hair like Monique. And green eyes. He put two and two together."

"But how could he be sure you were the right one? All I ever told him was that Mistress Monique had long black hair and green eyes. But a lot of girls might have long black hair. And green eyes."

"Your father said he watched the place for a long time. I was the only girl who fitted that description he saw going in or coming out. So he kidnapped me."

"Why didn't he see Mistress Monique?" Tim mused. "Kind of strange."

"Well, strange or not, I have been punished for several days now because he thinks I 'ruined' you. Just what the hell did Monique do to you, anyway?"

"She opened my eyes," Tim said. "She showed me how wonderful it is to worship a divine female." He eyes took on a glow. "She's beautiful. She's absolutely powerful. I'd do anything for her."

"You'd kiss her ass?"

"If she would only ask me to," he said dreamily.

I got the picture. I might not have been a dominant at The Castle, but I knew the domination/submission game.

"Dad says I spent too much time there," he said shyly. "But I love spending time with her. And we've got so much money... But I don't think Dad likes my seeing her."

"That's an understatement," I muttered. "Look, that's for you and your father to work out. But I'm hanging here. My butt is a mass of whipmarks. I spent the other day sitting on a lead pipe then hanging face down from it. I'm been whipped, forced into oral sex... " I began to splutter as my anger grew. "I want out!" I finally yelled at him.

"I don't think I can help you," he said meekly.

"Just tell your dad that I'm not Monique."

Tim bit his lip and looked worried. Finally he said the one thing I did not want him to say, "I can't." He began pacing back and forth before me. "You see, if I tell Dad, he'll just go and get Mistress Monique and begin punishing her. I can't let that happen to her. So long as he thinks he has her, the real Mistress Monique will be safe. Don't you see?"

I said a dirty word. "I see. You little wimp! You'd let me suffer every day for the rest of my life so that your precious Monique is safe!"

"Mistress Monique is precious," he said softly. "I love her. I'd do anything for her." He looked up at me suddenly. "Did you tell Dad that you're not Mistress Monique?"

"Long and loud. It did no good. He thinks I'm lying."

"Good. Dad's pretty smart, but he's also stubborn. It's hard to get him to admit he's wrong." He took in a deep sigh. "You'll just have to go on being Mistress Monique."

"You little bastard!"

"Please, Mom and Dad were married." He was grinning like a little boy on Christmas morning. "You'll just have to resign yourself to your fate. At least until Dad tires of punishing you."

"And when is that likely to be?" I asked snidely.

"Don't know. Maybe months. He kind of likes tying up girls and giving them a rough time. He thinks that's the way a man should treat a woman."

I said another dirty word.

"On the other hand, he might never tire of punishing you. Say, you really do have quite a few black and blue marks across your bottom. That hurts, I know."

I was sure daddy's little boy did know all about having his bottom marked up. But that didn't help me much.

"The only problem," continued Tim, thinking hard, "is what to tell Dad. I'll have to convince him that he's got Mistress Monique and that I'm very upset about it. If I don't seem to care about what he's doing to you, he'll suspect something is wrong." He looked up brightly. "So I'll have to complain about the way he's treating you."

He might have said more, but there were footsteps announcing that someone was coming. We were both looking to the door when Matt walked in. For a second he took in the scene, his son and his captive, naked female. But it was Tim who spoke first.

"Dad! What are you doing to Mistress Monique! I wondered why she wasn't at The Castle. You can't do this to her! She's... She's... You just can't do this!"

Junior was putting on a good show of being an angry wimp. And Daddy was buying it all.

"Son, I know it's a bit of a shock," he said. "But I had to show you that she's not really a goddess - I think that was the word you used. She's just a woman, and should be treated like any other woman. Only in this case, I owe her something for all that submission nonsense she's filled your head with."

"But Dad... "

"Shut up, son. I know what's best for you. I was going to wait until I had her trained properly and then show you what a woman should be like. But you've found her before that part was ready. Too bad! Well, nothing is going to change. I'm going to continue training her until she's meek and submissive and lives only to please a man. It's the only way I can teach you that lesson. And punish her for all those lies she's gotten you believing."

"But Dad... "

"It has to be done." Dad was really getting firm. The more Tim tried to protest, the firmer he got. Just as Tim knew he would. I wanted to scream.

"Listen you two! I'm not... "

"Shut up!" Matt told me. Then he turned back to his son. "I can't make you watch the process, but it would do you good to see her training. It will take a while, but I'll break her. I know how."

Tim gave a good impression of someone barely able to keep in his anger. "Ohhhhh, fudge!" He stamped his foot and then turned suddenly for the door. After he passed his father, he looked back over his shoulder at me. His father was not looking at him, but at my naked, hanging body. Tim winked at me. I wanted to scream.

Master Matt walked slowly over to me after his son had left. "I really didn't want him to see you until you were ready," he apologized. "Would have worked better that way."

"I'm not Mistress Monique. Tim admitted it. He's lying to protect the real Monique. He knows that you'll go get her if you realize your mistake."

I realized my error almost as soon as I said it. With a stubborn man, you do not tell him he has made a mistake. Matt's eyes grew harder. "I can see you've a long way to go on your training," he said quietly, which scared me more than if he had shouted at me.

I feared that I would get more whipping right there and then, on top of my already marked up skin. But he held himself in check, probably just in time. Instead of reaching for the whip, he took my left nipple between his finger and thumb. A second later I screamed. His fingers were very strong and it felt like he was twisting my poor tittie off.

"I have a very interesting punishment for you this afternoon," he said casually. "At least it will cool off your bottom." Then he left.

I tried blowing on my pained nipple but that didn't do much. I felt like crying. Not only had I been whipped, but also my only chance for rescue from this life sentence of constant punishment flew out the window because Junior wanted to protect a girl who was only doing her professional job. I would have a few choice words with Monique when I got out of this mess. If I ever did.

Carlos came for me a while later. I was taken down, my hands untied and then locked behind my back with handcuffs. I was taken back to my cell and fed a small lunch, again apples, bread and water. The fare was enough to keep me alive but I was starting to have dreams of hamburgers with onions.

Not much later, Matt came for me. He unlocked my cell door without a word and motioned for me to turn my back to him. As I was turning around, I saw him put some ropes on my bench. The handcuffs came off, but almost immediately my wrists were looped with rope and being drawn tight together. He tied them quite firmly. Then I felt rope going around my elbows and their being pulled together. He tied them quite tightly together, jerking on the ropes as if he were angry. When my arms were firmly secured behind my back, I was taken from my cell to some unnamed but probably terrible torture.

I was taken to the pool. He had a very large pool behind his house. I like to swim but did not feel very good about all that water and me with my arms tied behind me. He stopped me beside the pool and a glass topped table with some more rope on it and a short black tube of plastic or something. I recognized it as a snorkel. Matt pushed me down to sit in a chair and then bound my legs with the ropes. He tied my ankles together then put more rope around just below my knees.

This was not a good sign. Normally, Diane would have tied my legs above the knees, not below them. But unless the ropes are tied very tightly, a girl can often wiggle enough to work ropes off if they are above the knees. But when tied below the knees, there is no place for the ropes to go because the calves are thicker than the legs below the knees. That meant, at least to me, that he was worried about the rope wiggling off my knees. And that suggested to me that the

ropes (and me) might be under water, which always loosens ropes and make them slide off more easily. I was getting a very bad feeling about all this.

"Look, Master Matt," I began. "I know you're unhappy about what Monique did to your son, but don't take that out on me." He went on tying my legs. "Please don't do anything dangerous." I was looking at the pool as I said that.

He was finished with my legs and pulled me up to a standing position. From the table he picked up a tape measure and measured me from head to toe. From the grass beside the pool he took a cement block and set it down in front of my feet. He tied a rope round my ankles then through the opening in the block. Carefully he measured the length of the rope before tying knots. I hoped he knew what he was doing.

He picked me up, and when he set me down again it was right on the edge of the pool. The water was a lovely shade of blue, sparkling in the sunlight, and looking very inviting. It was also scary as hell. Suddenly, I felt his hand pushing against the sides of my mouth. His other hand had the snorkel and was pushing the mouthpiece against my lips.

"I would advise you to take the mouthpiece in your mouth," he said. "When I push you into the water, it will be over your head. If you don't have the snorkel in your mouth, you'll find it hard to breath."

I started to protest, but as soon as my lips opened the rubber was shoved inside. I took it in my mouth and clamped my teeth down on it. I didn't know if he really would have pushed me in without the snorkel but I also did not want to find out.

"If I've measured correctly," he said casually, "the concrete block will hold your feet near the bottom. The snorkel should just be above the surface. If you keep the end of the snorkel above water, and keep air in your lungs, and breath carefully, you'll stay alive. But if you fail in any of those things... Well, it's all up to you."

I squealed through the snorkel. I shook my head, but he ignored me. I tried asking, "How long?" but the sounds that came out did not sound much like words. "How long?" he asked. "Well, it's early afternoon. I think that I'll come back to check on your tomorrow. Yeah, tomorrow. After breakfast. If you're careful, you'll still be alive. Of course, all the rest of today, and all night, is a long time... "

With a final check to make sure that my arms were tightly bound behind me, he put a hand in the middle of my back and lightly pushed. I leaned back to resist as long as I could, but I knew there was nothing I could do. I was just a naked, very tied up girl, and he was a big, strong

man. I heard a scraping sound and looked down to see him push the block up to the edge of the pool with his foot. Then he pushed it a little farther. It was half hanging over the water. I squealed again, and was frantically clawing at the ropes around my wrists. Then he pushed both me and the block in at the same time.

I felt the water closing in over me as I went almost straight down. In a moment of panic, I almost let go of the snorkel, which would have done me no good. I held my breath and quickly tried to get my head as close to the surface as I could. Fortunately, I had done some swimming with a snorkel when I was a child and knew how they worked. When I was sure that I was at a balance with my body floating as close to the surface as I could, I blew through the snorkel to clear it. Then I sucked in air, hoping that what came down the tube would be air and not water. If he had miscalculated by as much as half an inch, I would be in big trouble.

It was air that came in! Fighting to control my emotions, I began breathing slowly and carefully, never letting all the air out of my lungs. I knew that if I expelled all the air out of my lungs, I would sink down. And as soon as the end of the snorkel went below the surface of the water, I would be as good as gone. The only way I would survive would be if I could keep that end above the water and sucking down air. Which meant I had to keep enough air in my lungs to not sink lower.

The water in his pool was heated and only cool on my bare skin. It was also very clear, and I could open my eyes and see the dark shape of Matt standing above me, looking down. I wanted to scream at him, but I was too busy concentrating on breathing.

For a while his shape did not move. But when he was convinced that I was not going to expire immediately, I saw his dark shape leave. I came close to panicking again at the thought of no one being up there to save me. Being in the water with someone watching was one thing, but to be alone was quite another.

I settled down into a pattern of breathing that kept my head upright. I didn't know how long I could keep it up, but for the moment I was not drowning. Then I closed my eyes to keep them from getting too much chlorine in them. I concentrated then on the ropes joining my arms behind me. I am about as good as any girl at freeing myself from rope bondage. And these ropes and my naked body were all wet, which should have helped. But I could do nothing to loosen the ropes; they were simply tied too tight. For the longest time I worked on them, wiggling, struggling, feeling around with fingers. And getting nowhere. I tried to wiggle the ropes off my legs but nothing came of that. Even wet, they were tied far too tightly to be wiggled off.

After a while I gave up. The ropes were not coming off. But did I have any other options than to simply continue breathing? And could I keep up the delicate balance of air in my lungs all night?

For a long time my mind tried to find something I could do. Swimming in the usual sense was out of the question. My arms and legs were tightly bound, and my feet weighted down by a block of concrete. If it had just been the ropes, I might have managed a dolphin kick, which can be done with the legs together and does not require the arms. But there was that block holding my feet down.

It was probably an hour later before I thought of something. And I came to the conclusion that I had to try it. Careful as I was, I didn't think that I could last out the night. It was just too many hours of holding my head up and controlling my breathing. The water might have been heated but it was still cooler than my body and sapping heat out of me. That would make me get tired faster. A tiny mistake and some water comes in the top of the snorkel, then I'm in trouble.

The only chance was to move the block. Looking around underwater, I could see that I was not in the deepest part of the pool. And there was a much shallower end to my left. Only twenty feet away, but a great distance to a girl who is tightly bound up. If I took in a deep breath then held it, I might be able to use my buoyancy to lift the block a little and move it towards the shallow end. The main concern was that if I disturbed the block, it might slide down towards the deeper end, with terrible results for me.

I sucked in as much air as I could and felt my body pulling up against the drag of the block. I let part of it out and let myself sink slightly. Then I sucked in again, and when I could get no more air in I held my breath and pulled my legs up and to the left.

Immediately I straightened out my legs and pushed my head towards the surface. I blew out half my air to clear the snorkel of any water that had entered it. Then I gratefully sucked in more air. It came. For a while I just breathed that wonderful air. Then I opened my eyes to see if I had moved the block. It was hard to tell. Maybe.

I pulled in air again and repeated the process, kicking with my legs in what was sort of a dolphin kick, to try and lift the block. I feared very much that I would feel it sliding the wrong way and there would be no air. But there was air, and when I looked I seemed to be an inch closer to the shallow end.

It took a long time, and I had to be very careful, but I managed to work my way towards the steps in the shallow end. I knew I was going to make it when I felt my toes touching the block. The rope had been long enough so that my feet were twelve inches away from the block

when he first pushed me in. Now when I floated there, breathing, I could feel the rough surface of the block with my toes. With that encouragement, I renewed my effort. I found that I had to lift my legs farther to get the block to move, but it was moving. Then I found myself standing on the block.

I took a deep breath and pulled myself underwater by bending my knees deeply. With my feet braced against the block, I pushed up and forward as hard as I could. I felt myself lunge up then suddenly be snubbed when the rope to the block became taut. But the block had moved an inch more towards the steps. I repeated the lunge. After half a dozen jerks of the block, I could stand flat-footed on the bottom of the pool. From that point it was easy to shuffle my feet along, pulling the block after me until I was standing in water only up to my waist. The steps were right in front of me. I turned around and sat down to rest.

After a while, I looked around. Matt was nowhere in sight. It was the middle of the afternoon. Carlos was nowhere in sight. Not even Tim was around. That bastard who called himself my Master had really left me alone. Had I made a mistake, I would have drowned and no one would be there to see it, or save me.

Using my hands on the steps, and my legs to push, I worked my way up the steps and finally to the edge of the pool. With a great effort, I lay on my back and used the strength of my legs to pull the block from the water. For a long time I lay on my side on the decking, panting from the effort and very glad to be alive.

I wasted a lot of time just lying there, glad to be out of the water. When I finally came to my senses, I realized that I was blowing a golden opportunity. If I could free myself from that concrete block, I could get away. If Matt was so sure that I was a prisoner of his pool, he might not come out to check up on me until the morning, as he said. That would give me plenty of time to crawl away. But someone might look outside to the pool at any time and see me. I had to get out of there as soon as I could.

I arched my body and bent my legs back as far as I could until my fingers could reach my feet. Since I have several times been hogtied with my hands on either side of my feet, I knew I could reach that far down. It took a while, but I found the knots. It took longer to work them loose, but I had time and motivation. Finally I felt the ropes loosen. When I straightened out, I was able to pull my legs away from the block, leaving a wet rope lying on the deck. Then I arched my back again and sought the knots holding my ankles together.

It took a lot of effort, but Matt had tied the knots where my fingers could just get at them and I managed to work them loose. I worked myself up to a sitting position and put my feet back

in the water. Between wiggling and using the tendency of the rope to float, I managed to work the rope completely off my ankles.

There were still the ropes around my legs just below my knees, but my fingers could not reach those and there was nothing I could do about them. At least my feet were free. With an effort, I managed to get to my knees, and then up to a standing position. I walked away as fast as my hobbled knees allowed.

Suddenly I stopped. Looking back, I could see the block sitting on the deck. The rope was floating in the pool and there was nothing I could do about that, but the block was sticking out like a sore thumb. Anyone glancing at the pool would see it. I hurried back and pushed the block into the water with my foot. There was a large wet spot of water where I had been lying, but that would evaporate and, besides, there was nothing I could do about it. If Matt or someone else glanced out to the pool, they might not notice that their captive naked girl was no longer there.

I hurried away from the pool, not really knowing where I was going but glad to be doing something. Before me was a one-story building that I recognized as the garage. On the other side of that, it stood to reason, would be a driveway, and beyond that a road to freedom. I hurried as fast as my tied legs allowed.

I made it around the garage. No one in sight. I made it across the brick area in front of the garage. I even made it a long ways down the winding driveway. But I didn't make it off Matt's property and to a public road where someone might help me. Ahead, I could see a large iron barred gate that marked the beginning of his property, and beyond a two lane paved road. And I would have escaped had my arms not been tied. The gate was locked, of course. And a fence stretched off to either side of it, disappearing into the trees. Had my arms not been tied behind me, I could have climbed over that fence and been dashing down the road in a minute. But my arms were bound and my knees, too. I pushed against the gate but it did not move. I pushed against the iron rods of the fence but they were solid.

I wanted to stamp my foot! So close... I could either follow the fence, hoping for a break somewhere, or I could stay by the gate, pressing my naked body against it, hoping that some car driving along would see this naked and bound girl and stop to help. Or at least call the police.

I was barefoot, could not walk too well, and didn't think that he would allow his fence to fall into a state of disrepair. So I leaned against the gate and searched the small section of roadway before me eagerly for the coming of a car.

What came, instead of a car, was a Carlos.

He didn't exactly sneak up on me, but he didn't announce his presence, either. Just suddenly there was a hand upon my shoulder and he was telling me that I should come back to the house with him. He didn't even seem angry or concerned that there was a naked and tied up girl pressed against the front gate where people might see her.

He had the decency to untie my knees so I could walk normally back with him. But I suppose that it was also practical since he would have had to walk slowly along side me if I had had to shuffle. He used the rope from my legs to make a noose and leash to guide me lest I get any ideas about making a dash for it. Exactly which way to dash was a big unknown to me, but the temptation to run would have been strong with my knees no long tied together.

Carlos put me in my cell. Before he left, he tied my ankles together with the rope from my neck, knotting the rope quite firmly and leaving me with tightly bound ankles. It mattered little; my cell was solidly locked. Even if I had not been tied up, I could not have gotten out. The ropes tightly on me were either reminders of my status, for punishment, or both.

I expected Matt to be mad. I had, after all, ruined his plans for making me suffer through a long night of struggling to keep from drowning. I had defeated his punishment. And tried to escape. Didn't prisoners and slaves always get punished for trying to escape?

But he was not mad. Actually, he looked more amused them anything else when he finally showed up on the other side of the bars.

"You're a very resourceful girl, Monique."

"Thank you, and I'm not Monique."

"I didn't think there was any way for you to have gotten out of the pool, not with that cement block tied to your feet. You surprised me."

"Am I going to be punished for it?" I asked timidly.

For a while he did not answer. When he finally made his pronouncement, it was not very decisive: "Maybe. You deserve it for the escape attempt. But I can hardly fault you for trying to extract yourself from an unpleasant and potentially dangerous situation."

I waited to see if there was more, but he apparently had finished on that subject for he began a new one. "Have you ever been overseas?" he asked.

"I've been to Mexico and Canada," I answered, unsure just what this might lead to. "But, no, not to Europe or anyplace else like that."

"How would you like a trip to the Middle East?"

I had a funny, not very nice feeling in the pit of my stomach. "I'd rather not," I said in what I hoped was a meek, obedient tone of voice and not a scared one.

For a long time he said nothing, just stood there, looking at me. I got the impression that, although his eyes were upon my breasts, he was not really seeing the naked girl in front of him.

"Sometimes we have to do things we don't want to," he finally said. "Have a good night's sleep, Mistress Monique."

Before he could make it to the door, I called out, "Wait! Master Matt. Will I have to be tied like this all night? My arms hurt."

"A little discomfort is nothing," he responded. "Always remember, things could be worse."

After I heard the door close and the lights clicked off, I tried to take comfort in his words. But somehow comfort was hard to find when you are naked, hungry (apparently I was being sent to bed without my supper), tightly bound up and a prisoner against your will. Somehow, "Things could be worse" sounded more like a frightening promise than a comforting thought.

- Chapter VIII - And More Punishments

Things got worse. The next day I was introduced to an ancient form of punishment called the Bastinado. Deceptively simple, it is actually a horrible form of torture that leaves a girl unable to walk for days and drives her crazy.

The punishment was performed right in my cell. Carlos came the next morning, untied my hands and feet and allowed me to eat a meal with my hands. It was only apples, bread and water, but it was the first meal in a while that I could eat with my own hands and that was nice. I must have been getting used to the way I was being treated because I suddenly realized that I was not even aware of being naked before a strange man.

My wrists were crossed and bound behind me, pretty tightly. Then I was led down the corridor and out to a grassy area. There my neck was tethered to a tree and I was given a shower

of shockingly cold water from a hose. It was good to get clean but the cold water was not the way I would have preferred to do it.

I was left outdoors to dry off. It was a pleasant morning, promising to be a warm day, and I enjoyed being out of that damned cell. I also enjoyed having my elbows not bound together. Have you ever tried to sleep with your elbows tied together? It is not easy. My elbows hurt, my shoulders hurt, and it was frustrating as hell because I couldn't do a thing about it. I can sleep with elbows together like that, but it is not pleasant.

When I was dry, I was led back into my cell and prepared for a punishment that I would have described as mild until I tried it. Carlos had me lie on my stomach on the cold concrete floor. Then I had to wiggle backwards until my feet were sticking through the bars of my cell. And then some more until my knees were between the bars, which were just wide enough apart to fit them. Then Carlos went outside my cell and locked the door. He took my right foot, bent it to the right and proceeded to tie it to the next bar over, lashing my ankle tightly to the metal rod. He repeated the process with my left ankle, leaving me in a rather helpless position. I could move my feet around, but not the ankles or legs. My wrists were crossed and bound behind me, which meant that I could not do much with the top half of my body. The fact that my feet were bent to the sides was only a mild discomfort. The bars were not that far apart so there was not much strain on my knees.

Carlos left, and I had to wonder if my punishment of the day was to be forced to lie on the concrete floor with my feet sticking up in the air. If so, that would have been the mildest punishment since I got to that place. I figured I could even get a nap or two in, should the day get boring.

The day was not boring, I did not get a nap, and being tied that way was only putting me in position for the real punishment.

Carlos came back, and a few seconds later Matt. He was dressed in a gray business suit, not the casual clothes he had worn when punishing me before. "Can't stay long," he said. "Just long enough to get Carlos started on your punishment. Have you ever heard of the Bastinado?" I admitted to ignorance on the subject. "It's a form of punishment that has been used for centuries. Like most of the better ones, it's quite simple. Your feet have been tied so that the soles are pointed upward. Do you know how sensitive the bottoms of your feet are... ?"

I had a bad feeling about what was coming next.

"I have here a flexible length of cane. It's rather small, but then the target isn't too large, either. I will begin by striking the bottom of your feet. There should be a slow, regular beat to the

strokes, switching feet every dozen strokes or so." I got the feeling he was talking to Carlos more than to me. "Just keep up the hitting, don't try to make each stroke too hard."

He demonstrated. Each hit of the slender piece of cane did not hurt much. It was a sharp little pain, but I easily kept in any reaction to it. And I was wondering what was so terrible about this punishment. He was not hitting the bottoms of my feet very hard at all.

"You're probably wondering about the mildness of this punishment," he said as if reading my mind. "It's not in the strength of each blow, but the accumulation of the blows. Carlos will keep this up for a length of time I have told him. You, of course, will not know when the whipping of your feet is to stop. Maybe it will go on for hours. That's part of the punishment. But the main effect will come after the first few hundred strokes. You feet will become so sensitized to pain that each mild impact will make you want to scream."

I held back any expression of doubt. Truth is that I was not too sure he was not right.

"See, Carlos? Okay, you try it." There was a pause and then a different hand was beating the bottoms of my feet, each stroke a little harder. Matt watched for a while, apparently satisfied that Carlos was doing it right.

"Good. Carlos will keep this up for a very long time. You will become quite unhappy with the situation but there will be nothing you can do about it. Oh, don't try to bribe or threaten Carlos. He makes more money working for me than you could possibly pay him. And I give him protection here, so he's really quite loyal." Matt leaned against the bars. "And if you should happen to get it in your mind that you can bribe Carlos with your body, I've made an arrangement with him. I have already told Carlos that he can have you tonight. So you have nothing to offer him that he won't have anyway. And if you try, you'll earn additional punishment. Simple, no?"

I held back the dirty word I was thinking and said nothing. Matt grunted and left. Carlos continued his work with a slow cadence and even force. I sighed.

The Bastinado is a very real punishment. After a hundred or so strokes I was getting very irked with that slow, steady beat. And the bottom of my feet, especially the soft middle part, was becoming very sore. After a couple hundred I really wanted it to stop. Each blow now, although probably delivered with the same force as at the start, hurt much more, and in a terrible way. It was, indeed, growing worse with each passing minute.

I turned my head to look at Carlos. He kept his attention on my feet and his steady beating the soft skin there. I bit my lip to keep from making little hurt sounds. But as the stroke

count mounted, I found myself unable to hold in the pain. I began making whining noises and little moans. I guess it helps a girl to cope with pain if she is making noise.

It simply got worse. Each stroke became a deadly hard blow upon my flesh, a fresh flash of pain in an area that ached constantly. I found myself twisting my feet in useless attempts to avoid the cane. Then I was twisting my body from side to side, wiggling my fingers and even lifting my head and shoulders off the concrete. Movement, while doing nothing to ease the pain, did distract my brain and help a little.

Finally I turned to Carlos with a plea, "Please stop that. It's getting to be terrible."

Carlos continued on.

A few minutes later I tried, "Is there anything that I can bribe you with, Carlos? Something that you would like and that Matt won't let you have?"

Carlos continued on.

I sighed. A few minutes later I heard myself telling my tormentor, "Have you ever had a girl take your penis in her mouth?" I asked. Not that I was an expert on oral sex with a man, but at least I had done it with Matt and figured I knew what to do. And I had always heard that a man really loves it when a girl uses her mouth to please him. Some men are supposed to like it more than regular sex. "All you have to do is stop hitting me and I'll use my mouth to please you," I offered.

Carlos continued on.

"Please, Carlos! Matt won't know if you've stopped. I'm sure the bottoms of my feet are all black and blue by now. You've done enough. If you stop, you can come into the cell and I'll use my mouth to please you. What is that called... A blowjob, isn't it? Oh, please, Carlos, stop hitting me."

Carlos stopped.

"Señorita," he said slowly. "You should call him 'Master Matt'. He has told you that. And you should not ask me to do something that he has said I should not. I will have to tell him."

"But, Carlos! Wouldn't you like to have me use my mouth on you? Wouldn't that be nice?" I pleaded desperately.

Carlos sighed. Then he put down that piece of cane and stood up to open the door. It was so nice to have that extremely annoying beating stop, but for some strange reason it felt as if the beating had continued. He came into the cell, unzipped his jeans, and lay down beside me on the floor. He positioned himself so that his erect penis came up to my mouth. With an inward shudder, I took it in my mouth and began doing what Matt had ordered me to do. I sucked and stroked the thing with my tongue. Then I began sliding it back and forth in my mouth. It was not long before the shaft in my mouth began a different kind of throbbing and then it was shooting its load. I swallowed quickly as Matt had made me do when he gave me my first lesson in fellatio.

The act done, Carlos slowly got up, zipped up his jeans, and left my cell, locking the door behind him. Then he sat down next to my feet, picked up the length of cane, and began slowly, evenly beating the soles of my feet.

"Carlos! You promised! I did my part; you have to stop that! Oh, Carlos, it hurts something terrible. Carlos! Stop that."

Carlos continued on.

Damned men! Isn't that always the same story? Use a girl then go on treating her like dirt. And the worst part was that my little rest somehow made my feet even more sensitive. Each new blow was worse than before Carlos' little sex break.

It is hard to believe that a girl can get to screaming because someone is tapping the bottom of her feet lightly. But I did. Matt was absolutely right. The effect of this punishment is cumulative. It just got worse and worse until I was crying out with each mild tap. I think I begged and pleaded, mixed in with my cries of pain. Eventually I think I was screaming. I know I did go through a period where I was jerking at the ropes violently in a useless attempt to get free.

The beating ended. I was sobbing and did not notice for a few seconds. When I looked back at Carlos through my tears, he politely tipped his hat to me, and then told me he would see me that night. Then he was gone.

I spent the rest of the day tied to those bars on my stomach on the hard concrete. Which gave me time to think. My feet were two massive aches at the ends of my legs and I shuddered to think what it would be like to try to walk on them. And I puzzled over how long the punishment was meant to last. Carlos did not have a watch and I doubt he was counting the strokes. It finally dawned on me that Matt's orders were to cease the punishment when something happened. Like

my first real scream. Then I cursed that I had not seen that before and given in to the urge to scream my head off earlier on.

Matt came to see me around dinnertime.

"Carlos tells me that you tried to bribe him," he said casually. "He also tells me that you aren't using my proper title when you speak of me."

"Carlos is a bastard," I muttered unhappily.

"I wouldn't know about his parents," Matt said happily. "But he is a very loyal employee."

"He's a bastard," I repeated. "He... He cheated me."

"You mean when you tried to bribe him with a blow job? I told him that he could do that if you tried what you did."

"Then you're a bastard, too."

"My dear, I told you not to try to bribe him, did I not? And you went ahead and did it anyway. Well, you've earned an extra punishment. But it will have to wait until tomorrow. Tonight, you're going to entertain Carlos."

"I already did," I protested. "He got his rocks off this morning."

"Well, I'm sure he'll be ready again tonight." Matt was untying my ankles as he talked. "Carlos isn't too bright. He'll probably just put you on a flat surface and screw away until he comes. But it should be interesting for you." Suddenly he stopped. "You aren't a virgin, are you?"

For a second I considered telling him that, indeed, I was completely innocent of male sexual intercourse. But I figured that he probably would not believe me anyway, and besides, he could check easily enough. "I've had sex with a man a couple times."

"A couple?"

"Yes, a couple. To be accurate, six times with three boys."

"I see. Too bad. If you were a virgin, I would have taken you to bed myself. I like virgins."

I didn't like the way he said that. There was too much of a leer in his voice.

"Please don't let Carlos have me," I said evenly. "That would add to the charges you two face."

Matt laughed. And not a little bit. "Oh, that's rich. What's the current count? Kidnapping. Torture. Forced oral sex. Probably several civil rights violations. I'd say it wouldn't change the total sentence much."

I wanted to holler at him that it just was not fair. I was not even the girl he wanted to punish. "Please... " was all I could come out with.

"A promise is a promise. Carlos gets you tonight." He finished with the left ankles. "Go ahead and pull your legs back through the bars."

I wiggled forward, not liking the scrapping of my stomach on the concrete. Then I rolled over to my side and worked myself up to a sitting position.

"Go ahead and try to stand," he encouraged from behind the bars.

I looked up at him, not quite sure if he was being sarcastic or not. I put one foot flat on the floor and braced myself against the bench. But when I pushed up, I suddenly cried out in pain and fell back to my bottom.

"Hurts, huh? Let me help." Matt unlocked the door and came in. He pushed my head forward until I leaned that way, then he untied my hands. Then he left the cell to stand outside and watch me. "Go ahead and try again."

Using my hands on the bench, I tried to get to my feet. But my feet were so incredibly sore that I just could not stand to put my weight on them. And walking would be pure torture, if possible.

"I've read about this. The soreness and ache in your feet will last a day or two. Three days outside. Then you'll be able to walk again."

"Thanks," I said. "You really know how to hurt a girl." I guess it was an attempt at a joke, but it was too real for me to laugh at.

For a few minutes, Matt just looked at me as I tried to put my feet on the floor. I could put them down but any weight and they screamed at me. Finally he turned to go, after making sure that my cell was locked. For the first time since I came there, I was unfettered in my cell. I guessed he figured that I could not have escaped even if the doors were open with my feet so sore that I was unable even to stand.

"The final laugh is on you," I said to his retreating back.

He paused. "How's that?" he said, after turning around.

"I won't be able to walk to Carlos' bedroom with my feet this way."

He grinned. "We'll just have to fix up some alternative, won't we?"

As usual, he had the last word.

Later, Matt came back with my evening meal. While I ate apples eagerly, downed the dark bread, and gulped water, he selected several lengths of rope from the trunk. I gratefully noted that there were more apple slices than ever before, and more bread. I was getting only two meals a day, and those were pretty small, so hunger had become a constant companion. But this last meal was almost half way decent.

When I was finished, I passed back the dish and bowl of water and waited to see what would happen. I knew that I really could not walk. I had tried while I was alone. I just could not put any weight on my poor feet, even if he threatened me. They were going to have to carry me.

They didn't carry me. I was told to lie on my back on the floor with my head up against the very same bars through which my legs had been bound a while before. Matt told me to put my hands over my head and between two bars. I did. He took my wrists, crossed them and tied them that way. There were two bars between my arms, and with the wrists bound that pretty well got my hands and arms out of action. It also made sure that I was going to stay lying on the floor.

But he was not finished. Coming into the cage, he looped a noose of rope around my right ankle and then passed the rope through the bars up high where one of the cross bars was. When he pulled, my right leg was pulled up and back and out until it was pointed straight from my hips towards the bars behind me. He repeated that with my other leg. The ropes were pulling my legs up high enough so that I could not, just could not bend my knees. I was caught in a big "V" and unable to move most anything. Worst of all was the fact that my private parts were completely on display and accessible. It was embarrassing to have my legs so obscenely spread

wide, and I was probably blushing. It was one thing to be naked before a man, even a stranger, like I had done at The Castle. But it was quite another to have your sexual parts spread wide open and on display.

And I did not miss the fact that this put me in a very accessible position for a man to perform intercourse upon me. I would not have to walk or be carried anywhere. My ravishment would happen right here in my cell. Sigh!

Matt left me like that, not too uncomfortable of a position, but one that I did not care for.

I had a little time to think about it, and found that I was surprisingly unconcerned about the coming forced sex. It was true that I was no virgin, but I was certainly not a "loose women," either. I should have hated the idea of being given to the hired help, but I did not. I guess that after having been forced to perform oral sex upon two men, forced intercourse just was not that big a deal. They had already had my mouth, so to speak.

Besides, I was tied up and could not do a thing about it. What was that joke I heard in high school? Something about when the assault was inevitable, relax and enjoy it? Well, it certainly looked like this was inevitable. But I was not about to enjoy it.

Carlos came later. He brought a blanket with him, but it was not for me. He placed the folded blanket on the floor between my legs so he would not hurt his knees while he screwed me.

Matt had been right. Carlos had little skill or imagination. He fingered my pussy until I moaned a bit and there was some lubrication. Then he dropped his pants and went at it.

It might have been nice if I could have gotten some pleasure out of it. After all, intercourse is the most intense and pleasurable experience us humans can have. I should have gotten some enjoyment out of it. But I had only begun to get excited when he came with a grunt and was gone.

I could see why some of the girls in high school complained about sex being totally for the man. The term "quickie" came to my mind. It probably hadn't taken him five minutes from start to finish. I felt sorry for any woman who ever marries Carlos. She'll be real disappointed.

His reward finished, Carlos pulled up his pants, picked up his blanket, and departed, leaving me tied to the bars in that obscene position.

And the worst part was not that I was violated, it was that I was frustrated. Being tied like that was an aphrodisiac to me. I just couldn't help but to get excited, to feel a warmth in my loins

as I pulled against the ropes. Then to be teased but not satisfied was cruel. I had hardly gotten to stage one of sexual excitement when he finished his performance and all stimulation was gone. Very frustrating.

Once again I saw the advantages of lesbian lovemaking.

It was an awkward position to have to try to sleep in, but it was all I had. Mostly my ankles hurt from the ropes tight around them, but I couldn't find any way to ease that. I could lift my butt off the floor, and that did provide a little easing of the ropes around my ankles. But I could not hold that position very long, and then my ankles would be right back with those ropes digging in. It may not have been actual torture, but it was at least torment. And I did not sleep very well.

- Chapter IX - Yet More Punishments

The next day, my legs were let down and I cried as my body unfolded and the cutting ropes were taken off my ankles. I guess it could have been worse, but telling myself that all through the night had done little to ease the aches.

I was amazed to find that I could walk, painfully and slow, and grimacing with each step, but I could actually walk, which was much better than the day before.

I was given breakfast, a cold hose shower outside, and then taken into the whipping chamber for the day's punishment. Now I'll have to admit, this was getting depressing. I mean, it was looking as if Matt was serious about this business of punishing me every day for the rest of my life. Wouldn't that depress you?

The handcuffs were taken off my wrists and I was told to lie down on the floor on my stomach, and then back up until my feet were pressed against the wall at a certain point. I did as I was told, even though the floor was cold against my bare, wet skin. Carlos, my handler for the morning, took some rope and tied my ankles together. He cinched down the ropes then ran the loose end up to a ring set into the wall about three feet up. He pulled until my feet were off the floor and I had to lift myself on my hands to scoot backwards. When he tied the rope, my shins were against the wall with my knees touching the base.

If he had tied my hands behind me, it would have looked much like the position used to Bastinado my poor feet, except for the feet being together. But he did not tie my hands together. Instead, he looped my left wrist with rope then passed that through another ring about three feet to my left and the same height as the one my feet were tied to. He pulled that until my arm was

taut as I lay there. Then he looped and tied my right wrist to a ring on the right side, pulling it a little tighter than the left. Then he went back to my left hand and tightened that up.

The process was repeated until I found my shoulders lifting off the floor. And it continued until my whole upper body was off the floor and bent back. From about my hips upward, I was totally lifted off the floor by those ropes pulling my arms back and up. It was quite a strain but bearable, at least for the moment. If I were to be left in that position, I could not predict how painful it might become.

As it happens, pain caused by the stress of that position was not the main punishment for which I was so secured. Carlos had done a good job; I could not move. He had pulled until my body was bent as far backwards as it could go. I could not force myself any farther to produce slack in the ropes. Since my arms were spread, I also could not roll to either side. Looking like a hood ornament or one of those carved wooden maidens on the prow of a sailing ship, I was bent backwards and my breasts thrust forward.

Before he left, Carlos placed a ball gag to my lips and waited patiently for me to open my mouth to accept the distasteful silencer. At first I refused, keeping my lips tight shut. But common sense prevailed, and I realized before he took any action that there were many, many painful things Carlos could do to me to force me to open my mouth. With a sigh, I opened wide and allowed the rubber ball to be pushed in until it wedged behind my teeth. He buckled the strap quite tightly and left.

The whipping room has strong lights, but they were turned off as Carlos left. I lay there in the dark, and wondered if spending the day in this awkward and strained position was to be my fate. It was not.

The light came on and Matt walked in, smiling at me. He inspected the bondage on me, nodding satisfaction as he fingered the tight knots and eyed the taut lines of my body.

"You're probably wondering why you've been tied this way," he began. "Well, there is a reason."

"You're a breast man?" I asked sarcastically, referring to the way they stuck forward in this position.

"Well, actually, yes. But it's not just to see your lovely and rather large hooters that I had you tied this way. It's so I can whip them."

"What! Hey, you're kidding, right? You really wouldn't whip my breasts. You'd rip my poor babies to ribbons. It would be terrible."

"It will be terrible, but your breasts will survive. You probably thought that you would never be able to stand on your feet again after yesterday, but you can. When I'm finished, you will have experienced pain as few women ever do, and think that your poor boobies will never stop hurting. But they will."

"Couldn't you punish me some other way?" I asked meekly. The very idea of my breasts being whipped scared the hell out of me.

"No, my heart is set upon a good breast whipping today. Besides, you earned a punishment for trying to bribe Carlos yesterday. By the way, how was he 'in bed', so to speak?"

I snorted, at which Matt laughed. "As I figured. Carlos is very loyal and a good worker, but he lacks a lot in imagination. Well, now, which whip shall I use?"

"Have any really, really soft ones?" I ventured.

He chuckled. "This one, I think," he said as he pulled a small whip off its peg on the wall. "This will hurt but do little damage."

"Can I ask a question?"

"Sure."

"How come you have all these things for torturing a girl? I mean, you must have a dozen whips on that wall. And this room set up as a soundproof whipping chamber? And you just happen to have a cell all set up, a cell with iron bars, rings in the wall, and trunkfuls of ropes and handcuffs. I thought your being angry at Monique for teaching your boy the kinky side of life was a recent thing?"

Matt knelt down near my head and fingered the whip he had chosen. "I'll tell you a little secret," he said quietly. "I like B&D and S&M. Have for years. You're not the first girl to be tied up or whipped at my home."

I don't know why I was surprised to hear that; it should have been obvious from the start. But somehow I had thought that he built and acquired all this stuff solely for the purpose of punishing Mistress Monique for her sins against his son.

"But this doesn't make sense!" I protested. "You freely admit that you have tortured and held women against their will for years, yet you get upset that your son would get involved in such kinky things."

"My dear, there is a difference. I engage in a little healthy, good-natured dominance now and then. But I do it the right way, with the man dominant and the woman submissive. Here you won't find any men, REAL men, crawling around on their hands and knees to kiss the foot of some dumb broad!"

I sighed. "But if he likes it... "

My retort was cut short by a sudden backhanded lash of the whip in his hand across my breasts. I cried out with shock and a good deal of pain. That small whip felt like it had cut right through my poor breasts!

Through clenched teeth, I muttered, "Some people would say that you're punishing someone for your son's doing what you do yourself."

That earned me another slash across the breasts, this time the whip scoring squarely across the nipples instead of right above them as the first one had done. I screamed. It was not a voluntary act, it just came out. The pain was like nothing else I had ever experienced, not even during the previous whippings this man had given me. It was like a hot flame lancing into my chest. I had never felt such pain before, not ever.

"The subject is closed. A woman doesn't dominate a man, it's just not natural." He accented his statement with a third stroke, this one across the bottom part of my breasts. I yelled and began some shameful pleading for cessation of this pain. I fear I made a fool of myself, but most any woman in my place would have done the same. You cannot imagine how terrible it is to have your breasts on fire and shooting pain into you. If you are a man, can you imagine your precious penis being whipped while in full erection? Or your balls?

The whipping of my breasts continued, at a slower pace to make it stretch out. He could have lashed away, hurt me incredibly, and gotten it over with. But with the cruelty of a true sadist, he prolonged the ordeal, making each stroke, each fiery kiss of that terrible leather snake, a dreaded event. I cried out, pleaded, begged, my tears splashing on the concrete floor. I also screamed when the pain from a stroke was more than I could stand. I also jerked my arms and body in fruitless attempts to escape that terrible whip. At one point I even tried to catch it in my teeth. That effort only made Matt laugh. But it was no laughing matter to me.

I was sure that this man had gone off the deep end and was cutting my breasts to shreds, disfiguring me for life. I was afraid to look down, afraid to see a bloody mess where my wonderful breasts had been. I lost count of the strokes, and I think that Matt did not care how many were delivered. All he cared about was making me suffer.

And suffer I did! After the first dozen, I screamed at almost every stroke, partly because of the pain but also in agony at the lost of my beautiful breasts. Finally, one vicious stroke landed squarely across my nipples, and in the aftermath and red haze of pain, all faded away into blessed blackness.

The cold water was a shock, but I was again awake and aware of fire in my breasts. I blinked back the water from my eyes and looked up at the man who was standing over me. "More?" I asked. I think I was being sarcastic.

"No. You've had enough," he said simply. "After this, you'll think twice before you attempt to bride Carlos or anyone else. Punishment for that was the purpose of this morning's exercise, after all."

Then he was gone, leaving me with arms still pulled back and body painfully arched up. With great dread, I looked down to see what damage had been done to my poor babies by that terrible whip. Out of the bottom of my vision I could see that they were still the same shape as they had always been, not cut to ribbons as I had feared. They were crisscrossed with red and purple discolorations that were swelling up into ridges marking each time the whip had tortured my poor flesh.

Carlos came hours later. The tears had dried up but I was moaning from the strain upon my poor body. It felt a little like I was being crucified with my arms spread back and wide. Oh, and because of the pain, too. Carlos untied me without a word, and I was too tired to chide him for reporting my bribe attempt to Matt.

He locked my wrists behind my back with handcuffs but that was my only restraint, unless you count his hand upon my arm. On the way back, as I limped on feet still very sore and tender, I gathered up the courage to ask a favor of my captor. "Carlos, may I look in a mirror? I have to see my breasts."

"They are covered with ugly marks," he said without feeling.

"Please?"

Carlos diverted me towards the house. There was a door off the patio leading directly into a bathroom, apparently for use by people who were using the pool. There was a mirror there, and I gasped when I saw what had been done to my poor babies. They were covered with swollen, dark colored welts, a webwork of ridges that I knew would be very sore to the touch. I wondered as I viewed the damage how long it would be before those marks faded away. I hoped very much that they would disappear completely.

"They will go away," Carlos said from behind me. "The Master has done this to girls before you. It will take a while, but your pretty breasts will be pretty again."

I turned to Carlos, not knowing what to say. His tone and words were comforting, as if he was sorry for what happened to me. Yet he was one of the two men in this crazy place who had punished me. On orders, perhaps, but real punishment by his hand. "Thank you," I whispered and turned from the vision of my tortured flesh.

I was left in my cell for the rest of the day, perhaps because my captors sensed that there was only so much punishment I could take. My hands were left in handcuffs behind my back, but that was a relatively minor inconvenience compared to what had happened to me that morning.

The big surprise came when the next four days passed with no serious punishments taking place. In fact, I never even saw Matt, only Carlos who functioned as my keeper and punisher for the minor punishments that were inflicted. One day I spent in a secluded grassy area with my hands handcuffed behind me and my neck connected to a tree trunk by a heavy chain and padlock. But such confinement was almost a vacation compared to some of what Matt had done to me, and I enjoyed it. It was nice to be out in the fresh air.

A funny thing was happening to me. Being mostly tied up or chained as punishment during the days, and spending the nights in my cell gave me lots of time to think, and think I did. The second thing, after I cooled down on fantasies involving the torture of the two men who had caused me so much pain, was the realization that I was coming to accept constant captivity and excusing their harsh actions against me as reasonable, given the mistake under which Matt was laboring. I mean, he thought I had done something terrible to his son. Well, terrible to his way of thinking. So his wanting to punish me was only natural. Sort of.

And being constantly kept in ropes or handcuffs or such was something that I could take much more easily than most women. Hell, let's be honest, I liked it! Once I got over the anger of having been kidnapped, and the fresh anger each time I was hurt, I found myself quite comfortable with the tight ropes and hard steel cuffs that kept me prisoner. Well, at least for a while.

Maybe this would sound strange to some people, but I found myself admitting that there were aspects to this being kept prisoner that I did like. Each time I was tied, there was the familiar thrill as the ropes tightened down around my limbs, making me feel the helplessness they ensured. Each time I heard the door close and knew myself absolutely helpless within my cell, I felt my loins grow warm. On that subject, it was as if they knew that I gained an erotic thrill out of the things they did to me, for both Matt and Carlos never left me with my hands in front where I could touch myself. Always my hands were behind my back, whether joined by ropes or steel, back where I could grab my ass but nothing else of my erotic zones. And there was times in the dark of night when the heat between my legs made me ache with desire, and I would have loved to be able to touch myself, to be able to gain a tiny bit of pleasure from this ordeal.

Carlos said very little. Nor did he seem to even consider using my body again. Perhaps he was under orders not to; perhaps he just did not have a very high sex drive. But whatever the reason, I was left alone. Sexually speaking, that is. And for long periods of each day I was also alone, restrained in some manner primarily to make escape impossible but also to punish me. One day I spent the entire morning tied to the bars of my cell in exactly the same position that Matt and fixed me in when he allowed Carlos to come to my cell and use me. But even though I expected it, Carlos made no move to use my body, even though my sex was very available and on display. Perhaps he simply thought that lying on the floor with my legs spread wide and pulled above me would be punishment. It was, when the girl is left tied that way for four or five hours as I was. Oh, it was.

Even though I tried to engage him in conversation, Carlos said very little. I managed to find out that "the Master" was out of town on a business trip, which I figured explained the lack of serious punishments. Not that I minded; he could stay away as long as he wanted to. My feet felt normal after a couple days of this vacation period, and my breasts were slowly returning to their normal smooth skinned beauty. My fears of permanent damage to my treasures faded along with the soreness and welts.

On the sixth day Matt returned, and he had a big surprise for me.

- Chapter X - A Change of Punishers

I was still naked, a condition I had come to accept as normal, and tied in my cell when Matt showed up one morning after breakfast had been served by Carlos. Carlos, by the way, had begun adding other fruits and breads to my meals, and even an occasional piece of meat, usually beef jerky, for some reason. But I like beef jerky, so that was fine with me. The diet, by the way, had resulted in the loss of a couple pounds of extra weight I had gained since coming to the city, mostly in my bottom where it was not missed at all. I was a lean, trim, but very sexy young lady,

thanks to their careful limiting of my diet. Not that I liked it very much, but it did have the effect of making me even trimmer than I had been. Which might have been the purpose right along.

When Matt walked in, I was sitting on my wooden bench, my wrists crossed and bound behind me and my ankles tied together. It was pretty much the rule that my hands were always handcuffed or tied while I was in my cell, and most of the time my feet secured, also. Matt stood outside the bars and looked down at my nudity with a strange expression on his face. He did not look mad, just funny. And I do not mean laughing.

Finally he unlocked the cell door and came in. He knelt and untied the ropes around my ankles without a word.

"Had a good business trip?" I asked, just to try and get a conversation going. I didn't like his silent treatment.

"It went well enough," he said distractedly. Then, "Come on," in a tone that put a stop to conversation.

Our destination was the garage. A table had been set up with a large selection of ropes lying on it. Next to the table, on the ground, was a trunk, one of the kind that are built quite solidly and meant to hold a lot of clothes. It also looked like it was just the right size to hold a girl, if she didn't mind curling up into a ball. When I saw the air holes poked here and there in the sides, I got a bad feeling in the pit of my stomach. My "Master" was back and the serious punishments were to begin again.

He untied the ropes from my hands but immediately rebound them with the palms facing each other. It would not take a genius to predict that next my elbows would be corded tightly together, and they were. Then he picked me up and set me on the table so my legs were available for him to bind as he wished. I gave a quick thought to kicking him in the chin as he leaned over to begin wrapping rope around my ankles, but rejected the idea. I was not sure how much damage I could do with my bare foot, and if I didn't knock him out there was not much chance of my making an escape. Especially with my arms tightly bound behind my back. I would be better off accepting that I was going to spend some time in tight bondage and locked into a trunk. It would be uncomfortable but nothing I couldn't take. In fact, it might even be interesting. I had never been tied up and locked in a trunk before.

So I sat there and meekly allowed him to bind my ankles together. And didn't say a word as he tied my legs just above my knees. I was not going to earn any additional punishments. My breasts were still lightly marked from the last "extra" punishment.

But at that point, things stopped going according to the future I foresaw. Matt did not move to add any additional ropes after he had finished with my legs. Nor did he make any moves to place me in the trunk. Instead, he just stood there looking at my breasts and the furry patch between my legs. His hand reached out and touched my breast lightly. Then his finger stroked my nipple, which I was chagrined to see was stiffening. Again he had that strange look on his face, the one I could not figure out.

Then, as if a decision had been made, he moved quickly and with a purpose. First, he picked up a ball gag and shoved it into my mouth. I opened wide when I saw it coming, the cooperative little slavegirl that I am. He buckled it tightly in place. Then he did something that was most strange. He untied my legs.

The ropes he had just put on were unknotted and removed. When my legs were totally free, he put his hands on my waist and lifted me down from the table. Then he easily picked me up and carried me from the garage.

I should have guessed our destination and purpose. But I was not as experienced with men as most girls my age, and it was only when he dumped me on the bed that the thought of his using my body for sexual satisfaction occurred to me.

Sure enough, he divested himself of his clothing and got on the bed with me. I, meantime, had come to the conclusion that what was about to happen was inevitable and was trying to get myself into a mental state where I might, if not enjoy it, at least find it not too terrible.

I am a healthy young woman, and the idea of being screwed while I was tied up was exciting to me. There was the normal reluctance to having it done without my permission, or without even have asked me, but that was minor. In a sense, it was degrading and an insult that this man did not give a thought to whether I would like to have sex with him. But it also fitted my submissive nature that the person who had control over my body should use it as he saw fit. My arms were tightly bound behind me, my mouth filled with a rubber ball and speech impossible, and I was naked before a man of superior strength. It just seemed proper that he should use me as men have been using women since time began. Well, in a sense it was proper. It was technically still an illegal act.

The funny part is that if he had asked me if I would like him to make love to me, I probably would have said yes. The last four or five days had been easy, and all the pain this man had caused me was fading from memory. And he was not a bad looking man...

Matt knelt between my legs and pushed them wide apart. I got as comfortable as I could on my bound arms, and I closed my eyes. His hands were surprisingly gentle on my breasts,

which was good because there were places that still were sore from that damned whip. Then he was teasing my little pussy and, boy! did he know the right places to touch. Up to then, my experience had been with a few fumbling, unsure teenage boys, and Carlos. This was the first time with a real man, an experienced man who knew what he was doing.

In a few minutes I was making little moaning noises and pushing my hips up towards him. I gave up all pretense of being a victim; at that point I wanted it as much as he did. Of course, I couldn't tell him that with the gag filling my mouth, but I think he got the message from body language. When he entered my sheath, it was wonderful and I gasped softly with the pleasure of it.

The ride was a good one, not the over-eager, hard pumping of a teenager, but the sure, steady, deep thrusts of a man who knew how to please a girl. And how to work her up slowly until she was ready for a good orgasm. And he did please me. I don't know how much was intentional, but that was the finest screwing I had ever gotten in my young life. It was a constantly increasing heat that begun in my loins and spread throughout my body. It was a panting, gasping, wiggling, and thrusting passion that took over. And it was skyrockets exploding in my mind as orgasm claimed me.

Later, when he finally moved from between my legs, I rolled over onto my stomach to get the weight off my arms, and would have gone to sleep in the warm afterglow of sex. But Matt was dressed, and with the damned quickness of the male, forgetting about sex and marching on with other plans. I was pulled from the bed and marched back to the garage while still groggy from a very pleasant orgasm.

Oddly, the thought of being tied into a ball and locked in a trunk, even if it was for more hours than I had chosen myself, was good right then. Probably the afterglow of sex coupled with my submissive nature that made it so, but I did not find the idea disagreeable at all. Being so tightly bound and restricted would keep me horny for a long time. And that, dear reader, was something I enjoy.

My legs were tied again. Even more tightly than the first time. My legs were put up on the table and a long piece of rope looped around my body and under my legs. The rope pulled my legs up to my chest until my chin was resting on my knees. Matt wrapped the ropes very tightly until they were cutting into the soft flesh of the backs of my thighs and around my upper arms, just above my elbows. Then he laid me on my side and tied my ankles up to my wrists, pulling the rope as taut as he could. His ropes had made me a tight ball without hope of escape. They were also making me uncomfortable, which I knew would grow much worse.

Then came the trunk. I was lowered into the small prison so I knelt down with my head touching the floor of the trunk. It was a tight fit. I would not have been unable to move much if the ropes had been gone, but they weren't, so I couldn't move at all.

I expected the lid to be closed and to hear the sound of a padlock clicking in the hasp but it didn't come.

"I probably should explain something," Matt said. "It would only be fair."

Fair? Since when did being fair to me concern him?

"I've sold you to another man. You're being packed up so I can ship you to him."

What! I made sounds of protest as best I could with a mouth full of rubber ball.

"You probably won't like Lucky, he's a bit rough on girls. But you won't have any choice, of course."

Perhaps it was in response to my noises, but he reached down and unbuckled the strap on the gag. Then he took it out of my mouth.

"What the hell are you doing?" I asked bitterly. "You can't sell me. This is the twentieth century. You can't do things like that."

"People, especially young, good looking females, are still bought and sold in parts of the world today. You're a fool if you think otherwise. It just doesn't happen that much in the US, and what does is hidden. But a person with enough money can buy anything. You should remember that."

I turned my head so I could look up at him. He was not smiling; he was serious.

"You see, I'm faced with a problem. I know that you're not Monique. I've known that for a while."

"So you finally decided to believe me?" I said with considerable sarcasm.

"Actually, it was Timmy. He never could lie to me. When he tried to make me think he was upset over my having his precious Mistress Monique a prisoner, I knew he was lying and you weren't the right girl."

"Thanks."

"It would be nice to keep you, but I'm going to get the real Mistress Monique and really don't want to have to worry about two of you trying to escape all the time. One is enough. Besides, it isn't really fair to punish you for something you didn't do."

"That didn't stop you up to now," I pointed out, reasonably.

"True, but that's besides the point. The point is that I have to get rid of you. Now, there is always the shallow grave in the forest... But I'm not sure you would like that."

"You got that right, buster!"

"So, if I can't keep you, and don't want to kill you, I'm left with finding someone else who will take you and keep you a prisoner."

"What's wrong with just letting me go?"

He ignored me. "It took a while, but I found a very satisfactory arrangement. Lucky, who's real name is Lucas, is a very rich man who lives on an estate down in old Mexico. He has an arrangement with the local authorities so that they don't look very closely at his business activities, in return for contributions to the policeman's retirement fund. That means that he could keep a female prisoner in his place and no one would say boo. Hell, he could keep a hundred slavegirls and no one would say a word."

"Wonderful. I'm being sold to a crime boss to be his plaything."

Matt pursed his lips. "That is about it," he said with a grin. "You should probably think of it as being a slavegirl, an old and honorable profession. That's the term Lucky uses: slavegirl."

I took a deep breath. "Couldn't you please keep me?" I pleaded. "I promise that I won't try to escape. I'll be a good little slavegirl for you."

"Sorry, can't do that."

"But... " Words failed me. Here was this man telling me that I had just been sold to a stranger south of the border. "Please," was all I could get out.

"Time to put the gag back in," he informed.

"Wait! Isn't there someway I can get you to keep me?"

"I can't think of any."

"Didn't you like screwing me?" I asked.

"That was nice. I just couldn't let you leave without having screwed you at least once."

"Well, it was nice for me, too. If you keep me, I'll be very good in bed for you. Very good." I tried to sound as seductive as I could.

"Sorry. Open your mouth."

I clamped my mouth shut.

Which was, of course, a stupid move for a girl who is naked, tightly bound and almost locked in a trunk.

"I can take you out of that trunk and whip your breasts," Matt said evenly.

With a big sigh, I opened my mouth and let him fit the ball gag into it.

"That's being sensible. I wouldn't want to deliver you to Lucky with your breasts bleeding and battered."

The gag back in place, there remained only the lid to close and I was ready for shipment. But Matt held back a little longer.

"I really am sorry about this mistake. I really did think you were Monique went I grabbed you. Too bad."

I grunted agreement.

He continued, "But I am making a good profit on the deal." Then he named a price I did not believe. No girl could be worth that much. Could she?

"Lucky took one look at the photos of you all tied up and naked and he said he had to have you. He hardly even haggled over the price."

I didn't remember ever being photographed, but there were plenty of times when my attention had been distracted from my surroundings, usually by pain.

"Well, goodbye. And good luck."

The lid closed and I did hear the awful snap of a padlock closing. I tried to scream in protest but doubt that much noise got out of the gag and trunk. And I jerked around within my prison, trying to get loose, but it was an emotional reaction not an intelligent attempt to gain freedom. Later, during the long trip south, I did try methodically and carefully to work the ropes loose, but failed in all attempts.

The trip was long and involved mostly driving in some kind of vehicle. My prison was carried around, tossed onto something, and bounced quite a bit. I heard the hum of tires on the road for a long time, and felt the bounces and sways of a vehicle going a long way. I never did find out how Matt got me over the border. I always thought that all shipments going into any country were checked for illegal items. And a naked, gagged, tied up, kidnapped girl falls into that category. But no one opened my trunk. I didn't even hear voices as if someone were looking at the outside of my trunk. It was almost as if Matt had simply loaded me on a truck and driven me to my new captivity.

Actually, it was Carlos who drove me to the border. After that, my portable prison was transferred to another truck and someone else drove me for many hot, uncomfortable hours along poorly kept roads.

It was well after dark when my trunk was lifted down and placed on the ground. The lid was lifted to reveal a very sore and cramped slavegirl. Instead of being lifted out of the trunk, it was turned on its side, dumping me to the dusty ground. As I blinked, I could make out several figures around me and lights coming from a building not far away. But I couldn't see any faces too clearly because their backs were to the light.

"Hey, boss, she's a nice looking dame," someone said.

"Yes. The photos did not do her justice. She is, indeed, beautiful." That voice sounded a little more educated. I tried to look at its owner. "Take her down to the dungeon and put her in a cage. Hose her down. I'll be down later. Fix her up for me."

A couple of those dark figures advanced and hands picked me up. Being carried between two men like a laundry basket is not dignified. It is also embarrassing but that was the least of my problems. Mostly, I was concerned that my body ached all over, especially my jaw. I just hoped that they would take the gag out and the ropes off soon.

I was carried downstairs, presumably to the "dungeon", and finally untied. As the ropes were peeled out of my skin, I moaned a lot. I could hardly stand, but as soon as the ropes were off I was held up by two men and forced into a small room. The water that they used to wash me down was cold and came in a hard blast from a hose. It washed away the sweat from my body, which was good, but it also was most unpleasant and I tried my best to protect the more delicate parts of my body from its blast.

The same hands pulled me along after the water ceased. I was taken to a corner of some large room but had little chance to look around. There was a device there like nothing I had ever seen before. It looked like someone had tried to make a pillory but failed. There was a post in the middle with a short wooden bar across the top. But the crosspiece was only about the height of my waist. Built around that post, just above the floor, was a wooden platform with two holes on each side. The platforms were unlocked and opened and I realized that each was a pillory in itself. I was pushed until my ankles fitted exactly into one set of holes, then the back half of that side was closed and my ankles locked in wooden holes only a little larger than they were.

On the other side of the post was a similar arrangement but with smaller holes. I quickly found out why, when they bent me over the cross piece and pulled my hands down to the floor. The stocks closed around my wrists and were locked. Again, the holes were only a tiny bit larger than my wrists. I doubted that I could pull my hands out even if they were greased down.

It was an awkward position. I was standing on my feet but bent completely in half with my hands down by the floor, level with my feet. The crosspiece cut into my middle but supported most of my weight. It was an uncomfortable and embarrassing position. Embarrassing, because my feet were spread pretty far apart and I knew what that was doing to my private parts. Those men behind me were getting a very good view of my pussy from behind.

For a while I was left alone, until I began to wonder if this was the way I was to spend the night. But eventually someone came up behind me. A few seconds later I felt something cold being shoved into my rectum. It was cool and greasy, and being applied around and inside my asshole by a finger.

"You'll be glad I did this, girlie," said a male voice behind me. "Lucky, he likes girls for what they have the same as a man, you know. And he gonna be down here pretty soon. So I grease up your arse. That way it goes easy for him, and don't hurt so much for you."

It was then I realized that the ball gag had not been taken from my mouth. I grunted a mild protest. "Don't worry, girlie, the boss, he ain't so big as he thinks he is. It won't hurt you

much. You ever been buggered before? No? Well, just relax. It will hurt some at first, but if you relax and let it happen, it won't be so bad. Some girls like it, I'm told."

The person who had been informing me apparently left, because I felt no more on my asshole and the advice ceased. All of which didn't make me feel very good. I tried to remember the word for what was going to happen to me. Soapery? Sodomy! That was it. I had no personal experience with that sexual act, but had been told by one girl in high school that it hurt terribly when her boyfriend did it to her.

A little later, I heard footsteps behind me. Looking between my legs and around the post, I could see a pair of male pants standing there. Without a word or warning, something was pressing against my asshole. A pair of strong hands gripped my hips and that object began pressing harder into my rectum. Suddenly it popped in. I squealed into the gag. It did hurt, and my immediate reaction was to clench my muscles and push it out. But I remembered what that voice had said to me and tried to relax.

What happened next was a parody of the normal sex act. The man, Lucky I assumed, thrust into me then pulled back, mimicking intercourse. Soon he was pumping away, banging into my bottom with each thrust. Then, after only two minutes at most, he slammed his hips against my bottom, buried his tool deeply into me, and climaxed. I could feel his juice spurting inside me, and it was a most strange feeling.

A few seconds later, the invader had withdrawn, and a short while after that I heard footsteps departing. And not even a "thank you" to me!

I was left bent over that post for the rest of the night, which, fortunately, was only about four hours. During that period, I had plenty of time to think about what had happened to me. I was very glad of the advice to relax and let it happen. It was painful but only at first, and it would have been worse had I tried to fight it. I guessed that, under different circumstances, I could have found the experience sexually exciting. It was a penis pumping away inside me, after all. Girls like that. But I wished he had gotten me sexually excited before shafting my rear as he had done. I was sure it would have made the whole scene more pleasurable, at least for me.

Which gave me a clue to the man I now belonged to. He cared only for his own pleasure. The girl didn't count for shit.

With that wonderful thought, I spent my first night as the slavegirl of Lucky, the boss.

It is not easy to be bent over all night, even if it is a short night. When a man came to release me in the morning, I could hardly stand up straight. There were rings around my wrists and ankles where the wooden edges cut, and my rear felt kind of strange. Which might have been mostly psychological since I knew that I had been screwed in there.

The man who came for me was a short fellow who looked like he was a jockey, he was so short and small. With both of us standing, the top of his head hardly came to my breasts. But when he told me to straighten up slowly because it would be easier on my muscles, I recognized his voice as man who had anointed my rear end last night and who had given me good advice to ease the pain.

"What's your name?" I asked, hoping to get a conversation going with this man. Perhaps even gain his friendship. Or at least learn a little bit about the place I had been sent to.

"The name's Willy," he said. Then he looked around to make sure no one was watching. "I ain't suppose to talk to you, you know. The Boss, he get mad. He likes beautiful dames like you but he don't want them treated good at all, you know."

I nodded, but really did not know.

"I saw the way you was brought in, all tied up in a ball. Was you really in that trunk for eleven hours?"

"I didn't have a watch," I replied. "But it was a long time."

"Gosh, you're some kind of dame to go through that and come out okay." He was looking at my breasts as I sat on the wooden platform trying to get myself straightened out. My back hurt terribly, but it was much better now that I could unbend.

"You been whipped!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Those are whipmarks on your breasts! Cripes! Who would whip a nice girl like you on the breasts? Did that hurt?"

"It hurt," I said simply. This Willy did not seem to know too much about what can be done to a woman. But he did know enough to lubricate my rear and tell me to relax so it would not hurt so much. "Willy, I want to thank you for your advice last night. It wasn't pleasant being... Well, having that man in my rear end. But you helped."

Willy actually blushed. "I just tried to help. It isn't right that a beautiful woman like you should get treated like that."

"Has Lucky had other girls down here? Like me, I mean?"

"A couple. I've only been here six months. He had a girl here when I came, pretty redhead named Carla. That's how I knew what he likes to do to girls. That Carla, she fought him, and the way she screamed it sounded like she was being split in two. That's why I tell... told you to relax and let it happen. It's better that way. Carla didn't know that. But she's gone."

"Gone? You mean Lucky let her go?" That got my attention. Maybe I'd be released when Lucky got tired of screwing me in the rear end.

"Nah. Lucky, he got rid of her."

"How did Lucky get rid of Carla?" I asked slowly. Willy looked like he was terribly embarrassed. "Willy, please tell me," I said.

"He... Well, look lady, you don't want to know."

"Did he... Well, what did he do to her?"

Willy shuffled his feet and looked at the floor. When he spoke, it was in an embarrassed whisper. "He left her out in the desert."

"Was there much chance she could have walked to someplace safe?" I asked, thinking that a little hike in the desert might not be so bad if it meant freedom at the end of your walk.

"Not too likely. She was naked and hogtied with handcuffs."

"Oh... "

"Lucky, he didn't trust ropes enough. Said when she sweated they might slip. So he had us handcuff her hands to her feet behind her. We used two pairs, one on her wrists and one on her ankles. And the chains were crossed over so she was hogtied. To make sure that we locked the cuffs extra tight, he had us take photos. We had to push the cuffs as closed as they could go. Believe me, she was not going to go walking anywhere."

"I see. You didn't want to do that, did you?" I asked, sensing both embarrassment and guilt.

"No. She was pretty." He looked directly into my eyes, and said simply, "I'll never forget her screaming as we drove away."

I swallowed hard. Compared to this Lucky, Matt was a gentleman when it came to getting rid of unwanted girls. But that gave me a chance to get this man to help me. "He might do that to me," I said quietly.

Willy said nothing. Which was not as good as I hoped for, but also not as disappointing as it could have been.

Willy had two pairs of handcuffs with him, and he used them to secure my hands behind me and my ankles together. I was then led on a shuffling, ankle snubbing journey out of the part of the dungeon and up some stairs to the main part of the house. The stairs were hard to take with linked ankles, but I managed. Willy did not seem to mind having to walk very slowly behind me. I was reminded of his story about the girl who was hogtied with handcuffs out in the desert. I wondered if her body was still out there. Probably, I told myself, only a skeleton with handcuffs still locked on the bones.

The kitchen was our destination. There was an older Mexican woman in there, working with pots and pans. She hardly gave me a glance, suggesting that she was used to seeing naked and chained up females in that place. Willy told her in Spanish to get me some breakfast, which she did without a word. He unlocked my hands and relocked them in front so I could eat, for which I was grateful. It is nicer to be able to feed yourself. I never did like Carlos feeding me. And the food here was much better than apples and bread.

After breakfast, I was put to work. It would have been nice to be able to go to some pleasant, quiet cell someplace and get some sleep, but apparently I was meant to earn my keep.

With hands locked in front of me and ankles shackled on a very short chain, I had to wash dishes then get down on hands and knees and scrub the floor. It was pretty clean to begin with, so I think it was just that Mexican woman's way of making sure I had something to do. And perhaps to put me in a place beneath her. I was a kitchen slave, the lowest of the low. Well, perhaps I should correct that. I could have been put to scrubbing toilet bowls, so I guess there are worse things than being a kitchen slave. Like being handcuffed in a hogtie and lying on hot sand in the middle of a desert.

After getting me set up with a new overseer, Willy left me. The Mexican woman, whose name I never did know, gave orders in chopped English that I could hardly understand. But the gestures were enough to make it clear to me when to wash a bowl or get something from across the kitchen for her. She never smiled, but I got the feeling that she was enjoying this bossing of a beautiful, naked, and very helpless American girl.

That night, after cleaning up the evening dishes, I was allowed a bath, but only after my hands were again locked behind my back. My overseer this time was a very young Mexican girl. She drew a hot bath for me, added bubbles aplenty, and then gestured that I should get in. It was lovely, all that hot water soothing my tired and still sore body. I would have loved to have had that bath early in the morning, right after Willy unlocked me from that post I was bent over. Then it would have been much better, for I was very sore and stiff then. You don't get shipped tied in a ball in a trunk, then spend the night bent over a post, without muscles and joints aching.

I was surprised, but the youthful girl took a sponge and laved my body, paying particular attention to my breasts. She hardly had any and was, perhaps, wondering if hers would one day be as large and fine as mine. Or maybe she was wondering if she would ever get a chance to whip them. Before I got into the water, she had looked for a long time at the fading whipmarks upon my breasts. There was some kind of fascination with them, but I never did find out why.

After toweling down my entire body vigorously, she sat me down in front of a mirror and did a very respectable job of fixing my hair. When you wear your hair as long as mine, you have to brush it and work with it to keep it looking good. Before my bath my hair was rather straggly, to say the least. This young girl fixed it up very nicely after having washed it. She even had a blow drier to complete the job.

So around nine o'clock at night I was clean, made pretty and ready for something. But what I didn't know.

To tell the truth, at that point I had not even seen my new owner, save for a view of men's slacks between my spread legs as I was sodomized. That word does sound so much nicer than saying that I was screwed painfully in the asshole.

Willy showed up as if sent for by some unseen signal. He looked me over, smiling in approval. "You are very beautiful," he said honestly.

"Thank you, Willy," I said, wanting to stay on his good side. It could only help me to have a friend in this strange place.

Then his smile turned sober. "I have to take you to Lucky's bedroom," he said. "The Boss wants to use you tonight."

As we walked, very slowly because my ankles were still locked together in that pair of handcuffs, I tried to find out more about this place. "Will he want to... To use my rear end again?"

"Yes. That is about the only way he likes to use a girl. The others have told me that he's had a dozen girls down here. And he used them all the same way. Oh, by the way, I did find out that you should wiggle your ass."

"Wiggle my ass?"

"Yes. He likes that. The boys tell me that he's had a girl whipped because she didn't wiggle her ass enough when he was inside her."

"I'll wiggle. And thanks, Willy."

"Oh, it's nothing." The little guy actually blushed.

"And I'll remember your advice to relax and not fight it."

Willy stopped suddenly. "I'm sorry. No need for you to have to shuffle." He got down on one knee and unlocked the handcuffs off my ankles, but only after looking around to make sure no one was looking.

"You won't get in trouble for that, will you?" I asked.

"Don't think so. Boss only cares for buggering his girls."

"Good. It's much nicer to walk normally. Look how red my ankles are from having to wear those things all day."

He looked down but did not say anything. I was experienced enough to know that the ankle shackles had been ordered, and probably necessary, to keep me from escaping. With only my wrists locked in front of me as I worked, I would have been tempted to cut and run. Not that it would have done me much good. But with my ankles so closely linked by steel, I never had a chance.

Lucky's bedroom was large but what struck me were the decorations. Apparently this man had unusual tastes, for the walls were covered with painting of young boys. I immediately guessed that he was as gay as they came, but then I wondered why he bothered with girls at all. There were long-haired blonde boys, crew cut military looking boys, and most were in view showing their backs. Did I mention that all were jaybird naked? Well, they were. And none of them were aged much over twenty. This Lucky apparently liked young men a lot.

The bed was large and covered with zebra skin. Or what looked like zebra skin. It was probably artificial, but it was soft to the touch. Willy unlocked my handcuffs but replaced them with rope immediately. I was free, completely free for a couple seconds but did nothing. Willy was a small man. I could perhaps overpower him and try to get away, but he had been so nice to me that it was hard to think of doing violence to him. Besides, I didn't know if there were other guards, or the direction to the nearest town should I manage to get out of that house. From what Willy said, this place was in the middle of a desert. Or at least near one. Anyway, I didn't try, and meekly allowed him to bind my wrists together behind me. He was pretty good with the ropes, and it did not surprise me when he also bound my elbows together. I didn't know what his job was around that place, but he was good at tying girls.

The bed was high, much more so than any bed I had ever seen. There was a small set of steps at the side, apparently to allow people to more easily get in. I was not taken to the steps, but to the end of the bed. Willy took some ropes from a dresser draw and looped a length around each ankle. Then he pulled my right ankle towards the bedpost on that side. My left ankle was tied to the left one, both pulled pretty snugly. I was forced to spread my legs pretty wide. With legs spread so much, I was lowered down and the top edge of the bed came to the middle of my hips. I found myself leaning against the bed to keep my balance.

Willy produced a leather collar from someplace and climbed up on the bed to put it around my neck. Then he tied rope to the collar and ran that up round one of the bedposts at top, around the other, and then back to my collar. He pulled. "Bend over," he advised. I did until I was lying flat on the bed. The ropes to my collar were tied tightly and I knew that I would not be straightening up for a while.

Willy got down from the bed and smoothed the bedspread. A minute later, he was behind me, smoothing something greasy and cold into my asshole. At least this was a more comfortable position than being bent over that post. The bed beneath me was soft, and the fake fur felt very nice against my breasts.

"You're on your own now. Please remember to wiggle," he said sincerely.

"I'll wiggle like I was filled with ants," I told him. "And thanks."

"Lucky will probably be a little while. Just be patient."

"I'm not going anywhere," I responded in a friendly manner.

Willy seemed reluctant to go. Which was fine with me. "Willy," I said, "Come over here. Put your hand by my face."

He did, putting the back of his hand against my cheek. I leaned my head as far as the collar allowed me, and kissed his hand. "Thank you for being a friend," I said as sincerely as possible. And I meant it.

Willy withdrew his hand in embarrassment. This man was apparently was not used to beautiful women being nice to him.

He left without another word, leaving me with my rear end sticking up, convenient for use by anyone interested. I suppose that my vagina could have been used in that same position, in fact I'm sure of it, but this Lucky apparently was not interested in normal screwing. I sighed and waited for my ravisher to come.

It must have been an hour before I heard the door open. I had been slipping into a half-asleep state because I was comfortable for the first time in a long while. The bed was so soft, I was feeling so good after a hot bath, and I was pretty tired to begin with, that it was hard not to fall asleep. But I was not sure what finding his screw for the night sleeping might do to this Lucky. He sounded like a strange guy to begin with - strange, and potentially very dangerous. I did not want to wind up struggling around on a sand dune in a handcuff hogtie.

He must have walked very rapidly to the end of the bed, because when I turned my head to look at the door there was no one there. I heard the sound of a zipper behind me, then the rustle of material. It was not hard to guess that it was a pair of pants dropping. Oddly, I had no desire to turn my head and try to see who was behind me. I didn't really care what Lucky, the Boss, looked like. I knew what his penis felt like inside my asshole, and that was apparently all I needed to know around that place.

He wasted no time in getting down to business. Rough hands grabbed my ass and spread the cheeks. A second later a rigid penis was pushing against my asshole and I was fighting to keep from tensing up. I didn't succeed totally, but probably enough to make it less painful. I did, however, jerk as he entered me, and made a pretty loud grunting noise. From then on, I made like it was hurting me and I really wanted it out. I wiggled and jerked around and tugged against the ropes. I knew from my work at The Castle that customers like when a girl seems to fighting the whipping, or bondage or, in this case, sodomy. A man will get a lot more pleasure out of a girl who is moving and active than one who just lies there and takes it. And I did not want Lucky to be disappointed in his new slavegirl.

Being sodomized did hurt me some, so it was not hard to pretend that it really hurt more. And I made some pleading noises, asking him to please stop that, it hurt so much, etc. But I didn't lay on the verbal stuff too much. Just enough to play the part, not enough to distract him

from enjoying his pumping away at my rear end. I wanted him to get his climax as soon as possible and then be over with this unnatural act.

He did come to his climax with a grunt and extra hard thrust into my rear. But just as Lucky was spurting his juice into my rear, I heard explosions. I know that sometimes sex will make skyrockets explode in my head, but I was not anywhere near an orgasm, and, besides, these sounded more like gunshots. You grow up on a ranch and you learn what guns sound like. Learn to shoot one, too.

Lucky did not seem to notice, but then men do get involved in their sexual climax - for all of five seconds. When he finally finished pumping all he could into me, he withdrew. Right after that, I heard him utter what sounded like a curse, followed by the sound of hurried dressing. Then footsteps rushing out. All I caught sight of was the back of a man in black slacks and a gray shirt rushing out the door.

Totally unsure of what was happening, I struggled against the ropes but could not free my arms from their tight embrace. What could be happening puzzled and worried me. A revolt? I thought that Central American countries have revolts every three years, whether they need it or not. But Mexico? I was pretty sure Matt had said Mexico. If this Lucky was a criminal, then the gunfire I heard might be the police catching up with him. Which made my heart leap. Surely the police would see that a naked, tied down girl was not a part of Lucky's gang and help me get back to the United States. But what if it were something else? Like a rebellion of his henchmen? Then my fate would be rather unsure. Lucky might just be replaced by some other thug.

Just as I was getting really worried and the gunfire was getting louder and more rapid, the door opened. I sighed a big sigh when I saw that it was only Willy. He hurried over to the bed and began untying my ankles and neck.

"Got to get you out of here," he hurriedly explained as he tore at the knots. "Mickey and his gang have found us and are attacking." My right ankle was free. "Mickey and Lucky don't like each other. Bad blood. Goes way back. This time I think Lucky's luck ran out." My left ankle was free. He hurried up to the top of the bed to untie my neck. "Gotta get you outta here. Mickey will figure you're Lucky's doll."

"That's bad?" I asked.

"He'll probably torture you to death if he thinks you're Lucky's girlfriend."

"But I'm all tied up. I could explain that I was kidnapped."

Willy snorted. "Won't cut no ice with Mickey." My neck was free and I was wiggling off the bed and onto my feet. "Lucky likes to screw girls in the rear end, Mickey likes to torture them. He's bad news. Come on."

"What about my arms," I asked as I rushed out of the room after Willy.

"Don't have time for that," he called back.

I hurried down the corridor, running on bare feet and trying to keep up with the surprisingly fast Willy. Behind us, I could hear shouts and louder gunfire. And that included some pretty fast shots that could only have been automatic weapons.

Willy must have known the place pretty well because he found a stairs going down where I would have thought there was only a closet. Or perhaps it was meant as an escape route. But there were stairs at the back of the closet and we hurried down them into darkness. I had to slow down when I couldn't see the steps any longer lest I fall. Finally, the floor was flat and I stood there, trying to see Willy but only able to hear his footsteps. Suddenly there was light and I found myself standing in a garage. Willy was already heading towards a Jeep Cherokee, one of several lined up along the garage. He opened the door and gestured rapidly for me to get in. "Come on, we only got seconds to get outta here." I hurried to the vehicle and jumped in as fast as a girl with no arms can. The leather seat was cold on my bottom.

Willy rushed to the driver's seat. He inserted the key but didn't turn the ignition. Instead, he reached inside his jacket and pulled out a 45 automatic. He pulled back the slide to chamber the first round then set the gun on the console next to him. "Keep your head down," he told me as he rolled down his window. "It might be hairy out there." He reached across my breasts and rolled down the window on my side. Then he started the engine, waited a second to make sure it was running smoothly, and then put the car in gear. With his right hand he took the automatic. His left hand held the steering wheel. "Here we go," he said through clenched teeth.

It would have been nicer if he had opened the garage door, but even I could figure that by the time he opened the door and got back in the Jeep, anyone outside would have plenty of time to react. As it was, there were several men outside, mostly running around but all with rifles or shotguns or assault rifles in their hands. And they turned our direction as soon as the Jeep crashed through the wooden door and raced down the driveway, throwing up dirt and rocks behind us. Willy pointed the automatic out his window and dropped the closest man with a single shot. Then he turned the gun in my direction, and after that I didn't see what happened. I was too busy trying to bury my head under the dash.

The automatic made a very big noise and I felt something burn my arms. Then another shot and another burn. I yelped out loud, but didn't raise up my head. I heard no more shots from Willy but I did hear plenty behind us and the thunks of bullets hitting the body of our Jeep. There was also breaking glass as bullets rushed through the car, effectively removing both the back window and putting several large holes in the windshield. I saw them when Willy told me I could finally get up.

We were racing across a desert in the middle of the night, our headlights illuminating sand, rocks and small bushes along a dirt road. I squealed when I saw just how fast he was pushing the Jeep along, fearful that a crash might do to us what those men back there had been trying to do to us with bullets.

"Don't you think you could drive a little slower?" I asked.

"They might be following," he said.

I shut up.

There was the smell of gunpowder all around, and my arms stung just above my elbows. I remembered my father telling me that are a lot of hot gasses coming out of the barrel of a gun when it fires. He even showed me by firing his rifle at night. Those hot gasses are what had burned me, but it didn't feel like a serious burn.

I found myself breathing hard and made an effort to calm down. I was just a quiet farm girl and not used to gang wars and such. Willy, I must admit, took the whole thing in his stride. And he did what he had to do to get us out of there. Later, he told me that most likely all of Lucky's gang would be killed so there wouldn't be any witnesses. So I guess he was just saving his own life. But he saved mine along with his and I was grateful for that. It didn't take much thinking to figure out that he did not have to take the time to go back for me. The precious seconds he spent getting to Lucky's bedroom and untying the knots on my ropes could have meant his death. That was a sobering thought.

No one seemed to be following us. Eventually, Willy slowed down to a respectable fifty or sixty and we continued to make our way across the desert. Willy kept looking back over his shoulder. After about fifteen minutes we reached a single lane, paved road and turned onto it. I had no idea what direction we were traveling in, but hoped that it was north.

Eventually there was a small light up ahead. It grew into a building with a single floodlight on the roof illuminating two gas pumps that looked like they were made shortly after

the war - the First World War. Willy pulled up a few hundred yards from the building and shut off the lights.

"You'd better get in the back and hide on the floor," he told me. "Things will be tricky enough without having to explain a naked girl in the Jeep."

He came around to my side and opened the doors so I could get in back. As he was brushing off broken glass from seat and floor, I asked, "Why can't you untie my arms? I won't run away."

Willy paused. I could barely see his face in the dim lights from the dashboard. "I learned a long time ago not to trust any man. Shortly after that I learned not to trust any woman. I don't know what you might or might not do. So I'll just stay in charge for now. Okay, that's clean, get in."

I got in and tried to fit my body on the floor. There was not much room and it was not easy with my arms bound behind me, but we managed to get most of me out of sight. Unless someone looked directly into the Jeep, that is. Just as Willy was covering me with a blanket, I told him, "Thank you. Thank you for saving my life."

He grunted, which might have meant anything, and slammed the door. In a few seconds we were moving again.

The Jeep pulled up before the pump and I heard Willy get out. A minute later I heard the creak of an old door and then footsteps. I tried to crunch down even more.

"Hola."

"Hola. Pedro, tiene a cualquieres hombres extranos viene esta manera?"

"Si. Dos Camiones, dos carros. Muchos hombres. Esta Tarde."

There was a slight pause, and then Willie saying, "Si vuelven hacen preguntas, por favor dice los que fuimos sur."

"Por supuesto. Vaya con Dios."

"Y usted, amigo."

I felt the Jeep move and heard the door close. Then we were driving down the highway again. A mile later, Willy stopped to allow me out of the cramped hiding place.

"You speak Spanish?" I asked.

"Would you live in a foreign country and not try to learn the language?" he replied reasonably. "But I learned Spanish when I was racing down here."

"Then you're a jockey?"

"Used to be. I rode for Lucky back when he lived in the States. But that was a while ago." He sighed, and then changed the subject. "I made friends with Pedro because I'm the one who keeps the cars gassed up and goes into town to get supplies. None of the rest speaks Spanish, and they don't want to. Beneath them."

My respect for this small man was going up. I wanted to ask him why he was mixed up with some kind of criminal gang, but held back. Maybe it was none of my business.

When he helped me out of the back seat, he had draped the blanket over my shoulders. I could not keep the blanket wrapped around my front, but at least part of me was covered against the cool night air, and I was grateful for that.

We drove steadily through most of the night, once passing through a small town but not stopping. Willy apparently kept the gas tanks filled, so we had no need for gas yet. A meal and warm place to sleep would have been nice, especially as the night grew later, but I said nothing. I owed this man a great deal. Besides, I figured I would do best to stick to him. I was in a strange country with no clothes, money or identification. At least he spoke the language.

Some time before sunrise as the sky was becoming lighter, he paused to take a tire iron out of the back and smash out the rest of the windshield and back windows, finishing the job begun by the bullets. It was not hard to figure that a missing windshield would draw less attention than one with bullet holes in it. We continued on, me with my arms aching and still tied, and the blanket wrapped around me.

Just after dawn, we entered a larger town. All the signs were in Spanish, which I don't speak, but the appearance of a motel is the same the world around and I had no trouble recognizing one when Willy pulled into the parking lot. He went in, returning a few minutes later with the news that we had a place to sleep for a while. He drove the Jeep around to the back where it could not be seen from the main road. Then he opened the door to one of the half dozen identical rooms. I walked from the car to the room trying to keep the blanket from falling off my

shoulders. Had there been anyone in front of me, he would have gotten a good view of breasts and pubic hair, plus a lot of skin. But the place seemed deserted. I could well imagine that we were the only customers.

Inside, Willy locked the door and propped a chair under the handle as an extra precaution. Only then did he relax. For a minute, he just stood there with his eyes closed, breathing deeply. Then he took the automatic out of his shoulder holster and put it on the dresser. He took off his jacket and put it over the chair at the door. Then he looked at me.

I was standing there, the blanket having falling to the floor because my hands couldn't hold it up. I was naked and still bound, but for the first time in a long time, felt as if I was with a friend, even if he was still my captor.

"You want to take the first shower?" he asked me. A hot shower sounded really good and I told him that. He grunted and went into the bathroom. A moment later I heard water running.

He untied my arms so I could take the shower, but stood near the door to the bathroom. There was no way I could make a dash for the outside unless I was willing to try and overpower him. But I was tired and did not want to struggle with Willy. I was content to remain his prisoner for the time being. Besides, I was not at all sure I could win a tussle with him. He might be shorter than I, but he was strong and wiry. And he had the gun. So I showered and enjoyed it.

When I got out, I dried off with a towel, aware of his looking at me as I did. Finally, when my hair was reasonably dry, I put down the towel and stood before him. "You want to tie me up while you take your shower?" I asked him. He nodded, and I turned around and put my hands behind my back. He used the rope to tie my wrists tightly crossed. Then he guided me to the bed and onto my stomach. Using the rest of the rope, he turned it into a hogtie with my ankles crossed and pulled up until they touched my hands. He tied the knots tight with jerks, and then left me alone on the bed.

I suppose I could have tried to crawl off, work the chair out of the door, and then crawled down the parking lot looking for rescue. But instead I fell asleep. Much later I was awaken by a hand shaking my shoulder and the smell of coffee. Apparently Willy had gone out and gotten us food. And it smelled wonderful. He untied my arms and legs so I could eat. I noticed that he had the automatic in its shoulder holster again, but I did not really care. I was willing to throw in with him for now.

Breakfast was a bit spicy for me, but good. Afterwards, we both sat on the bed, finishing our coffee. I looked at Willy. "You're tired. You need sleep," I stated the obvious. "Go ahead and tie me up. I'll get some more sleep while you do, and you won't have to worry about me."

"I'm sorry to have to treat you this way, but I can't have you running to the authorities. I'm sure there was a bloodbath back there, and I don't want to have to be explaining things to Los Federales."

"That's okay, Willy. I don't mind. How do you want me?" I stood and put my hands behind me. I felt rope going around my wrists. When he finished with my wrists, he cut the rope then knotted tightly what was on my wrists. He came around in front of me and gestured for me to sit on the bed so he could bind my ankles. I sat on the bed but interrupted his plans.

"Willy, I am very grateful to you for all you've done for me," I said sincerely. "I want to show you how much."

He looked at me, knowing just what I was offering. For a second, I thought that he might turn down the offer of my body, but then he broke into a grin. "Scoot up on the bed, woman," he said.

I wiggled up until my head was on the pillow and I was lying on my bound wrists. I spread my legs in invitation, the first time in a long time I had done that for a man. Willy took his clothes off then joined me on the bed. He might have been a small man, but his rod was of decent size. But what surprised me was that although he had a good erection he did not shove it straight inside me. Instead, he got between my legs and brought his face down to my pussy. For the next several minutes I found out that he had a talented tongue, almost as good as another woman. A man will never know exactly what a woman is feeling, but some come close. Willy knew how to turn a girl on. Soon, I was hot to trot, so to speak. And then he mounted me and rode me into a very fine orgasm.

Later in the afternoon, I woke up to find my hands still tied and my ankles bound to each other and to the end of the bed. Willy was nowhere in sight.

- Chapter XII - Getting Back Home

I was still tied but felt a lot better. Maybe having had sex for the first time in a long time helped. Good, friendly, fairly normal sex, I mean. Willy returned shortly after I awoke, carrying bags smelling of food. Again the food was a little spicy for me, but Willy seemed to enjoy it. I was untied in order to be able to eat, and even allowed a few minutes to freshen up with a shower. Even though I was not bound, he was always between me and the door. Not that I tried anything. I was going to stick with him for the time being. I figured I would have a much better chance of getting back into the US with him than on my own. I didn't even know which direction the border was.

Early that evening, while I lay hogtied on the bed, Willy went out and returned later with a big paper bag. From the bag he took a coat that would fit me much better than him, two coils of white cotton clothesline, and a small roll of black electrical tape. He saw me looking at the rope and tape lying on the bed next to me. "It will be easier to bind you," he explained, "with more rope. And the tape is to gag you. I know you want to go along with me right now, but tomorrow we'll be at the border and I don't know what you'll do then."

I didn't argue with him, even though I wanted to tell him that I would not run out on him. He untied me from the hogtie but left my ankles tied together. In addition, he tied my wrists crossed in front of me. It was not very limiting as bondage goes, but it did make it harder for me to try and escape.

Later, I was again hogtied as he went out for dinner. This time my mouth was filled with a wad of cloth and taped close. He used a lot of the tape to cover my mouth from under my nose to below my chin and from ear to ear. While he was gone I experimented with pushing the cloth with my tongue. I found that I could get the tape to slowly pull away from my face if I really pushed against the cloth wad with my tongue. Eventually, I managed to work the tape away from my face enough to push the wad out. Then I rubbed my face against the bed covers to get the rest of the tape off. When Willy came back, he did not seem too put out that my gag was now a tangled mess of black tape resting on the bed and not in my mouth. Perhaps he had known that electrical tape would not make a good gag.

I was untied, and then my hands tied in front again for dinner. He had found hamburgers this time, instead of tacos. For a while before bedtime, I was allowed complete freedom, but again with Willy always between me and the door. But when it came time to bed down for the night, freedom was denied me. I expected nothing else.

And, as with earlier in the day, I expressed my gratitude to Willy for saving me in the only way I could. After my hands were crossed and bound behind me, I scooted back the bed, spread my legs, and told him I would appreciate a good screwing.

And it was as much for my own satisfaction as out of gratitude that I asked Willy to have sex with me.

He was a great little jockey. Maybe not as endowed as some men, but he sure knew how to use what he had.

Afterwards, he tied my ankles together and then connected them with a short length of rope to the bottom of the bed so I would not be tempted to hop away during the night. We fell asleep with his arm around over my waist and our bodies pressed together.

In the morning, we left that motel early. My arms were again bound behind my back. I did not complain when he looped and pulled my elbows together, nor did I point out that such severe bondage was not necessary to make me helpless as we drove. At least he put the coat over my nudity and buttoned it up. I might look funny wearing a coat on a warm day, but at least my bound condition was not visible to all. I walked to the car and was helped in. The seat belt made sure that I would not be getting out too quickly. But Willy, always the careful one, also tied my ankles together. There was no way I would be dashing from the car in an escape attempt.

Five hours later, we were at the border. For a while I wondered why it had taken us two days to get to the border when it had taken only about eleven hours for Carlos to drive me down in the first place. I asked Willy, and he said that we were taking the less traveled routes in case the main road was being watched. Mickey and his gang might be looking for the occupants of that Jeep that got away.

I could see town up ahead, and at the far edge of it the thin, wandering line of dirty blue that marked the Rio Grande. There was a bridge and a short line of cars waiting on both sides, crossing over one at a time. Willy pulled the Jeep over to the side of the road and stopped.

For a minute, Willy just looked at the bridge and the small building. There were a couple uniformed men stopping each car for a few seconds before waving it on. I fidgeted uncomfortably on the seat under my coat. Finally I could take it no more and blurted out with, "Why don't you go! We're almost home!"

"Would you want the Border Patrol to be looking into the car with you nearly naked and tied up?" he asked evenly.

"I don't care. They'll help me. I was kidnapped, remember?"

He turned to look at me. After a bit, he said softly, "That may be all right for you, but there are arrest warrants out for me. Little matter of fixing some races."

I said nothing. He was telling me that they might well arrest him. "Could you just let me walk up to them?" I asked in a much calmed down voice. "You don't have to drive me."

For a while, he did not reply, then he turned back to looking at the not too distant bridge. "Why do you think I've kept you tied up?" he asked.

"You said you weren't sure what I might do," I replied. His expression didn't change. I tried again, "You like me tied up?"

"True, but not the main reason."

"Then... You don't mean... ?"

"I don't have much money," he said. "And there's not much I can do back in the States to find a job. I'm a jockey, and that's all I know. But I can't get a license to ride. I'll need cash to tide me over or get me started in something."

"And you plan to sell me?" I supplied.

"Why not? I've heard from Lucky that some very rich people keep slavegirls. More in other countries, but sometimes in the good old USA. You were sold for a lot of money to Lucky."

"But Willy... !"

What could I say? That we had shared sex in a motel room and therefore he could not possibly sell me? That it just was not fair? I was just a young woman in a foreign country without identification or money. Almost without clothes. And I was still tied up - can't forget that.

"I don't know anyone down here who might buy you. But... "

Suddenly, I knew what he was telling me. "But you know Matt? The man who sold me to Lucky? And you think he'll buy me?" Willy did not deny it, so I continued, "That's crazy! He wanted to get rid of me. He won't buy me."

"He might, if the price was half of what he was paid for you in the first place. Perhaps he will sell you again and make his profit again."

I whined and sat there with my mouth hanging open, not at all sure what to say. "He won't," I finally managed, but with little conviction. He might. He was, after all, a businessman. Give him a chance to make a profit and he might just jump at it.

"Willy... " I whined. "Please... "

Willy did not answer me. I got the impression that he did not really want to do this to me, but he had to. Maybe he was right. Maybe there was not much an ex-jockey could do. Especially one with the police looking for him. But I wanted freedom! Slavery was fine, but I liked it in little pieces, like a few hours or maybe days at a time, not constantly. Well... Maybe with the right man for a Master... What am I saying! Forget that. I officially wanted my freedom and that was that.

Willy drove us to another of those seedy little motels. He again parked in the back and I had to stay in the Jeep while he registered. I considered trying to get someone's attention but there were not many people in sight, and none behind the motel. Besides, I didn't speak Spanish. If I got someone's attention, what would I say? I couldn't even show them that I was tied up. My arms were hidden by the coat, which I couldn't open without my hands. And my bound ankles were hardly visible under the dashboard. I sighed and waited.

I was walked into the motel room with Willy's hand on my arm through the coat. The inside had a bed, a couple chairs and an air conditioner filling half the window. Willy locked the door and made sure the single window had its curtains closed. Then he unbuttoned my coat and tossed it on the bed. I turned to present my arms. For a few seconds I feared he was not going to untie me, but finally I felt his fingers on the ropes. I was allowed fifteen minutes to take a shower and refresh myself.

When I came out, Willy was just hanging up the phone. "I'm going to have to go out and fix up some things. You'll have to stay here."

I sighed and put my hands behind my back for him to tie me again. I didn't think that he would honor a request to be allowed to stay free on my promise not to leave the room.

When Willy left, it was certain that I was not going to be going anywhere. My arms were again bound behind me with the elbows tightly together. But I was also sitting on the bed with legs spread very, very wide and unable to close them. There was rope from each ankle going down and under the bed and tied to something down there so that I just couldn't close my legs nor try to wiggle off the bed. I had two options: sitting up as I was or lying back on my bound arms. And I found that it was not easy to pull myself back up into a sitting position after lying down.

In addition, Willy had made sure that I would not be calling out for help. I was gagged with a washrag rolled up and inserted in my mouth, then some rope around my head rather tightly held it in place. Which I considered weakest part of my bondage. I might be able to force that rag out of my mouth. It was not as secure as a ball gag would have been. I began to work on it.

Even as I did, I wondered what I would do it I succeeded in working the gag out. Willy had left the air conditioner going, an old unit that rattled and made quite a bit of noise. It was sure that I was not going to be leaving the bed, so I would have to do all my yelling from there. But would I? I decided to go ahead and work on the gag, then leave the decision as to what to do next to when that happened. If nothing else, I would be free of a big lump in my mouth and uncomfortable ropes around my mouth.

I did work the gag out. It was not easy, but I managed to get the ropes pushed down enough to push the rag out around them. Then I pushed the ropes down over my chin with my tongue. I was happy with my small victory, even if only because I would be a little bit more comfortable.

A minute later, Willy walked in. He was not surprised at all to see that I had worked the gag out. "I came back as soon as I could," he said, holding up two paper bags. "One has hamburgers and cokes."

"And the other?" I asked.

"You'll see."

He fed me the hamburgers as I sat there on the bed, naked and quite unable to feed myself. I wish I could say that the hamburgers were good, but they were not. Still, I was hungry and ate happily. After the meal, Willy showed me what was in the other bag. I was not amused.

There was a roll of wide, gray tape, very sticky and very strong. It was that stuff called duct tape. There was also a small rubber ball and an elastic bandage. After he cleaned up my mouth with a paper towel, I opened it wide to allow him to insert the rubber ball. Then, at his orders, I closed my mouth around the ball. He wrapped the elastic bandage tightly around my head, covering my lower face from chin to nose. Then he wrapped that gray tape around and around that, very tightly, until half the large roll was gone. Finally, he cut it off and pushed down the last corner.

"That should keep you from calling for help," he said as he put away his pocketknife and placed the tape on the dresser.

I made some whining noises through my noise, trying to tell him that I hadn't been planning to call for help anyway. He chose to ignore my pitiful sounds.

"I've got some more arrangements to make," he said. "I'll be gone probably two hours. You can take a nap." I whined in protest and turned to show him my bound arms. "Yeah, well do the best you can," he said, then was gone, putting the "No molestar" sign on the door handle, then locking the door behind him. I think the sign was 'do not disturb,' in Spanish. For all I knew, it might have said "free sex, come right in."

It was closer to four hours before Willy came back, four long hours during which I tried to find a comfortable position and ignore the irritating sounds coming from that rattling air conditioner. He had another bag filled with hamburgers and drinks and french fries. My hands were untied and the tape pulled from around my head. I was allowed my hands to eat with, but my legs were left tied to the bed in an obscene spread.

After dinner, Willy explained what was happening. "I managed to get a hold of Matt," he told me. "He's willing to buy you back. For a lot less than he sold you."

"Enough to set you up?" I asked with genuine concern.

"Not really, but it will have to do. The problem is getting both of us back across the borders."

"Do they really check people driving across the border that well?" I asked. "We could just be tourists returning from a little vacation."

"They might let us through, they might not. And, of course, it would be harder if you are tied up. Even with that coat on, you would look suspicious to Border Patrol agents. Besides," he gave me a funny look, "I don't think I can take the risk of you being ungagged in front of a uniform. You'd just tell them that I'm kidnapping you. As soon as they see your condition, they'll know something is up."

"I could be untied and not gagged. I promise not to say a thing."

Willy snorted. "Do you think I'm a fool?" He began pacing the floor. "You know I plan to sell you back to Matt. That means you'll be a prisoner again. And he might not keep you, so you could be sold to someone worse than Lucky. I don't believe that you would just let me drive you across the border without trying to gain your freedom."

I didn't contradict him. It was true, and we both knew it.

"So what do we do?" I asked.

"I go a hundred miles west of here. There's a place where hundreds of Mexicans simply run across the border every night. There's no fence for most of the US - Mexico border and the Border Patrol can't cover it all. I'll just wait until dark and then cross with all the other illegals. There's a good chance I won't get caught because I'm not Mexican. As soon as I'm across the border, I'll look like I belong. And I'll act that way."

"But what about me? Do you want me to run across the border with you, my hands tied behind me under the coat and my lips sealed with tape?"

"No. Even in the dark that would be too difficult. I've a different way to get you back to Matt."

"And what is that?"

"Same way you came down here."

"Oh, no you don't! You mean I'm to be shipped in a trunk! That's a terrible way to travel. It's not very comfortable."

Willy didn't say anything. I considered begging, offering all kind of sexual delights, even promising him a lifetime pass to The Castle. But I really had nothing to offer. He could take any sex he wanted whether I offered it or not. And I didn't really feel like arguing with a man I was still really and truly grateful to.

"Okay, if that's the way you want to do it," I said.

He looked like he had expected an argument.

"But I don't see a trunk here. Where will you get one big enough?"

"There's a place down the road where I can buy one."

"But it's night time. Are they open?"

"No."

"Then you won't be able to box me up until tomorrow." I know it sounds like I'm a slut, but my next words were, "Whatever are we going to do tonight?" Honest.

We did the same thing we had done twice before. Only this time my arms were bound behind my back extra tight, probably as a punishment for being so forward with my sexual demands. Which was fine with me.

Willy bent me over the bed, face down, tied my ankles spread as wide as my legs would go, and then took me from behind, not in the asshole as Lucky did, but in the vagina, only from behind me. With me bent over a tall bed and my legs spread wide, plus his short height, he was in a perfect position to shaft me, plus he could use his legs to drive his rod deep into me, almost lifting my hips off the bed at times. It was a good ride.

Later, he retied my hands with the wrists crossed but still behind my back. My feet were again joined and tied to the bottom of the bed. I slept comfortably all night, and in the morning awoke Willy by sliding down and using my mouth to arouse his manhood. As soon as he was awake and rock hard, I slid off the bottom of the bed until I was kneeling on the floor with the top half of me flat on the bed. I wiggled my bottom enticingly.

It did not take him long to untie my ankles. I spread my legs wide and he again mounted me for a very satisfactory ride. This time the jockey finished a little bit before the mount. But it was a fine race for both of us.

I was severely hogtied and tape gagged while he went for the trunk. When he got back I had to lie on the bed and watch while he pocked small air holes in several places on the trunk.

I had to be untied from the hogtie and retied into a ball in order to fit into the trunk. But that was no problem for Willy since he did not have to untie my arms, nor my legs. He simply unconnected my wrists from my ankles, then tied rope around my body and thighs. That lashed my legs to my chest. Then he tied a rope from my ankles to my wrists and pulled my legs double. That was all he needed to do and I was a helpless ball of girl-flesh. He never even took the gag out of my mouth. In fact, he used the rest of the roll of tape to make my gag even more secure, not that I was going to be getting it off in the first place. The extra turns of tape were just gilding the lily.

Willy solved the problem of lifting me into the trunk by tilting the open trunk against the side of the bed and then sliding me into it. I thunked against the bottom but was inserted into my portable prison that easily. He inspected my prison, poked a few more holes, and then announced that I was ready.

He reached down and patted my bare bottom affectionately. "I'm really sorry to have to ship you this way, but... Well, you know that I have to."

I nodded that I understood.

"I'll meet you in San Diego. I've arranged for the trunk to be shipped there and then held for me to pick up."

The image of my trunk waiting in a warehouse for Willy to pick up suddenly did not sound so good. I grunted in protest and question.

"What if I don't make it, you ask? What if I'm picked up by the authorities and taken to jail? Well, in that case, darling, you'll have a long time to wait. I figure if I get convicted of the charges against me, I'll be spending about ten to fifteen years in prison. But I'll come for you as soon as I get out."

I knew he was kidding me. At least I hoped he was. The lid slowly closed over me. I heard it click loudly and the sound of the key locking the lid.

I couldn't talk, and if I just made noises Willy might get mad. So I suffered in silence and the semi-darkness of my prison. Actually, I was not suffering yet, but knew that this position in the cramped trunk would be getting to me before too long. And after a few hours I would be suffering for real. Longer than that I didn't want to think about.

But I did think. First, I thought about how long I would have to be in the trunk. And I didn't like the figures that were coming up. I would be picked up and shipped across the border before too long. But Willy could not cross the border until nightfall. And he would have to make his way up to wherever it was that my trunk would be waiting. And that place would probably not be open at night, so he would have to wait until the next morning to claim me. And he would have to get some kind of truck or car. He could not just walk away with me on his back. I figured that I would be in there for at least twenty-four hours.

And if Willy was picked up by the Border Patrol... ! Well, let's just say it could be a lot longer.

I promised myself that I would wait until evening of the next day before I began to try and call attention to my trunk. I could make some noises through my nose, and perhaps bang a little on the sides. Or try to shift my weight to rock the trunk. Out of respect to Willy, I would wait until it was pretty certain that he was not going to be picking me up the next day. Then I would panic.

Of course, I was being stupid. I should have been planning on screaming my head off as soon as I was taken away from Willie.

I heard voices speaking Spanish, one of them Willy's. Then I was being picked up and rolled out, probably on a dolly. Then up into or onto a truck. Then I was being driven away on an adventure I did not want to go on.

None of the air holes was in a place where I could see out of the trunk, but at least I seemed to be getting enough air. It smelled of dust and gasoline and some other things I could not identify, but it was breathable.

As with my trip south of the border, my trip northward was a long series of jolts, vibrations, noises, heat and constant fear that my trunk would fall off the truck and smash to pieces on the road. During part of the trip I began wondering if you could sell this trip as an adventure to masochistic females. It was certainly something most women would never do.

Eventually, the trip came to a halt. I knew it was the end of the line because I was lifted down from the trunk and carried a distance before finally being set down. After that, all I heard was fading footsteps. I guessed I was resting in some holding room or warehouse or something. In the distance I could hear a radio, but too faint to really know what it was playing. Occasionally I heard voices and footsteps, but it was always for something else in whatever room I was being kept. After a while, the radio was turned off and the voice ceased to come by. I figured it was closing time and I would be alone for the night.

Fortunately, my trunk was right side up, so I was resting on my knees. My head was bent over and down by my knees, my arms hurt and my back was getting such a crick. But it was not too bad. Not yet. Well, not as bad as it was going to get.

Later, I noticed that I was getting cold and realized that the storeroom I was stashed in was not heated. I wondered if Willy had considered that possibility in his plan. I hoped that it would not get too cold that night.

Being pretty sure that no one was around, I made some serious attempts at getting myself free. I worked my fingers around, trying to find a knot or something. I pulled my arms this way and that. I tried to straighten up. I even tried to rock the trunk. Nothing worked. Why was it that all the men in my life really knew how to tie a girl? About the only thing I did not do was to make noise. I had promised that I would not try that until I was sure Willy was not going to pick me up the next day.

Much later in the night, I drifted in and out of sleep. For a while I giggled into my gag at the thought that there might be another girl in one of the other trunks or boxes in that storage room, also naked, gagged and tightly bound up. Then I began thinking up scenarios that would

explain this other girl who would never know that a few feet away was poor little Melinda, all secured and helpless. Perhaps she was a very young Mexican girl that some American tourist had bought and was shipping back home. Did Mexican parents sell their teenage daughters? Or was that some other culture, and some other country? Probably.

Maybe she was foreign a spy being smuggled into the country by the CIA. She would be taken to a secret CIA building and there interrogated until she talked. It occurred to me that Matt would have made a good interrogator for our government; he was good at making girls feel punished.

Or maybe she was simply a girl who, like me, loved to be helpless and had a masochistic streak to match mine. Maybe she begged and pleaded with her boyfriend to bind her, gag her and ship her around the country until she eventually came back to her home.

Or maybe there was no other girls bound up and locked in trunks out there at all.

For a while, I speculated on what would happen to me when I was again Matt's prisoner. But the best guess was that he would do exactly what he did before: sell me. I could just picture myself being sold and resold countless times like a piece of merchandise. Get Melinda, mark up her price, and sell her. Take home your profit. I could see slavegirl shares being traded on the stock market. Or slavegirl futures being careful watched by analysts.

It was about then that I realized I was not quite thinking right.

I am not sure if I ever did sleep. But eventually I heard voices and the same radio came on. I was tired, hungry, ached all over, and was beginning to hate this little adventure. I was considering how I would be able to tell when it was nearly quitting time so I could begin to trying to get someone's attention, when my trunk was rocked sideways and then I was rolling away over bumpy concrete flooring.

I never did find out where Willy got the truck. But my trunk was loaded on the back. A little while later we were driving someplace. Expectant that at any moment he would pull over and let me out to ride up front with him, I was happy and did not mind the aches and pains from a long suffering body - too much.

But the drive continued and continued, until I realized that he was not going to let me out. The bastard was going to drive me right up to Matt's house, probably dump my trunk on the ground at Matt's feet. It would be the safest way, from a security point of view. But not from a comfort point of view. I began to cry.

Which is exactly what happened. Only I was not dumped on the ground. I was lifted out of the small pickup truck and set on the ground. By then I had been driven for many more hours and was all cried out. It was beginning to look like my entire life would be spent in a trunk, suffering all kinds of aches and pains.

It was late afternoon sun that greeted my eyes when the lid opened. I was lifted out of the trunk by four hands and set down on some grass. I turned my head sideways and through blinking eyes tried to see who was standing over me. The short form must be Willy, I thought. The tall one looked like an out of focus Matt. But who was the woman standing next to him?

A pair of hands was working at the tape around my face, finally getting it all off and removing the washrag gag. I worked my jaw a bit and then crocked out, "Could I please have a steak?"

Then I fainted.

- Chapter XIII - A New Owner... Or Two

I awoke sometime later, not sure how long I had been unconscious, but aware that I was still bound up. The ropes were different this time, I could tell that before I opened my eyes. I was something of an expert on such things, you know. My wrists were crossed and bound, but not with the elbows together as I had been in the trunk. My legs were still tied together at the ankles and above my knees. And I could feel no clothes. I was still a slavegirl.

"She's awake," came Matt's voice.

I opened my eyes and looked around. Matt was standing there in his expensive, perfectly tailored slacks and casual shirt with the little pony on it. Next to him was Willy. I should have been mad at him, but I still felt gratitude and, anyway, it was hard to get mad at him. He was a good man.

The third figure was a surprise. She was dressed just like a dominatrix from The Castle; black high heels, nylons, garter belt, black bra and panties, elbow length gloves, and a black mask covering most of her face. The body that was shown was youthful, very good and somehow familiar. But I could not recall having ever seen a dominatrix at The Castle wearing that kind of mask. In her hands she toyed with a riding crop, and a faint smile teased the mouth I could see just below the mask.

I turned to Matt. "Long time no see," I said with mock humor. "I notice I'm still tied up."

"You will stay tied up," he told me simply. "You are my property."

"Glad to see you, too. Well, Willy, I guess you get your money now. I hope you do well and stay out of trouble, really I do." And I did.

Willy nodded and blushed. The jockey was actually embarrassed!

I sat up on the table and swung my legs over the side. It was a table about the size of a small bed and padded on top with leather. No one told me not to get up, nor did anyone offer help, either. I took a deep breath and looked around at my captors.

"Could I get some food? I haven't eaten in a while."

It was then that I noticed that I was in a large room fixed up very much like the biggest dungeon at The Castle. But it was not The Castle, I was sure of that. Apparently Matt had a dungeon I had not seen before.

"You'll get food in a minute," said Matt. "But first there is a little matter of your paying proper respect to your owner and Master. And to the woman he's hired to train you."

I glanced over at the woman in black and swallowed hard. For some reason I was more afraid of her than of Matt's punishing me. "Hello, Mistress," I ventured. "I am glad to meet you." I had to force out the part about being glad.

"You little liar!" she hissed. "Down on your knees!"

I swallowed again and slid off onto my feet. With difficulty, I bent my legs until I could fall only a short distance to my knees. Still, it hurt my knees. The floor was concrete, not carpet. I bowed my head. "I am sorry, Mistress."

I may not have worked at The Castle all that long, but I knew the game between dominants and submissives. I was the one who was naked and tied up; she was the one with the whip. Simple, no?

"Bend over." The two words were dripping with venom. I obeyed, bending until my head touched the floor. "Get that bottom up in the air." I obeyed again, sticking my bare bottom up and hoping that she was not going to do what I knew she was going to do.

I could see her high heels move across my side vision as she positioned herself behind me. They clicked on the hard cement floor. The thought raced through my mind that Matt had hired an expert to punish me because he thought that he was not doing a good enough job of it.

My thoughts were interrupted by a sudden and unexpected explosion of pain across my bare ass. I yelped and jerked my head up.

"Get your head back down, slave." Her command was harsh and could not be disobeyed. I lowered my head and gasped air. There was a line of fire across my bottom from one side almost all the way to the other. I knew enough about whips to know that it was not done with the riding crop. The bitch had switched to a much more painful whip.

No other stroke followed immediately and I had time to think again. But Matt's hiring a professional to punish me did not make sense. He had admitted that I was not the dominatrix who had "corrupted" his son and who he wanted to punish. Monique was the one he should be hiring the professional to punish.

The second slash caught me unaware again, and hurt even more than the first. I jerked, but kept my head touching the floor. My bottom felt like it had two deep cuts, and they burned. Those strokes had to cut the skin, they were so painful.

Again she allowed me a little breathing space. Did this mean that Matt had changed his mind and now wanted to keep me? If it meant daily punishment by this terrible woman, then I was not sure that I wouldn't prefer being sold to someone else. The third stroke enlivened my thoughts with a fresh burst of pain.

"You are a slavegirl," said my tormentor imperially. "Say it."

"I am a slavegirl," I said into the floor.

I was rewarded with another painful cut across the poor flesh of my bottom. This was getting to be no fun.

"You are property. You are owned by your Master. He may do anything he wishes to you." She was warming up to this. "Now tell me what you are."

"I am property," I said, hoping that I would remember correctly. Masters and Mistresses are very particular about that kind of thing. "I am owned by my Master. He may do whatever he wants to me."

I was rewarded by a fresh burst of pain in my ass. I yelped in anger and protest. "Anything he wishes... " she hissed. "Again."

"I am property," I said quickly. "I am owned by my Master. He may do anything he wishes to me."

The reward was no immediate stroke across my tender bottom.

"You will obey. Every order, every command. Immediately. Without question. Repeat."

"I will obey every order, every command. Immediately and without question." Actually, I was ready to say anything to keep that whip from cutting my poor bottom.

For a while there was no new commands, no new rhetoric for me to parrot. There might have been some whispering but I was not sure. I felt like crying. After a little rest at the hands of the kind Willy, where my only torment was being tied up (except for a little time locked rather uncomfortably in a trunk), I was back in the hands of sadists, doomed to be tortured daily for the rest of my miserable life.

"Repeat after me: I am worthless."

"I am worthless."

"I am only a toy to be played with or hurt by my Master."

"I am only a toy to be played with or hurt by my Master."

"I will never leave my best friend hanging by her wrists in a dusty, dark, old barn ever again."

"I will... !"

Suddenly I jerk my head up and fell on my side, but I was looking up at the face of my best friend, Diane! The mask was off and she was smiling and laughing. So were Matt and Willy!

"I... I... What?" I stammered, too stunned to make sense.

"Surprise!" Diane exclaimed in her normal voice. Then I realized why I sort of recognized the dominatrix. The face might not have shown, but that body was one I was intimately familiar with. Very intimately. And had tied up more than once.

"You never forgave me for leaving you hanging that time," I said, recovering from my shock. "I told you: Mom ordered me to run an errand. I couldn't tell her I had to go back and untie my friend who was naked and hanging in the barn. I got back as soon as I could."

"But you left me hanging there a couple hours."

"And you left me hanging by my wrists for longer the next day," I retorted. "Oh, Diane, it's so good to see you! But how... ?"

Matt cut in, "That's a long story. Why don't we go upstairs and tell it over coffee?"

Matt and Diane picked me up and sat me on the table so they could untie my legs. It was good to get the ropes off. And I felt a little thrill to see how deep the ropemarks were in my flesh. And more than a little pained as my whipped bottom as the bare flesh was set against the leather.

Matt produced a pair of legirons and Diane locked them upon my ankles. The chain between the cuffs was a little on the short side, but longer than handcuffs would have been and I knew I could walk. Only then did they untie my hands. And only to lock them in front of me with handcuffs. Matt looped the end of a piece of rope around my neck for a leash, and then handed the other end to Willy. He was the one to lead me out of the dungeon and up the stairs to a breakfast nook just off the kitchen where we all sat down. Just before leaving the dungeon, I saw another girl down there, a naked girl. It looked like Monique but without her long, black hair. She was a dirty blonde with short hair and it was easy to see that she was a natural blonde because she was naked and tied spread-eagle against one wall, feet off the floor. She was gagged and looked as if she were unconscious or sleeping.

I was put between Matt and Diane. Willy sat down too, and I was just beginning to wonder who would bring the coffee when a girl walked over from the kitchen, carrying a tray of steaming cups. She could not have been older than eighteen, was cute as a button and completely naked. Like me, she wore legirons and handcuffs in front, but she was also gagged with a metal bar strapped through the mouth like a horse's bit. Those youthful breasts pointed up at us as only a teenager's can do.

"That's Marie. She's the serving girl."

"You've really gotten into this domination thing," I commented dryly. "From just having me, now you have a professional dominatrix, a serving girl, and at least two slavegirls. Was that Monique I saw downstairs?"

"Well, yes and no," said Matt with a smile. "That was Monique, the real one this time. But no, I didn't get all these girls just since you. I've... ah, had a taste for submissive girls for a long time. Marie has been my serving girl for a while."

"Robbing the cradle," commented Diane. Matt smiled, but he did not seem to be upset by the comment.

"And I've had other submissive females around her before. The dungeon and other equipment weren't built in a day."

"So you've finally gotten the real Mistress Monique. Are you going to torture her like you did me?" I asked.

"For a while. But I have a plan. Timmy has agreed to try and see my side of this domination/submission thing. He's willing to take lessons in enjoying a submissive female. In return, I've agreed to allow him equal amounts of time with Monique being a dominatrix. Of course, she'll do the dominatrix thing on him in our own dungeon and won't be able to leave. She'll still be a prisoner. But I'm hoping that this will wean him off his submission kick. It will be interesting to see him forcing himself to be dominant to the same woman he did a submissive number with the day before. But he's agreed to it, so we'll give it a try.

"I finally figured out that the reason I grabbed you instead of Monique is that she's got long black hair only when she's working. It's a wig! When she leaves The Castle, she's a short-haired blonde.

"Also, by the way, I'm sorry about Lucky. I had no way of knowing that he was going to be raided by a rival gang."

"But did you know of his preference for screwing a girl in the ass?" I asked.

"Well... Actually... Yes, I did." He seemed embarrassed. "But he couldn't have had much chance to sodomize you. You were there only a day or so."

"He got to sodomize me, as you call it, twice. It wasn't nice," I lied.

"Tut, tut. I'm sure it wasn't all that bad," chimed in Diane.

"How would you know?" I asked her. "You had it done to you recently?"

Diane blushed but didn't say anything. So I changed the subject as a cup of coffee was put before me. It had a straw in it so I could sip without hands. It was hot and tasted good, but it also reminded me that I was rather hungry.

"But how did you get here," I asked Diane.

"That is a long story," said Matt. "After I sold you, I wanted to make sure that I got the real Monique next, so I went to The Castle. First I rented a cute little redhead submissive named Penny. Then I asked to see the dominatrixes. Monique wasn't there. But Diane was, and I decided to get some information by renting her for a session. She was a little surprised that I would pay for a session with a dominatrix but wanted only to talk."

"You get all kinds," Diane commented. But she was smiling. I was getting the impression that she and Matt had something going here.

"Well, she was willing to talk about the other dominatrixes. But we also found that we had a great deal in common when it comes to handling submissives. After the first hour was over, I paid for another and included that cute redheaded Penny. Diane and I did a number on her she won't forget for a while." They both laughed.

"Well, I invited Diane out to dinner and we talked some more. Diane was fascinated when I told her that I had a couple slavegirls back here. When I let slip that one of them had just been 'captured' a few days before, she put two and two together and figured I was the one who nabbed you."

"You see," cut in Diane, "I was looking for work and stumbled across The Castle. I guess much the same as you did. Working there as a dominatrix sounded wild, so I applied. The second day I saw a photo of you they had taken for the ads. One in which you're hogtied and smiling at the camera, remember? Well, I thought that was incredible and could hardly wait until that night when you would show up for work. Only you didn't show. When I figured out Matt was the one who had kidnapped you, I was surprised as hell."

"Why didn't you go to the police?" I interjected.

Diane had the good manners to blush. "I couldn't. Matt and I got along so well, that... Well, you know. I figured I'd wait until after I talked to you to see how you were doing. Don't

forget, I know your submissive nature pretty well, Melinda. So I made Matt promise to show me his house and dungeons and grounds. The first day I could get off was two days later."

"But she didn't tell me that she really wanted to see you," said Matt. "When she got here, the truck carrying your trunk was a hundred miles down the road."

"I was so sad that I whipped Marie's bottom until it was a real mess."

Marie, who was standing by in case someone wanted something, turned around to display a bottom crisscrossed with welts and whipmarks fading away. And a couple fresh ones over those.

"And I even whipped Timmy's ass some, for good measure."

"You did what?" exclaimed Matt.

"Well, he was looking so forlorn and innocent and submissive... Well, he enjoyed it."

"We'll have to talk about this. I'm trying to get the kid off being submissive." Matt sounded mad but was smiling. Those two really got along, I realized.

"When I explained to Matt about you and I being old friends, he said he was very sorry and would try to get you back. I was very upset about your being sold to someone in another country. Heaven only knows what could happen to you down there." She sniffed dramatically, but knowing Diane I also knew she was faking it.

"She was so distraught, she cried herself to sleep in my arms," said Matt simply. "I was going to check into the possibility of getting you back, but when I tried, I found out that Lucky's luck had run out."

"For a while we thought that you had been killed with Lucky's boys," said Diane. "But then Willy called and we knew you'd been saved." She reached over and gave Willy a hug. "We're very grateful to Willy."

"I've been thinking about that," said Matt. "I'll pay you the money we agreed upon, of course. But I think I can help you in a better way than that. You still like horses?"

Willy nodded, a puzzled look on his face.

"Well, I have a business associate in France. I believe he can pull a few strings and get you a riding license there. Of course, you'll have to sneak out of the country and live in France, but you'll be able to ride again. And with the money, you won't live too badly."

"Thank you," was all Willy said. I knew him a bit by them and knew that he was as close to tears as I had ever seen him. And I was glad for him. I gave him a smile.

"Of course, you are welcome to stay here as a guest for as long as you like," continued Matt. "And don't think I haven't noticed the way you're looking at Marie. Would you like that little filly naked and trussed up to warm your bed tonight?"

Willy turned bright red, but he did not refuse the offer.

I was happy for Willy. And not at all jealous. Marie would have a good partner tonight and be well ridden.

"Well," said Matt to me, "I agreed to buying you back, and helped Willy get you across the border. But it was mostly his efforts that brought you here."

"Thank you, Willy," I said sincerely.

For a minute no one said anything. Then my stomach grumbled loudly enough for all to hear.

"Perhaps we should let Melinda have a meal," said Matt. "And a good night's sleep. We can get into her training tomorrow."

"My training?" I asked.

"Well, you're my slavegirl," he replied with a straight face. "Bought and paid for."

"At a fraction of what you got for me when you sold me," I interjected.

He continued as if I hadn't said a thing. "I may not be punishing you for what you did - or didn't do - to my son. Monique will be paying for that. But you are still my property. That means constant restraints of some kind. And, of course, punishments when you fail to obey or are disrespectful. Or fail to please me. Or if the sun shines that day."

"Or, heaven forbid, attempt to escape," added Diane, trying to keep a straight face.

"Or just because we want to punish you. When I'm gone on my business trips, Diane will be here to keep you amused with her whips and ropes." My heart skipped a beat at that thought. "And, of course, you'll be used by either of us for sex whenever we want."

"Of course," I said, not trying to hide the mock sarcasm in my voice.

"You'll be a well kept slavegirl, loved and disciplined with a firm hand," he finished grandly.

I looked from Matt to Diane. "Are you two serious about this?" I asked. "I mean really, really serious... ?"

They both nodded slowly. There was love in their eyes, but also a firmness I could not miss. Meekly, I asked Diane, "Will I ever get to tie you up like I used to?"

"No," said Diane. "Matt is the only one who ever ties me now." She looked at him with a glow in her eyes. But then she looked at me with love also. "Well... Maybe a tiny bit now and then. But you'll have to tie me while you're shackled up yourself. Think you can do it?"

"With one hand tied behind me," I quipped.

I should have been depressed. I had, after all, just received a life sentence to constant, and I'm sure quite secure restraints, and punishments at the whim of my two masters. But I wasn't. There was a joy in my heart that was hard to describe, but very wonderful nevertheless.

"I love you both," I said simply. Looking at Matt, I added, "Master, I will serve you to the best of my ability." Then, turning to Diane, "Mistress Diane, thank you for whipping my bottom. Please hang me by my wrists all day tomorrow. I deserve it."

It was a very dramatic moment, spoiled only slightly by my loudly slurping the last of my coffee a few seconds later. We all laughed at that, and I was sentenced to two more strokes of the whip for bad table manners.

I immediately wiggled out of the seat and stood before them. I turned my back and bent over until my head was down at the level of my knees. A few seconds later there were two rapid bursts of fiery pain across my bottom. I didn't know which one had delivered the pain, so, from my bent over position, I said, "Thank you, Mistress or Master."

I turned around and knelt down in what I had learned as the "slavegirl position" at The Castle, on my knees, sitting back on my heels, back perfectly straight, head bowed, hands resting

in my lap. There I awaited my owners' next commands and tried to contain all the joy in my heart.

I couldn't think of anything I would rather be than a full time slavegirl to Diane and Matt.

- THE END