

Adults Only \$5.95

Island of Submission

An HOM
Publication



john savage

Island of Submission

by John Savage

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Distributed by HOM Inc.,
16147 Cohasset Street, Van Nuys, CA 91406.

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1

The Look of Pain in Her Eyes

“Just look at the pain in her eyes, isn’t it lovely?”

The Count de Moline diverted his attention from the book he was reading to look up at what his wife wished to show him. “Yes, dear,” he agreed. “There is a lot of pain in her eyes, and she does look lovely.”

“I thought you’d agreed. But just wait until I get her back into the dungeon,” purred The Countess, tugging at the leash attached to the unfortunate object of their attention, a young woman who was both naked and quite helpless. “I was just walking her around for exercise and thought I would bring her out here to show you.”

“That’s nice, dear.” Although capable of enjoying the sight of the suffering young woman himself, the Count knew that this was his wife’s plaything and he would be unwelcome were he to try to interfere in any way with her games.

The girl who was the object of the Countess’ attention was perhaps nineteen, and a fine specimen of healthy young female. The firm muscle tone and shapely legs told of an active lifestyle. The full and firm breasts, slender waist, and luxurious pubic patch of reddish blonde curls told of a mature sexual nature. And the extremely tight ropes that held the

girl's arms bound behind her back, the ball gag buckled very tightly into her mouth by a strap, and the strange pair of high heels shoes all told of the Countess de Moline's love of inflicting pain and suffering upon tender, young girl flesh.

The shoes were the main source of discomfort for the young woman, although the manner in which her arms were bound certainly was causing her discomfort, too. The poor girl's hands had been pulled up behind her back and bound together at the wrists but only after they had been crossed at the level of her shoulder blades. Additional rope passed up and around her neck, and to judge from the strained expression on her face, were fairly tight. At least the neck rope held her hands high on her back even though the arms would have liked to come down.

As uncomfortable as her arms certainly were, it was nowhere as bad as the special shoes which Countess herself had designed and made her wear. They were a reasonably normal pair of black patented leather high heels, the heels being of the type called stiletto, very slender and of almost four inches in height. The back of the shoe came up into an ankle strap that was tightly buckled around the slender ankle. The shoes were pretty and made the young girl's legs look very nice, but it was what was not visible that made them so special. The Countess had driven three small nails into each heel, then filed the heads off until there were three very sharp points sticking up. When the young woman tried to rest her weight on her heel, those points embedded themselves into her flesh to cause considerable pain. Forced to walk with her heels lifted placed a great deal of strain upon the toes and arch of the feet. Which is just what the Countess desired.

The young woman was being led around the extensive ground and house by the leash in the Countess' hand, which was attached to a slender leather collar around her neck, on the inside of which was a series of metal spikes, each only half an inch long but quite effective at making the naked young woman walk as directed when the Countess tugged upon the leash.

The exercise had already lasted twenty minutes and the young woman was almost at the point where she would be unable to maintain what amounted to a ballerina's "pointe" position, except she had no toe shoes to help. Several times her heels had lowered and were you to look inside the shoes you would find numerous small puncture marks.

"Come along, dearie," said the Countess sweetly. "Perhaps we could do some jogging on the grass."

Count Ryan de Moline smiled, never doubting for a second that his wife was capable of such a cruelty. As they walked away, he lowered the book to enjoy the latest in a long string of "playthings" he and his wife had enjoyed. This one was fairly new and he hadn't yet had the chance to rape her. His wife called it "ravishment" but it was simply rape. He would sate his lust upon her tied down and quite helpless body without her permission or even so much as a "by your leave." The Countess, he knew, was already playing sexual games with the girl. She had not come to his bedroom the prior night, and he knew it was because she had "entertained" the new girl in her own bedroom. He wondered if this one was a natural lesbian, or if MM had used force to get what she wanted. Made little difference since the Countess liked to use force even on those who cooperated.

He watched the wiggle in that nice, firm bottom, and observed the way the ropes cut into the wrists. His wife must have really jerked on the ropes to get her hands that high on the back. Some of the more slender ones could almost reach up to their necks behind them, but this one was fairly solidly build and having her arms forced upward like that had to hurt.

He sighed and went back to his book. Maybe later, when his wife had finished playing with this new slavegirl, he might sneak down into the basement room they called the dungeon, and do a little playing with the new toy himself. If, that is, she hadn't secured the girl into some position that made male playing impossible. Many times he had visited the dungeon late at night with lecherous sexual intent only to find that the target of his affections had been chained into some position

not amicable to lovemaking. One of her favorites was to bind the girls tightly with rope then lock them into a small cage made of steel bars. The cage was only a couple inches larger in any direction than most girls and positively a cruelly tight fit for the larger girls. But it served the purpose of keeping him from "dipping his wick" into their young, tight pussies. The Countess always took the key to the padlock on the cage with her.

At least, he told himself, this one looks hardy and able to stand up to the Countess's rough treatment. The Count considered himself to be a world class sadist, capable of refined yet intense torture of female bodies until they screamed insanely for mercy. But his wife, on the other hand... Well, let it simply be said that the girls under her loving care screamed louder.

The two women in question were now down on one of the grassy areas with the Countess trying to explain to the rebellious and disbelieving woman that she really could jog in those terrible high heels. The young woman, apparently about at the end of her patience, was trying to scream at the woman holding her leash. She also jerked her body back and forth, trying to dislodge her arms from their position high on her back. Then she suddenly sat down on the grass in an effort to ease the sharp pains from those wicked little nails in her shoes.

Ryan could see that although his wife was standing there with a calm and patient look upon her face, she was becoming very angry. The way she fingered the leash and the position of her body told him that this rather pretty and well built young lady was about to be in for a rough time. A slave of the Count and Countess simply does not refuse any order.

By then the girl was laying on her side on the grass, glaring up at the Countess, and panting. There was a great deal of defiance in those lovely black eyes, that was obvious even from across the pool. Ryan shook his head slowly. There was going to be a great deal of pain in the dungeon tonight, probably starting very soon.

He was right. Just as there seemed to be a standoff between the Mistress holding the leash and the naked girl laying on the grass, the Countess gave a hard jerk upon the leather leash. Immediately there was a look of anguish upon the youthful features, mixed with a healthy dose of fear. The spikes inside the collar hurt and the girl was not sure that she could put up with having her neck hurt in that way.

The Countess leaned over and said something that Ryan could not hear. A change came over the girl's face, a transition from defiance to pure fear. Whatever had been promised, it was enough to change that young mind, for the girl immediately attempted to regain her feet. This was not an easy task, she found, without hands to help. And as soon as she placed weight upon her feet, those nails sank into her heels and she whined with the pain. But something had scared her more than sharp nails, and she struggled t'rough the pain to again stand upon the high heels. Ryan could see her panting and the sheen of sweat upon her face and chest from both the effort, the hot day, and the fear.

The two then continued on their way in the sunshine, apparently with nothing changed by the little act of rebellion. But Ryan de Moline knew different. The poor woman was going to be punished for her defiance, and not lightly, either. He went back to his book, a little saddened by the high probability that the girl would be in no condition for a night time visit from him.

Across the grass, around the west end of the huge house, and into a small door that the Countess had to open, went the duo, the older woman tugging mercilessly upon the leash and the younger stumbling with almost every step. Inside they both paused to adjust their eyes to the dark gloom after the bright San Sabastian sunlight. Then it was once again a parade with the one in pain bringing up the rear.

Their destination was a basement room that had been converted over a number of years and at considerable expense into a well-equipped dungeon the Spanish Inquisition would have been proud of. There were the usual and obligatory

stocks, pillory and whipping posts. And, of course, a solid oak, beautifully polished rack along one wall. Inside of a flat bottom, it had rungs like a ladder and any girl unfortunate enough to find herself the guest star at a stretching would have to rest her body upon those rungs, each of which was not round but cut and sanded to a triangular edge. Just laying upon the device would be uncomfortable.

A chair made of metal bars welded together and with its legs set into the concrete floor occupied one corner. There was a hole in the seat suggestive of many things, not the least of which was that things could be inserted from below and would be almost guided right into a female sex organ as she sat on the chair. Nearby rested a table padded and covered with leather and outfitted with rings around the edges.

There was one wall covered with pegs upon which resided a large variety of ropes, straps, handcuffs, chains, and whips. Enough different forms of restraint and punishment to make the Marquis de Sade weep with joy.

The walls were painted a deep red and the ceiling black to heighten the ominous impression. But there were plenty of lights in the ceiling and hidden away here and there so that no suffering victim would have to endure her agony in the dark; not if the Mistress and Master of this dungeon wished to see her.

"You do know that you'll have to be punished for that little act of rebellion?" the Countess purred, delight dripping from every word. "What to do? What to do? Let's see... Hmmmm..." She pretended to scrutinize each piece of torture apparatus in the room, as if truly uncertain which to use. The naked girl stood by, trembling as she looked around the room, especially at the whips hanging from one wall.

"Ah, I know! The perfect punishment for a girl who refused to run when I told her to. Not that you'll do much running, of course."

As she positioned the girl, the Countess continued a one-sided conversation about the relative merits of one form of punishment over another. As she discussed the riding crop as

compared to a belt for reddening a female bottom, she was placing the girl on her back on the padded table. The fact that her arms remained bound behind her back made her youthful breasts stick up delightfully. Ropes were tied over her body from the neck down to the waist to hold her down. The table had eyelets screwed into the edges to serve as anchor points for such restraints. The ropes were all pulled tightly and knotted fiercely until the girl could not move a bit from the waist up to the neck. Which left her legs totally free.

Taking an ankle in her hand, the Countess looped a length of quarter inch nylon rope over it and snugged it down. Then she walked over to a wall and passed the rope through a ring set up high. She pulled hard on the rope until the slave's leg was straight out and very widely spread. Then the Countess repeated the procedure with the other ankle so that the legs were spread very wide and taunt. Also lifted a little. The position presented a perfect view of the now totally available pussy and asshole, although the girl herself could not see that from her position. She moaned as the Countess went back and forth between the leg ropes, tightening each down as the girl's legs became used to the strain, until she could no longer gain a fraction of an inch in either rope.

Standing at the bottom of the table, between the girl's wide spread legs, the Countess enjoyed the view and the prospects for punishing this young cunt. She lightly traced a line along the inside of each thigh, noting the tautness of the muscles and the softness of the skin. Sudden and without warning, she slapped hard against the bare skin of the inner thigh. The noise was loud in the dungeon and the girl gave a very small jerk. The ropes allowed her almost no movement.

Coming around to the side, the Countess played with the firm, young breasts, tweaking the nipples and squeezing the globes tightly, all the while watching the fear and pain in her eyes. It was delicious. Again without warning she slapped one breast as hard as she could. It shook some and the red outline of a hand appeared. The girl moaned through the gag.

The Countess sighed contentedly. This was what she lived

for, what was her food and drink, what she both loved and needed to do more than anything else in life. The tormenting of a helpless female body was pure nectar to this wicked woman. And she would savor that nectar for as long as she could.

The whip she selected was smaller than many of the others, but that was because it was designed specifically for the whipping of a female pussy. First she showed it to the helpless girl, watching her eyes grow wide as she saw the braided black leather ending in the small thong. The girl arched her head back and cried out in pure fear for she knew instinctually what the target of that wicked looking little whip would be. Shaking her head from side to side was about all the movement allowed her. Words could not form with that ball gag filling her mouth but noise she did make, and plenty of it. Fear-filled eyes watched her owner come around her leg and position herself at the end of the table.

The first stroke was terrible, a pain far worse than that young woman had ever experienced in her life. She screamed at the stabbing, sharp pain that shot up into her body from between her legs. Her body jerked frantically, straining against the ropes. The Countess smiled and placed the whip on the table, only inches from the pained pussy. Then she tightened down the ropes across her naked body as well as the ropes connecting the legs to opposite walls. Then she took up the whip again.

The second stroke was upon the inner thigh, an area not as sensitive as the sex itself but still capable of agony. Methodically the older woman marked up the inside of each thigh, crossing the red marks over each other in a very regular and uniform pattern. When a set of red lines was finished, she rewarded herself with a couple strokes across the wide open pussy. She knew that from this angle, most of the force of each blow was taken on the Venus mound, including the clitoris, the most sensitive area of a woman's body. And she knew that the muffled screams were very real. The girl was suffering and didn't care if the whole world knew it. The

dungeon, of course, was soundproofed so no one knew beyond the walls of this woman's anguish.

Finally the girl fainted from the pain. The Countess considered getting a pail of water to revive her, but the effort would break her concentration. Instead she lashed downward as hard as she could twice more squarely upon the exposed sex, after which she tossed the whip onto the naked body and leaned against the wall, both hands hurriedly pulling up her dress and seeking her sex. There was no panties to impede her progress, and fast and hard she masturbated herself, all the while staring at the vivid red marks covering the thighs and even showing through the pubic patch. When she had her orgasm, she stiffened a little and gave out with a little, strangled cry. Then she let the dress fall back into place. With a large inhale of air, she straightened her clothes and walked from the room, switching off the lights as she did.

Later the girl came back to conscious and suffered lingering pain from the whipmarks.

2

Frustration

"You know, my dear," said the Count as he picked a Havana from the humidor, "there is one thing that I have never encountered in all the years we've been collecting girls to play with."

"And what's that, dear?" replied the Countess. She put her cocktail down and turned to give her husband full attention. "A slavegirl you couldn't break?"

"Well, that may be true," he chuckled, "there hasn't been one that I couldn't break the spirit of eventually. Or that you didn't break first."

"It took you quiet a while on some of them," she pointed out.

"That was because I was enjoying the training," he said as he sniffed the cigar. "Why rush something you enjoy?"

"Of course, dear. And there was the little black haired girl, oh, I forget their names. The one that went insane. You remember."

"Of course. I don't think that counts as a failure. Pity we had to get rid of her so soon. I rather liked the way she danced around when you whipped her. Full of spirit, that one was." He clipped the end of the cigar.

"So," continued the Countess evenly, "if it is not an unbreakable girl, then what is it?"

"One who loves it."

"What!"

"You heard me. I would like to find a girl who loves all the restraints and punishments we inflict upon them. I've heard that there are such women. Something makes them seek out the domination, degradation and pain. You know the kind I mean?"

"I have heard of such," said the Countess slowly as she mulled the idea over in her mind. It was an intriguing thought: a slavegirl who loved punishment. "There might be such women," she finally said, "but where do we find one? All the girls we get are kidnapped and not very likely to be enjoying the tender loving care we give them."

Her husband laughed politely at her term for outright torture. "True. Your custom of whipping them every chance you get does not endearment them to us."

She stuck her tongue out at him but was smiling. "You've been known to take a whip in hand upon occasion, you know." Then she went on before he could reply, "It is an intriguing idea. But where do we get such a girl... Hmmmm?"

Striking a match, he waited until the flare died down, then placed the flame under the end of the cigar. "I may know of a way," he said quietly.

"Oh?"

"We'll advertise."

At that moment in a city thousands of miles from San Sabastian Island where the Count and Countess held full control, a little drama was unfolding in the apartment of one George McHale, self-styled playboy, lady's man, and Master of submissives. In the bedroom of the lavish top floor apartment, the man who considered himself God's gift to womankind had just tied the final knot on a rather good looking package and stepped back to announce, with a flourish, "Let's see you get out of that!"

The woman to whom the challenge was addressed lay on her stomach on the silk bedspread, her limbs caught in a tangle of nylon ropes. She was dressed in only a lacy bra and matching panties. Oh, and a strange, slightly angry look on that youthful, innocent face.

Without a word, Darlene began her attempt to free herself from a total of two hundred feet of brand new, one-quarter inch white nylon rope which had been wrapped about her arms and legs with vigor if not skill. Some of the ropes were tightly wrapped, but some possessed a degree of slackness the recipient of their caresses found irritating. Her fingers moved along the ropes until they found a knot. Using her long fingernails like picks, she worked the knot undone. There was only a single one, and with its departure the windings of nylon began to loosen almost by themselves. Darlene aided the unraveling of the ropes by wiggling and shaking in a manner that delighted the man standing there. It was only when he realized that the majority of the ropes were falling off as she swung her legs off the bed and rose to her feet that he stopped smiling. A few seconds later all the rope was piled upon the thick carpet and Miss Lovejoy was stepping out of the middle, leaving a nest behind.

She cast a disappointed glance in George's direction as she stood there with hands upon her hips. "George, I thought you said you knew how to tie a girl? That was pathetic."

"I can do better," McHale hurried out with. "I was just afraid to tie you too tight and hurt you."

As she reached for the dress laying on the chair, she chided him, "I told you that you could tie me as tightly as you wanted, didn't I? And that the important thing was to make sure that I couldn't get out?" She had the dress on and was pulling the zipper up the back. "Face it, George, you simply don't know how to tie a girl."

"Give me another chance. I'll have you tied so tight that you won't be able to move."

"If you really knew anything about bondage, you'd know that just having tight ropes is not enough. They have to be

placed on and knotted so that they can't be taken off. You just don't know how." She slipped on her shoes and picked up her purse from the chair.

"But, Darlene, the night is young. We've only started. Is this tying you up really so important?"

"You know it is," she retorted as she headed towards the doorway. "The only reason I let you have a date was because you told me you knew all about tying up girls and making them feel like captive slavegirls. But you lied." With that accusation hanging in the air, she was gone.

George hurried after her, dismayed as seeing a fine looking young woman departing from what he had hoped would be a fun-filled evening of debauchery. "Wait... Darlene! Give me another chance."

Across the huge living room and out the front door went the young woman in the black velvet dress that showed off her curves as well as it did her long, pale blonde hair.

George stood in the door way watching the retreating bottom sway as she headed towards the elevator. "You could teach me..." he offered weakly.

The elevator door opened immediately, then closed upon the angry girl. George slammed shut the door and went to take a cold shower.

Darlene was mad. She had high hopes for the evening. George McHale, himself, was not a great catch, but he was not bad looking, wealthy and had claimed to be able to tie her "a dozen ways to Sunday," which was the main attraction as far as she was concerned. But his proving to be an amateur, and not a very talented one at that, had killed what had promised to be an exciting night. For both of them.

Darlene alternated between cursing his lying, and cursing the terrible sexual desire she was feeling inside. There was a heat and an itch between her legs she could not ignore. In a word, she was horny as hell.

Darlene knew herself, and she knew this feeling that was gnawing at her insides. Breaking several speed laws in her candy apple metallic sports car, she was soon at her

apartment. On her floor she slammed the door behind her, threw her purse on the floor and cursed again. Unfortunately, her vocabulary of colorful expletives was limited to most of the more general ones, but she made up in feeling what she might have lacked in variety. Ignoring the blinking light on her answering machine (which was probably her Mother making her daily check up on her precious little girl), she stomped into the bedroom where she kicked off her high heels and pulled the dress over her head with a practiced and rapid motion, tossing it aside. The bra and panties were as quickly disposed of. Standing there naked as the day she was born, Darlene caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror and turned to stare at the image.

What she saw pleased her but puzzled her some. The youthful woman who looked back at her was a beauty, no question about that. Her breasts stuck out pert and proud as only young ones can. And they were quiet large enough to please any man save those few who are seriously addicted to ridiculously huge breasts, as some are. Her legs were long and very shapely, mostly because of her bicycle riding and long walks along the beach. The tummy was flat and trim and the narrow waist flared in nicely to accent the breasts and hips. It was a body most women would kill to have, and she had been born with it. Her long blonde hair fell midway down to her bare bottom, like a fine mist in the dim bedroom light, and was a fine match for her light blue eyes.

Darlene smiled at her image. A friend had described her as a strange mixture of sex and innocence. A sweet, innocent face combined with the lush body of a highly sexual woman made Darlene Lovejoy a highly desirable woman. And, yes, that really was her name.

After the smile came a frown of puzzlement again. Since she was truly beautiful, and had a drop-dead sexy body, why didn't men try harder to please her? All her life, ever since she discovered her power over boys around the age of fifteen, she was used to men falling all over themselves to grant her every wish. The fact that they were desperately hoping their wish

would be granted she simply accepted as a fact of life. Beautiful women were entitled to being adored and treated special.

A little stuck up perhaps, but inside Darlene held no malice for anyone and was friendly to all. Well, she did hold a fair amount of malice towards men who did not know how to tie a girl and disappointed her. Those bastards could fry in hell.

"Well, if no one will do it for me," she said aloud to the empty bedroom, "I'll have to do it myself."

With that she pulled open the bottom drawer of her dresser. Within were her "toys", two pairs of handcuffs, a gag made from a rubber ball and a small strap, a dozen coils of rope of varying lengths and an artificial male penis made of plastic. Darlene had accumulated these objects over the last year as she struggled to find a way to satisfy the longing within her to be tightly bound and in a state of total helplessness. Until she found a partner who could make her dreams of tight ropes come true, she would play with self-bondage, but found it a poor substitute for the real thing, the basic problem being that anything she could put on herself, she could also take off.

The handcuffs gave her a partial solution to the problem since once locked on they required a small key to unlock them, and she had evolved several techniques of denying herself the key for a period of time. That night she was going to use one of them to help her towards some degree of satisfaction.

She lay out three lengths of rope on the bed, the gag, the dildo and one pair of handcuffs. To the collection she added a short length of chain with links about an inch in diameter, and a padlock. Then she went into the kitchen.

When she bought the handcuffs, there had been two of the small keys with each pair for a total of four keys. She found that each key was a simple shaft with a single tiny flange sticking out the end. Any of the keys would work in either pair of handcuffs. Two of the keys were in a small box in the corner of the drawer. She picked them up and took them with her into the kitchen.

In the kitchen she placed both keys on the top of the refrigerator. Then she opened the freezer where there were two paper cups, one only about six ounces in size, the other twenty-two ounces. Sticking out of the top of each was a length of string. Grinning to herself, Darlene took the larger cup, fetched a metal pie tin, and returned to her bedroom. In the bathroom right next to the bedroom, she placed the pie tin on the floor. Then she tore off the paper from the frozen ice inside. In the middle of the cylinder shaped block of ice she could see the dark shape of one of the handcuff keys. She placed the ice block in the center of the pie tin and left it there to melt.

In the bedroom, Darlene lay on her bed and spread her legs wide. Closing her eyes, she began fingering her pussy, holding the lips of her labia spread and gently teasing her clitoris with the finger of the other hand. It was only a minute before she was panting and had to make an effort to remove her fingers from their pleasant task. She swung her legs over the edge of the bed and stood up. Grabbing the dildo, she spread her labia again and introduced the blunt head of the phallic tool. Bending her legs to get a good angle, she sighed as the thick plastic slide into her. That was good!

The base of the dildo flared out and it was all the way up to that base she pushed the large plastic cylinder. The urge to slide it out and back in was very powerful but she knew that if she were to give in to even one stroke, she would throw herself on the bed and finish her masturbation without getting to the ropes and handcuffs she loved. With a display of strong will power, Darlene closed her legs to hold the rod within and picked up one of the coils of rope. She untied it and then wrapped the loop end around her waist, pulling it tightly so the rope cut into her. Then she passed the rope down in front and between her legs, being careful to place the rope exactly over the base of the dildo. Then she passed the rope up through her ass cleft and over the waist rope in back. She returned the rope to the front and over the rope there. When she pulled, the ropes pushed hard against the dildo, forcing it

an extra inch or so into her. She moaned with pent-up passion and tied the rope off, but only after giving it an extra tug to assure the dildo was held tightly in place as deeply as it would go.

Working quickly for she could feel the passion in her body heating up, Darlene took another length of rope and wrapped it around her legs just above her knees. She sat down on the edge of the bed and wrapped the last few feet over the other windings to cinch them down. Then she knotted the rope tightly with three firm knots.

The last length of rope was used to bind her ankles together. As she wrapped half a dozen cinch loops over the main windings, she included one end link of the piece of chain in the ropes. When she knotted the rope and was finished, the chain was firmly attached to her ankles and trailed behind her on the floor.

Opening wide her mouth, she pushed the rubber ball inside, wedging it firmly behind her teeth and buckling the strap very tightly behind her head. The ball had been carefully chosen to fill her mouth and push her tongue down without forcing the jaws so far apart that they were aching immediately.

Now she was ready for the final step. Taking the handcuffs in one hand, she slid down the bed until she was sitting on the carpet. She placed the padlock on the floor next to her, then locked one of the cuffs snugly around her left wrist. Placing her hands behind her, she leaned backward and worked her right wrist into the metal cuff. Her left hand closed the hinged half circle slowly. She listened to the clicking sound as one half engaged in the other half. Then she felt the steel against her wrists and knew that she now passed the point of no return. Up until two clicks before that point she could have still pulled her hand out of the cuff. But now the steel held her wrists prisoner and there was no way she could work her hands out.

Feeling angry that night, Darlene gave the handcuff an extra click until it was so tight it hurt. Then she set the little lever that would keep the handcuffs from closing more even if

pushed.

Darlene sighed with both pleasure and exasperation. It felt good to be tied and locked in handcuffs, an exciting feeling that sent tingles along her nervous system. But it was also not perfect for she knew that it was only a matter of time before she would have the power to remove her shackles and free herself. Freezing the handcuff key in ice only denied it to her for a period of time, about two hours for that size block of ice. She had found that she could speed up the process by using her body heat to melt the ice faster, but that was a little unpleasant and she usually let the ice melt by itself.

The exasperation came from this self-bondage being not perfect. She had put it on herself and she would take it off. She longed for someone who could bind her in ropes so tight, so skillfully placed and knotted that she could never escape no matter how long she tried. That was what she wanted. That was not what she had.

As a teenager she had played many such games with girlfriends who shared her love of this erotic activity. But as a young woman of twenty-one, she had not friends who understood.

Darlene remembered that she was not finished and rolled onto her side. She bend her legs back as far as she could, then rotated her body down until she could reach the chain with her fingers. She groped around until she found the padlock and brought it over to the chain. Reaching down as far as she could along the chain, she inserted the padlock through the fairest link she could reach and then through the center link of the handcuffs. She quickly clicked the padlock shut.

Now you can relax and enjoy, she told herself. The handcuffs would keep her hands locked behind her back for as long as she was denied the key. The ropes would hold her legs together and the dildo inside her. And the chain and padlock would keep her bend backwards in a hogtie, unable to straighten her legs and therefore much more limited than if she were simply tied.

For a while Darlene lay on the floor, then she began

exploring her bondage. She tried to push the gag out and failed as she knew she would. She tried to pull her hands out of the handcuffs but the steel cut into her wrists with a harsh declaration that she would not be escaping that way. And she wiggled and tugged at her legs, trying anyway she could to work the ropes off. But the knots were all where her fingers could not reach them and all tied firmly by her experienced fingers. It was only ten minutes before she had tested every piece of rope, every knot and searched for every possible weak point in the restraints. She found none.

The feeling of helplessness was becoming strong. She was alone in her apartment, hands locked behind her back, legs bound and pulled up behind her so that she could not stand to hop or even crawl easily. She knew from past experience that she would be able to wiggle across the carpet but only slowly and by considerable effort. To cross the bedroom would take her ten minutes, to make it all the way to the front door, twenty at least.

And she had deprived herself of the power to cry out for help. She could make noise but speech and really loud screams were denied her. She seriously doubted that anyone in any of the other apartments could hear her even if she screamed as loudly as the gag allowed.

All of these things came together as she knew they would to make her feel truly helpless. And with that helplessness came a fear. What if the apartment should catch fire? What if a major earthquake were to shake the building down? What if...?

They were not very rational fears. Fires are rare and earthquakes big enough to tumble the apartment rarer, even in California. But the fear was very real and she felt it. One time she had been trying to tell a girlfriend why she found herself seeking this helplessness, and the best she could say was that it was "scary but exciting."

Darlene found her body beginning another round of tugging and jerking against the bounds, not a logical search for escape but an emotional one. As the feeling grew and she began

fighting the bounds that held her, she became immersed in a strangely warm and pleasant feeling that was partly fear but mostly sexual excitement.

Soon her eyes were close, her breathing hard and fast, and her skin blushing all across her lovely face, down her neck and onto her chest. Her body was wiggling and straining against the ropes and handcuffs. And then her hips were pumping in the ages old motion of a sexually excited woman. Harder and harder she pumped her hips and jerked her body against the restraints. The ropes dug into her flesh and the steel of the handcuffs chaffed her wrists, but she did not care.

Less than ten minutes after the final click of the padlock, Darlene Lovejoy gave out a strangled cry through the gag, arched her body against the restraints and had her orgasm, shaking all over as wave after wave of heat and ecstasy washed over her. She trembled for a long time and jerked about on the floor like a fish out of water.

After a while she lay still, panting and sweating but also drifting along on a sexual high more real and intense than most women ever experience.

Eventually her eyes opened. She was laying on her side facing the bathroom, so she could easily see the pie tin laying a dozen feet away from her. And most of the ice block sticking over that. It looked like very little of the ice had melted. Darlene sighed and closed her eyes again.

This was not a new exercise for the lovely young woman, she had performed this many times, both loving it and hating that she had to do it for herself. She knew from those past experiences that with the dildo filling her vagina, and the ropes still tight about her, and her still being helpless, her body could not ignore the stimulation and she would begin the process of working up to an orgasm all over again. She would struggle, she would feel the helplessness and excitement, and then she would reach another orgasm, one not as intense but still wonderful.

And there would be a third after that. And a forth. Being young and healthy was a boon. It was very likely that Darlene

would lose count of the orgasms she was enjoying. Later, when the ice had melted enough, she would wiggle over to the pie tin, work herself around until her hands could reach into the icy water to grasp the tiny key. Then she would feel the usual tingle of fear as she wondered if her fingers could fit the key into the tiny hole. She might drop the key several times, that was not uncommon, but eventually she would manage to fit the tiny bit of metal into the hole and turn it enough to suddenly feel the give as the cuff released its hold on her wrists. Then she would slowly work off the other cuff, the ropes, the gag, and finally untie the ropes between her legs. The dildo would slowly come out, as if reluctant to leave its warm, safe hiding place. She would throw it into the sink to be washed later and then collapse onto the bed for a night of sleep filled with wonderful dreams. She would be horny again in the morning and very likely to do the whole thing over again before breakfast.

It was intense and wonderful but she really wanted someone who was so good with the ropes that he could tie her and she would never be able to escape.

3

A Unique Torture

"What do you think you're doing?" asked the Countess.

"I'm setting a trap," replied her husband.

"Looks like you're playing with your new computer," she commented dryly.

He paused to take a sip from his cocktail then resumed typing at the keyboard. Seeing that he had no intention of replying, the Countess wandered away to seek other diversion. If her husband wasn't up to a little bickering she could always go down to the dungeon and take out her hostilities upon the naked slavegirl currently standing wearily in the pillory.

"Women," he muttered under his breath as he noted her departure from the corner of his eye. "They just don't understand technology."

His finger slowly tapped out a message which appeared on the screen, one letter at a time:

Very wealthy couple ISO Sub Fem

He frowned a bit. Should he mention the wealth? Why not, they were what the Americans generally call "Filthy Rich." It might help to bait the trap he was setting. He hit the ENTER key and the cursor jumped from the subject line down to the

body of the message. Slowly the message formed upon the screen:

If you are a woman who really enjoys being tied up...

Letter by letter, with frequent backspaces to correct errors, the message was spelled out. Finally, the Count sat back and read it over again. Then he made a couple corrections and sipped his cocktail. Satisfied with the content, he began puzzling over the software manual. Twenty minutes later he had managed to find the right combination so keys and mouse movement and clicking to sent the message out over the Internet.

Noticing that his cocktail glass was empty, he turned off the computer and headed towards the library bar with glass in hand. Half way there he decided it was a little early in the day for a second drink and set the glass down upon a table, then went off to see what his wife was getting into.

She was, as he expected, in the dungeon torturing their latest slavegirl. The girl was bent over with her head and hands locked in the stout wood of the pillory. Her legs were free of fetters, and again the man admired the nice curves of the youthful ass and those muscular legs. The ass he was staring at held numerous fading whipmarks plus some new ones. But the Countess was not currently applying fresh ones. When he entered the dungeon, he observed his wife standing on the other side of the pillory, apparently doing something to the face of the young woman. After a few seconds, the girl seemed to become agitated. She shifted her weight from leg to leg and he could see her elbows moving up and down as she pulled at her hands. These struggle become more and more pronounced until the naked body, or what he could see of it, was frantic in its dance and struggling against the solid wood of the pillory. The girl seemed to be trying very hard to pull her head and hands out of the wooden holes. Of course, she was not able because the pillory had been made expressly for holding young girls. The holes were very small and held her

wrists quite tightly.

The girl was very frantic and even trying to kick around the pillory post at the Countess, who smiled at the efforts and easily avoided them.

"Oh, hi, Ryan. Come see what I'm doing, it's quite interesting," she called to him.

The naked girl was now jerking her body backwards in a manner that must have hurt her neck and head, not to mention her wrists. She seemed to be shaking all over and he wondered if it were in anger. As far as he could see, his wife was holding her hand up near the girl's face but not hitting her or doing anything much that would explain the apparent discomfort of the young woman. Very nice muffled whining sounds accompanied the barefoot dance.

When he could see the girl's face, there was nothing to explain the girl's anguish. She was panting hard but pulling air in through her nose rather than her mouth because there was a great deal of wide gray tape covering the whole bottom of the girl's face. Her eyes were wide with fear. His wife held a handful of the girl's hair and he wondered if she had been pulling the girl's hair.

"It's really quite simple, dear," the Countess began. "I taped her mouth closed with that wide, sticky tape. She can't breathe through her mouth now. Then I simply hold her nose closed." She demonstrated by pinching the girl's nose closed with her thumb and forefinger. The girl began struggling before the fingers touch her nose.

The girl's head was held in place by the pillory and the Countess' fingers in her hair. She could not avoid the pinching of her nose even though she tried very hard to. Her fingers fluttered wildly in an effort to reach her face but could not.

It was then that the Count understood. With her mouth taped and her nose pinched, the girl could not breathe. Which explained her violent struggles and the wide-eyed look of fear on her face. As the air in her lungs ran out, the poor girl grew desperate. Fascinated by this simple but ingenious form of

torture his wife had created, he watched as the girl suffered. Her eyes were wide with fear, her hands strained and her feet danced upon the concrete floor, but nothing she could do nothing to free her nose of those two fingers closing off the only source of life giving air.

"She turns the most delightful shade of blue," the Countess commented in the same tone of voice a society lady might use to remark upon the lovely roses in your garden. "And she gets so frantic!"

That was the right word. As the girl's lungs began crying for air, the girl jerked and strained and tried to shake her head. All of which did her no good. Soon enough she was gasping and making strange noises through her closed off nose. With her mouth covered by a solid mask of tape from just below her nose down to under her chin, he could not really see her mouth, but he could see the tape bulge as her tongue tried to push it off, and then her jaw work as she tried to gasp in some air.

The Countess chuckled as the girl's condition grew more desperate. She delighted in watching the suffering of this helpless damsel. The Count had to admit to himself that there was something to this unique form of torture. The girl's eyes were very wide, almost bulging, and the look of fear was priceless. Finally those eyes grew glazed and then rolled up a bit. Immediately the Countess let go of the nose. There was a sound of air being sucked in. But the intelligence did not return to the open eyes for another few seconds.

"I let her go until she passes out, then I let go and she comes to. We can play this game over and over. The cute part is that she never seem to get used to it. The fear in her eyes is just as real the last time as it was the first time. Isn't that wonderful!"

He agreed that it was indeed wonderful, and watched as the girl sucked air in. Her breasts rose and fell under the edge of the pillory and he wondered about attaching some clamps to them and hanging some weight. With her bent over in the pillory, her breasts were certainly positioned well to do that.

And she problem wouldn't even notice the minor torment of her nipples compared to the major terror of having her breath cut off.

The girl was making whining noises through her nose and pleading with her eyes. They both knew that if they took off the tape, she would beg, plead and promise anything to get them to stop tormenting her that way. It was wonderful having this much control over a naked female, they were both thinking at the same time.

"Not to change the subject, but I've sent out the trap," he commented.

"What trap?"

"I've posted to a news group on the Internet. It's like advertising in the personal column of a newspaper. But this newspaper goes out all over the world and is electronic. People are probably already reading it."

"That's good, dear. But what did you say?"

"Just that a wealthy couple is looking for a girl who really loves being tied up."

"Oh?"

"Yes. Thousands of people will see it. Some of them will be women. Some percentage of them will be women who like being tied up. And a percentage of those will decide to email back to me."

"E mail?" the Countess asked as she reached for the girl's nose. The girls whined very loudly and jerked in the grip of the wooden pillory.

"Electronic mail. I'll check this evening. Might already have some replies."

"That's good. Look how she has chaffed her wrists trying to get her hands out. And isn't it cute the way she tried to kick me? Of course, she'll be punished later for that."

"Yes, dear," he commented dryly. Truth was that he was enjoying this performance, perhaps not as much as the Countess, but quite a bit, nevertheless.

Suddenly a thought occurred to him. Careful to avoid the thrashing legs, he went around behind the girl and slipped his

hand between her legs. Wet! Her pussy was exuding lubrication. He considered how strange it was that she would react with sexual excitement to having her air cut off. But he had seen other slavegirls have orgasms while being whipped, so this wasn't really so weird. The female body is a strange thing.

The nude body before him sagged in the pillory as she again lost consciousness. Immediately the nose was released and reviving oxygen pulled into tortured lungs.

"I say, dear," he lifted his voice. "Could you hold off doing that for a minute?"

"Of course, dear."

He brought over some ropes from the wall and proceeded to tie one length to her left ankle. She was coming to as he knotted the rope. The other rope was tied to the right ankle. With her fully able to stand again, he tied her ankles to anchor rings on opposite walls, going back and pulled each until she was standing with wide spread legs. The position made her bottom project backwards as if in invitation.

"Oh, Ryan, you horny little twit! You're going to screw her while I suffocate her!"

"The thought crossed my mind," he admitted with a shy grin. "She's quite wet and ready. Might as well see what it's like. Besides, she might enjoy it."

Unzipping his fly, he produced a penis at full attention and ready for action. "You may proceed," he informed his wife as he took up a position behind the naked woman. He was poking the end of his staff into the lubricated vagina as he wife closed off the girl's nose again.

It was unique, he had to admit to himself. And exciting in a strange way. He pumped against her bottom while he held her hips with both hands. As the struggles began again, her hips moved around in a most delightful manner. He tried to judge how long it would be before she lost consciousness again so he could finish up just as that was happening. But a strange thing happened. As her struggle grew more frantic, her bottom was no longer jerking from side to side, but began pumping

back and forth. It was a sexual reaction, he realized. She was working up towards her own orgasm!

Her timing was better than his. Not that the girl was trying to do anything of that sort. It was simply that as the fright grew and her body reacted to the deadly feeling, she had her orgasm. It was about ten seconds before she passed out and quite intense. He could feel her vagina muscles clamp around his penis very strongly. He missed his mark but managed to come in a close second, having his climax and pumping his seed into her hot cunt just after hers.

"I say, that was rather nice," he commented as he withdrew.

"You men, always sticking your thing into anything close to the right size." She wasn't angry, it was an old argument between them. "Still, I wonder... If I were to tie one of those vibrating dildo inside her, would she have an orgasm every time I did this to her???"

Later that evening, Darlene Lovejoy was toying with her computer, checking an Internet news group she frequented. It was a place where people could exchange news about new computer software and occasionally she found some of the posting interesting. Then she remembered a news group that had been recommended to her. She switched the display over to the full news group list, over twenty thousand of them, and began looking for the one her friend had told her of. She never found it. Instead her eyes happened upon a title that caught and held them. "Alt.personals.bondage" it said. Her heart tightened in her chest. She had heard that there was sexual news groups, some rather explicit, but had never gone looking for them. Without conscious decision, her hand moved the mouse to highlight that news group. Then her finger was pushing down the button. That easily alt.personals.bondage was added to the short list of news groups she subscribed to.

Quickly she told the software to fetch her the most recent one hundred headers in that news group. A list of appeared, each only half a line on the computer screen, just a brief description of content of the actual message, called the article.

She highlighted all of them, then told her computer to fetch the full email articles.

As they came in, she began reading with fascinated eyes.

The tenth one down made her stop and reread it. It simply said:

Very wealthy couple ISO Sub Fem

If you are a woman who really enjoys being tied up with ropes, if you truly love the helpless feeling that comes when you have tried very hard to escape and cannot, then we have something for

you. We are a husband and wife who are very interested in the psychological aspects of women who love physical restraints. We are both experts at rope bondage and need several such woman for a study. We will offer you an all expenses paid vacation to an exotic island and a considerable salary. And all the top grade bondage you could ever want.

Reply to TheCount@DominatX.net.wj

That was all but it was enough to make Darlene's hands sweat and her mouth go dry. She read it again. It was as if this man were talking directly to her, as if he were picking the deepest desires right out of her brain and dangling them as a carrot before her eyes.

She was composing an email reply a few seconds later.

4

Invitation to Bondage

"How did your trap go?" asked the Countess the next morning as she sipped her first cup of coffee. "I know you were up late playing with the computer again. Getting more of those naughty pictures from the Internet?"

He ignored her comment about the often explicit graphic material available on the Internet and addressed her first question, "Got some bites. A few I'm sure are not serious, or are not really girls. But a few sounded very sincere. And three of them sounded very much like what we are looking for."

"That's good, dear. Did you know that our new slavegirl is named Carla?"

"No, I didn't. You don't usually care about their original names, though. You just call them all 'slave'."

"That's true. Pass the marmalade please. Very true. But when I took the tape off her mouth last night — you know, after you screwed the little darling while she was suffocating — she began talking like a little magpie. She told me her name, where she was born and all about her bothers and sisters. She also told me how much having her breath cut off scared her."

"And she begged you not to do it again?"

"Of course. I gave her ten hard strokes across the bottom for that bit of impertinence. Well, she said that she had never been so frightened in her life."

Ryan picked up his coffee cup and blew upon the surface gently. "Did she happen to mention how good the sex was?"

The Countess made a face. "You silly man. She thought she was dying and you wonder if she noticed your little thingie poking her."

"My dear, from the reaction I observed in her, I would say that she experienced an sizable orgasm right before she passed out. Didn't she say something about that?"

"Well, she did mention something in passing about being a little surprised that her body would react in that manner. Actually, what she said was she couldn't believe it." She sipped coffee again and sighed. "Ryan, dear?"

"Yes?"

"Why do you think she had an orgasm?"

"You mean aside from my magnificent male rod filling her to the point of bursting?"

"Of course," the Countess said dryly.

"Well, I really don't know. Must be something about it that excites a female."

"I believe a male also gets excited and has an orgasm when he's hung. Seems I heard that when I was a teenager. There was always a massive erection at the public hangings and often the women in the crowd called out for the man's pants to be taken down so they could watch him as he hung."

"Mildred, I don't like the way you're looking at me," he commented evenly. "Don't get any ideas. And I suspect that is a folk myth. Public executions were designed to break the neck and cause a rapid death. They didn't really hang the prisoner to cause a slow death by strangulation."

"Pity. Well, our little Carla was chatty. Six days since Bircher kidnapped her and she hardly says a word to me. Then a little game with pinching her nose and she can't stop talking. Isn't that amazing?"

"I'm sending replies to those good sounding three this

morning," he told her to change the subject.

"You don't really think that you'll get some woman to come running out to our little island, just begging us to tie her up?"

"I'll probably get several, to judge from the responses. But you have to understand that I'm telling them we are psychologists conducting experiments in the female submissive nature."

"Why would you do that?"

"To give the girls a reason to take up an offer they want to but would normally deny. A girl who really is submissive and wants to be tied up and held prisoner needs a reason to give in to her hidden nature. I give them the impression that they are taking part in an experiment for science. And getting a free vacation on a lovely tropical isle. And a bunch of money."

"Hurrah for science. But seriously I don't see how you can lure girls here. You know how hard it is for Bircher to find girls to kidnap. At least he bitches and complains how hard it is to avoid the authorities and charges us enough for each new slave."

"Time will tell. Human nature is very peculiar. It would not surprise me to get more than one girl."

"Well, make sure that they aren't dogs. You know how I hate to flog a fat slave."

"Yes, dear, I know. I remember how you threatened to flog Bircher when he brought us that girl who was over weight by ten or fifteen pounds. But she lost a lot of weight on your special diet."

The Countess smiled at the memory. "Yes, bread and water, accompanied by hard work and daily whippings certainly does wonders for a girl's figure."

The Count patted his lips with the napkin and rose from the breakfast table. "If you will excuse me, I have to check my email."

"Of course, my little he-mail. If you want me, I'll be in the dungeon. I'm introducing slave Carla to the horse."

"I'm sure she'll enjoy it. The one with the wooden edge or

the thin pipe one?"

"The wooden one this time. I think about four hours will be enough to make her respect the horse."

"It always does."

As he walked towards the library, Count Ryan de Moline was happy that his parents had the good sense to be the hereditary rulers of this small island country. And to have discovered diamonds so that it was one of the richest countries in the world. It was nice to be one of the idle rich with endless amounts of money and all the time in the world to indulge yourself with quaint pastimes. Like the torture of innocent and beautiful young women. And it didn't hurt to be the absolute rulers of the island, either. Made for less complications when your agents kidnapped beautiful women from all over the world and brought them, usually tightly bound and locked in shipping crates, to your island paradise.

There really were only three replies that might be what he was looking for. He sat down to compose replies to those three, but only after checking on what new email had come in during the night. The transient nature of email posting on news groups guaranteed that the majority of the response would come in within forty-eight hours. After that the replies would trail off rapidly.

He had considered ordering Bircher to find him girls who were submissive and loved the harsh type of treatment all the slavegirl got on the island, but a little bit of thought made him realize that the task was probably beyond Bircher's ability. Besides, this way was much easier.

Hurrah for science, he thought as he turned on his computer.

Darlene read the incoming email with interest. The third and last message was the one she was looking for:

From: TheCount@DominatX.net.wj

To: DarleneL@Weirdnet.net

Subject: Your Interest in Our Experiment

Dear Darlene,

Thank you for replying to my posting. You seem to be the type of person we are looking for. There are a few formalities to go through, but it appears as if you qualify, both to help us and to get a free vacation for yourself. There are, however, a few formalities. For one, I need some history on yourself: family, schooling, etc. And a recent photo, too. If all seems proper, I will send you instructions for coming to our beautiful island. The dates early next month that you mentioned are fine with us. We are planning a complete program of testing that will involve a great deal of your being tied up with ropes and other forms of restraints, so I hope you are sincere in your

expressed love of such activities. These experiments will often last over many hours, which is one of the reasons I am glad that you are youthful and in good physical condition. Looking forward to meeting you.

Thank you

Count Ryan de Moline

Darlene felt a tingle of excitement race through her. Two whole weeks on a tropical island, each day filled with two scientists tying her up and keeping her bound for hours on end! Visions of herself hogtied, lashed to palm trees, and staked out on a sandy beach with pristine white sand caressed by warm, clear water danced in her mind. And the evenings were sure to be fun. Maybe they would trussed her up like a pig and stuff an apple in her mouth so she could be the centerpiece at a luau. Maybe — if she suggested it.

Her fingers flying across the keyboard, Darlene typed in a response, including a bunch of history about her family and education. For good measure she threw in a section about some of the strictest bondage positions she had been tied in. They were a few years back when she was a teenager playing with friends, but some of them were pretty good at it and she could honestly say that she had been in tight hogties,

suspended by her wrists in the garage, tied to a dozen chairs, and even hung upside down by her ankles in the same garage. She was petty proud of having an actual history of being in tight ropes, and hoped it would impress these scientists.

But what about the photo? She had photos of herself, none while tied up, but some decent ones. And she knew that photos can be scanned so they could be stored in computer readable format and even transmitted over phone lines via modem. She didn't have a scanner. There was one at work, but she didn't want to wait until tomorrow. Then she remembered that a friend had one. A quick phone call, and she had permission to use his scanner. Maybe he hoped it would give him a chance to get his hands on her, he was always dropping not so subtle hints at work. An hour later she was back before her computer, diskette in hand, fresh from evading his groping hands. She had turned down his offer of use of the bed, his advances, and finally his offer of dinner. But it was all worth the effort if it helped her be the one picked for this experiment.

As she read in the photo from the floppy, she wondered if there was only one girl being picked or if there might be several positions available. For a brief second she was delighted by the idea of meeting with some other girls who shared her love of being tied. Perhaps they could plan some activities of their own after the day's experiments were over...

The window with the email handler popped up and she added the photo to her message, then set it out on it's way. She still didn't really understand how the message found it's way from her computer to this Count de Moline's computer, but she was glad of technology. Hurrah for science, she told herself.

"Mildred, dear, would you step into the library, I have something to show you."

The Countess put down the book she was reading, a trashy novel about a woman confused by her lesbian tendencies, and followed Ryan into the library.

"There were six responses that I deemed good enough to warrant a follow up on. I requested a background and photo of all of them." He moved the mouse and clicked on a small square button. In less than a second a photo was drawn on the screen.

"She's ugly!" exclaimed the Countess. "You're not serious about her, are you?"

"Of course not. This was the first one I rejected. The next two were not bad looking but one was married and the other about to be. We can't afford the girl to have someone who will come looking for her when she disappears."

"Of course."

"These are the ones who have no or little immediate family, no close friends, and who can easily get away." He clicked the mouse and three images succeeded each other on the screen. The first was a slender brunette with large doe-eyes and a look of pure innocence. "This is Samatha Worthy of Los Angeles. She's a student in college and has the whole summer free. She says she used to have an older brother who tied her up quite often and she came to like it."

The Countess looked hard at the slender girl in the photo. She was wearing a bikini and it was apparently taken at the beach for there was sand and other people around. She was looking somewhat nervously at the camera. "Do you get the impression she's embarrassed by being in public in such a small bikini?"

"Perhaps, dear. It does show a bit of skin, doesn't it?"

"Those Americans! They criticize every other country but then when it comes down to it, they're as decadent as anyone. Who's next?"

The second photo was black and white, so it was hard to tell the color of her hair except that it was medium dark. "Christy Mendelson, currently living in New York but anxious to get out of what she calls the 'Big City.' She's working as a waitress while trying to break into Broadway as a dancer. She uses her boyfriend's computer to play around on the Internet but say that they've cooled and she expects to be kicked out

any day.”

The Countess took a close look. The girl was wearing a party dress and there was a tiny part of a man next to her. It looked like the photo had been of both of them but cropped to cut him out. There was a nice set of breasts showing above the low cut dress and a slender waist just under that. “What about her wants?”

“She says that she has always been fascinated by the idea of being tied up and had a couple boyfriends who used to tie her while they made love. She says that she figures there is more to being tied that just as an addition to lovemaking and she wants to find out about it.”

“I’ll show her a lot more than just getting screwed,” muttered the Countess.

“I’m sure you will. The third one says that she used to get tied up a lot when she was a teenager and really loves the feeling of tight ropes on her body.” He clicked the mouse and Darlene’s photos came to the screen.

The Countess sucked in air. “She’s beautiful! And that body...!”

The photo showed Darlene in a swimsuit by a pool side. It was a candid and she was looking off to the left but most of her very pretty face showed. What also showed was a fine pair of breasts, a slender waist and long legs. “Get that one,” snapped the Countess. “That’s the one I want.”

Ryan chuckled. “I thought you would react that way. My dear, you’re positively drooling on my monitor.” He sat back in his chair and smiled. “I will be sending invitations to all three to visit us.”

“All three? But I thought you were only... Oh! All three!”

Without being aware of it, the Countess was licking her lips. “My dear,” she said in awe, “I talk back all those nasty things I said about your computer!”

From: TheCount@DominatX.net.wj

To: DarleneL@Weirdnet.net

Subject: Final Choices for the Experiment

Dear Darlene,

Congratulations! You have been selected to participate in our experiments. The dates you suggested are fine with us and airline tickets will be waiting for you at the airport. I am also mailing you an advance on your salary to cover any incidental expenses. Below are the details as to your airline, flight number, etc. Since this series of experiments is classified Confidential by the University, please do not mention to anyone where you are going. We have purchased a large amount of rope and have been making plans for some experiments that I'm sure you will find both exciting and challenging. We look forward to meeting you.

The Count and Countess de Moline

Darlene let out with a small yelp and clapped her hands together. This was just what she wanted. She was tired of her current job and had considered quitting anyway. She was tired of this old city, also, and a change of pace and scenery would do her good. When she got back from the island of San Sabastian, she would get herself a fresh job in a fresh city, a new start. With an eager hand, she began writing a letter of resignation. Then a quick note to her Mother, telling her that she was moving and would send her a new address as soon as she got it. But it would probably take a month or more, so don't worry if she didn't hear from her little Darlene for a little while. She typed out a reply accepting the Count's invitation, then she went to the bedroom, stripped off her clothes and tied her legs together with cotton clothesline as tightly as she could. She locked her wrists together in front of her with the handcuffs and began playing with herself. Laying on the bed, she closed her eyes and imagined herself being tightly bound in hundreds of feet of rope in a laboratory as the scientists explained that this test was to last for eight hours and they would come back to release her in the morning.

5

Coming to San Sabastian

First came the check in the mail. Darlene whistled when she saw the amount, it was more than she made in a month of hard work. She began to wonder if these rich scientists might like to have a full time research subject.

Then the plane ticket was waiting as foretold, one first class seat to the nearest large city to San Sabastian, then a ticket for ocean transportation on the Island Queen to San Sabastian itself. Darlene had spent an afternoon in the library looking up the place since she had never heard of it. It was a small island with a very small population. It was ruled by a royal family and had been for over two hundred years since it was first settled. And the royal family was one of the richest in the world, according to one magazine. Their wealth came from the fact that part of the island was a volcanic "pipe" in which were found diamonds. Enough diamonds to keep the owners of San Sabastian in caviar for thousands of years. Beyond that, little was known about them since they kept such a low profile as to be almost unknown. They held the title of Count and Countess.

Well, Darlene figured, if you're wealthy, you can have any hobbies you want, even studying psychology. She packed a

single suitcase and quit her job. After the vacation on San Sabastian was over she would decide where she wished to go next.

The plane trip was uneventful. As was the cab ride down to the docks where she was to board the Island Queen. As Darlene stood in the small and drab waiting room, another young woman entered. With a woman's critical eye, Darlene sized up this girl. The thought had immediately occurred to her that the Count and Countess might have selected more than just her, and that idea immediately triggered her competitive nature.

The girl was about Darlene's age, not more than two years beyond twenty, tall and slender. Her brunette hair hung half way down her back. Her breasts appeared to be ample to judge by the bulges in her light blue summer dress, and her legs were nice. But what was most impressive was the look of pure innocence upon the soft features of her face. This could have been the poster girl for Virginity International. Those eyes were large and a soft brown. Her voice matched, quiet and hesitant as she gave her name and showed her ticket at the window. Samatha Worthy, Darlene noted. Probably called Sam all her life and hated it.

The girl sat down on a couch and placed her suitcase carefully beside her feet. Her legs were primly together and she rested her hands in each other in her lap. When she looked up at Darlene, she smiled faintly but said nothing. Darlene walked over.

"Hello, I'm Darlene Lovejoy. I guess you're going to San Sabastian also?" She stuck out her hand.

Samatha's handshake was weak and indecisive. If this is the opposition, I'm going to do fine. She didn't really know why she thought of it as a competition, certainly nothing in the exchange of email message had indicated that there was to be any contest, but she did.

"I'm Samatha Worthy," she said. "And, yes, I am going to San Sabastian." Then she fell silent.

"For the experiments?" prompted Darlene.

"Yes." Then Samatha looked surprised. "Are you going too?"

"Sure. I guess they wanted more than one subject. Did the Count tell you anything about there being more than just you?"

"No."

"Well, apparently there is. Mind if I sit down with you?"

"Of course not."

Darlene didn't get the feeling this girl was snubbing her in any way, she was just the suffer of a raging case of shy. After she sat down, she considered the girl again. But this time not so much as competition but to wonder about why this meek girl was there in the first place. Obviously because she loved being tied up, Darlene thought. That was the whole purpose of the experiments, to study that kind of female nature. In Darlene's mind she wondered what Samatha would look like if she were stripped of that blue light-weight dress and tied with clothesline. Maybe in a hogtie. The girl was tall and slender, she might look good all knotted up in a ball. Darlene found herself strangely attracted to the image.

"Do you like... I mean, are you interested in being..." Darlene began but was cut off by Samatha's soft hand upon her arm.

"They told me not to discuss this with anyone," she said. "Perhaps we should not."

"Okay. I'm sure we will have a chance to talk later, on the island."

"Perhaps."

Just then a third girl entered the room. She was short, had a rich shade of red hair, and the tight, firm body of a dancer. Her curves were nice, but not as plush as Darlene's. She looked like a girl who could go out and run a marathon. She wore a pair of very short white shorts, and a sleeveless white blouse. About the only color on her was a slash of red down each side of the jogging shoes, and a blue backpack that was her only luggage. Even her socks were white. All of which was fine because the white set off her golden tan well.

The newcomer gave both of them a two second study, then went to the window. She showed the ticket and was told that the boat would be boarding in five minutes. Again looking at Samatha and Darlene, she picked up her backpack and made her way to a chair on the other wall.

"My name is Darlene," she began. "This is Samatha. We're going to San Sabastian." It was an unasked question.

"So am I," said the new girl. "I'm Christy Mendelson. Glad to meet you both. You're going there for the..."

Darlene cut her off. "Samatha thinks we're not suppose to talk about it in public." She cast a glance towards the window. "But, yes, I guess we're all going to San Sabastian for the same reason."

For a while there was silence as each of the three girls studied each other. Darlene felt herself attracted to the lively and smiling Christy, and was pretty sure that the feeling was mutual. She began wondering how the shorter girl would look in tight ropes. And it was a much more exciting vision than Samatha in ropes.

Then the idea occurred to Darlene that perhaps part of the testing would be to have them try to escape from the bondage. That can be a real challenge, she thought. And how would she fare against these two? Samatha she dismissed immediately. The slender girl seemed too mild and meek to even try to struggle against ropes. But Christy was another story. That girl was in shape and looked very athletic. She might well prove to be very good at working her way out of being tied with ropes. Very good, indeed. Which made Darlene cringe inwardly. She was in good shape, but not athletic.

They exchanged information about where they came from, and it was time to board. The Island Queen was a forty foot pleasure yacht outfitted for comfortable transportation between the many islands in that part of the world, and occasional charter for vacations. Darlene felt pampered by all the luxury afforded them. She was not used to this kind of treatment.

"My name is Captain Raymond Sorensen. Welcome aboard

the Island Queen."

The captain sported a white captain's cap with a small grease stain on the side, and a uniform right out of a fashion catalog: blue blazer with gold buttons, white slacks and white deck shoes. He looked at each girl in turn and cast out his best smile. Darlene just knew that he was undressing her with his eyes, and would try to hit on each of them if the opportunity presented itself.

He did offer them drinks like a good host. Darlene had a white wine, Samatha a coke, and Christy asked if there was any fresh fruit juice around. It happened there was some apple juice in the small fridge behind the tiny bar.

Giving each girl another lecherous smile, he excused himself to go and make ready to cast off. The journey, he explained, would take only six hours but he wanted to get there before dark because some of those waters were dangerous, what with hidden shoals, reefs and odd, strong currents not on any chart. Darlene was sure it was the usual pitch he gave any girl who came aboard just to make his job seem more important.

At least the Island Queen was large enough to be comfortable for the trip. Darlene watched off the fantail as the coastal city slowly shrank then disappeared over the horizon. Off to the left were a couple low islands, but mostly she saw blue sky and emerald waters. It was a hot afternoon, but not terribly muggy, and the voyage settled down to be a pleasant experience.

The three girls going to San Sabastian eventually had to speak about their purpose in coming. It was the major topic on each mind and had to come out. It was Darlene who made the first move as they all sat in the lounge, sipping their drinks and, being city girls, wondering about the huge expanse of water and sky.

"You two answered a posting in alt.personals.bondage, right?" she asked.

Samatha frowned, apparently still under the impression that they weren't suppose to talk about this big adventure. But it

had been the only thing she could think about and it did feel good to let it out and talk to two other girls who would be sharing this adventure with her. "Yes. I exchanged some email with the Count and was invited to come to San Sabastian for some experiments." She paused and looked a little embarrassment. "They are to be... I mean, I'm..."

"What you mean is that you were invited to take part in experiments as to why some women want to and enjoy being tied up," said Christy, coming to Samatha's rescue. "We're all here for the same purpose."

Samatha only nodded.

"That's exactly right," said Darlene. "I guess that means we all share that... What's the word? Attribute?"

"Trait?" suggested Samatha.

"Perversion," offered Christy.

"I don't think of it that way," said Darlene, a little put off by Christy's use of that word.

"Oh, come off it, we're different from the great masses of people. We like something that they think of as perverted. That's simply a fact."

"I prefer to think of us as simply different," said Darlene. "We just like something different from the... ah... Normals?"

"We usually call them 'straights'," said Christy, leaning forward on the couch. "We're kinky, and they're straight. Get it?"

"Okay, straights, then. But you won't deny that we're a little different."

"Never said we weren't." Christy seemed a little defiant about that subject. Perhaps defensive, thought Darlene. The athletic girl settled back and crossed her legs.

"Do we really want to talk about this?" asked Darlene, wondering if the quiet Samatha and the strong willed Christy would rather not.

"It's okay," whispered Samatha. "I'm just not used to talking about my personal life before strangers."

"Well, that's okay. You don't have to," offered Darlene. "Look, let's delay getting personal until we get to know each

other better." The look on Samatha's and Christy's faces suggested that she was right. It was, after all, a rather personal thing to talk about one's sexual preference to strangers. She shifted the subject a little. "Do either of you know any details about the experiments themselves? I'm curious."

Samatha shook her head. Christy lifted one eyebrow and said, "All I know is that the experiments will involve my... make that our, being tied up in many different ways and the study of our reactions to those situations."

"That's about all I was told," said Samatha. For the first time Darlene noticed a bit of a glow in her eyes, a spark of interest.

"That's about all I know," said Darlene. "And that the pay is good."

"You got that straight," said Christy firmly.

"You're not in this for the money only, are you?" asked Darlene.

Christy paused before answering. Then, with a tiny shrug, "No. I enjoy the challenge."

"The challenge?" asked Samatha. She was sitting on the edge of the couch, more attentive than she had been.

"The challenge of getting free, of escaping from the ropes, of fighting and winning against a best a man or woman can do to keep you secure."

Darlene grinned. It would figure that a girl with an athletic figure would enjoy struggling. Well, so did she. But she had to wonder if this Christy would be much better at escaping than she would be. And if that would make any difference. "You haven't heard if this is any kind of contest, have you?" she asked.

Samatha gave her a puzzled look, as did Christy at first. But then the shorter girl's frown turned to a smile. Darlene felt her heart fall. That girl was one of those who liked a challenge, and she looked like she was used to winning physical challenges.

"No, nothing was said about any kind of competition. But that is an interesting idea. Escape artist?"

"I don't know. I was just asking," said Darlene.

"I don't think I would be very good at escaping," said Samatha softly. "I never am."

"Do you get tied up much?" asked Darlene.

"I had a boyfriend."

Darlene waited a few long seconds, but apparently Samatha thought that was enough of an answer.

"I had a boyfriend who liked to tie me up," said Christy.

"But he wasn't every good at it. I used to win all kinds of money off him."

"Didn't he learn?" asked Darlene.

"No. He was stupid."

There came another silence. The atmosphere was not tense but cautious. None of the three knew what she should be talking about or not. And Samatha was right, Darlene told herself, it may be that the scientists there didn't want them exchanging information and ideas. But she couldn't let the subject drop that easily. "Well," she said casually, "I'm looking forward to being tied. Hope they can do a good job of it."

Samatha looked surprised. Christy grinned. "They guaranteed me that they would be putting me in bondage I can not get out of." She paused, then added, "Of course, if a girl cooperates and the person doing the tying really knows what he or she is doing, it is usually possible to make the bondage escape proof."

Samatha nodded agreement. Darlene had to agree but she added, "If they know what they're doing. I have found that very few people do."

"You can say that again," chipped in Christy. "That's why I was so eager to try this experiment."

"You hate poor bondage?" asked Darlene. "I certainly do."

Christy looked at her and smiled, warming up a bit. "Yes, I have had trouble finding people who can tie me very well."

"That's my problem exactly," said Darlene brightly. "And why this experiment is so interesting."

Christy leaned forward again, hardly staying still more than

a few seconds. "You know who is best at tying up a woman?" she asked. Then she answered the question before Darlene could think of a good answer, "Women. Other women will usually tie you far better than any man. A woman understands better what it takes to make another woman helpless. And they usually aren't afraid to hurt you. The tightest, most strict bondage I've ever been put in was done by other women."

Darlene looked at this girl with interest. There were overtones here that she wondered about. Like lesbian overtones. But perhaps Christy was right — perhaps another woman would do a far better job than a man who was afraid of hurting a woman. Another woman might have no such fear.

Besides, Darlene had observed that women sometimes like to hurt other women — especially if that woman is better looking or has a sexier body.

Samatha didn't seem inclined to comment upon the subject, and Darlene wasn't sure what she could say beyond to agree, so she let it drop, although it did interest her. She found herself sitting back on the couch and looking at Christy in a different view, a view that wondered how good that girl would be at tying Darlene up. She looked strong without being muscle-bound, and there certainly had been enough hints that she was experienced with the ropes and applying them. Or, at least having them applied to her.

A lunch was served on board the *Island Queen* as the white cruiser plowed powerfully through the warm waters of the tropics. The food was good and, combined with the hot air, a long flight that morning, and more sunlight than Darlene was used to, she found herself growing sleepy. She slept most of the afternoon away curled up on the couch.

"My dear, it's time for you to get ready," informed the Count. "Our guests will soon be here."

The Countess looked up from her activity and lifted one eyebrow. "Already? My, how the time flies when you're having fun!"

She removed her hand from the base of the huge plastic

dildo she had been using to ream the slave Carla's pussy. She brushed her hands off on the sides of her riding pants and sighed. "Well, you're right, dear. I must get ready to greet our guests." She smiled wickedly at the thought of three beautiful young women walking willingly into their dungeons. Will wonders never cease?

The Countess left Carla laying on the table where she had spent the entire morning as the unwilling subject of one of the Countess' little experiments in human suffering. For the prior several hours, the naked girl had been stimulated by irritating chemicals upon her breasts and in her vagina. And by a huge dildo used with both skill and considerable force by the Countess. The whole purpose had been to see how long she could keep the poor girl in a high state of sexual excitement without letting her reach an orgasm. She had spread-eagled the girl on a table, securing her down with very tight ropes at the wrists and ankles, and legs being bent at the knees and the lower legs tied to the end of the table so the Countess could more easily work upon the wide open and inviting pussy. So far her experiment had been a success, the naked woman had easily worked up to a sexually aroused state and held there. After the first two hours, the girl had been begging for her to leave the dildo in or do something to grant her the satisfaction she do desperately craved. But, of course, the Countess simply continued to tease and excite until simply being so incredibly horny was a form of agony.

When the interruption had come, she was working the dildo in and out of the juicy vagina, twisting it around and wiggling it back and forth until she could see that Carla was both crying and ready to scream from the frustration as her healthy young body ached for the release only an orgasm could grant her. And that she was getting close.

The Countess turned away from the table, confident that the naked slave could not work herself free of the restraints, and dismissed Clara from her mind. But, for Carla, the situation was not so easily dismissed. She had been very close, perhaps closer than this cruel woman knew, virtually only seconds

from a wonderfully intense orgasm. But then the stimulus had stopped, the dildo no longer pumped away in her sheath, no longer teased her insides with incredible sensations. She tried to lift her head but could only see only her breasts. Yet she could feel the large plastic replica of a male penis was still inside her. If she could get it to move some... But as she considered what she could do, it began to slowly slide out of her well-lubricated tunnel. She tried to pull her legs together but the tight ropes prevented that. She clamped her vagina muscles as best she could but they were tired and could not hold the slippery monster within. With a gasp of pain, she felt it increase its outward slide. Desperately she tried to use the sensation of it sliding out to finish her orgasm but it was an effort doomed to failure. So close yet so far.

Carla felt the end of the dildo exit her and heard the soft plop as it fell to the table top. She whined loudly in pure frustration and shook her whole body violently against the ropes. If she could, she would have grabbed her pussy with both hands and strangled it until it granted her the satisfaction she craved. "Nooooooooo!" she cried into the empty dungeon. "It's not fair!"

The island of San Sabastian was every bit as beautiful as a travel brochure; white sparkling sands, swaying palm trees, beautiful, crystal clear waters in the lagoon, and a fiery sunset of reds and oranges. The three girls left the Island Queen tied to the dock and walked up a winding path that led through a tropical garden, over a lovely, well-groomed lawn and to the main house glowing golden in the sunset.

"It's a blooming castle!" exclaimed Christy.

She was basically right. The house of the ruling pair of San Sabastian was made of stones brought from Europe over a hundred years before and designed to resemble the castles of the ruling class there. It was very impressive although seeming somewhat out of place amid the palm trees and lush tropical foliage. Captain Sorensen acted as their guide right up to the front door and into a huge lounge set to one side of the

main entrance way. There the three were told to wait and their luggage set down on the thick carpet.

"Welcome to our humble home," came a male voice before the girls could begin to take in the luxurious surroundings. They turned as one to the man standing in the doorway.

The Count looked every inch a picture of royalty, from his slender build to the small black mustache trimmed in the Continental manner. He wore a business suit with conservative gray tie. A large gold and diamond ring was the only visible jewelry, a marked contrast to the woman standing beside him.

The Countess had dressed for the occasion and seemed somewhat dismayed to find the three girls were only dressed in casual travel wear. Her attire considered of an evening dress, high heels and a small fortune in diamonds about her wrists, fingers and throat. Make that a large fortune.

"I told you we over dressed," she whispered to him.

"What did you expect, they're Americans," he whispered back without moving his lips.

"My dear guests, welcome," he repeated, stepping into the room. "I trust your journey was not arduous."

The Count and Countess stepped aside to allow three young native girls to enter. Without a word, they picked up the luggage and departed the room to wait right outside the door. "Your luggage will be taken to your rooms. Tonight you will please do us the honor of being our guests for dinner. It will be served in one hour."

"Perhaps you would like to freshen up," inserted the Countess. "And change your dress," she added with a smile.

Darlene looked to her two companions but neither seemed to be about to speak. "Thank you," she told their host. "I am looking forward to dinner with you."

"Yeah, me too," said Christy.

"Thank you," said Samatha meekly.

For a few seconds no one spoke. Darlene didn't like the way the Countess was looking at them. She was used to men undressing her with their eyes, but here was a woman who

could do it with the best of the men. She felt as if the Countess could tell her dress size, and what color her panties were. And probably count her pubic hairs.

"If you will be so kind as to follow the servants," he finally said with a wave of his hand to encompass the three native girls. "The girls will show you to dinner when you've finished refreshing yourselves."

It was a dismissal and all three knew it. They walked out, leaving their host and hostess standing there, watching their progress up the stairs with smiles on their faces.

When the last one was out of sight, the Countess turned to her husband. "You were right, all three are beautiful. And all so different!"

"This is going to be fun," agreed the Count with a sincere smile.

"Have you arranged everything with Captain Sorensen?"

"Of course. Tonight he will take the Island Queen out and sink her far from anywhere. There will be debris and a short radio message stating that he had struck a reef not on the charts and was sinking fast. Then there will be nothing. Maybe some day a life preserver will wash up on one of the islands."

He began strolling slowly out of the lounge. "The Captain will be picked up by our yacht and taken far from here with enough money to start over again. If he wants to, that is. From what he says, I think our Captain plans to buy a house in Japan and settle down to spend the rest of his days screwing girls with slanted eyes."

"And in case there are any relatives we missed?"

"The passenger list for the Island Queen will be available to the authorities. I think they will be able to notify anyone who needs to be. As far as the rest of the world is concerned, these three girls were drowned in an unfortunate accident while on vacation." He turned to his wife and offered his hand. "They are ours to do with as we wish."

"Just like the girls Bircher kidnaps for us," she said as she took his hand.

"Only these girls are not here against their will. These are

girls who are very much into bondage — all three. And that will make it very interesting to play games with them."

"Yes, it will." The Countess positively purred with anticipation.

6

First Experiment

Dinner the previous night had been quite good and each course served with a different wine, quite a new experience for Darlene, as she suspected it was for the other two girls who were about to share a very interesting experience with her. The conversation had been light, and the only mention of the experiments was to tell the girls that they would begin the next morning and that they were to assemble in the lounge. Which they did, after a very nice breakfast served on the patio overlooking a swimming pool large enough to float a battleship.

The Count and Countess walked in, all smiles and wearing crisp, new white lab coats. The Count carried a clipboard.

"Very well, today is the beginning of our experiments," he began in a businesslike manner. "We have established a protocol of tests for each of you. Because we wish to observe your reactions as each test is performed, we will not discuss them before hand. For the same reason, we must ask you not to discuss the experiments among yourselves. An experiment you just finished might be one that another girl isn't scheduled to take until tomorrow. Understand?"

All three girls nodded.

"As I informed you all, these experiments will all involve your being placed in differing forms of physical restraints, for varying lengths of time. We wish to observe your reactions to each set of restraints. Some of these experiments may be uncomfortable. If that is the case, you may either free yourself of the restraints or simply endure."

"Does that mean that we should try to free ourselves of the restraints in each case?" asked Christy. Darlene noted a slight emphasis on the word restraints.

The Count turned to his wife. Some kind of communication was exchanged by the look in their eyes. Then he turned back to address the question, "These experiments have not been performed before. Therefore, initially we would appreciate if you all did give it your best effort to free yourself from the restraints. We feel that would help provide the type of atmosphere necessary for our experiments. And should any of you happen to free yourselves," he added with a grin, "it will point out weaknesses in our protocols."

"And we'll fix that right away," added the Countess.

"So, the answer is yes, you may and should attempt to escape at every opportunity. We only ask that you cooperate fully with us as we place you in the restraints. I assure you that we can make the restraints not only more effective if you cooperate, but also more comfortable for you. Since you all have indicated that you have actual experience at being bound with ropes, I'm sure you will appreciate that it would be easier for all of us if you help us.

"Some of the tests will run for several hours, and eventually some of them will run all night, too. Occasionally some of the experiments will place a degree of strain or discomfort upon you. That is part of the testing procedure and completely within the test protocols."

He paused to look at each girl in turn. He saw only acceptance and even some eagerness. These women, he told himself in amazement, want to do this! They really love it! He had to fight to keep from grinning.

"Since some of you suggested it, we will include some of

what I called 'The Contests.' That is where you will have a chance to pit your skills at escaping against our skills with the ropes. They will not be psychologically evaluated, but a prize will be offered for any successful escapes. Think of the Contests as part of the fun side of the experiments."

All three girls were enraptured by his lecture. He had the urge to chuckle and wring his hands like a mad scientist. Here was a wonderful chance to see true submission in action!

"And we will allow you all to make suggestions concerning additional experiments that you would like to take part in. Since we are studying your unusual and wonderful trait of enjoying this type of treatment, it could be very useful to our research for us to see what type of experiments you three would create for yourselves."

Samatha blushed and looked to the floor. Something must have come to her mind that embarrassed her, thought Darlene. Christy smiled slightly in what was an amazing copy of the wicked little smile on the Countess' face. Darlene felt her pulse quicken at the idea of her telling them what kind of restraints she would be put in. A tumble of visions danced across her mind, all involving very tight ropes for long periods of time.

"Are there any questions?" The Count tucked the clipboard under his arm and folded his hands before him.

"Will we alone during any of the experiments?" asked Darlene.

"Yes. Many of them involve several hours in restraints and we will not be able to watch you every minute. Each of you has communicated to me that you have spent periods of time restrained and alone, so it will not be a new experience. Besides," he added with a very sincere smile, "you won't be able to do anything about it, will you?"

Samatha blushed again and seemed to have trouble finding someplace to put her hands. Christy grinned as if he had made a very funny joke, and Darlene felt a tingle of excitement between her legs. The Count wanted to yell out in delight. These three were eating this up! What delightful attitudes

towards what they would soon find was much more than just a little ropes here and there. The glow in all three pairs of eyes when he mentioned that they would be helpless and alone was priceless. And behind him, he could hear his wife breathing harder.

"Any other questions? No? Very well, we will begin. Today we will run about eight hours of experiments on each of you, then break for dinner. After dinner, you may have free time..." he smiled at the pun, "or you may try your luck and skill at a Contest. The prize for any of you who manages to free herself in tonight's Contests will be ten nice, new, crisp one hundred dollar bills."

Christy, he noted, actually licked her lips. Was she really submissive or did she really enjoy the challenge more than the helpless feeling, he wondered.

"Each of you will be taken to a different laboratory. I hope you all enjoy yourselves during our experiments, and I thank you again for participating. Darlene, if you will please come with me. Christy, you will go with the Countess. Samatha, please wait her for a few minutes. I will return for you."

Christy was the first to reach her hostess. Smiling like an idiot, the Countess led her out of the room and through a doorway. Darlene took a couple steps forward to stand before the tall, distinguished looking gentleman who was about to make her dreams come true. "I'm ready, Count," she said brightly. And she was, indeed, eager. It was impossible to hide the glow in her eyes.

"Very well, please come with me. Samatha, please wait here." He took Darlene's arm gently and led her out of the room. But just outside the doorway, he paused. "Please wait a second, I forgot something." Then he was back into the lounge, closing the door behind him. Darlene stood in the entrance way, wondering what he had forgotten.

"Samatha, my dear, I will be a few minutes getting Darlene ready for the first experiment. To help get you in the proper mood, I am going to place this pair of handcuffs on you. A very simple restraint compared to some of those you

described for me, but something to start getting you into the right frame of mind."

Samatha's eyes widened at the sight of the shinning steel handcuffs. Without a word she turned her back and placed her hands behind her. Quickly he locked the cuffs about the slender wrists and clicked them firmly down. Then he was gone, leaving Samatha alone in the lounge.

"Sorry to make you wait," he said as he rejoined Darlene. "If you will please come this way."

The house/castle was huge. The room Darlene has slept in the night before was larger than her first apartment and ten times as plush. Now she walked beside this wonderful dominant and yet strange man, she felt herself a bit overwhelmed. She was finally heading towards what she knew inside was her deepest desire, yet she was scared like a silly schoolgirl on her first date. She knew nothing about what was about to happen to her, yet she was eager to have it happen.

There was a door almost immediately and a stair beyond that. They descended into the basement. Several doors lined a short passage. The Count opened one and gestured for her to enter. It was a small room with no furniture and or windows. The floor and walls were covered with a thick, soft carpet. As she stepped inside, the other two other features came to her attention. First was a TV camera mounted in the corner of the room next to the ceiling. The other was two coils of rope sitting on the floor. She felt a tingle at the sight of that rope.

"The camera is so we can monitor you during the experiments. The floor and walls are covered so that you can feel free to struggle as hard as you wish without fear of hurting yourself by striking a hard wall or fixture." He had placed his clipboard outside on the floor and was picking up a coil of rope. As he unwrapped the white cotton rope, he continued talking. "This first experiment is to test your initial reactions to being bound. I will simply bind you and leave you alone here. When the experiment is over, I will return and ask you a few questions. Simple, no?" He put down the first

length of rope and picked other the other to unwind it. When he finished doing that, he stood there with the rope in his hands and a strange look on his face.

"Could you tell me your feelings right now?" he asked.

Darlene lifted one eyebrow and tried to put her feeling into words. "I'm a little scared," she began. "But also excited. I did tell you how much I enjoyed being tied up when I was a teenager. Nancy and Melody and Tina all loved to tie me and I loved being tied. I'm wondering if this will be like those times. But then I guess it really can't be."

"Why do you say that?" he asked.

"Because... Well, since you're a scientist I guess I can tell you something personal. When my girlfriends tied me up, I used to get so very sexually excited and horny. It was terrible and wonderful at the same time. And when Tina used to take my clothes off and touch me..." She blushed. "Well, I guess you know."

"Please do not be embarrassed. You can talk about anything you wish. And I do want to know what you're feeling inside at this moment."

"I'm wondering how tightly you'll tie me. Oh, and if you'll really tie me well enough so that I can't escape. That is important, you know. I was so disappointed with the men I was dating. None of them could tie me well at all! It was terrible!"

"I don't think that you have anything to fear along those lines. I will bind you well enough to prevent escape," he smiled at her in a fatherly way. "And if you should manage to work free, I'll guarantee you won't the next time!"

Darlene smiled at him. Then she turned and placed her hands behind her back, wrists crossed in invitation.

"There is one other thing..." he began.

It suddenly flashed into Darlene's mind that she was wearing clothes and perhaps he wanted her to be naked! That sent a tingle down her spine. But he hadn't said anything about that, and she had assumed, it being a scientific experiment and all that...

"I would appreciate it if you were to put this on," he said, handing her a small, folded piece of cloth. "It's like a bathing suit. All of you are being asked to wear it, sort of to assure there is no variations because of clothing. In addition, it serves to make sure that you cannot bring any physical item into the testing. You know, like a knife to cheat."

"But I wouldn't cheat," protested Darlene, but only mildly. She was glad that he hadn't asked her to be naked. But strangely she was disappointed about that, too.

"You can change here. I'll step outside." Following suit to words, he left the ten foot by ten foot padded room, closing the equally padded door behind him.

Darlene shrugged and unbuttoned her blouse. Since she had worn no bra (deliberately), nor any panties, it was only the work of a minute to have all her clothes off and the "bathing suit" on. It was made of very thin black material and clung to her body so tightly that she wondered if it were a few sizes too small. But the material stretched and covered the vital parts — barely. She didn't have a mirror to check it, but she was pretty sure that more of her could be seen through the thin material than was hidden. Still, it wasn't too much different from some string bikinis she had worn...

"I'm ready," she called out.

The Count managed to keep a straight face when he returned. The black mesh body suit made her look more naked than bare skin would have. From the slender, almost strap-like portion between her legs, up to where the two panels covered her nipples but left most of her breasts free, it clung tightly to each curve and hollow. And he could easily see her nipples standing erect against the material. There was no back to the garment and most of her ass stuck out. But it was a garment and did cover her pubic patch (barely) and her breasts (hardly at all).

"Thank you," he said. And meant it. "Now please turn around and place your hands behind you."

As the ropes went on, Darlene felt excitement building up. Being tied up by a stranger was titillating, to say the least.

And as this stranger wound the ropes around her crossed wrists and then cinched those winding down, she knew that he did, indeed, know what he was doing. Her wrists were being bound in the crossed position behind her very well, indeed.

When the wrists were finished, with three separate knots tied up between the arms where she could not work her fingers to, he picked up the other rope and began winding that between her elbows. He linked the elbows and pulled them towards each other until her arms were very, very snug. Then he cinched the ropes down and knotted them very firmly. Her elbows were not touching, which would have been easy for her had the wrists not been crossed, but they were only a couple inches apart. When the elbows came in towards each other that made her forearms and wrists try to close also. Which tightened up the rope going vertically around her wrists. Had her hands been bound palm to palm, her elbows would have easily touch, but as the rope around the wrists tightened, the elbows would not touch.

Darlene wiggled her arms a bit to test the bondage, and found it very good. Perhaps not as tight as elbows together would have been, but very tight and probably escape proof. She would know for sure when he left her alone.

"How's that? Nothing hurting?" he asked.

"It's fine. Tight but no pain."

"Good. I'm going to leave you now. You may try to escape, in fact I would appreciate if you did. When I return, I would like to hear your impressions of this test."

"I'll do the best I can, sir," Darlene answered honestly. She meant mostly the attempt to escape, but it could have applied to the questions as well.

"Good. I'll see you later today."

"Sir?" Darlene called out as he was closing the door.

"Aren't you forgetting something?"

"Yes?"

"My legs. You've only tied my arms. I'm not very helpless. I can walk around and move quite a bit."

"I know. I had planned to limit this test but perhaps we can

change that. Would it make you feel better if your legs were also bound?"

"Well... It would be better restraints, wouldn't it? I mean, I would be less able to move around..."

"Very well." He came back into the room. "Please sit down on the floor and place your legs together in front of you."

Darlene did as she was told, wondering if she had done the right thing. She might have had an easier time of it if she had not mentioned the free legs. But, on the other hand, she would not have felt as helpless. And that was both important and exciting to her.

He bound her ankles together, side by side, knotted the rope down firmly and then stood up. Pulling another length of rope from his pocket, he asked her to roll over onto her stomach. Then he tied her ankles to her wrists, tight enough so that her legs were bent with the ankles almost right up against the crossed wrists.

"There," he said as he rose. "You can no longer use your legs. Is that better?"

"It does make me more helpless," answered Darlene honestly as she tried to cope with the feelings that were dancing around inside her. "You've hogtied me."

"That is what it is called. You will not be as comfortable, you know."

"I know."

"And you have decreased the probability of your escaping from these restraints."

"I know."

"Very good then. I will see you later."

He was gone and the door closed before Darlene could reply. Which was too bad, she thought, because she had just thought to ask him if she shouldn't also be gagged. Might as well go all the way, she told herself. If you like feeling helpless, might as well really feel it.

She tested the ropes and found them tight, well cinched down and not inclined to move against her skin. She felt around for knots and found none within range of her fingers.

Then she rolled onto her side and tested the mobility granted her by the ropes. She could arch her body and roll around, but that was all.

So she set out to explore her little room. The first thing she noted was that the door had no handle on this side, only padding. Even if she could free herself of the ropes, she would be unable to open the door. Being locked in made her feel more helpless and sent a delightful shiver down her spine.

For a while she rolled around and tugged this way and that at the ropes. After a while she realized that she was getting rather horny. Being tied up always sexually excited her, and this was nice ropework. But with her wrists linked to her ankles, there was no way she could bring her hands around to the front to tease herself into an orgasm. She was just going to have to stay horny.

As time passed and no one came to release her, Darlene began making up games. She counted to see how long it took her to roll from one side of the room to the other. Then she rolled onto her back and arched her body as high as she could. It felt good to stretch that way. Then she realized that it probably made an interesting picture to anyone watching with that camera, almost as if she were thrusting her pussy towards the unseen viewer.

She was enjoying this. It was different from what she had expected but exciting nevertheless. And if this was only a simple beginning, then her bondage fantasies had a good chance of coming true on San Sabastian.

"Do I have to wear this stupid coat?" asked the Countess as Ryan entered the monitor room.

"It would be a good idea if you did for a while," he told his wife. "Remember, they think we're scientists."

"Oh, this is silly," she retorted, "I feel ridiculous in this outfit. We've got them all tied up, why don't we just keep them tied and chained and have fun with them? They can't get away, we're experts at keeping slavegirls captive, remember?"

"I want to continue this charade a while longer. I'm having fun."

"I'm sure you are. That Darlene is quite a dish, as the Americans say. I'll just bet you can't wait to get your prick into her pussy."

"No need to be vulgar, dear. Yes, I'm looking forward to that, but anticipation can make the eventual satisfaction much more intense. Right now, I am truly fascinated by their submissive natures. Take that Darlene. She actually asked me to bind her legs after I had tied her arms. How was your Christy?"

"She's going to be trouble. I tied her very tightly and it didn't seem to bother her at all. Look at that monitor."

Ryan leaned closer to the monitor she pointed to. The picture was small but very sharp and in vivid color. It showed another room padded with white carpet. In the corner was Christy, also wearing one of those ridiculously tiny garments the Countess had through up. Her arms were bound behind her back, but this time with the elbows tightly together. Her ankles were tied but not connected with her wrists. Before leaving her alone, the Countess had added some rope around the narrowest part of her waist and arms, tightly forcing them against her back. She had tied rope between the girl's legs up to the wrists in back, so that the arms couldn't be lifted out of the ropes. That held the dancer's arms against her back and frustrated her attempts to get her fingers down to where she could untie her ankles with them.

As he watched, Christy shook her body violently in an attempt to work some looseness into the ropes. She strained one way, then the other to try and pull her arms out of the loops holding them to her back. He noted how that had the effect of pulling on the crotch rope. Then he noticed that she was doing an awful lot of tugging at her arms. And that her eyes were closed and her head back against corner behind her. Amused, he watched a while to make sure before commenting to his wife, "I believe your little experiment is about to have an orgasm."

"What! She wouldn't dare!"

"Take a look," he offered.

The Countess stared hard at the screen. "I'll be damned," she muttered. "That bitch is using the crotch rope to masturbate herself. Look, she's coming!"

They both watched in fascination as the nearly naked woman arched her body upward and shivered all over. With a loud cry, she twisted from side to side violently then fell to the floor to lay there quivering in the ecstasy of a prime orgasm.

"That damned little bitch," muttered the Countess.

"It's going to be interesting to hear what she has to say during the debriefing. Did you point out the camera to her?"

"Yes. She knows that we're watching."

"Hot damn! She knew she had an audience."

"I'll fix her so she can't get anywhere near an orgasm next time," the Countess promised.

"Let her have her fun," Ryan offered. "If she really enjoys the first few 'experiments', then her submissive side will come out even more, and she'll put up with more abuse during later experiments."

"Talking about submissive natures, did you see what our third little girl is doing?"

"I left her tied in the other padded room," he said as he turned to the third active monitor. The room shown there was much like the other two, including the nearly naked and tied up woman in it. Samatha had been tied in a hogtie, much like Darlene but with her hands tied palm to palm and the elbows together. She was slender and easily hogtied with very little stress. Her legs had folded up and he was able to bind the wrists directly in contact with the ankles so the hands were tucked in under the feet. It was a form of hogtie that many women would have found a real strain, but this one seemed to not mind it at all. The Count had left the room with the impression that this Samatha could have taken far more strain than he had given her.

At first she appeared to be simply struggling against the

hogtie, but upon a minute's viewing Ryan came to realize that she was not really trying to free herself. She was, instead, jerking her whole body around, as if trying by brute force to force her arms and legs out of the rope. Each jerk was as violent as the ropes allowed her. At times she arched her body and strained at the ropes until her muscles were quivering from the strain. Then she would collapse back to the floor, only to begin jerking her body around again. All the time her eyes were closed and she didn't seem to notice when she recoiled off a wall.

"My guess is that she's creating pain by jerking against the ropes," he said. "Amazing!"

"Is she going to have herself an orgasm that way?" asked the Countess.

"I don't know. Maybe. We're exploring uncharted frontiers, my dear. At least to us. But she doesn't have a crotch rope like Christy does. Maybe she would if she had something to rub against her pussy."

"Well, I'm be glad when we finally stop all this game playing and simply lock up those bitches in the dungeon cells. I'm not used to dining with the slavegirls and having to be polite to them."

"It will happen soon enough, my dear. Just be patient."

"Patient hell, I'm going to go down to the real dungeon and whip Carla some. I'm horny, too!"

7

Afternoon Bondge Sessions

Just before lunch time all three girls were freed from their padded cells and questioned by the Count about their feelings while tied up. Darlene admitted that it made her horny and frustrated but that she was excited and enjoyed the experience — all of which was true.

Samatha said quietly that she had tried her hardest to escape but that she had not been able to make any progress. She looked as if she were about to say something more but held back.

Christy said not a word about her orgasm, even though they both knew it had been witnessed on the monitor. And captured on video tape, but the Count failed to mention that. She complimented the Countess on her ability with the ropes, but hinted that she was not defeated and would certainly get out of some of their little experiments.

The girls were allowed to resume their clothing, which had stayed on the floor just outside the padded rooms, and then have lunch on the patio, the weather being as perfect as it usually was in that part of the world at that time of the year. There would be heavy rains and an occasional storm later in the year, but for now the climate was as close to perfect as

you can get.

After lunch the Count showed up again with his white lab coat and clipboard. The Countess was right behind him, also in lab coat but with the front completely unbuttoned to reveal a very expensive pantsuit under it.

"You all did very well this morning," he began. "This afternoon's test will be a little different. Samatha, will you please go with the Countess. Darlene and Christy, please come with me."

He lead his two charges back to the area of padded rooms. There he stopped at one of the room. "This is where you'll spend the afternoon, Christy."

"Isn't that the same room I was in this morning?" she asked.

"Yes. But you will not be tied the same. Darlene, would you mind waiting in the next room? There, I'll open the door. Right inside, please. Thank you."

Darlene allowed herself to be put in the second room, not remembering until the door was closed that it had no handle on that side, and there was a big deadbolt on the outside of the door. She was effectively locked into a cell. She tried to work the door open but there was nothing she could do. She simply figured that the Count didn't want her watching as he tied Christy. Which suggested that however Christy was being bound, the same thing would happen to her eventually.

Before going into the padded room, the Count pressed a button on a panel outside the door. When they entered the room, Christy was surprised to find a length of steel wire cable coming from the ceiling and ending in a steel ring.

"There is a power hoist in the ceiling. It will give us more flexibility in choosing restraint combinations for you."

"Yes, I can imagine," she said as all kinds of suspension visions flashed through her mind. She knew how much harder it was to work your way free when part or all of your weight was working to tighten the ropes down. These two were playing hardball, she decided. Which was fine with her.

"How do you want me?" she asked him as if eager to get to

the serious stuff.

"First, please put on the uniform," he said, offering her the same tiny garment she had worn that morning. Or an identical one.

"Look," she told him, "let's get something straight. That thingie doesn't hide anything and we both know it. So why don't we just forget about it?" She began pulling the tank top over her head. Then she was pulling the shorts down and kicking off the deck shoes.

"You're sure you don't mind being naked before a man?" he asked her, trying to keep the amazement out of his voice.

"What's the big deal. I have a very good body, I work hard to keep it in shape. Men like to look at me. You're not planning to rape me this afternoon, are you?"

"No, I am not."

"Good, then there's no reason why my being naked should matter."

"As you wish. And you do have a fine body," he added as the socks were tossed aside to leave her jay-bird naked. He was glad that she had qualified the rape question to this afternoon. That way he could honestly reply that he had no intention of doing that act. Of course, there was always that night, the next day, and a week from Thursday, for each of which he had made no promise to keep his hands off her.

He began by binding her wrists together behind her back, palms to palms. Then he looped and pulled the elbows together. The next rope went around her ankles, a dozen turns, then cinched down, leaving about three feet of rope sitting on the carpet. He took the ring at the end of the cable and brought it over to her ankles. The free rope was then passed through the ring, back between her calves and then through the ring. When he knotted it, her ankles were tied to the ring.

Christy watched all this with a slightly amused smile. She figured that she was going to be suspended, she was just interested in how it was going to be. The Count stood in the door with one hand over on the panel. There was a humming noise and the cable began to retreat into the ceiling. He

stopped it when her legs were lifted completely off the floor, leaving her resting on her bound arms and shoulders. Her bottom and hips were several inches off the carpet, which meant that a lot of her weight was taken by the ropes around her ankles.

"I will return in a while," he told her after picking up her clothing and placing it outside the room. "Does being partly suspended make you feel more helpless than the morning test?"

"This is more helpless, yes," she replied, turning from side to side to test the mobility.

"Good. I am looking forward to your telling me how much strain it was and how you felt when I come back."

"Count?"

"Yes?"

"You planning to leave me like this for a few days?"

"No, only a couple hours. Why?"

"Well, I'm in good shape — as you can see. And I can take inverted suspension real well. I use a contraption with boots to hang upside down to take the weight off my spine. You can go ahead and pull me the rest of the way up."

It was an effort to keep the surprise off his face. This was one incredible woman! Instead of an uncomfortable semi-suspension, she was asking for a much more painful full suspension! He touched the button again and watched as the naked body rose into the air. He considered stopping just after her head left the floor, but held down the button until her feet were nearly touching the small hole where the cable disappeared into the ceiling.

He walked over to get a closer look at this wonderful strange woman. She was inverted with her head about the level of his thighs. The thought occurred to him that if he were to unzip his pants, her mouth would be at about the right height to service his penis. And right then, with that very nice naked body slowly twisting in midair before him, it was a real temptation.

He looked down at her face and noticed the tip of her

tongue between her lips. It moved slowly from left to right. Not trusting himself to resist the temptation, he turned and made for the door.

With the door closed and no one in sight, Christy took a deep breath. She was certain that he had been thinking of how close her mouth was to his penis. And the thought of what fun that would be did flash through her mind. But she was still a little too uncertain about the set up on San Sabastian to risk upsetting anyone. Besides, this was only the first day and the experiments were scheduled to last two or three weeks. If this Count guy kept tying her up naked, Christy knew that sooner or later he would give in and make use of her fine body. If he was any kind of a man, that is.

Pushing aside thoughts of having a man, any man, doing nice things to her helpless body, Christy concentrated upon the ropes binding her and the chances of escape. Which did not look very hopeful at that point. The ropes around her ankles were cutting in and those on her arms had been tied very tightly. She began to twist and struggle which made her sway and turn in midair.

The Count took a deep breath and mentally calmed himself. He had seen many other women both naked and hanging by their ankles before, it was not an uncommon sight since they had one or two slavegirls constantly around the place. But his one was different. For one thing, she was an American, not one of the native girls that Bircher usually brought them. That made a big difference. And secondly, she had asked for the full suspension herself. That was certainly different.

After a few minutes he felt calm enough to attend to the second of his charges, that delightfully full-bodied Darlene. He opened the door and invited her to come on out. "This afternoon I'm going to tie you outside," he told her. "We will add outdoor settings occasionally."

Darlene felt her heart do a little flip. She had hardly every been tied up outdoors, but it was one of her favorites games. She loved the feeling of being exposed to the whole world and unable to do a thing about it.

"Before we go outside, perhaps you would like to put on your uniform?" He handed her the tiny garment. "You may change in the room."

Darlene did go into the padded room to change. If she thought anything about the fact that she was almost as naked with the uniform as without it, she didn't say it. She had a fine figure and knew it. And liked to show it off. She accompanied the Count down the corridor and out of the area with the padded cells. The gardens of the house were extensive and very lush. She felt the gentle afternoon breeze touch her skin as soon as she was out of the building, but the sun was very warm and the breeze felt good. They walked across a section of grass and entered a path that led through bushes and trees. In a minute they were out of sight of the house. A minute after that they came upon a small clearing, with sun shining down in the middle of it, illuminating a stout looking post set into the ground.

"I had the gardeners put this in for our experiments," he told her. "It goes down for five feet into the earth, so it's quite solid."

The portion still above ground was about three feet high and about six inches in diameter. The top was cut flat with a small metal ring set in the middle. Darlene wondered how she was going to be bound to that post and ring.

"If you will please place your hands behind your back," he asked her. She did and he began binding her wrists together, the palms facing each other this time. The elbows were looped and pulled together after the wrists, tightly, cinched down and knotted firmly. The Count pulled another length of rope from his pocket and knelt before her. She looked down to watch as he wrapped the rope around her ankles, cinched it down tightly and knotted it several times. She approved of his work — it was tight, and she had the feeling that she would be unable to free herself from it.

From his other pocket he then took a small length of medium sized chain and a padlock. "Please bend over. That's it, over the post. Good." He placed the lock through one end

of the chain and placed it around her neck, sliding the lock through one of the links so that her neck was encircled, snugly but not too tight. He then pulled gently on the chain and Darlene found herself leaning more forward. There was only about two feet of chain hanging down from her neck, and he passed the end through the ring, then back up to her neck. When he clicked the padlock through the last link, she was tethered to the post with only a foot of freedom.

"I will leave you tied like this for the afternoon," he told her. "I'm sure you will find that you can kneel down or stand up, the chain permits you that much freedom. But little else."

Darlene had to agree. It was awkward standing bent over like that, but she decided not to kneel down until after he had left.

"How do you feel about being tied out here, far from the house and alone in the garden?"

"It's very interesting," she told him. Turning her head to the side, she looked around part of the small clearing. "No one will come here?" she asked.

"No one. It is unlikely that the gardeners will come by. And no one else would be out here. You will be alone."

Darlene felt a shiver of delightful fear at that pronouncement. "All alone?" she said.

"All alone. For the whole afternoon. How does that make you feel?"

"Rather helpless," she answered honestly. "Even if I can get these ropes off, I'll still be chained to the post. I can't escape."

"Do try to get the ropes off," he said. "If you succeed, you will be more comfortable for the afternoon."

"I don't think I can get them off. You've tied my arms awfully tight."

"Do they hurt?"

"No, not really. But they're awfully tight. Might hurt some later."

"Be sure to tell me when I come back to release you."

"I will."

Darlene looked down at the post and the chain running

through the ring. She tugged gently at it by lifting her head but it seemed quite solid. She twisted her hands to test the ropes binding the wrists. They were tight and solid. "I don't think I can get out," she said.

There was no answer, and when Darlene turned her head again, she saw that the Count was gone. She knelt down to ease the strain on her back and looked around. The clearing was only about twenty feet around and covered with grass. The gardeners must come in here sometime, she told herself. The grass is mowed and looks cared for.

Again she tested the ropes binding her arms and came to the conclusion that escape was unlikely. Then she tried to reach down to her ankles with her fingers. By bending backwards, she could just touch the ropes around her ankles. But the knots were on the other side, in front, she remembered. Her fingers could not reach them.

Of course, just untying her ankles would be, at best, only a partial victory, but it would be something.

Darlene was fairly flexible but she could reach her hands around only half way, the elbows together limiting her motion in that regard. She found that she could touch her breast, enough to grab it and squeeze. But her pussy was out of reach. Not by a lot, but enough so that she knew she would not be able to masturbate herself.

It was too bad, she thought to herself, that she couldn't lay down. She might be able to get a little nap if she could. But her neck was chained too close to the ring to allow that. With a sigh, she settled on her knees and rested her head on the top of the post as best she could.

The sun was very warm and felt good against her skin. The tops of the bushes and palm trees swayed a little with the breeze but the air didn't move much down where she was. It was the perfect afternoon to lay down on the grass and read a book, felling asleep if that was comfortable. But she didn't have a book, and couldn't read one if she did. Instead she wondered about what was happening to the other two girls. She hoped that they would tell her what happened to them

both in the morning and afternoon when they had the chance to talk. She knew that they were undergoing different experiments. That Christy was not tied and chained to a post out here was obvious. So what was happening to them?

At that point in time, while Darlene was getting some unusual tan lines on her back and arms, and while Christy was wiggling and jerking around at the end of her tether like a freshly caught fish, Samatha was undergoing a different kind of experiment, one a little more uncomfortable than those for the other two girls. The Countess sensed something in the tall girl that her husband, being only a man, and not as experienced in the torture of females, missed. At least so far.

"You like to have a little pain with your bondage, don't you?" she had asked Samatha as she led her to one of the special rooms in the basement.

"I... No..." Samatha said weakly.

The Countess stopped and turned to look directly into the soft brown eyes. "Don't lie to me," she said evenly. "I can tell."

"Sometimes..." began Samatha. Then it came out in a rush, "Sometimes I feel like I have to be punished."

The Countess smiled. She had been right. "That's perfectly okay. Many women are like that. It's a woman's nature to be punished. Do you often feel that need?"

Samatha lowered her eyes, unable to keep looking into the intense gaze of this strong woman. "Yes," she said weakly.

"I understand." And the Countess did. "I am glad that you have told me this. It will allow us to explore some areas of female submissive nature that we might not otherwise be able to."

Samatha looked up again with a strange look on that innocent face, a mixture of hope and fear. "I am always doing things wrong. I break things. I loose things. And I'm forever saying the wrong thing." She looked as if she wanted very badly for the Countess to understand. "And there are times when I deserve to be punished because I have bad thoughts."

The smile on the Countess' face widened. This lovely creature was too much! She couldn't be playing into the Countess' hands more if the Countess had written the script. "I understand," she said again. "Have you had any of these naughty thoughts lately?"

"I... I shouldn't have come here. It is wrong for me to want to be punished. But I do." She sucked in air to brace herself. "I have had very bad thoughts. Last night while I was in bed I had very bad thoughts about men. And..." she closed her eyes as she confessed, "I touched myself."

The Countess tisked, tisked. "Then I will most certainly have to punish you. It is for your own good, of course. It will help purge those nasty thoughts from your mind. And make you repentant."

Samatha lowered her head and said in a tiny whisper, "Thank you."

"Come this way. We will forget about the rope test. There is something more important to do."

Samatha's eyes widened as she walked into the main dungeon, the large room with the stocks, pillory, whipping posts, bondage table, etc. The Countess saw the look in her eyes. "Sometimes it is necessary to apply corrections to the girls of the household staff," she said quickly. "And I had this room fixed up with the proper equipment to do that task. It is always important to have the proper tools to do any job, don't you agree?"

Samatha was looking at the wall display of whips. She could only nod her head, words would not come. Suddenly she turned to the Countess and knelt down to grab the lab coat and plead, "Oh, Countess, I have been so bad. Sinful ideas are filling my mind. Please punish me."

"Prepare yourself."

Samatha rose to her feet and unbuttoned the cotton summer dress. Then she removed the bra and panties, placing them on top of the dress. The shoes were easily slipped out of, and she again knelt at the feet of the woman who would cleanse her body of sin. She bowed her head again.

"Give me your hands," the Countess said. When Samatha looked up, there was a piece of rope in the Countess' hands. She meekly held out her hands, joined at the wrist. It was only the matter of a minute and her wrists were bound together with rope leading off to the Countess' hand. She tugged at the rope in silent order for the naked woman to get to her feet. She was then lead over to a wooden platform and told to stand in the middle of it. At the touch of a button a metal ring lowered from a hole in the ceiling. When it was at a convenient height, the Countess tied the rope from Samatha's hands to it. Then she reversed the motion of the ring. Samatha watched as her hands rose before her face. There was a look of wonderment on her sweet, innocent face. Up and up went the hands until her arms were straining upwards. Then her feet lifted from the wooden platform, the toes stretching until the last second to keep in contact with the wood. The hoist stopped when Samatha's feet were a good foot off the floor.

Taking off the lab coat, the Countess prepared herself for the punishment. Which included her removing the silk dress to stand there in bra, panties, garter belt, nylons and high heels. She was an impressive sight with those huge breasts straining within the confines of lace and fabric. She went to the wall and selected a strap. It was like a man's belt, about two inches wide, with a handle attached to one end. The leather was of medium thickness, both firm and supple at the same time. Samatha could not take her eyes from the strap as the Countess brought it back to the platform.

There was no ritual, nor formal ceremony, simply the first lash of the leather against soft female flesh. Samatha cried loudly as her body jerked in midair. There was a most satisfactory cracking sound echoing off the walls.

Licking her lips, the Countess circled the naked woman, enjoying the feast of fear she saw in those eyes. The afternoon was young, and both women knew there was no hurry to finish the punishment. The Countess slowly brought her arm back and let Samatha see that the next stroke was going to land across the front of her hips. When it did, the girl cried out

again and jerked her legs in a little dance of pain.

There followed half a dozen more strokes to the firm little bottom, and several more across the front of the thighs. Then the Countess paused. "Where should I hit next?" she asked Samatha. "What does the punishment call for?"

Samatha looked with eyes both fearful and strangely excited to her tormentor. "My breasts," she said quite slowly and clearly.

A vicious slash across both breasts was the reply. Samatha jerked violently and screamed out. She was shaking all over as the flesh of her nicely shaped breasts began turning red. As the Countess was considering where the next this delightful girl should taste the strap, she was surprised by Samatha saying, weakly but clearly, "Thank you."

Her welcome was another stroke across the breasts, a little lower this time. More tender young flesh turned red and stung something terrible. Samatha managed to hold in the scream, letting loose only a grunt followed by a whine. "Thank you."

It became a game. The Countess would ask where the next blow should land and the naked, sweating, crying girl would answer. On the bottom. On the breasts. On the thighs. Across the back. On the backs of my legs.

Soon very little of Samatha's skin was not an angry red and paining her. She was breathing hard and sweating. Several times she had gone into spasms of jerking and dancing around in reaction to pain a little too intense to bare stoically. Finally she hung limp in the ropes, head bowed and toes reaching for the floor. The Countess paused, her arm a little tired.

If she had left Samatha to hang there and suffer the agony of outraged flesh, it would have been a very satisfying punishment — for the Countess, at least. Presumably also for Samatha. But the bitch with the whip in her hand was not yet content. She positioned herself before the naked woman with the strap hanging down at her side.

"Spread your legs wide," she ordered.

For a few seconds there was no reply, no sign that the punished girl had even heard. Then her feet slowly came

apart. With trembling muscles, she held her legs wide apart, waiting for the terrible pain she knew was coming.

The Countess grinned. The strain Samatha must be feeling as she held her legs spread wide, and the fear that must be racing through her mind, was delicious! Then she brought the strap up, squarely between the legs and with all her strength.

The scream was full and sincere. Samatha arched her body and held rigid for a second, then collapsed again to hang there, unconscious.

The Countess smiled. It had been a long time since she had been able to make a girl faint, at least with the strap. There were other whips that delivered incredible amounts of pain, more than most women could ever stand. But she had done it with just a simple strap. Of course, it was a very sensitive place where she had struck, very sensitive for a woman.

She was about to put the strap back on the wall and leave Samatha hanging there for the afternoon when she saw the innocent face lift up. How sweet and lovely that tear-stained face was. How wonderful the pain etched into those eyes.

"Mistress..." Samatha began. "Mistress, please do not put the whip away. I still have bad thoughts. You must strike me again."

The Countess was amazed and delighted. She came close to the hanging girl. "If I continue your punishment, I can do so with no less than a full dozen strokes up between your legs," she said. "A full dozen as hard as I can deliver them."

The answer was a spreading of the long, lovely legs again. "If it must be, it must be. Please strike me hard, Mistress."

"I will," said the Countess. "I will."

And she did.

8

Punishment for Failure

The Count flopped into a padded leather chair and sighed. "Those girls, they're really something incredible!"

"I'm sure they are. That Samatha is certainly something else." The Countess was mixing herself a cocktail, it being an acceptable time of the afternoon for it. "What experiments do you have the other two doing?" She emphasized the word "experiments" just enough to convey that she knew the whole thing was just a farce.

"Darlene is kneeling with her neck chained to the short post in that clearing. Her arms are tied behind her with the elbows together and her ankles are tied."

"Can she get free?"

"No way. I checked on her a few times and she was wiggling and straining but hadn't loosened a single knot."

"Good. And the other one."

"That one is a little vixen." He accepted the cocktail she offered. "She actually refused to accept that little uniform thingie you picked for them."

"You mean she kept her clothes?"

"No, she's hanging upside down by her ankles in one of the padded rooms, completely naked!"

"The little hussy!"

"Quite so. The funny part was that she asked me if I was planning to rape her this afternoon, and when I said no, she said it didn't make any difference then if she was clothed or not. Isn't that a real laugh?"

"Yes. By the way, Ryan, dear, when do you plan to rape the little thing?"

"I was considering doing it tonight or tomorrow, but I think I'll wait a while. Savor the anticipation, so to speak. I'm having so much fun playing this little psychologist game. And those two are playing right along with it." He sipped the cocktail then set the glass down on the table. "And how did things work out with the one you took?"

"She's also incredible, but in a different way. You remember telling me that there are some girls who just love the feeling of helplessness that comes from being tied up? Well, this one loves the feeling of pain."

"Pain?"

"Yes. She gave me some pretty broad hints that she felt she should be punished. So I strung her up by her wrists and whipped her with a strap. She's hanging down in the dungeon right now, you can go see if you wish."

"Isn't that a little harsh? I thought we agreed to bring them along slowly to see how far we can stretch this little game of ours? Whipping her on the first day? I would have thought you could wait for two or three days."

"Dear," the Countess said with a glow in her voice, "if you had seen the demure, innocent and submissive look in her eyes, you would not have been able to resist taking some leather to her bare skin either. I have seen you whip some of the slaves pretty hard, you know."

The Count shook his head and smiled. "Boy, have we found ourselves a trio of real gems." He sighed contentedly and sipped his cocktail.

"And what do we have planned for this evening?" she asked. "I mean, after we untie them and feed them. Any games on the schedule?"

"I told them that they could do the 'Contest' this evening. But considering each of them has been treated a little roughly today, perhaps they'll decline the offer."

"I think you're wrong. In fact, I'll bet you that at least two of them decide to do the Contest."

"You're on. Darlene might, but Christy and Samatha have had it rougher than the blonde. I mean, being whipped and hanging by your wrists all afternoon is not comfortable treatment. And hanging upside down... Well, one would think that those two girls will want to take it easy for the evening. The Darlene is rather competitive, she's likely to do it."

"Well, I think you're wrong."

"And just what kind of bet do you want to make?"

"We both agree that holding off on using these girls sexually is a good idea. I'm having fun with this little game, too. But there is slave Carla. If I'm right, then Carla will go with me to my bedroom and service me tonight. If I'm wrong, then she goes with you. Good enough?"

The Count smiled. "Done. I wonder what that Carla would think if she knew she was the prize in a bet. By the way, if you took Samatha to the dungeon to whip her, didn't she see Carla there?"

"I have Carla locked in that little room just off the dungeon. You know, the one with the two metal bars coming out of the walls."

He nodded. And made plans to check up on their current slavegirl. He was curious just how his wife had secured her. There were times when he and his wife battled with each other to see who could come up with the wildest bondage to hold slavegirls. It was a fun contest.

"Well," he said as he rose, "time to check on our experimental subjects. Remember to call them subjects, not slaves, will you?"

"Of course, dear. I'll go let Samatha down, she's hung there for over two hours now."

They went their separate ways, the Count out into the warm afternoon sunshine, and the Countess down into the

underground portion of the house. There she found her whipped girl still hanging motionless with bowed head. The Countess wondered if the girl was sleeping.

Slowly she walked around the hanging girl, noting the redness of the skin and several places where it was slightly bruised. It's hard to whip a pair of breasts without harming the tender skin some. And that wonderfully smooth bottom was more than just red. Shades of purple and blue and black mixed together to color her cheeks. The Countess mentally chastised herself for laying it on heavier than she should have. This was, after all, suppose to be a girl engaged as an experimental subject, to use Ryan's term, not a slave. Not yet. There was no doubt in her mind that Samatha would sooner or later become a full time, totally controlled slavegirl. And probably sooner rather than later. This ruse of scientific study was not going to last too long, she thought.

Pausing before the punished girl, she lifted the chin to tilt the head back and look into Samatha's eyes. The soft brown doe-eyes looked back with a strange contentment. "Do you feel punished?" the Countess asked.

"Yes, Mistress," came the reply. "You have whipped me very well."

"Have you been whipped like that before?"

"Yes."

"Oh? Tell me about it."

Samatha sighed deeply and began, "When I was only seventeen, I met a boy I really loved. I would do anything for him. I even ran away from my parents and lived with him. He was always a little rough when it came to sex. He liked to squeeze my breasts until I squealed and pinch my bottom and nipples. And then he began spanking me before having sex. It hurt but it was also wonderful to have him love me so much that he would do that for me." She paused. "He used to tie my hands behind me so that I couldn't stop him from slapping me around. Or from whipping my bottom with his belt. He used to gag me also so the neighbors in the other apartments couldn't hear. Almost every night I would have my bottom

spanked and my breasts slapped until he was ready to screw me.”

The Countess listened in fascination.

“Then one night he left me tied after we had sex. In the morning I was stiff and sore but he liked finding me all tied up when he awoke, so he began doing that to me every night. Usually he just tied my hands behind my back, sometimes my legs together also. But sometimes he would be angry and he would leave me on the floor in a tight hogtie. Or tied to a chair in the front room with the window drapes pulled back. I was scared that someone would see me all naked and tied up and call the police.”

“I understand,” said the Countess.

“Under my clothes I was always bruised or marked up. I couldn’t go to the beach or swimming because people would see. But I didn’t mind. I loved Tim and would do anything for him. I even begged him to hurt me more because I saw how it excited him.”

“Love is like that,” said the Countess, a woman who would never have endure even a fraction of that for any man.

“We lived together for a long time. I was whipped with a belt, sort of like what you did, several times a week.”

“When did it end?”

“Six months ago. Tim began doing something that I couldn’t put up with. He began using drugs. Then he took to giving me to his male friends to use for sex. He took money from them to buy drugs with. He stopped paying attention to me, all he cared about was the drugs and keeping me naked and tied down for his friends to use. And strangers, too.”

The Countess made a face. She and her husband occasionally got a little too high, but that was on good scotch. The both avoided the “in fashion” drugs so common among the rich classes. There were too many ways to get a natural high — like whipping a lovely woman’s bare butt until it was black and blue, and listening to her screams.

“When I saw the Count’s posting on the Internet, I thought of it as a way to both continue enjoying what I like, and to get

away from Tim." She smiled sweetly and every so meekly. "And I think I have found someone who understands my needs."

"You have, my dear, you have." The Countess lovingly touched the girl's cheek with gently fingers. "I will take care of you." She failed to mention that a lifetime enslavement would go along with the tender, loving care.

"I'm going to let you down now," she added. "It's hard on the wrists hanging that long."

"Yes, Mistress. I have lost feeling in my hands."

She lowered the naked girl to the platform, noting that her legs were unsteady enough so that she sank to the wood. The ropes were tightened down from the weight on them and the struggling, so she had a little trouble working the knots out. While she was doing that, she suddenly stopped what she was doing and stood back. "I thought you told Ryan that you were a student and had an older brother who used to tie you up? I don't recall anything about this Tim guy."

"I was a college student when I met Tim. And I do have an older brother who used to tie me up all the time when we were kids. He liked doing it and I liked being tied. We used to have to hide it from our parents. Mother thought we were terribly strange to do that. Oh, my hands are waking up. And Robert used to tickle me and spank me when he had me all tied up. I laughed like crazy when he tickled me, and cried when he spanked my bottom. But I loved it when he did it to me."

"And why didn't you tell the Count about this Tim?"

"I was afraid that Tim might come across my email. It was his computer."

The Countess finished peeling the rope from her slender wrists. Her story made sense. And if not, she didn't really care. This girl's love of being hurt was very real. And totally unlike the usual slavegirls she played with. They all hated being hurt and screamed bloody murder. Not that the screams were unpleasant... But a girl who begs to be struck harder — that was something special. She was beginning to really understand her husband's fascination with submissive women.

"When your hands wake up, I'm going to tie them behind your back. Then I'm going to put a collar around your beautiful neck and hook a leash to that."

"Will I be freed in time for dinner?"

"I don't know. What would you say to the idea that I keep you tied or chained indefinitely?"

Samatha frowned slightly and the Countess feared that perhaps she had gone a little too far. Her offer should have conveyed to Samatha that she intended to keep Samatha as a slave.

"I'm sure," began Samatha softly, "that it would be a good idea to keep my hands tied all the time. I am constantly getting bad thoughts and often want to touch myself. It is wrong to play with yourself. My mother told me that if I did it too much, I would go blind. I don't know about that, but it is wrong. If you keep my hands tied behind my back, then I can't touch myself and get in trouble."

"Exactly, my dear." The Countess took the rope and pulled Samatha's arms around behind her to tie them there. The wrists were crossed and it was actually a rather comfortable bit of restraint — by the Countess' standards — but it seemed the right thing to do right then. When Samatha's hands were snug and secure behind her, the Countess stood her on her feet. Then she placed her hands on both sides of that innocent face and gently kissed her on the lips.

Samatha did nothing at first, but after a second she closed her eyes and returned the kiss. It was both a friendly kiss and a passionate one at the same time. There was warmth behind it and the promise of much more to come, and both women knew that. But the Countess was strangely content to let things happen slowly. This woman was not just another slave to whip and force into sexual acts, and then discard, she was a special prize. Still a slave, no question about that, but a special one.

They went off together to find a suitable collar.

Long shadows crept across the grass as the afternoon sun

began to disappear behind the tree tops. Darlene looked at it and wondered how many hours she had spent tied and chained to that post. However many it was, it had not been enough to allow her to work the ropes off, or remove the chain from her neck. No amount of time would be enough for that, and she knew it. And it made her feel good inside each time she pulled her arms or felt around with her fingers. Even the harsh snubbing of her neck by the chain when she accidentally moved her head a little too far, too quickly, was a nice part of the helpless feeling.

And it was having an effect upon the lovely young woman. A heat burned between her legs that she could do nothing about. Twist as best she could, questing fingers still could not quite reach the curly hairs guarding her sex. She was reduced to rubbing her pussy as hard as she could against the wooden post. By pressing her body against the wood, she could bring some pressure to bare upon her Venus mound, but it just wasn't the same as having a nice, understanding and loving finger stroke her clit. Many times during the long afternoon she cried out in frustration and anger.

When the Count came, Darlene was ready to tell him that she needed a man — very badly. But as he unlocked the padlock and removed the chain from around her neck, she held the words back. He untied her ankles, and helped her to her feet but left her arms bound while he guided her back to the house. She knew that he could easily satisfy the burning desire between her legs. His manhood, or even a finger, could do that easily. Even just untying her arms and turning his back while she fingered herself would do it. But Darlene said nothing, suggested nothing, and suffered quietly a wonderful kind of torture. She was very excited and it would be nice to reach the satisfaction she craved. But it was also wonderful to be in that condition. It didn't make sense, but she knew that she didn't want this very nice feeling to end. And yet she would not be unhappy were he to pull aside that flimsy material from her sex and use her as a man was meant to use a woman.

-As they walked back to the house, she told herself that to give into to that primitive urge would be to ruin a good thing. If she were to throw herself at him, even worse, if he were to accept her, then she would probably not be able to continue with the experiments. And she wanted to do that very much. So she said nothing and was led back into the house.

After storing Darlene, with arms still bound, in one of the padded cells, the Count entered the room where he had left Christy hanging upside down by her ankles over three hours before. She was still there, her arms still bound behind her and still hanging by her ankles. She was hanging absolutely still, and for a second the Master of that house and island thought that perhaps he had left her hanging too long and something bad had happened. Walking over to the hanging nudity made no sound because of the thickly padded carpet so she didn't know he was standing there. He could see the slow rise and fall of her chest and knew that she was still alive.

For a while he simply studied her body. It was a fine body. Not as lush and full as Darlene, but very nice. Every curve, every muscle was smooth but firm, not an ounce of fat anywhere. Yet she wasn't over developed. Just a very athletic, in shape female. And not too bad looking, either. He had noticed when she smiled at dinner the prior night, she looked very sexy and inviting. Too bad she didn't smile more.

"Have you seen enough?" asked a voice from about the level of his stiffening penis. He looked down to see Christy's eyes were open and staring at the bulge in his pants.

"You seem to have weathered this ordeal in good shape," he told her, ignoring the erection they both were well aware of. "But I noticed that you failed to escape from the ropes."

"This time. Next time maybe a different story." There was some strain in her voice, but surprisingly hanging for many hours didn't seem to have done much harm.

"Good. I like that attitude. Now tell me what you were feeling as you hung here, all alone. I'm sure that you tried to free yourself, but how did you feel after that, when you knew that you could not."

Christy closed her eyes for a second, then opened them again and began, "I was angry. I don't like not being in control. I could not free my arms and without my hands to work at the other ropes, I could not get down."

"If you don't like not being in control, why did you volunteer for these experiments in the first place?"

Christy was silent for long enough to make the Count think that she was not going to reply. But finally she said, in a voice very quiet for her, "I have to."

"Have to?"

"I'm driven by inner urges that I cannot control." She closed her eyes again and continued. "I seek out men or women who can tie the best, tightest and most secure. Then I challenge them to do their best on me. And I fight the ropes as hard as I can. Sometimes I get out, sometimes I don't."

"I see. And you don't really want to do this?"

"Why should I want to be humiliated by failure?" she almost snapped. "Yet I find myself putting myself into that position again and again. I can't help myself."

The Count sighed. This girl was strange. Strange and wonderful. Both defiant and submissive at the same time. He wondered what it was that would satisfy her. He was not a real psychologist but understood human nature a little. It was obvious that she really sought the condition of total helplessness because it satisfied something in her. But what?

He noted that she was still staring at his pants. And that the nipples not far from his face were taunt, rigid, perhaps with sexual excitement. He was willing to bet that if he placed a finger within her sex, he would find it moist and heated.

Then an idea came to him. "Christy, my dear, when you find yourself in a condition like this, where you are helpless and very definitely not in control, what do you think should be done to you?"

She frowned. "I guess I should be punished for my failure to escape. But not whipped," she added quickly. "It would be terrible to be so helpless and then hurt." She paused again as if it were an internal struggle to find the right words. "I guess

I should be punished by... Well, by having to do something that I would never want to do."

Ah, ha! he thought. And he began to understand what drove this girl. Repressed sexual urges and desires. For whatever reason, she could not allow herself to engage in sexual acts. So she repeatedly put herself in a position where those acts can be forced upon her! And since she was totally helpless, she could not be considered guilty of anything!

Putting this theory to a test, he asked her, "If I may get a little personal, may I ask if you find sexual intercourse very pleasurable, okay or not pleasant?"

For the first time she bent her head to look up at his eyes. "Men are such bastards," she said. "Sex is wham, bam, thank you ma'am, and they're done. No, sex is not pleasurable."

So he was right. But how to exploit her nature?

"Do you feel that you should be punished for failing to free yourself today?"

"I don't care."

"I think you do. Please be honest with me. Should you be punished? Provided the punishment does not involve any serious pain?"

Her reply was weak, "Yes."

"Have you ever been forced to perform oral sex upon a man? Fellatio, as it's called."

"I... Once. My boyfriend used to tie me up because I told him that I wanted to try to escape. Then, when I failed, he would tease me and screw me before untying me. One night he told me to suck his penis. I refused. That's a terrible thing to make a girl do! Then he put clothespins on my nipples. That hurt something terrible. They were wooden clothespins and they made my nipples burn and hurt. I could feel a ache all the way into my breasts. Then he told me that he would not take them off until I had given him a blow job. Gawd, I hate that term!"

"But you did it?"

"I did it. He came in my mouth and it was all messy. I spit it out and felt it run down my chin and neck onto the bed."

"You felt no excitement at doing that?"

She was silent.

"Never mind. Let's get back to the present. You have said that you should be punished for failing to escape from the bondage that you are current in. I will give you a choice. I can take my belt and whip your bottom until it is all red and burning. It will hurt and you will undoubted jerk around and cry a lot. Or I can unzip my pants and present my penis for you to, as you put it, give me a blow job. Which will it be?"

Christy frowned as she considered the two alternatives. The Count knew which she would choice, that was obvious. Unlike Samatha, this girl really didn't like pain. He had offered that choice as a psychological ploy. It is smarter to offer her two choices, either of which he would enjoy, than to simply ask if she wanted one choice nor not. By telling her to pick between two, she committed herself to one or the other.

"Unzip your pants," she said with distaste.

The erect rod that sprang forth was not huge, nor was it small. Christy opened her mouth and closed her eyes. With his hands on her hips, the Count guided her mouth onto his staff. Surprisingly, or perhaps not so, she immediately accepted it and began working her mouth around the stiff shaft. Her tongue rubbed around the soft head and she worked her mouth back and forth along it. Almost immediately he felt his erection stiffen even more and a tingle begin in his balls. Perhaps it had been the playing all day with naked and nearly naked girl who wanted to be tied, even begged for it. Or it was the lovely nudity hanging before him, so beautiful and helpless. But he knew he was not going to last long with her velvety and warm mouth working like that on him.

And he didn't. With a grunt, he came, shooting his semen into her mouth. She reacted with a choking sound and almost pulled her head off his shaft. Then she reversed the direction and took so much of it into her mouth that he thought she was trying to swallow him. She sucked and caressed his rod until every last drop of fluid was out of it. And she swallowed it all.

When she released the shriveling flesh, he was feeling

pretty good, but Christy had a look of hurt and disappointment on her face.

He made a slow ritual of replacing his penis and zipping up his pants. "Thank you," he said.

"Don't thank me," she said. "I had to do it. If I wasn't all tied up, I would never have done that."

"Yet you swallowed the cum. If you hate that act so much, why do that?"

"I didn't want it running up my nose. I am hanging upside down, you know."

"Ah, yes. Well, it's time to let you down." And he lowered her to the floor. As he removed the ropes, he wondered if perhaps he shouldn't keep her tied. He knew full well that there would come a point where he could no longer keep up the farce of the experiments. Had his giving in and using her mouth for sex destroy the myth? He tried a question to test that, "You won't mention how you were tied here this afternoon to the others, will you?"

Christy looked at him with a little puzzlement on her face. "Oh, you mean the experiments. Of course I won't. I agreed to that before. And," she added with a hint of smile, "I won't tell them about your little punishment."

"The punishment was just a part of the experiments."

"Does that mean that I may be punished again?" she said slowly.

He removed the last of the ropes from her wrists as he answered, "This is very possible." Then, just to cover all bases, "There are a few experiments which will involve some punishments of a different type."

"What type?"

"Spankings mostly. But maybe also clamps on your nipples to provide a degree of pain so we can measure your reaction to that."

"Like wooden clothespins?" she asked.

"Probably much the same in the degree of pain caused."

For a few seconds she was silent as she massaged her wrists, then she replied, "If you have to."

"And occasionally," he continued, sensing that he was on a roll with this girl, "if you fail to escape, you will be placed in tight rope bondage for the entire night."

"How tight?"

"How tight can you take?"

"That's pretty tight," she commented with a smile.

"You really are very pretty when you smile," he told her honestly. "You should do it more often."

Christy didn't reply to that. Instead she changed the subject, "When's dinner? I'm starved."

He offered her clothes back to her. "It would be better if you were to dress for dinner. And please excuse me, I have to untie Darlene and let her dress also."

"Can I see?"

"I don't see why not. She's not tied the same way as she was all afternoon, so it won't give you any preview of that experiment."

She followed him into the other room and watched as he removed the rope from Darlene's arms. There were deep, red marks left when the rope was peeled away but no bruises. She could hardly move her arms for a while and they had to wait until she could use her hands again before allowing her to dress. Christy, who had carried her clothes in her hand, also dressed at the same time.

Darlene was just putting on her shoes when she looked up to Christy and asked, "You were naked when you came in here? Didn't you wear the uniform?"

"No. I don't mind if a man sees my body. It's a good one. And that uniform doesn't really hide much, does it?"

"You've got that right. I almost feel more naked with it on than with it off." Darlene turned to the Count who was standing by with an amused smile on his face. "Count, why should we wear the uniform?"

"It was chosen by my wife as a garment that would provide some modesty while not getting in the way of the restraints."

"Well, if Christy doesn't care, then I don't. Tomorrow I won't need the uniform. Isn't my body nice to look at, too?"

Gallantly he smiled and bowed to both women. "You both have very lovely figures, and I enjoy looking at them. I'm a man, I don't mind admitting that I applaud your decision."

Darlene giggled.

9

The Contest

"I trust you all enjoyed dinner." The Count was playing the gracious host in the lounge after dinner. The Countess was there, as was all three of their "experimental subjects." Darlene had to agree that the dinner was fine, the prime rib being very tender. Christy only smiled slightly as if she knew some secret, and Samatha didn't say a thing. Both the other girls noted the leather collar around her neck and the way that she stayed near the Countess. And the multicolored marks that showed where her clothing didn't quite cover her flesh.

"Good," he continued. "As I promised, this evening you each will be given an opportunity to challenge some rope bondage. This is simply a friendly contest, not a part of the general experiments. And it will give each of you a chance to earn yourself a little spending money." He smiled at each of the girls in turn. "If any of you take the challenge and win, I will give you ten one hundred dollar bills."

Both Christy and Darlene's eyebrows rose at the mention of money. Samatha didn't seem to care.

The Count removed a wallet from the inside pocket of his evening jacket and took ten new, crisp bills from it. He laid them down on a coffee table and spread the ten bills out. Then

he went to a cabinet, opened the doors and took out four coiled lengths of white cotton clothesline. He placed that down next to the money.

"There are four pieces of rope, each twenty-five feet long. That is the maximum rope that will be used for the challenge, not one foot more. And you will not be bound to anything but yourself. Any of you who accept the challenge may do it right here on the carpet or in private, your choice. And the time limit will be one hour. If you have not worked your way free by then, you probably won't." He smiled all around again, and paused to exchange glances with the Countess. "Do I have any takers?"

Christy and Darlene looked at each other, then at Samatha. Samatha was looking at the ropes but did not say anything. Finally Christy picked up one of the coils of rope and weighed it in her hand. "I guess I'm game to try this. How about you, Darlene?" She tossed the rope to Darlene.

"Yeah, why not?" Darlene said with a smile.

"Do you wish to go one at a time, or both at the same time?" the Count asked.

For a few seconds Christy was looking at Darlene with a strange expression on her face. Then she looked to the Count to ask, "Which do you two prefer? You want a show of two girls rolling around and struggling on your carpet? Or one at a time."

The Count smiled, his standard reaction to most any comment, then told them, "You may both take the challenge at the same time. I'll even bind both of you in the same manner — as alike as I can make it."

"Good," said Darlene as she tossed the rope to the Count. "Take your best shot."

"Both of you please come over here," he say, gesturing to the large open area before the fireplace. Darlene and Christy both stood and walked over to the edge of the huge carpet. The Count fetched four additional coils of rope from the cabinet and joined them. "I will bind each of you as closely to the same time as I can so there will be no advantage either

way." He uncoiled one of the lengths of rope and stood there holding the end with the small loop tied in it.

Christy smiled and crossed her arms before her, grabbed the bottom of her tee shirt and pulled up. In a second the shirt was off and she was bare from the waist up. Unhooking the shorts and lowering them to where she could step out of them was the work of only a few more seconds. The lack of bra and panties allowed her to be completely naked in a quick time.

The Countess lifted one eyebrow but said nothing. The Count took Christy's hands and placed them behind her back then fitted a sliding loop around them. As he was tightening it down and wrapping the rope carefully around the wrists, Darlene was reaching behind her to unzip the soft blue dress she had put on for dinner. It took her a little longer to disrobe totally because of the pantyhose, bra and panties, but she was standing there in the buff before the Count had finished cinching down and knotting Christy's wrists.

He then took another piece of rope and bound Darlene's wrists in the same manner. Christy watched carefully, figuring that the way he had tied her wrists was the same as the way he was tying Darlene's. It always helped to know exactly how you were bound.

After the wrists, there came the elbows. Each girl had hers joined behind her, very tightly and solidly knotted. As the Count selected the next piece of rope to use, the two naked woman looked at each other. Both had their arms very tightly bound behind them, and both were thrusting their breasts out as if trying outdo each other. Darlene won, having been endowed by nature with a larger set.

The Count had each girl sit on the edge of a couch while he bound their legs, first above the knees and then at the ankles. The ankle ropes he knotted several times but left about four feet of rope hanging down.

"Would each of you please work your way to the middle of the carpet and lay down on our stomachs?"

Both girls knew what was coming next. And it was logical — a hogtie would be much harder to get out of and would

require only a few feet of extra rope. They both hopped over to the middle of the floor. Christy gracefully lowered herself to the floor by twisting as she bent her knees. Darlene bent as much as she could then fell to her knees. From there she lowered herself as much as she could then fell over on her side. Soon enough both girls were laying on their stomachs, their legs bent upward in preparation for the hogtie. The Count took the rope from Christy's ankles and passed it over her wrist bondage, between her forearms and back down between her lower legs. He pulled on the rope to tighten down the hogtie and her legs bent more and more until her hands were touching her feet. Then he pushed her hands down under her feet and pulled on the rope some more. By guiding her bound wrists and tightening down the rope, he managed to place her wrists directly under her ankles and solidly tied to them. He wound the rope a couple more times, jerked everything down tightly and then passed the rope up to the elbows where he tied four tight knots.

He repeated the process for Darlene, noting as he did that a little more force was required to bend Darlene's legs into the proper position. Christy was definitely more flexible.

With both girls now in a rather tight hogtie, the Count stepped back, looked at his watch, and announced, "Your time begins now. Each of you has one hour to free herself totally from the ropes. If both of you succeed, you will each win a full prize for yourself. Good luck."

Christy glanced at Darlene then grinned from ear to ear. She enjoyed the challenge. Darlene smiled back. She enjoyed the wonderful feeling of helplessness that those tight ropes created within her. Both girls began tugging and twisting their bound limbs. Both got around to feeling everything within reach of their fingers, hoping for a knot or loose rope.

The Count went over to stand next to the Countess. "I believe, my dear, that you have won our little bet," he said. "That is two of them doing the Contest."

"Very well," said the Countess formally. "Maybe I'll claim my prize later."

"Where is the prize?"

"The same place as I mentioned this afternoon."

"You know the funny thing is that I doubt they'll think of cooperating, they're too competitive. Are you going to stick around and watch these two struggle?" he asked her.

"No, I think you'll get more out of that. I'll tuck Samatha in and get to bed early tonight."

"Very good, dear. After Contest, I'll tuck in the other two. Then I'll go to bed."

The two of them smiled civilly at each other. Then the Countess rose. Samatha immediately got up to leave with her. Ryan watched the two of them leave the room, deep in thought. Something was happening there. Samatha was not acting like the other two. Then he sighed and shrugged his shoulders. If his wife was "staking out" one of the three for herself, that was okay with him. He still had the other two to play with. And, as far as he was concerned, either of them was a nicer play toy than Samatha.

The two play toys were rolling around on carpet, straining and arching their bodies in most delightful ways. The Count sat in a comfortable chair and watched. Christy certainly brought more energy to her struggles but Darlene had a more well-rounded body and was the more beautiful. The Count sighed. This was the life!

At the end of an hour's struggling, all either girl had accomplished was to get rug-burns on their stomach, knees and breasts. Those minor abrasions hurt some and had the unexpected effect of making their nipples very sensitive. Both were still hogtied as the Count was sure they would be. When a girl allows to you to bind her anyway you want, and you know what you're doing, she will not be able to escape, he told himself.

"Time," he called out, then stood to go over to where they were laying on the floor. Each of the girls had disheveled hair, Christy's being less messed up because it was shorter, and each was covered with a fine sheen of sweat from their exertions. "You both did very well," he told them. "But I'm

afraid neither of you has won the prize."

"This is a pretty tight way to tie a girl," said Christy, "especially for a contest."

"I did not say that the contest would be easy."

"And it wasn't," chipped in Darlene. "This is the tightest hogtie I've ever been in."

"And you, Christy? Was this the tightest hogtie you've ever been in?" he asked.

"No."

"No?"

"No. I've been in several tighter ones."

"That is interesting. You must tell me about those."

Christy looked meaningfully at Darlene.

Ah, the competitive nature of these two, he thought. "Another time. Do you two want to be untied now?" He knew they both expected to be untied at the end of the contest, and he was prepared to do so, but wanted to play with them a little first.

To his surprise, neither girl immediately replied with the expected response. They both actually seemed to be thinking it over! Incredible! Finally, Darlene voiced her opinion, "You've got us very nicely hogtied, Sir. And I like it. But it will be a little hard to sleep like this."

"Speak for yourself," Christy shot back. "I could sleep all night like this. And have."

"I'm sure you could, my dear," said the Count quickly. "I'm sure you could. Tell you what I'll do. I'll untie Darlene first and escort her to her bedroom. Then I'll come back and do the same for you. That will give you an extra half hour or so. If that fine?"

"Okay with me," said Christy casually, as if it really didn't matter much to her.

The Count removed the ropes from Darlene's body, noting the way some of them had embedded themselves in her flesh. The deep indentations were reddish in color and looked a little like there were still ropes tightly wrapped around the limbs. He helped her to her feet. As they walked away from the still

bound Christy, Darlene came to where her dress and underwear were piled. She picked them up and, looking back to see that Christy was watching, casually carried them in one hand without making the slightest move to put them back on. It was her way of saying that she could be as brazen as Christy.

As they passed the coffee table, the Count picked up the bills and handed them to Darlene. "You have worked hard and deserve a reward. Please keep the prize, you have earned it."

She started to protest that she hadn't won, but then remembered that the Count had more money than she would every see, even if she visited the US Mint. So she said thank you, and tucked the money in with her bra and panties.

At the door of the room assigned to her they paused. The Count took her free hand and gallantly lifted it to his lips to kiss the back of her hand. "May you have a most pleasant sleep, my dear. I will see you in the morning."

"Good night," said Darlene, a little puzzled. It didn't seem quite right that she could be standing naked just outside a bedroom and this man not make a pass at her. She felt a little hurt and didn't really know why.

Back in the lounge, the Count stopped to mix himself a cocktail. Then he sipped it for a few long minutes while watching the naked Christy, who was no longer struggling but content to lay there and watch him.

"Are you going to leave me hogtied all night?" she finally asked.

"Do you want that?" he countered, enjoying this little game.

"I could take it."

"That's not what I asked."

"Would I like it? It would be uncomfortable."

"I will take that for a negative." He put down his cocktail and came over to the hogtied girl. He knelt down beside her and began unknotting the ropes. "You said that you have been in tighter hogties. May I ask what kind they were?"

"Well, this one is very good. Better than most, in fact. But if you were to take the rope from my ankles and tie them up to

my elbows instead of my wrists..."

"HMMMMMM, I think I see what you mean. Then I could pull your feet up very high on your back. Your body would be forced into more arch. That would make the hogtie much tighter."

"And then there is the ultimate hogtie," she told him.

"That ultimate... But what is that?"

"I'll tell you some other time," she said.

"Sometime when it would be more practical to place you in it?" he asked.

"Perhaps." Christy smiled back at him. This was a game she also enjoyed.

"Then I will be patient and wait for the opportunity. Which might come as soon as tomorrow."

The hint was not lost on Christy. "It's very rough on a girl," she said, trying to sound as if she were having second thoughts about telling him this secret.

"I'm sure it is."

"Most women could never take the strain."

"I'm sure you're right."

"Darlene would be screaming for help in ten minutes. Fifteen tops."

"And you wouldn't?"

Christy noted that he was talking as if it were already an agenda item. "Eventually I would reach my limit of it."

"Oh... And what then?"

"You mean, what if I'm left in it? I'd probably scream a lot."

He laughed at her attitude. "You're a delightful girl," he told her. "Delightful. But we shall see. I think we can arrange the schedule so that tomorrow morning would be available."

Christy frowned slightly and hoped that her big mouth wasn't getting her into something she would regret.

"There, that's the last of the rope on your arms. If you'll turn over and sit up, I can get at your legs."

When she was standing and he was admiring the pressure marks on her arms and legs, he informed her of the reward.

Ten new bills came from his wallet and were handed to the naked woman. "Gee, that's nice of you!" she exclaimed. Then she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. For the couple of seconds of the kiss, while her naked body was pressed against his, and her lips were full upon his, the Count's resolve not to rape this dancer wavered and almost crumbled. She was, after all, really a captive of his house, the same as the slave Carla down in the basement. Only she didn't know it the same was as Carla did.

Then she broke off and the moment of indecision was passed. "I'll walk you to your bedroom," he said. "Tomorrow is another full day of experiments."

"And I'm sure that you'll dream up some real dozies for me."

"If you mean that I will attempt to test your limits, that is true. As I told you before, some of the experiments may become a little uncomfortable."

"That's okay. You hung me upside down all afternoon, remember? What could be worse? The Countess and you whipping me?" She laughed to show that she was not taking the idea seriously. He smiled and pushed down the thought that the Countess and he would certainly be whipping her fine, tight little body one day.

Having escorted her to her bedroom and kissed her hand in the Continental fashion, the Count made a trip to the monitor room. No house belonging to a rich person was without some kind of security system. The Count found Raymond Desaze on duty. The dark skinned, former Green Beret officer looked up as the Count settled down into the next chair. "That Darlene staying in her room?" he asked.

By way of reply, Desaze flipped a switch and one of the monitors switched to a view of Darlene's bedroom. Darlene was in the middle of the picture, laying on her bed, still completely naked, and blissfully unaware of the hidden camera granting two men full view of her privacy. At that point, the beautiful young woman was fingering her pussy, toying with her sex. Her eyes were closed and the Count just

knew that she was remembering the tight hogtie she had just gotten out of. For a while they watched the young woman excite and then bring herself up to a climax. They could hear her gasping and moans from the microphones hidden in the headboard of the bed.

Desaze grinned. "Quite a show. I'll be she's a great fuck."

"She probably is quite good in bed," the Count replied, showing his dislike for the crude reference to intercourse. "But for tonight now neither of us is going to find out. Just keep a watch on her. If she leaves the bedroom, have one of the servants follow her. I don't want her getting into places where she doesn't belong."

"Why don't you just chain her up and shove her into the dungeon like you two do with all the other girls?"

"Because I'm having too much fun playing psychologist with them. Where did my wife take Samatha?"

"Into her bedroom. They've been there every since. Sorry I can't show you a picture of that room."

"That's okay. The Countess is entitled to some privacy." The Count smiled to himself. No wonder the Countess didn't seem concerned about the bet. She knew that she was going to have a bed mate for the night. And one that she probably would prefer over slave Carla, if for no other reason than that this one was new.

"Raymond, you'd probable find what's going on in my wife's bedroom very interesting. But it isn't worth the hassle we would get if she found out that we were spying on her.

"You're probably right, Sir."

"Well, I'm going to go to bed. Keep a close eye on Darlene and Christy. Samatha will not be going anywhere until morning."

"Yes, Sir."

In the bedroom that had no security camera, Samatha was indeed in no condition to go anywhere. She was keeling on the pink satin bedspread, wrists and ankles locked in handcuffs, a leash hooked to her neck collar, and the other end

of which was in the Countess' hand as she lay on her back on the bed. The leash was pulled, dragging the girl's head down between her mistress' legs.

"Lick me. Suck on me. That's it. Shove your tongue in between those and lick me. Ohhhhh, ahhhhh! Yes, like that. Harder!"

When the arts of Lesbos had worked their magic and the Countess satisfied, she allowed her new slavegirl to sleep next to her. She did not remove the handcuffs tightly locked around wrists and ankles, so the slender girl was never free, not for a second. She lay next to the body of the woman she was rapidly coming to love, content in the feeling that she was loved and would be taken care of. The ten fresh whipmarks across her already marked up bottom burned but it was a nice burn. It meant that she was loved.

Slave Carla was in the room where the Countess had indicated. It was a small room, noted for the thickness and soundproofing of the walls, and the two metal pipes that came out of one wall and disappeared into the opposite one. Each pipe was only half an inch in diameter. Between the pipes was bound Carla in a very uncomfortable position. She had been moaning when the Count opened the door and for a while he stood there listening to the audio expression of her suffering. And suffering she was for the Countess had been cruel in the manner of binding the girl. The Count knew how it had been done because he had watched her to the same to other slaves. First the slave was made to stand on a chair, which put her shoulders at the level of the top pipe. Her back was placed against the pipe and the arms were hooked over it. The wrists were crossed and bound behind her, then more rope was used to bind the wrists hard against the narrowest part of the waist.

Then the chair was taken away, leaving the unfortunate girl hanging by the pipe under her arms. Her feet were then lifted and bound separately to the bottom pipe by the ankles. The second pipe was at a height just below the girl's ass so she could gain no ease by sitting on it. If she pushed with her legs,

she could lift her hips up and away from the pipes some, easing the strain of the pipe under her arms. But soon her legs would be unable to take the strain and she would have to settle back down.

It was a very cruel position to leave a girl bound in, especially for any length of time, and Carla had been there most of the day.

When Carla finally lifted her head, her eyes were dull and red from crying. With a dry mouth and a voice harsh from screaming, she pleaded, "Please... Let me down... I can't stand it." The words were slow and weak.

"Maybe later. Right now I want something else."

Positioning himself directly in front of the suffering woman, he unzipped his pants. The way in which her legs slumped down, and the way in which the ankles had been bound spread wide apart, meant that her sex was pushed forward and at the right height. Feeling her pussy, he found it not lubricated enough for his purpose, so he began teasing the clit with his fingers while the other hands squeezed one breast.

"No, please, no. Don't get me turned on," she begged.

"Don't tell me what I can do, slave!" he said angrily. Then he slapped her breast. And again, as hard as he could. She gasped and fresh tears came. Grabbing the reddening breast, he dug his fingers into the soft flesh hard until she cried out.

But his finger found that her vagina was becoming moist. A minute later he spread wide the entrance to her vagina and shoved his rod up and into her. She cried out as he did it for there was not quite enough lubrication and it hurt. Ignoring her discomfort, the Count pumped away at the helpless and hurting woman, pounding against her hips with his. Each impact brought fresh pain to her tortured shoulders and she cried.

Before long the Count had what he wanted. Grabbing her hips with both hands, he thrust upward as hard as he could while pulling down on her hips. He shot his load into her, grunting as he did and enjoying the feminine sobbing. It added to the sexual pleasure.

When he was finished, he zipped up his pants and backed away, leaving a trickle of semen was running down the inside of one thigh. He closed the door behind him, leaving her alone in the dark again.

She could only pray that he would not forget about her and leave her all night in misery.

10

Fantasies Do Come True

First thing the next morning, the Count checked in on the security station. Another man, one everyone called Scar because of a long, quite nasty knife scare running from above his left eye to his upper lip, was on duty.

"Either of them go anywhere during the night?" he asked as soon as he settled down into one of the chairs.

"No. That one," Scar pointed to the monitor showing Darlene's bedroom, "did leave her room for a minute last night. She went into the hallway, stood there like she was thinking, then went back into her bedroom. That's all."

"Good. You can cease monitoring for now, the Countess and I will be working with the girls during the day. And, believe me, they won't be wandering around unattended."

"Yes, Sir."

For a few minutes Ryan sat there, contemplating the two scenes on the monitors. Darlene was dressing for breakfast, totally unaware of the hidden camera. He watched in amusement as she picked out a bra and a pair of panties, considered them, then tossed them back into the dresser draw. She pulled a lightweight nylon dress over her head and tugged it into place. The material clung to each curve as if caressing

that lovely body. Apparently she had decided to go the same route as Christy, who had worn no underwear from the moment she landed on San Sabastian, and probably long before that.

Turning to the other monitor, he watched Christy doing sit-ups. She did her exercises, he noted, the same as she slept: nude.

A quick check proved what he had suspected, Samatha's bedroom was empty. The tall girl had spent the night in his wife's room. Well, that was okay with him. Soon enough he would have both of the other girls as full time prisoners. And meantime there was slave Carla. And there was the delightful Christy with her "punishment" blow jobs for failure to escape.

Suspecting that Christy was aware by now of the falseness of the experiments, he made plans for the day's tests. Darlene seemed to still believe that she was part of a series of experiments. Well, he would continue the front for another day, maybe more. At least once the deception was ended, he wouldn't have to worry about two girls being free during the night to roam around the island. After that they would both be one of their full time slavegirls, and that meant constantly bound or chained.

"Since you like a challenge," the Count told Christy, "I have devised a very hard one for you."

Those words brought a fire to the young woman's eyes. He delighted to see it there. Her fascination with challenging hopeless situations was a constant source of pleasure for him. As he walked along with her down the stairs towards the area of padded rooms, he glanced her way. She was dressed in a pair of white shorts, very short and very tight, and a white tank top that did nothing to hide her breasts. Already, he noted, those nipples were stiff with anticipation.

"In here," he said, waving to one of the padded room doors. Inside Christy immediately noticed the props he had ordered placed there in preparation for the morning's challenge. There was a pile of coiled up ropes, a ball gag, some black electrical

tape, half a dozen large rolls gray duct tape, a large trunk, and an steel barred cage only a little bit larger than the trunk. When she noticed the air holes cut in the sides of the trunk, she had a pretty good idea of what was in store for her.

"If you would get ready, please?" he asked politely.

Christy knew what he wanted. She pulled off the tank top and tossed it aside. The shorts took a few seconds to wiggle out of and quickly they were lay on the carpet next to the top. She stood before him completely naked and with a beautiful glow of excitement in her eyes.

"I have carefully designed the next experiment," he told her, "so that it will be impossible for you or any woman to escape from the restraints." He watched for and found the expected reaction; she smiled and licked her lips. So he continued to pour it on thick, "In fact, even Houdini himself couldn't get out of this. It is impossible."

Sensing that she was as ready as she would ever be, he picked up one of the coils of rope, unwrapped it and doubled the rope back through the small loop tied in one end. He held the sliding loop that created out. Christy turned her back to him and placed her arms behind her. He looped the wrists and pulled the rope snug, then wrapped it a dozen times around her wrists. He cinched down the rope and knotted it four times, jerking hard on each one to assure it was as tight as possible. As he worked, he notice how she tried to see what was going on behind her. He knew she was studying how the restraints went on in hopes of being able to reverse the process.

But it was as he said, an impossible situation to escape from. After binding her wrists, he tied the elbows tightly together. Then he took the roll of electrical tape and began carefully taping together the fingers of her hands, each finger taped to the corresponding one of the other hand as they were held palm to palm. When he finished, there were five pairs of fingers taped together, placing a great restriction upon her ability to use her fingers. Then he took one of the rolls of duct tape and used it to wrap her fingers all together. But he didn't

stop the winding of the tape until every bit of her fingers were covered save for the very tips. He continued wrapped the tape tightly around and around her hands, then up and around her wrists. The long tape continued, wrapping her arms tightly together, each winding being only an inch higher than the last so there was a fair overlap of the two inch wide tape. He finished off when the windings came to just above her elbows.

She knew for certain that she would fail this test. She could not even wiggle her fingers, so tight was the tape. And she knew he was far from finished with the restraints. Still... It would be fun to try, she told herself.

The Count began the tape roll again but this time thrice around her arms at mid-forearm, then he pulled the tape out and around her waist at the narrowest part. Across the front of her tummy went the sticky tape, then around the other side. Again and again he wrapped the gray tape, pinning her arms to her back very tightly. After nine or ten windings, he cut the tape and smoothed down the end. Then he began wrapping it around her arms just above the elbows and across her chest just below the breasts. When he had finished half a dozen turns, he lifted the tape and place another half a dozen windings around her chest just above the breasts. That finished the roll of tape.

Another roll of tape was used to fasten her hands to her bottom, wrapped around and around her hips, covering her hands from half way down the fingers to just above the wrists. He wrapped each winding carefully, smoothing the tape down, and making sure each turn was exactly as tight as he wanted. Which was pretty tight.

While the Count was reaching for another length of rope, Christy took the moment to pull at her arms and shake herself. It was evident immediately that she would be able to do nothing to free herself. Indeed, it was almost as if he had taken away her arms totally. She could only move the ends of her fingers slightly, the rest of her hands and arms were solidly welded to her back and bottom.

"Would you be so kind as to sit on that trunk?" he asked

her. The trunk was laying on it's side, so it wasn't too hard to sit down on it. Had it been laying on end, the top would have been several inches to high for her bottom.

He then bound her legs together in the same manner as he had her arms. The ropes went on around the ankles, above and below the knees. Then the gray duct tape was wrapped over the ropes. A whole roll was used up on her legs, then he reached for another and she wondered if he were going to wrap her legs from toes to hips, like a mummy. But it was not to be that way. Instead, he picked her up and lowered her to the floor. Bending her at the waist, he folded her body, keeping her legs straight. When her thighs were touching her breasts, he took the tape and wrapped two turns around her legs, then passed the tape around her chest at the level of her breasts. He held her folded in half with his knee and free hand as he placed the tape carefully across her back. Then he rolled her over and continued the tape along the other side and back to her legs, all the while being very careful to keep her body doubled up.

Around and around that tape went, varying a bit from turn to turn, until the entire roll was used up. There was a solid mass of tape from behind her knees down to almost her ass, and her body was effectively locked in a folded up position.

Holding her head back, he took the ball gag and held it before her mouth. She grinned and opened wide to accept the rubber ball. The strap was tightly buckled and her power of speech had been taken away.

As she watched, he opened the trunk. She noted that the two hasps which held it shut had built in locks. Then he removed a black object from the inside of the trunk. The naked woman squealed and shook her head but knew there was nothing she could do about it. The Count easily slipped the discipline hood over her head and began lacing it up in the back. The soft leather of the hood caressed her whole head save for the tiny hole where her nose was allowed to stick out so it could bring in the needed air. As he laced it up, the leather tightened around her head, pressing against her face,

its leather smell was strong from the first second, and very quickly the light was cut off, making her blind.

Christy tried to shake her head. Once before she had worn a discipline hood and hated it. There was something about the tight confinement that she hated although she had no idea why. It was just terrible and she hated it. As the laces were being knotted, she had to wonder if he knew how much she hated the thing. Why else had he hidden it in the trunk until she was immobile and gagged, and unable to tell him she didn't want it?

Christy's restraints were not yet finished even though she was helpless, blind, and mute. She felt his strong hands on her body, lifting her then putting her down. She could feel the walls of the trunk and knew her initial guess had been right. She was going to be locked inside that trunk. The walls pressed against her bound arms and bottom and head. She felt him bending her knees some to get her feet inside for the trunk was not long enough to hold her with legs outstretched.

She did not see the world around her disappear as the lid of the trunk was closed for sight had already been taken away from her, but she heard the lid's locks snap shut.

For a while there was no other sounds or movement. Then she felt the trunk being picked up and rolled onto it's end. At least, she thought, he's got me with my feet upright. Had the trunk been placed on it's other end, she would have been a lot more uncomfortable. Not that she was very comfortable anyway.

There was movements and pauses, then more movements of the trunk. Then there came faintly through the trunk and leather over her head the sound of steel against steel, and she knew that the trunk had been placed inside that steel barred cage, and the door of the cage was being shut. It was then she remembered seeing two hasps with padlocks on that cage. She heard those padlocks snap shut.

For a while there was nothing and she wondered if the Count had left here. But there was still another surprise for the unfortunate girl. She felt her trunk tilt to one side then the

other a bit, then sway back and forth. That hoist! The whole package, girl, ropes, tape, trunk, and cage was being hoisted up into the air.

The Count sighed as he let go of the button. The cage swung gently back and forth a couple feet from the ceiling. Nothing was visible of the naked woman held within from where he stood. Had he come closer and peered into one of the small holes, he might have seen a patch of bare skin or some gray tape.

For a long while he continued to stare at the hanging package, imagining, or trying to imagine, what was going through her mind at that time. She was certainly well restrained, totally helpless. Both he and she knew that she would stay bound and locked in that trunk forever if he did not chose to free her. So what was she thinking, he wondered? Was she feeling more helpless now than she would later? Was she calmly settling down for a long wait, or gathering her strength for a desperate and futile struggle against the restraints?

The cage slowly came to rest. But just as the Count was about to leave, there came a sound. It was not loud but he knew it was the sound of a naked woman jerking her body around inside a trunk. The cage swayed an inch from equilibrium, no more. That is all she can do, he told himself. Sway her cage a tiny bit. Wonderful!

He closed the door and switched off the lights. Christy wouldn't need them.

He was glad that the padded rooms had been also made soundproof. The Count had taken Darlene to the room next to the one that held Christy in what he thought of as "maximum security." Even if she took to screaming, a very real possibility for some women given the conditions she was having to endure, not the slightest sound would pass from the room.

"In order to explore your submissive nature better," he was telling Darlene, "I'm going to switch things around a bit this

morning. I have been placing you in different types of restraints, and measuring your reactions. But I have been the one who chose how you were to be restrained. Today I want you to tell me how you would like to be restrained."

Darlene blinked. "Huh?"

"I would like you to select how you will spend the morning. The only requirement is that you be totally and completely helpless. Beyond that, I would like to know what type of restraints and conditions you would like. Please feel free to choose anything you would like to try, I'll try to duplicate your choice as closely as we can."

"Hmmm..." Darlene thought about this unusual and unexpected turn of events. "Well... There is one fantasy that I've had. Well, one of many." She actually blushed. "I guess you could say that I have an active imagination. Well, there is this one fantasy that maybe you could do for me, this being a South Seas island and all that."

"If I can. What is your fantasy?"

"Well, it's like this..." And she told him, blushing occasionally but getting more and more excited as the details came tumbling out.

The Count smiled, tied her hands behind her back, and told her to wait in that room while he went and made preparations. Darlene could hardly believe that one of her fantasies was actually going to come true. Every since she had been a little girl laying in bed at night and wondering about the things men did to women, she had envisioned this fantasy. A shiver raced down her spine as she tugged at her hands.

It was half an hour later that the door to her room opened and the men came in to take Darlene away. They were a rough looking pair, dressed in shabby clothes and with the look of killers in their eyes. They said nothing to her, not even to order her around. One carried a stout pole of six or seven feet in length, and the other a length of coiled up rope, which he dropped to the floor so he could grab Darlene. With strong hands he forced her down to the floor and held her face down while the other man inserted the pole between her bound

arms. Then he took her feet and crossed them above the pole and tied them snugly. A minute later each man took an end of the pole and lifted her from the floor.

The body of Darlene hung down below the pole, supported by her wrists behind and ankles which were above the pole. It was not comfortable, not at all. She gasped as her weight came to pull on her arms, but held back verbal protests. She had told the Count that she wanted to be carried to the place of execution while tied to a pole. But in her fantasies, she always saw herself as hanging face up from the pole, not reversed. This was a lot more uncomfortable.

They carried her out of the padded room and up the stairs, being careful not to tilt the pole enough to let her slide along it. Then they walked out of the house and across the lawn, each with his end of the pole on a shoulder, and both ignoring the grunts and moans of the hanging girl.

"Hey, guys, this is kind of painful," she pleaded. "How about turning me around?"

She was, of course, ignored.

They walked on across the gardens, and down the path that led to the beach.

"...So I managed to get the trunk into the cage and lock the door. After that, it was simple to connect the hoist to the ring at the top of the cage and lift her up to nearly the ceiling."

The Count was explaining to his wife the morning's activities. "I dare say she's hardly able to move, let alone make a serious escape attempt."

"From what you describe, I'm sure she can't." The Countess sipped her coffee and found it still too hot. "What about the other one?"

"She's busy right now having a fantasy coming true."

"Oh?"

"She used to have this fantasy about being a princess of royal blood who is kidnapped by pirates. But her father cannot pay the ransom, so they kill her."

"What kind of fantasy is that — a death wish?"

"Not really. It's just the way in which she's put to death appeals to her love of being helpless. I talked to her enough to assure myself that she's not really interested in that actual dying, only in being helpless to prevent it, sort of the ultimate helplessness." He paused to sip his coffee, then added, "You toyed with that yourself the other day. You were cutting off the air supply to slave Carla and watching her struggles until she passed out."

"Oh, posh! That was different. Slave Carla didn't come up with that idea herself."

"True. But I'm sure Darlene has no more wish to die than Carla does. Oh, by the way, that reminds me, did you take Carla down from those bars last night?"

"No. Did you?"

"No. I guess I should send someone to take her down and put her in a cell."

"Why don't you give her to the guards for a while? They haven't had one of the slaves to play with for a while."

"My dear, you're diabolical!" He rang a small bell on the serving tray and a moment later a servant came in. "Scar, in the small room next to the dungeon, that one with the two pipes like parallel bars, you will find slave Carla tied. Please take her down. And then bind her arms tightly behind her back and take her to the guard's quarters. Tell them they can have her for the morning. After that, tell them to lock her in one of the holding cells in the dungeon."

"Yes, Sir."

"You may, of course, take a turn at her before you turn her over to the guards."

"Thank you, Sir."

As the servant turned to obey his orders, the Count called to him. "And Scar..."

"Yes, Sir?"

"Tell the guards that they are not to untie her arms. If you'll recall last time one of them took pity on the slave and untied her. She conked him on the head with a chair and took off."

"Yes, Sir."

"Slaves are slaves, got to keep them tied or chained at all times. Right, my dear?"

"Right, Ryan."

The servant left, a wicked grin on his face as soon as it was turned away from his two employers.

"Well, how is Darlene to be put to death? You didn't finish your story."

"Oh, yes. Well, it's like this..." He told her.

"Oh, that's nice! Could I watch?"

"I don't see why not. Let's go."

On the way out of the house they stopped at the padded room where Christy hung in rather extensive restraints. The Countess watched the cage for a while, but nothing happened. "Are you sure she's conscious?" she asked him.

"I'll see." Going over to the cage, he grabbed one corner and shook. The trunk rattled a little within the cage. A moan came from within. When he let go, the trunk shook a bit on it's own. "There, see? She's just fine."

"Oh, good. Now let's go see this execution, shall we?"

When they came to the end of the path they paused to stand behind some bushes. A sandy beach stretched out in both directions, edged by an emerald ocean clawing gently at the sand. Far beyond the wave where a little stronger where they dashed themselves against the reef, but in the lagoon, all was peaceful.

A drama was being played out before their eyes. A dozen yards away, near the edge of the water were three people, two men and a woman. One man was digging in the sand with a shovel, the other was binding the girl with rope. Darlene was on her knees as the man jerked tight the ropes around her elbows. Her wrists had already been untied from their crossed position and retired palm to palm. She was not saying anything but did look out to the water with apprehension.

The final knot at the elbows finished, the man pushed her down to the sand and walked around to where he could pull her legs straight. Taking another rope from his pocket, he began binding her ankles together. After that, the knees were

bound.

Standing Darlene on her feet, the man pulled a short length of hard plastic from his pocket. Attached to each end was a strap. He pushed the plastic bar up against her lips and ordered her to open her mouth. Darlene, looking more scared now that her fantasy was actually being carried out, refused, tightening her lips together.

Suddenly she gasped and opened her mouth wide. The plastic immediately went into. The man's other hand came up from where he had just pinched her nipple to take the strap and buckled it tightly behind her head. The gag was like a horse's bit, simply a bar that held the mouth open and pushed the tongue down so speech was nearly impossible. Darlene did not seem to like the bit gag at all.

The other man had finished a hole about four feet long and two and a half feet deep. He shoved the shovel into the sand and came over to where Darlene was being held. With a rough hand, he grabbed the top of her dress and jerked downward. The thin material parted with a ripping sound, accompanied by a squeal from Darlene. The dress was tossed away, a useless piece of cloth now.

At that point two things happened. Both of the "pirates" picked up Darlene between them. And Darlene suddenly decided that this was not what she really wanted, fantasy or no, and began struggling with all her might. It was, of course, a useless battle for both the ropes holding her arms and legs in their tight embrace and the two strong men were against her. She was lowered into the hole in a sitting position with her legs stretched out in front of her. While one man held her in place, the other took the shovel and began shoveling the sand back into the hole. He started with her feet and worked upward.

The hole had been planned carefully so that as she sat in it, her neck was at the level of the beach. As the sand filled back in, it covered her body but only to the level of her neck. Darlene squealed and struggled but was overpowered by male strength and heavy sand.

In the bushes the Count and Countess watched as their guest was being buried up to the neck in sand. When the men were finished, they smoothed the sand around her until there was hardly a bulge, just a female head sticking above the sand. A head that shook from side to side and made loud noises that sounded like protests and pleas. The men picked up their shovel and the discarded dress and trudged away. As they passed their employers, they were told that they had done a good job, and that there was a slavegirl available to them for the morning in their quarters. That made them hurry back up the trail.

"The idea is that as the tide comes in, she will find herself slowly going underwater. Eventually she will drown. Simple, no?"

"Simple, yes, but are you going to have them come back and take her out before high tide? It would be a waste of a very nice slave were you to let her drown."

"Not to worry, my dear. I checked the tide tables. High tide is in about half an hour, after that it goes back down. But for the next half hour, she will see the water coming closer and closer. It will scare the hell out of her."

"I do believe you are right," said the Countess with a wide smile. "Look how much she's struggling even now."

She was right, Darlene was throwing her head back and forth violently, the only outward sign of her straining muscles under the sand. Pitiful moans and whines came from the gagged mouth.

"I think she's surprised that only a couple feet of sand can hold her down with no chance of her working herself out. Sand is rather heavy, and with her arms and legs tied, she can't get much leverage. I dare say she'll still be there at high tide tomorrow."

"Oh, dear! Are you going to leave her that long?"

"Well, not really. In an hour or two she's see that the water has peaked and is retreating. That will take away some of the fear. I think I'll just leave her there for the morning."

"You're too kind to the slaves, Ryan. But I guess you're

right. Shall we watch her for a while? It would be nice to see her face but you've got her facing out to the ocean. Could I go see her?"

"If I know you, you'll probably lift your dress and squat down over her head to make her eat you out."

"Well... It does sound like a good idea."

"She's still believing that this is all a psychological experiment, remember? And I'm having too much fun playing that game to end it before I have to. I wonder how long I can string her out before she realizes that it's all a farce?"

"Oh, very well. I'll go amuse myself with Samatha. She really is a delight, you know."

"I'm sure. What is she doing right now?"

"She's in the stocks in the dungeon. Backwards."

"Backwards! How interesting. I haven't seen that in a long time. Could I peek in on her?"

"You can look but don't touch. I'm letting you play with the other two, you can at least keep your hands — and other parts of your body — off my new toy."

"Of course, my dear. Don't I always?"

"Well... There was that Japanese girl you were screwing every time I turned my back."

"She asked for it."

"How?"

"She had the tightest little cunt I've been in for a long time."

"Don't be vulgar."

"Of course, dear. Shall we go?"

Darlene was still struggling as they walked away. Her eyes were riveted on the approaching water line of small waves, certain that they had advanced at least two feet since she was left in the sand. And they had.

Samatha stared up at the ceiling and sighed, oddly both from exasperation and contentment. The position she was in was very uncomfortable, almost to the point of pain. But she was also contented. The Countess, who she thought of as

"Mistress", was so very strong and knew exactly what was right for her. She had never found another woman (or man) who really understood how sinful her thoughts were, and how much she needed to be punished. And when she was made to kneel between her Mistress' legs and server her, a wonderful feeling came over Samatha.

The Countess would recognized what Samatha was feeling at times like that. It was the warm and pleasant feeling of being owned. Most women never get a chance to feel it in these modern times of liberated women and freedom for all. A few women come close when they feel that they are the possession of a male. But even that is not the full, wonderfully intense feeling of a slavegirl who has found her right and proper Mistress.

Even those times when her Mistress wanted her to suffer, like right now, were special. In fact, they helped to define the ownership, for what is ownership but the ability to do with a slave as you wish? Even in causing pain?

Samatha would never have thought of it in those terms for she lacked the background and experience. But she felt it inside, the demand that she submit to this wonderfully strong woman. She was a natural slavegirl.

She heard the door open and someone come in but was positioned such that she could not see who it was. The stocks were turned such that they faced the door, and Samatha was, as the Countess had promised, in the stocks backwards.

This set of stocks was simply two pairs of heavy wooden yokes, one set above the other. It was designed for the victim to sit on a wooden plank turned on edge while her ankles were locked in holes in the lower pair, and her wrists and head in holes in the upper pair. That would leave her bent over and forced to sit upon a wooden edge that would grow more and more uncomfortable as time passed.

But that was not the way in which the Countess had fixed her new slavegirl. First, Samatha had been made to kneel with her back to the stocks. Her ankles were lifted and placed in the bottom section, and locked firmly in place. Then she was

bent over backwards until her neck and wrists rested in the half circles of the bottom part of the top yokes. Then the top half was closed and padlocked. She was held in a bent backwards position that was awkward and uncomfortable. For the first hour so. Then the discomfort increased into pain. Before the day would expire, a slavegirl so restrained would be crying out in agony from muscles and joints strained for far too long.

And like that she was a lovely sight. As the Count approached, all he saw was a fine female body bowed backwards with its furry patch thrust out towards him. The knees were spread a foot apart and the breasts sticking straight up.

"That's beautiful, my dear," complimented her husband. "You have come up with a winner." He was serious. It was a position he probably would never have thought of, and one that both exposed the girl's more interesting part and held her in discomfort.

"I can see the part you're looking at and advise you to keep any portion of your anatomy you prize out of it." She smiled sweetly.

"Wouldn't think of it."

"You already have."

"Well, it is... I mean, it would be so easy to... Well, you know."

"I know. Let me show you something. Samatha?"

"Yes, Mistress?" came a strained voice from the other side of the wood.

"My husband is here. He has a whip in his hand. What would you like him to do with it?"

The Count smiled. This was going to be interesting.

"Whatever you wish, Mistress."

"You have no desire in this matter?"

"No, Mistress. My only desire is to serve and please you."

"Even if pleasing me would mean the Count whipping your open pussy?"

"Yes, Mistress," came the answer immediately.

"Do you want to whip her?" the Countess asked Ryan. "You may so long as you don't mark her up too much."

He paused and stroked his chin. It was tempting. Very tempting. As he was thinking about it, the Countess was suddenly placing a small whip in his hand. That was all the debate he needed.

The first stroke was as promised, on the pussy. A scream leapt from her lips and echoed around the room. Her body jerked and her hips weaved back and forth as the pain shot into her body. Slowly the withering of the naked body calmed down. When she could, she said in an even voice, "Thank you, Master."

The Countess smiled at her husband. "Would you like him to strike you again?"

"Yes, please do, Master."

There followed eleven more strokes to bring the total to an even dozen. Each painful slash of the whip was greeted with a scream and followed by a thank you. And then the humble request for another one. The Count shook his head. He was used to whipping slavegirls, but not to them asking for the strokes and thanking him afterwards. It was incredible!

Handing the whip back to his wife, Ryan stepped closer to examine the damage. The flesh of her Venus mound was swollen and red with dark lines where the whip marked the skin. The pain from those whipmarks had to be terrific, yet she continued to ask for another.

"I don't suppose you'd mind if I were to..." He pointed to the inviting pussy.

"I'd rather you didn't. I'm breaking her of the male habit."

His eyebrows lifted at that one. He well knew of his wife's lesbian streak but had never heard of her training a slave away from men. Well, it made sense. Sort of.

"Of course, my dear. I wish you well."

The Countess smiled back warmly. They really did love each other and would never let a mere slavegirl cause friction between them.

He noticed the way his wife was eyeing the thrust out pussy

and tapping the whip on the palm of her hand. He made an excuse of having business to attend to, thank his wife for letting him see and whip her slave, and left.

The water was lapping at her chin and Darlene was trying to scream for help. What had been a warm and wonderful fantasy to masturbate with at night in the safety of her bed, was quite something else in reality. The waves were not large but relentlessly coming closer and closer. Her struggles had been of no help for she was still bound and locked in the sand as tightly as when the pirates had left her.

The sand was much wetter now that her prison was totally covered with water. Each new wave forced her to lift her chin lest saltwater get into her mouth. She was making a lot of noise but also was certain that there was no one to hear her. Wild ideas raced through her mind, ranging from a simple mistake in positioning the captive princess to a serious attempt to murder her. She had no idea why the Count should want to kill her, and he certainly could have done so many times since she came to San Sabastian, but she sure that very soon the water would close over her mouth. And with that bit gag in place, she couldn't close her lips to keep it out. Even if she could, the water would continue to rise until it was over her nose. And then...

"Fantasies are sometimes very different in real life, aren't they?" came the Count's voice from behind her.

Darlene wanted to cry with joy. She was saved! She turned her head as much as she could to see the Count walking around in front of her. He had taken off his shoes and rolled up his slacks so as to keep them dry. "Yegggamaasssoose!" she pleaded.

"My man positioned you so that the high tide would just get your chin wet," he told her in an unconcerned tone. "If his estimate is correct, the maximum should occur in about ten minutes. And your nose should be just above the water. Do you trust his estimate?"

Darlene shook her head, throwing up a small spray of

saltwater.

"Well, I do. And to prove that I have complete trust in his judgment, I'm going to go away and not come back for two hours. When I do, I'm sure I'll find you still alive, which will vindicate my trust in Herbert. If not, then I'll have to tell him that he doesn't know the tides as well as he thought he did. He'll be so disappointed."

"Suuuuuargggg!" Darlene cried, eyes wide with fear.

The Count smiled at her, looked out to the open sea casually, and then walked out of her sight. By straining, she could just see him out of the corner of her eye as he picked up his shoes and socks and disappeared along the path back to the house.

She screamed but was ignored. Then she renewed her struggles, straining her arms and legs to the limit of her strength. The ropes and sand, now wet and heavy, laughed at her efforts.

As the water rose higher and filled her mouth, she had to be very careful to breath only through her nose. And even then, with her head tilted back to keep the nose as high as possible, a few of the highest waves covered her only source of air for long seconds at a time.

By the time she realized the water was slowly retreating, Darlene was a nervous wreck and exhausted from her efforts to free herself.

Later, as the small waves were a dozen feet from her mouth and of no threat, she had to admit to herself that she had certainly experienced her fantasy.

And that she would be more careful about telling anyone of her fantasies in the future.

11

Out of the Box and Into the Pool

The ocean had retreated and it was a wet, sandy, miserable Darlene that the two pirates extracted from her hole in the sand. It had been the most frightening experience of her young life, and yet... As she was walking back up the path, her arms still bound (which seemed somehow appropriate), trying to warm up in the sunlight and shake the sand of herself, Darlene had to admit to herself that it had also been one of the more exciting experiences. The sand pressing against her whole body had been a form of bondage she had never felt before. Amid all the fear there had been an underlying current of sexual excitement she could not deny.

At the entrance to the house, the men politely brushed off most of the sand still clinging to her body so it would not drop on the carpet inside. It was only then that Darlene realized she was not only bound but totally naked before these two men, and she was the kind of girl who was not used to being naked before strange men. Still, there was nothing she could do about it as their hands brushed grit from her breasts and butt. And there was more than a little thrill as one of the strong hands brushed her pussy clean of sand.

They, obeying orders, took her to her room. Only there did they removed the ropes from her arms, giving back to her

complete freedom. "Why didn't you untie me at the beach?" she asked.

"Orders," was the only reply she got. She shrugged and made for the shower to clean off and shampoo the sand out of her hair. Being on the long side, a goodly part of her hair had been buried in the sand as it hung down her back.

Refreshed and hungry, she toweled herself off and selected another dress from the five she had brought. She wondered as she slipped on the rust colored dress, if she should complain about the way her other dress had been destroyed and tossed away. But then it had been in keeping with the fantasy she had defined for the Count. One would not expect pirates to be considerate of the clothing of a maiden they were about to leave to drown. And she could buy hundreds of new dresses with the money she was getting.

Satisfied with the way the rather tight and short dress displayed her legs and a fair portion of upper breast, Darlene made her way towards the dinning room, hopeful that she hadn't missed lunch.

The Count and Countess were already at the table. The Count stood and politely held her chair for her. As soon as she was seated, she noticed the absence of Christy and Samatha. For some reason it made her a little uneasy. "Are Christy and Samatha a little late?" she asked.

"Samatha is in an experiment that requires more than just the morning session," said the Countess with a smile.

"As is Christy," added the Count. "She's testing a maximum security experiment and we want to give her every chance to find a way out."

"If there is one," added the Countess, sweetly.

"Oh. Is it one that I will be put in?"

"Maybe," said the Count as a serving girl dressed in a colorful sarong of many purple shades placed the first course before the women, then him. "Perhaps I'll take you with me when I release her. You can see what it is like and then let me know if you would like to try it. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Sure. Is it very rough?" Darlene was beginning to see that

the experiments on San Sabastian island were not always polite and comfortable.

"Reasonably hard on the girl. But that is only because it was designed to make escape impossible. You can't do that with velvet ribbons, can you?"

"No, I guess not." Darlene attacked the shrimp cocktail with gusto and forgot for the moment about the ordeal Christy was enduring even as she enjoyed a fine meal. Later, after a desert that was both creamy and very chocolate, she settled back in her chair and wondered what Christy might be going through.

At the moment Darlene was enjoying the last spoonful of desert, Christy was not enjoying much of anything. When the Count had first placed her in the trunk and cage and left her there, she had attacked the ropes and tape with vigor. But hours of useless effort had left her only sweaty within the trunk and no closer to freedom. And she was growing more and more uncomfortable from the enforced awkward position she had to endure. She had to admit that the hanging upside down by her ankles had been worse, but not by much. There was no one place where the stress showed up in the set of restraints. The inverted suspension had focused its pain upon her ankles. This combination of rope and tape just sort of hurt all over. Her elbows were rather pained by the tightness of their binding and the strain of being bent in half, if she had to pick one place where the suffering was the greatest. But it was really the whole system of restraints that was getting to her.

Christy had to admit that she had never been so totally helpless in her life. Even the very tightest hogties, or the suspension of the previous day did not come close to the helpless feeling she now experienced. And it was both terrible and exhilarating at the same time. As she struggled against all that had been put on her, she found herself having to take rest periods. The heat within the limited airflow of the trunk quickly built up, as it did within the leather discipline hood laced tightly upon her head. And a great deal of tape upon her

body did not help since that duct tape did not allow air in to her skin. She sweated within her restraints. She was not even aware that she was moaning into the gag most of the time.

Christy was very uncomfortable. There was that small, irrational but nagging fear that she would never be released from these restraints. And she cursed the Count for giving her such challenges that she could not turn down.

But amid all those negative feelings, there was still an excitement, not so much sexual, although she warm between the legs, an exhilaration at being part of such an elaborate and effective form of bondage. Both intellectually and emotionally she knew an all-powerful sense of helplessness. And, for reasons she did not understand at all, it was good.

In her darkness and confinement, Christy wondered how long had passed. She had a fair time sense, but it was shattered by the conditions under which she endured. Not remembering if the Count had said anything about how long she was going stay there didn't help, either. Had he said it would be for the morning? Or all day? Her mind was playing tricks on her and for a while she seemed to remember him saying something about a full twenty-four hours. Which she was sure would be too much for her to endure. Yet what choice did she have? She certainly wasn't going to get out of there on her own accord.

Hours that seemed like days later, she felt the cage and trunk sway. There were dim noises and more movement. Finally she realized that she was being lowered to the floor. There came the bump as the cage settled onto the carpet. Her heart jumped at the prospect of being released.

As he unlocked the padlock of the cage door, the Count explained to Darlene that this had been a test of one form of maximum security restraints. "There are other ways and we will be exploring some of them. There, that takes care of the cage door. Now to get this trunk out of there." He worked the trunk out and laid it on its bottom. The key for the trunk was in his pocket.

"Are you sure she can get enough air through those holes?"

asked Darlene. "They look rather small."

"Well, that's part of the test, isn't it?"

She looked at his grin and hoped he was being funny.

Darlene would have offered to help, but it would have been rather hard for her to lean a hand since both of hers were locked in a pair of handcuffs behind her back. Upon her feet were a pair of bright and shinny leg irons, sort of like larger handcuffs but with a foot of so of linkage chain so she could take short steps when she walked. The Count had explained that he was thinking of keeping her in different forms of milder restraint in between the experiments to keep her in a "proper frame of mind." He hadn't explained what a proper frame of mind was but Darlene was sure it meant that she should feel helpless all the time.

Which, as she stood there shackled up like a common criminal, is an interesting idea. She had never considered what it would be like to be kept a constant prisoner, always tied or chained or handcuffed. Or at least locked in a cell. It was an intriguing idea. She tugged at the handcuffs linking her wrists behind her and wondered what it would be like to wear those all day and night. A shiver ran down her spine at that thought.

But her attention was drawn away from thoughts of twenty-four imprisonment by the opening of the trunk lid. "Oh!" she exclaimed when she saw the package of girl flesh and tape within. As the Count lifted Christy from the trunk and set her down on the carpet, Darlene examined each wrapping of tape and was amazed. And that discipline hood was something else! Even if she didn't know what it was called.

Utilizing a sharp knife from his pocket, the Count began cutting away the tape holding Christy's body bent double. When the last parted and she slowly unfolded, it was to the accompaniment of moans issued through her nose. As soon as her body completely straightened out, it gave a big, overall shiver. For a few seconds, the bound girl seemed to shake as if she had a great fever. Then she calmed down and the Count began to unpeel tape, first from her legs.

Darlene watched in fascination as it was revealed that under

that tape was very tightly applied rope bondage. This was another whole level of restraints, she told herself. Much more than just being tied. Then she remembered that he was going to give her the choice of being bound like Christy was. If she wanted it. As the last of the ropes were being removed from the poor girl's legs, Darlene was trying to imagine what it would be like to be roped, taped, and locked in the trunk and cage. And to have that leather thing put over your head and laced up tightly.

The Count cut a lot of the tape wrapped around Christy's arms and torso, that being faster than trying to unwind it as she lay on her side. Eventually he got the tape off and was down to working on the ropes. Darlene was wondering if that tape hurt when it was pulled off. Then she saw the electrical tape binding the girl's fingers and knew that poor Christy had never had the slightest chance of escape, not for one second. And that knowledge made up her mind as to the choice she would have to make.

Christy's arms hung limp and useless after the ropes were off. The discipline hood was unlocked and the laces loosened considerably before the Count pulled it off Christy's head, leaving the girl blinking at light she had not seen for a while. The gag came out, leaving her totally free of restraints for the first time in six hours. Not that the girl could have done anything with that freedom, it was many long minutes before she could again have feeling and movement in her arms and fingers.

As Christy lay there recovering, the Count questioned her about her reactions and feeling while in that form of restraint. She answered weakly at first, her jaw aching from the gag, but her voice grew stronger and her youthful body recovered rapidly. She explained how she had felt, from the initial desire to work her way free no matter how the odds were stacked against her, to the incredible feeling of helplessness that hours of struggling and tight immobility had induced. When she was finished, the Count looked thoughtful for a while. Then he asked her a loaded question, "Would you challenge this

again?"

Christy looked at him with surprise written all over her face. But she paused before replying. Darlene also looked at him with surprise. This poor girl had obviously suffered inside that trunk, suffering that only just now was ending, and he was asking her if she would like to return to it!

For long seconds the silence held those three in its grip. Then Christy shivered all over briefly and spoke. "I would. There has to be a way to get out. I just didn't find it today."

Darlene shook her head in disbelief. Not so much that Christy would be willing to return to the trunk, but that she flatly stated she thought there was a way to defeat it. Darlene knew in her heart that there was no way Christy, her, or any other girl could every get out of that bondage. No way.

"And what about you, Darlene? Would you like to try the same as Christy has done?" The Count looked very serious as he posed the question. Inside he was trying very hard to keep from laughing right out loud.

"I... Well..." Darlene took a deep breath and tried again, "If it would help the experiments, I will be happy to."

"Fine, fine. Tomorrow then. And also tomorrow I will arrange for another, different form of maximum security for Christy to test her skills against."

Darlene looked over the ropes and incredible amount of tape laying on the carpet and wondered why she had such a big mouth.

Christy sighed and began wondering what other kind of restraints could equal what she had just gone through.

The Count produced a pair of handcuffs and locked Christy's wrists behind her back. "A new variation on the experiments," he told her. "I'm doing the same with Darlene, as you can see. For a while at least, I want to keep both of you in a more helpless frame of mind. I wish to see if it makes any difference in your reactions to the regular experiments such as what you have just done."

Neither woman challenged his logic. Which was for the better since he didn't figure he could defend it. As he walked

with both girls from the padded room, he wondered yet again how long he could keep up the charade of psychological experimentation. Surely Christy could see through it by now. And Darlene...? How could such an intelligent seeming girl be so stupid? The Count had locked both of them in handcuffs because he didn't want any trouble from them. He was afraid that when one or both of them figured out this was all a fake, they would get mad and try to run. And he knew from experience that a shackled girl is much easier to control than a free one. So, whether they knew it or not, these two were now full time slaves.

As they left the room, an idea occurred to him. "It's still only the middle of the afternoon and it's sunny outside. Would you two like to take a swim in the pool?"

"I don't have a bathing suit," said Darlene.

"You don't need one. You're both naked right now, aren't you? And the only other person who might show up would be my wife."

He led them out a door and into the warm sunlight. The pool sparkled in the sun and looked very clean and inviting. Christy looked at the water longingly. And Darlene had to admit that it looked pleasing.

"How about these handcuffs?" asked Christy. "I swim better without my hands chained behind me."

"Hmmm... That does conflict with the new environment I'm trying to set up. Well, I guess we could bend the rules a little bit. Come here."

Bending the rules consisted of unlocking their hands from behind then and relocking them in front. The leg irons were also removed from Darlene's ankles.

"That won't limit your splashing around or even swimming, if you dog paddle. The shallow end is very large, so you can touch the bottom anytime you want."

Sensing that they were not going to gain any more freedom than that, both girl jogged off towards the pool, a little awkwardly for Darlene because she had never jogged with wrists handcuffed in front before. Quickly enough they were

in the pool, and the water did, indeed, feel very clean and pleasant against their bare skin.

The Count arranged himself comfortably on a chaise lounge and watched the two young women frolic in the pool. Very quickly they became accustomed to the steel linking their wrists and it did, as he had predicted, become only a nuisance. It was enjoyable to watch those two very fine bodies moving with the vigor of youth. It was hard to tell that only minutes before Christy had been unable to move her limbs after a prolonged imprisonment.

Recalling those wonderful bodies struggling against the hogties the night before, he debated allowing them to try the "Contest" again that night. But why not come up with something new? Something that will get them into more tight, escape proof bondage and make them struggle like mad? But what...?

By the time the two girls were tired of splashing around and came out to lay on lounges and get dried by the sun, the Count had come up with a plan for that night. He smiled in the warm sunlight and was contented with himself. Very contented.

12

A Different Contest

"For tonight I thought that I might let the two of you become more involved in the experiments." The Count was standing before the fireplace, brandy snifter in hand. "The Countess has a continuing series of special tests for Samatha, so she will not be a part of tonight's experiment."

Both Christy and Darlene could not but help to notice that Samatha seemed to no longer be a part of their group. The girl was hardly ever in sight, and when she was, she spoke not a word and stayed near the Countess constantly. That evening, she was actually sitting on the floor at the Countess' feet, looking very submissive and docile. Also rather happy, if that counted for anything. And they didn't miss that golden collar snug upon her neck.

"I see that you've both finished your brandy, so perhaps we could begin?"

Darlene was on her feet first, joined by Christy a second later. Both girls stood there looking expectantly to their host, their hands held demurely before their sex since that was the easiest way to hold your hands when they're joined by handcuffs in front. It had surprised Darlene how easily she had gotten used to the steel shackles on her wrists. Ever since

the end of the experiments that afternoon, she and Christy had worn them, save one brief period when they were removed to allow the girls to dress for dinner. Darlene had insisted that she be allowed to wear something for dinner, being too modest to show up completely naked. Christy gave her a scowl and the impression that she was ready to show up naked for any event.

As they followed the Count out of the room, Darlene thought she heard the Countess asking a strange question to the woman laying on the floor at her feet: "Have you been having bad thoughts again?"

Their destination was one of the padded rooms where they found a goodly amount of rope laying on the floor.

"Tonight I'm going to let Darlene do the tying," the Count informed them as soon as they were inside. "She will tie you, Christy, as well as she can. She may use all that rope if she wishes, there is about three hundred feet in different sized sections. You will note that there is no furniture or fixtures to bind you to, so the restraint will have to be self-contained, so to speak."

"I'm to try and get out?" asked Christy.

"Of course, I would expect nothing else from you. And, if you succeed, you will be given a one thousand dollar bonus."

"What happens if I can't?"

"Nothing. There will be no punishment for failure."

Christy did not reply to that, perhaps she was a little disappointed for she had the slightest of frowns upon her pretty face.

The Count unlocked the handcuffs on both girls. "After she had bound you, we will leave," he said. "I have another experiment in mind for Darlene. Please believe me, she will be no more comfortable than you, Christy. I will return in about two hours to either reward you or untie you."

Darlene looked at the ropes doubtingly. She had tied some of her girlfriends up but she didn't recall any of them being very good at escaping. Could she bind the athletic Christy well enough?

"You may begin," said the Count, who then stepped back to lean against one wall and watch.

Darlene selected on length of rope, about twenty-five feet of it, and turned to ask Christy to offer her hands. To her surprise, Christy had just tossed aside her shorts and tank top and was standing there completely naked. Darlene wasn't as shocked as she might have been before coming to San Sabastian, nudity didn't seem like such a big thing to her after being tied up naked by a man she hardly knew.

Christy turned her back and offered her hands. Darlene, noting that there was a small loop tied in one end of each length of rope, doubled the rope back through it to make a sliding loop, which she then placed around the offered wrists.

As she wound the rope, Darlene tied to make it as tight as she could. She knew that tight ropes were much harder to free yourself from than loose ones. Near the end of the rope, she remembered to wrap some of it over the windings to cinch them down. Then she tied a knot, remembering to do as she had seen the Count do, keep it up between the forearms where the fingers can't reach.

As she reached for another length of rope, she considered that she could do worse than to simply copy what she had seen the Count do to Christy and what she remembered of him doing to her, so she looped the elbows next and pulled them together with a jerk. Christy grunted.

As he watched Darlene placing the ropes upon the naked girl, the Count smiled to himself. She was doing a pretty fair job, cinching down the ropes and being careful about the placement of the knots. But there also were mistakes. Perhaps those ropes around the elbows could have been cinched down tighter. It is important to keep a girl's elbows very tightly bound, he knew. It makes any escape attempt much harder. And that rope connecting the wrists and ankles was only snug, not tight. And the knot was tied at the ankles on the back side. He knew from watching girls struggle that Christy could reach that knot if she arched her body more than the bow the hogtie forced upon her. But he said nothing. It mattered not to him if

Christy won or not. A thousand was pocket change to him, and his main interest for the evening was in what he planned to do to Darlene, this byplay with Christy was simply to keep her out of the way.

Darlene finished knotting the rope that made it a hogtie and gazed longingly at the remaining ropes, wondering if, and how, she could use them. But there was nothing to tie Christy to, and Darlene couldn't really see what she could add to what looked to her like a pretty good hogtie. So she walked over to the Count, "I'm finished."

"Christy, you have two hours to escape from Darlene's bonds. Good luck!"

He led Darlene out of the room and closed the door behind him. Darlene again noticed the large deadbolt lock. No wonder she couldn't push the door open!

Their destination now was a room Darlene had never seen before. She gasped as she recognized some of the devices there. Stocks, a pillory, posts and a table with rings set into the edges all were recognized as bondage devices. And the whips along that wall! She turned to the Count.

"It was my wife's idea," he told her with an amused smile on his face. "She thought that a room made up to look like a real dungeon, a real torture chamber, would have an interesting psychological effect upon our subjects. The whips, by the way, are just there for show. You look so worried!" he laughed. "I guess that's proof that my wife's theory is correct."

"It's scary, all right," said Darlene. She walked over to the pillory and shook it with one hand. "Solid!" she muttered. "This stuff all looks so... real. What's the word I'm looking for?"

"Functional?"

"Yeah, functional. It all works like it's suppose to? Even that rack over there?"

"Everything is fully functional. Were we to put in anything fake, you might see that and the desired effect would be lost."

Darlene's initial shock began to wear off, rapidly replaced

by the a fascination. She had never seen a real pillory. Or a pair of stocks, or a rack, or... Well, there was a little too much to take in immediately. She placed her wrists in the bottom half yoke of the pillory to test the fit.

"We had them made small to fit a woman's wrist," commented the Count.

"It looks like it would hold my hand snugly," she replied. "Very snugly." The stocks and table were examined. "This is for tying girls down, isn't it?"

"Yes. You will note that the table is padded. It makes a much more comfortable place to be tied than the stone floor, don't you think?"

"Yeah, sure. You two have really done this up nicely." Darlene paused, then looked at him to ask, "Okay, so what is going to happen to me tonight?" There was both trepidation and eagerness in her voice.

"That's up to you."

"Huh?"

"I will describe a scenario and you will tell me what is to happen next. Let us say that there is this girl who has stolen and sold military secrets to the enemies of her country. She was caught, tried and sentenced to life imprisonment with torture. We are assuming," he quickly added with a smile, "that in her country such things are normal. Well, on the first day in prison she was locked in a tiny cage all day and fed bread and water. But that is mild compared to what they will do to her every day."

He paused to notice the gleam in her eyes. Good!

"What you are to do is tell me how this girl will be punished the first night. It is not to be a whipping or branding or anything like that. But it is to be painfully uncomfortable, something that will make her suffer without any real damage. You understand? Good. Now how would you torture this girl?"

Darlene was caught up in the spirit of the game and thought very hard about this challenge. She looked around the room, considering each device in turn. But her nature was not so

much with the whip and flogging crowd as it was with the good, tight ropes group. "I would bind her in some way that was very, very uncomfortable," she said.

"More uncomfortable than Christy in the trunk?"

"Yes, oh, yes, much more uncomfortable. I'm thinking of something that will make her beg and plead to be released." She was warming up to the task. "Something that will make her suffer just from the way she's tied."

"Very good. Continue."

"Well, you have plenty of ropes..." Darlene slowly walked around the devices, touching this one lightly here and that one there as she pondered the fate of that horrible traitoress. She sat on the wooden plank behind the stocks, then bent over to test the position the pillory would enforce upon a girl. Her wanderings took her over to a post set at the bottom in the cement floor and at the top with metal brackets to the ceiling. The wooden pole was square and about four inches on a side.

"What is this used for?" she asked.

"I believe that is used to hold a girl while she is being whipped. Of course, we do not use it that way, only as a solid place to tie a girl to."

Darlene stroked the smooth wood and walked around it. Then she placed her back against it and felt it behind her bottom. "I think I have an idea."

"Good."

"First I would tie her legs together." She put her legs together to illustrate. "Then I would tie her to this post. At the ankles and knees and waist. But not above that. Then I would tie her arms behind her back but not around the post." While standing against the post, she tried to demonstrate. "No, I guess you have to tie her arms before you put her up to the post. Okay. I see a hook up there. I would tie a rope to her wrists and pass it over that hook. Then I would pull on that rope until her arms were lifted up high behind her and over her head." Holding her hands together with interlocked fingers, she demonstrated by bending at the waist and pushing her arms as high behind her as they would go. "If her arms are

pulled really tightly, she'll be very uncomfortable."

"That's good," the Count said with honest admiration. "Anything else?"

"Well, in that position she'll be very uncomfortable. There's a lot of strain on the body. And it will get worse, much worse."

The Count silently agreed with her. Mild torment can often become excruciating pain as time passes.

"But her breasts would be available. I guess you could put something on her nipples, something to hurt them. Of course, she won't be able to use her hands to get whatever it is off." She looked around at herself. "And..."

The Count waited a few seconds for her to finish the thought before prompting, "What else? You have a good idea, I can tell."

"Well, I was just thinking that if you had some kind of harness you could strap onto her head, you could tie a rope from the top of it up to the hook and use it to pull her head upright. That would be quite a strain with her arms pulled up and forcing her body to bend. I think that would be a very uncomfortable position."

"I agree. You are a very bright young lady."

Darlene glowed in the compliment. But the truth was she had just realized that she was inventing a torture that she would soon be trying personally. That tempered her enthusiasm somewhat.

"And you know what comes next, don't you?" he asked seriously.

"Yes, I do. You will put me in that position. To test it. Or something."

"I would very much like to get your reactions to that form of punishment," he said honestly. "Please get ready."

Darlene swallowed hard but said nothing. Except to herself: me and my big mouth! She unbuttoned the front of her dress down to the waist. Then she slipped out of it, revealing her fine body devoid of underwear. She folded and set the dress carefully upon the stocks. Then she walked back to the post

and stood there demurely to await a terrible fate she had decreed for herself.

The Count bound her as she had described. First the arms behind the back, elbows tightly together, wrists so the hands were palm to palm. Then he had her sit on the bondage table while he tied her legs at the ankles and above the knees. Darlene hopped over to the post, giggling a little at the awkwardness of trying to do that with bound legs and arms that offered little help in maintaining balance. She was positioned with her bottom against the post and arms lifted behind her and resting on the wood. He carefully tied rope around her ankles and the post, then cinched that down and knotted it tightly. Her legs at the knees were then bound to the post, and lastly her waist. He made the ropes around her waist very tight, and used a very long rope.

Another rope was looped around the wrist bindings and tossed up and over the hook. That was pulled until her arms were straining and her head forced to look down. He tied the rope off to an anchor point on the next wall.

Darlene was both unhappy and glad at the same time. She was unhappy because this whole thing had been her idea, and it was not going to be pleasant. But she was glad that he had not pulled her arms quite as high as they would go. She sensed that they could be twisted up behind her and lifted a couple inches higher, which would place much more strain and pain upon her poor body.

The wall with the whips also held some gags, including one that included a full head harness. She cooperated when he shoved the rubber ball into her mouth for she realized fighting would gain her nothing, she was already far too restrained to resist. The straps went around her head, over it and under her chin. A rope was tied to a ring on the top and then tossed over the same hook. When he pulled on that one, she felt her head being lifted and pulled backward. She grunted and whined when the strain on her neck became rather uncomfortable.

It would have been a very unpleasant evening were he to leave her like that. But such was not to be. Darlene feared her

comment about something being attached to the girl's breasts and expected something horrible to happen to her poor nipples. But the Count didn't attend to those fine breasts yet. Instead he pulled some more on the rope to her wrists. She felt her arms slide up another inch and moaned loudly. He pulled harder and lifted them even higher. When he finally tied the rope again, Darlene felt as if her arms were going to be dislocated from her shoulders at any second.

The pulling of her arms higher had forced her body to straighten up a bit more and that brought her head back a tiny bit. The Count adjusted the rope to her head harness, tightening it until she cried out as loudly as she could with a mouth filled with rubber ball. Then he tied the rope off.

"You were right," he told her as he stood back to admire the torture she had invented. "That does look very uncomfortable. Very uncomfortable."

Darlene tried to tell him that it was worse than she had imagined and she wanted out. But inarticulate sounds were all she could make. The familiar feeling of utter helplessness washed over her, along with a healthy dose of fear.

"Oh, and there was one other thing that you specified for this punishment," he said, and Darlene's heart jumped up to her throat. From someplace the Count had produced two wooden clothespins and was holding one in each hand.

"Naaaahhh!" she cried, as close as she could get to "no."

But the clothespins came closer and closer to her unprotected nipples. She tried to pull her breasts to one side but could only twist a few inches. Suddenly there was the bite of wood upon the sensitive flesh of her left nipple and a sharp pain shot into her breast. She tried to scream and did a fair job of getting one around the ball in her mouth. Ignoring the vocal effects, the Count clipped the other clothespin upon her other nipple, forcing out another scream as he did.

Watching from the bondage table, the Count enjoyed the show. This naked and very tightly bound young woman was shaking her body in an attempt to dislodge the wooden monsters biting at her nipples. The pain must have been

considerable to judge by the amount of noise she made and the violence of her struggles. Of course, the way she was bound prevented all movement save a swaying from side to side, and that was very limited.

For a few minutes he watched with delight the strain and agony upon her beautiful face. Beautiful! Simply beautiful!

The struggles calmed down as the imprisoned girl found they did nothing but add to the pain in her shoulders and neck. But the pain didn't calm down. She was trying to yell at him when he approached her post again. "I wanted you to know that I really appreciate the way that you've gotten into the game and are pretending to be in real pain. I'm sure it does hurt, but I do appreciate your adding a little something extra to the scene."

He reached out and patted her breast, ignoring the loud whines and other noises. And the desperate look in her eyes. Then he was going out the door. Darlene squealed loudly in disbelief. He was leaving her alone in that dungeon! And in pain! She didn't believe it.

As the door closed behind him, the thought occurred to her that he hadn't told her how long she was going to have to endure this suffering. Then she remembered that she had said the girl was to be punished in this manner all night, and that thought gave her a cold, hard knot of fear in the pit of her stomach.

She renewed her struggles, shaking from side to side with total disregard for the pains it created. After ten minutes of useless effort, she ceased straining against the ropes and began crying.

In the security room, the Count was watching Darlene's struggles on the monitor. Beside him Raymond was also watching. "What a babe!" he said. "I'm beginning to see why you like girls tied up and struggling." The bulge in his pants confirmed his interest.

"It has it's points," the Count conceded. "I do rather enjoy it."

"You gonna fuck her later?" asked Raymond.

"Perhaps not tonight. But soon." He stroked his chin. "After this, she will doubt the experiments are valid. And once that happens, she will become a slave the same as all the others. And I will certainly have performed intercourse upon her very fine body by then."

Raymond licked his lips.

In the padded cell, Christy was making progress. She had found the slack when she arched her body and that she could reach the knot of the rope that held her in the hogtie. It took over ten minutes of work with her fingernails to loosen it enough, but after that she was able to work that rope loose and unfold her legs.

From a knelling position, she was able to bend backwards and get her fingers to the rope around her ankles. It took almost half an hour to reach and work out those knots, but she finally was shaking the ropes off her ankles. A few minutes later she had wiggled and worked the ropes off her knees.

The bindings on her arms presented a harder problem. And that because her elbows being tight together limited the use of her hands. The solution cost her a bad rug-burn on the skin around her elbows but worked. Backing up to the carpet padded wall, she rubbed her elbows against the wall, working the ropes down over her elbows. It was not easy and rubbed more skin than rope, but Christy was a persistent woman and after another twenty minutes, the final rope slipped over her right elbow. Then she was able to work the rope down to her wrists. Then she tried the same technique on the ropes around her wrists. She had to take the time to work the elbow ropes off her for they got in the way of making contact with the wrists ropes against the wall. She was just beginning to work on those ropes when the door opened and the Count came in.

"Hi! I got most of the ropes off," she told him cheerfully. "A little more work and I think I'll have these off, too."

He examined those ropes and told her, "There is an easier way."

"And what's that?"

"You're trying to rub them down, and that will rub your skin raw. Why don't you simply step through your arms and bring your hands up in front of you?"

Christy was far from stupid and saw what he meant immediately. She bend down, lowered her hands as far down as she could, then put one foot back between her forearms. The other foot followed. She then simply stood up and her hands were right in front of her. She began working at the knots with her teeth. The Count waited patiently until she had worked the ropes completely off her wrists. She seemed very happy with herself.

"Congratulations! You have earned yourself a thousand dollars. And the title of champion escape artist of San Sabastian."

"Thanks." She was genuinely please with her accomplishment and his praise.

"It's getting late, and you may wish to take a shower before retiring. I will walk with you to your bedroom."

Christy said nothing as he took her hands and locked the wrists in the steel handcuffs.

At her door, she paused to give him a hard look. "I didn't fail, so there's no reason to punishment me, is there?"

"You are quite right, my dear. You won."

For a few seconds neither said anything. Christy had brought up the subject of punishment for failure to escape because it was on her mind. The same kind of punishment she had "suffered" through when she gave the Count the blow job. Truth was she was horny and he was the only man in sight. And she had already performed oral sex upon him, she would be content to do that again. But a man inside her, pumping away lustily would have pleased her greatly right then.

He took her joined hands and kissed the back of one gently. "I'll wait until you fail again. Then we can see about the proper punishment. That's a promise."

Christy sighed and went inside.

The Count sighed also and went off to find some means of satisfying the heat within his loins generated by that lovely

young girl. The same young girl who had not bothered to replace her clothing as they left the padded room.

Fortunately there was always slave Carla, who was currently locked inside one of the small holding cells in a room near the dungeon. He immediately fled there where he unlocked the cell door and grabbed the startled Carla who had just fallen asleep. Her wrists were locked behind her back in handcuffs and someone, probably the Countess, had also locked her ankles in handcuffs. Using his handcuff key, he unlocked her ankles, then forced her to bend over while spreading her legs. With some urgency, he plunged his erection into her cunt from behind, an effort a little less efficient than normal because she was not ready for it and not lubricated. The surprise and pain from that rude entry brought forth a gasp from the slavegirl, but his insistent efforts quickly had her body reacting with what his wife always referred to as "love juices." He finished off rapidly, coming inside her with a grunt, and long before Carla could work up to anywhere near an orgasm for herself.

Disgusted that the climax wasn't as intense as he had hoped for, and blaming the hapless slavegirl, he roughly grabbed her joined wrists by the handcuff chain and pulled her arms up behind her. Then he locked one cuff of the pair of handcuffs he had taken off her ankles onto her left wrist, passed the other behind one of the bars of the cell, and locked it around her other wrist. When he stepped back, the naked Carla was forced to bend over in a position somewhat resembling the one Darlene was currently suffering in.

The Count slammed the cell door shut and stomped off. Carla twisted in an effort to ease the cut of metal into her wrists and tried to understand what had happened to her. But that was the way of this mad island she had been kidnapped and taken to, and she gave very little effort to understanding. She knew that her lot was to suffer and be used, not to understand.

It was another long night for Carla.

13

Invitation to a Hanging

The Count was the first one down to breakfast the next morning. As he sipped his orange juice and watched the shadows retreat across the lawn towards the pool, he reflected upon the night before. After leaving Christy at her room and the brief encounter with slave Carla, he had retreated to the lounge for a drink, whiskey neat, and to regroup. Playing with girls who are submissive was proving to be both a strain and an excitement such as he never gotten from the women kidnapped to be their slaves. These two girls were really something else. Three if you counted Samatha, but he didn't see too much of her. Or of his wife, for that matter, since both of them were usually in her bedroom or one of the dungeon rooms. Well, it was no big thing, he often lost sight of her for days at a time when she had a new slavegirl to play with.

The look in Darlene's eyes the night before when he finally returned to release her from the torture position she had created for herself was beautiful, so full of pain, fear and hopelessness, all followed by a wave of happiness when she saw him. And the surprising part was that she took it all in as part of the experiment! He apologized for the pain caused her, explained that he really thought it was not all that much and

that she was exaggerating as part of the role of the tortured traitor. She accepted that but explained at length about how much her shoulders had hurt, the muscles in her neck and, of course, the terrible pain in her nipples from those clothespins. Perhaps she thought she was shaming him by telling him how much he had hurt her, but in reality she was turning him on. He let her ramble on both to let her get it out of her system, and because he was enjoying it.

Later he saw her to her bedroom here he kissed her shackled hand and bid her good night.

Ah, it was a good life!

And today? What new wonders in submission would this beautiful day bring? He could always give Christy a challenge, some form of bondage that would be impossible for an elephant to get out of, let alone a human female. Then he would figure out some way to fix Darlene for the day. He began to wonder just how far he would have to torture her before she would begin to suspect the whole false premise? Well, it would be fun finding out. And when the truth finally dawned on her and he told her that she was to be a captive slavegirl for the rest of her life, the look on her face would be priceless!

Christy was the first down to breakfast, dressed in her usual costume of shorts and tank top, this time both in a light shade of pink. And pink canvass shoes. She looked as if she had slept well and was refreshed. Good, she would need her strength for whatever ordeal he came up with.

After she had been served a breakfast of eggs, bacon, hash browns and toast, and between bites, she interrogated him as to the plans for the day. "I feel like challenging something very hard to get out of," she told him. Her eyes told him that such a choice was in hopes of failing and the promised punishment for such failure.

"I'm sure that you'll like the experiment today," he replied graciously, and then began trying to think of something that would keep her totally helpless for at least the morning.

"Hello!" came the cheerful greeting from Darlene as she

entered the dinning room. Today she was dressed in another of her light weight summer dresses, this one a soft lavender that set off her golden hair beautifully. The dress, the Count was quick to note, was rather thin of material and very short. As she sat down, he noted the hem line riding up and a brief glimpse of a light golden patch proving that she wore no panties. Not that there was any question to begin with for the dress was so thin and snug that the panties and bra lines would have been easily visible.

She also attacked her food and seemed none the worse for having been tortured for a couple hours the night before. Neither girl seemed troubled by eating with hands joined by handcuffs, and the Count had to wonder how they had gotten dressed. Until he remembered that he had send one of the servant girls up to their bedrooms with orders to unlock them just long enough to let them dress.

Before the last of the coffee had been consumed, the Count had come up with experiments for both girls that day.

"This will not be easy to get out of, nor will it be very comfortable," he explained as they walked towards the padded room. "But I'm sure you'll give it a good try." He smiled towards Christy, who smiled right back.

Inside the room he asked the girls to wait a minute while he fetched some ropes. For a brief bit they were alone together, two girls sharing a unique and highly erotic experience, both handcuffed and both about to be put in much worse restraints. They looked at each other, both at a loss as to what to say.

"How are you doing? In the experiments, I mean," asked Darlene.

"Fine. I'm not escaping as much as I would like, but I'm doing okay. I did get out of the ropes you put on me, you know."

"No, I didn't. Well, I guess I'm just not used to tying up someone as good as you."

"You were good too, you just have a little to learn."

"I can't believe that trunk and cage thing you were in. Was it very hard on you?" Darlene asked hesitantly.

Christy paused before replying. "Dear, it was very hard. I couldn't move, a lot of me was hurting and it was totally black inside that hood. I couldn't hear anything but the pounding of my own heart. And that sticky tape sort of itches your skin."

"Did it... Did it make you feel helpless?"

Christy warmed up to Darlene some because some of Darlene's love of these unusual feelings came across in her question. "Honey, it was the most helpless I have ever felt in my life! And I've been tied up a few times."

"Gosh!"

Just then the Count returned and the girls shut up, interested now only in what was to happen to Christy.

It began with the removal of the handcuffs. Immediately she pulled off the tank top and was unbuttoning the shorts, shooting an apologetic look Darlene's way. When she was completely naked, she turned her back, certain that her arms would be bound behind her in any kind of high security restraint, as the Count had referred to those positions designed to make escape impossible. And he did take her wrists and began wrapping the rope around them.

Her arms were bound with elbows tightly together, and the wrists lashed to her bottom by rope around the hips and between her legs. The rope between the legs was to keep that around her hips from being pulled up to the narrower part of her waist, he explained, but both girls were well aware that those strands pressing tightly against the pussy would provide an stimulus. Christy was of mixed feelings about that. As the hours wore on and you have proven escape is impossible, a few pieces of rope pressing against your clit can be a means of masturbating yourself into an orgasm. But she had been growing more and more horny since arriving on San Sabastian, and really wanted a man inside her. The only sex she had managed was giving a blow job to the Count and, although that was nice, it was hardly enough to satisfy her.

Her legs were then tied together at the ankles and above the knees. Just as she was figuring that a hogtie was coming up,

he surprised her by picking up a thicker length of nylon rope. He moved her onto her side and doubled up her body so that her legs were doubled up and her chest against her thighs, a ball shape more or less. Then he fitted the sliding loop of that nylon rope around her body. He pulled the rope so it fitted snugly around her middle, holding her into the ball. The end of the thick rope was laying on the floor and Christy began to wonder about this position. When the Count stepped to the door to press the button that lowered the hook at the end of the hoist cable, Christy realized what was coming next and got a sinking feeling in her stomach. The end of the rope was tied to the hook and knotted solidly. A few seconds later she was being lifted off the floor and carried towards the ceiling.

The loop around her body had been placed as carefully as possible at her center of gravity, which meant that she hung in midair evenly without tilting much to any side. And as she came off the floor, her weight tightened down the loop around her body, crushing her legs to her chest and her arms to her back. She moaned both from the strain upon her body and the realization that escape would be highly unlikely. A girl as experienced at being tied up as she was, Christy knew that it was impossible to fight ropes that are held taunt by your own weight. They were just too tight.

Her rise to the ceiling was halted about half way. She meekly accepted the ball gag in her mouth, knowing that it would make little difference in escaping if she had were mouth free or not, and the discomfort from the ball in her mouth would be minor compared to the rope trying to crush her. The button was pushed and she finished her journey to the ceiling. When the Count ushered Darlene out the door and closed it, Christy was slowly twisting in a lazy clockwise circle.

"That looks awful tight," Darlene commented. "You don't really think that Christy can get out of that, do you?"

"No, I don't," came the honest answer. "But many of the experiments are not designed for you to have a chance to get out of. They are tests of your reactions and feelings about

what is happening to you.”

“Oh. I see.”

He let her into another of the padded rooms, this one also with a hoist in the ceiling. “Please wait here,” he asked her. “I have to get some equipment ready.”

Before she could respond the door was closed and she had little choice in the matter. Darlene tested the door just to be doing something, then she sat down and wondered what he was going to do to her. If she but knew that morning the Count had fixed up an interesting experiment for Darlene, interesting but not nearly as strict or secure and those Christy were routinely place in. In fact, it was an experiment designed to fail, but Darlene did not know that fact when she was led into the dungeon, which was empty, the Count having made sure that his wife had her play toy secured someplace else. Actually, he had no idea where Samatha was or what his wife was doing to the very submissive girl. Not that it made much different to him, he was having fun with the other two.

He had set up the props he wanted on a wooden platform under an overhead beam. In the center of the beam was a large metal ring, a convenient anchor point for all kinds of suspension. Under that ring was a step ladder and a block of wood. Several type of ropes lay on the table not too far away.

Darlene was led to the table, her handcuffs removed, she was allowed to remove her dress and shoes, and her arms bound behind her, elbows very tightly pulled together. As he wrapped and knotted away, the Count explained the premise of this experiment, “I want to get your reaction to a very scary situation. I will make sure that you are in no danger but you will find it rather frightening.”

Darlene’s mind immediately flashed back to the few hours spent in very uncomfortable punishment bondage not very long before, and she had to wonder what was in store for her today.

“There, that will hold your arms.” He had just knotted the end of the rope at her elbows. Stepping back, he paused with hand to chin and considered the lovely naked woman standing

there. "I think a little something more is called for." He took another length of rope and looped it around her hips and wrists. Several tight windings followed that one and then he was passing the rope from the front at her belly button, down between her legs and up in back to the wrists. Three times he did that and then knotted the rope at the front. The effect was to lock her hands to the top of her butt, the same as he had done to Christy.

"If you would please step this way," he said politely. This way meant over to the step ladder under the ring. "That's good, please step up. Now if you will stand on this block of wood... That's a good girl."

The block of wood in question was directly under the ring and was cut from a longer beam, about four inches square and two feet long. Darlene placed first one foot, then the other on it, finding that she could balance but had to be careful. The main problem was that the square end of the block was too small to fit both feet flat. She had to almost stand on the balls of her feet. "Gosh, it's kinda hard to balance here."

"You're doing fine. Now just hold that." He took away the small step ladder and brought over a taller one which he placed behind her but did not climb on yet. Instead he tied her ankles together with another piece of rope. Then he walked around behind her and was climbing the ladder. Darlene tried to look behind her to see what was going on but was afraid of losing her balance, so it was a surprise when she saw a thick piece of hemp rope passing before her eyes. A second later she felt that thick rope tighten around her neck. Glancing sideways as he adjusted the coiled portion, she realized that it was a classic hangman's noose and he was positioning the coiled part next to her right ear.

"Hey! What's going on! That's a hangman's noose!"

"Yes, it is. Remember I said this was going to be scary?"

"Yes, but I could get killed!"

"Not if you keep your balance on the block of wood," he told her as he stepped down the ladder. "You won't be up there long. And I want to get your reactions and feelings about

this."

"It's scary," she said with real feeling. "I don't like this."

"You'll be fine. Just keep your balance. I'll be right back after I put away this ladder." And before she could react, he was walking out the door, carrying the ladder with him.

Darlene gasped. This was certainly unexpected. She tested the bondage on her arms but carefully so she didn't upset the precarious position on the end of the wooden block. The ropes were, as usual, very tightly applied and it was quite impossible for her to get them off, even if she were in one of those padded room where she could thrash around all she wanted. Longing for hands with which to reach up and get that rope off her neck, Darlene whined a little protest and stared at the door, eagerly awaiting the return of the Count. Surely he would make sure that she did not fall. Or if she did, he would surely immediately save her.

The noose was tight about her neck and pulled up high, right under her chin, but not tight enough to impede her breathing. Not yet. But if she fell, she knew that there was no way her feet could reach the floor. She would be hanging by the neck, and that was a traditional way to execute prisoners. She whined pathetically and called out for her captor to return. He did not come.

In fact, the minutes lengthened and Darlene began to wonder how long it would take to put away a step ladder and return. Surely not all that long?

As the minutes dragged on, she became more and more worried. I couldn't have forgotten about me, she told herself. Surely not! But why wasn't he back? Perhaps he was checking on Christy. But that shouldn't take long. Perhaps he had a heart attack and is laying unconscious in a corridor somewhere! Her heart skipped a beat at that thought. How long would it be before someone came to release her? And would they find a frightened girl or a dangling corpse?

Each time she leaned to one side, the rope tightened around her neck and her jerked herself back. Where was he? It must have been half an hour, she was telling herself. In reality only

ten minutes had passed but time, as Einstein said, is relative. It was crawling for Darlene as each second drew her closer to the point where she would be unable to keep her balance. And that would happen sooner or later, she knew. Already twice she had almost tilted too far to one side. And it didn't help that she was feeling around with imprisoned hands, trying to find something she could work on to get her arms free. This was a stupid experiment and she intended to tell him that when he returned. Boy, was she going to tell him!

The Count did not return. Darlene was reduced to calling out for help although she did not dare to holler too loudly. The muscles in her feet were aching from trying to balance on the balls of her feet. And her legs wanted to tremble as time went on and the strain continued. She was not a happy camper.

From the comfort of the security room, the Count watched the struggling and very scared young lady on a monitor. He stroked his chin and watched intently her efforts to maintain balance under very difficult circumstances. The block had been of a size to make it difficult for her to keep her feet on it. He wondered how long it would be before she made the fatal mistake and fell from that tall block. The expressions on her face were delightful. He checked to make sure that it was all getting down on tape. The Countess would love to watch this later.

Time passed. Darlene cursed, pleaded to an empty room, and squealed each time she almost fell. The tilting grew worse and more common as her muscles grew fatigued, and jerking herself back into balance was a little harder each time she had to do it. A few times she over reacted and almost went over the other way. More than once it was the tightness of the rope around her neck that gave her the little bit of help she needed. But with each tug, the noose was growing tighter around her pretty throat.

The Count watched the monitor and sensed that the naked girl was getting close to failure in her attempts to keep balanced. This was delightful.

"Sir."

"What is it, Scar?" the Count growled at the interruption of his viewing enjoyment.

"The boat has arrived. Captain Bircher has a new girl for you to look at."

"In a minute. This is just coming to the good part." He turned back to the monitor.

The end came when a muscle in her right foot began to shake. The block shook and tilted. Darlene cried out as she felt it start to lean dangerously to the right. Then, suddenly, the base of the block slide out to the left and Darlene felt a hard jerk on her neck.

The single idea flashed into her mind — the idea that she was going to die! She felt her body falling and the rope digging into her neck. It seemed to be happening in slow motion, the block going out from under her, her body starting to fall, and the hard jerk of her weight being taken solely by the thick rope around her neck.

For a frozen second in time Darlene Lovejoy hung by the neck, her head tilted to one side, her body rigid with fear and her mouth wide open, a rasping gasp coming from it, and her eyes were wide open.

Then there was a snapping sound and she fell to the wooden platform.

For long seconds she lay on her side, startled by what had happened. Instead of hanging by her neck, with no air getting into her lungs, she was laying on her side, gasping but breathing. The noose was still around her neck but had loosened enough for her to suck air in. She looked up and saw a piece of rope tied to the metal ring. The rope must have broken! Darlene almost cried with joy.

The Count leaned back in the chair and sighed. The look on her face as the block slid out from under her was priceless, simply priceless. He sighed again.

"Okay, let's go see what Bircher has got for us."

"What about that girl" asked Scar.

"I made sure that the rope would break with her weight. But her arms are tied solidly and she can't get out of them. Her

ankles are tied, and the door to the dungeon is locked. She won't be going anywhere. Let's see what Bircher has."

In the dungeon, Darlene was filling her lungs in great gulps even though she hadn't really come close to running out. After a while, she rolled into a sitting position. The end of the hemp rope was trailing down to rest on the platform beside her. She could easily see where the rope had been cut down to only a few strands in the middle. Those did not look cut, but more ragged — broken. Then she realized that the whole hanging had been a set-up. What had the Count said? An experiment to scare you? Well, it did! And she was going to have a few choice words with that man about his experiments.

Where was he? It was usual for him to ask questions after an experiment. So where was he with his questions? For a while Darlene sat there but grew bored of that. She told herself that he shouldn't mind her doing a little exploring now that the experiment was over. Then she looked down at the ropes on her ankles. That would make walking around a lot harder. Hmmm....

Darlene was not a stupid girl. The only stupidity she had show so far was in failing to see that the whole "experimental" set-up was a farce. And being reasonably intelligent, she figured out a way to remove the ropes from her ankles.

A quick test showed her that she could not get her ankles up to where her hands were lashed to her bottom. But there was the edge of the platform. She moved around until her could get the binding on her ankles on the corner of the platform. She used that to pulled at the ropes, to work the knots, and finally get one knot to come loose. The Count had bound her ankles while she was standing on the block and that meant that her ankles were larger than if her weight had been off them. Now that she was sitting down, the ropes were a little looser. Just enough. She worked the loops off her feet and felt a little thrill of triumph.

With her feet available for walking around, the naked girl spent the next fifteen minutes examining the torture devices in

the dungeon. She noted how solid the stocks and pillory were, how that metal chair was bolted to the floor and as solid as a rock, and that all the whips on the wall looked very, very functional. She even managed to loosen and remove the noose by using one of the pegs on the wall of whips.

Then she came to the door. Turning around and gasping the handle with bound hands, she turned and pulled. Surprisingly the door opened. She walked it open a bit more and then slipped around it before it could close.

Freedom! Well, a bit of it. Like a schoolgirl playing hooky, she smiled and tip toed down the hall. So far most of the experiments had held her in one place. But now she had the chance to explore and that was too challenging to turn down. A good experimental subject should wait patiently back in the dungeon, she told herself. But who says I'm a good subject?

Darlene hadn't gotten twenty feet when a door tempted her. There were several doors along that basement corridor and she wondered what would lay behind that one. Another torture chamber? A prison cell? Or perhaps just a store room. She turned her back and twisted the knob. It turned but nothing happened. She stood back to look at the door and saw the deadbolt. Darlene had to stand on tiptoes to reach it, but after it had slid back, she was able to twist the handle and open the door.

Before she turned around the edge of the door, she heard the sound of a girl in pain. It was moaning, low and from a female throat. Samatha? she wondered. Not Christy, since this was not the padded cell where she was hanging in a ball. What came into view was a girl Darlene did not know. She had brown skin and looked like she was some mixture of Polynesian and Chinese, a lovely girl with long black hair. And the reason why she was moaning became obvious upon a moment's inspection. The girl was sitting upon a wooden contraption made from two wooden panels set together at an angle to form a sharp edge. The girl's ankles were caught in chains and secured to eyebolts in the floor below her. Her arms were tightly bound behind her back with the wrists

crossed up high around the shoulder blades. Some rope passed around her wrists and chest both above and below her breasts to hold her arms up there. She was not gagged but did not speak for her head was bowed in the attitude of a woman who had long been suffering in that positions and was only trying not to move.

Darlene walked over to the wooden device and looked at it. The edge was slightly rounded but still must be very painful to have to sit on. With the girl's legs pulled down and slightly to the side, all the girl's weight must have been trying to push that edge between her legs. Darlene grimaced just to think of it.

As she walked around the unfortunate girl, taking in each detail in fascination, she found that her bottom and the backs of her legs were covered with whipmarks, both fading and fresh. The girl's breast had some too, she noted upon closer examination.

"Who are you?" came a weak voice. The English was accented but understandable.

Darlene looked up to find dark eyes regarding her from a face once beautiful but now distorted by pain. "I'm Darlene," she replied. "Who are you? Are you a part of the experiments?"

"My name is Carla. I was kidnapped. They have held me her as a prisoner for four weeks. They torture me." She looked down from her seat of pain to plead with the naked girl she knew was a prisoner also from the tight ropes around her arms. "Please, get me down from here." Then her face lit up with hope, "Can we escape from this horrible island?"

Darlene was quite shocked. Kidnapped? Torture? "Are you sure about this?" she asked. "I mean, maybe you just don't understand the experiments?"

There was no mistaking the pain in the girl's voice, "They torture me because they like to see a girl suffer. How do you think I got these whipmarks?"

"I don't understand. You were kidnapped?"

"Yes. My car was run off the run and two bad men took me.

I was tied up and blindfolded and gagged. Then they brought me here. Please, can you get me down? This hurts terrible."

Darlene looked at the chains and locks on the girl's ankles and shook her head. The edge of the wooden planks was high enough so that she couldn't reach the girl's arms with her hands. And the chains and locks would have defeated her even had her arms not been bound behind her. "I'm sorry, I can't do anything to help you."

"Then flee. Get away from this horrible place."

"I don't know if I can. I agreed to take part in the experiments for a full two weeks, and..." Darlene suddenly stopped talking. For a long time her eyes were closed and a frown held upon her beautiful face. "My gawd! I've been taken. The Count and Countess, they're not really psychologists, are they?"

"What?"

"And they're just playing games with us!"

"They like to see girl's hurt. They like to see me fight the ropes because I am being hurt. They laugh at my pain. Look what they are doing to me. This hurts and I fear my... my cunt, I think you would say in English, is ruined. It will never work again." A tear rolled down her cheek. "You must get away from them. Go find police."

Darlene was still trying to take in the whole concept. She and Christy and Samatha were victims of a con game, a trap to get them to San Sabastian and under the power of a pair of sadists! Why hadn't she seen it before? The way the Count had asked her to come up with a real torture and then left her to suffer in it for hours while he proclaimed that he didn't know she was hurting. And the cruel way that Christy was hanging right at that moment...

"I'll try to get help," she told Carla. "But I don't know how I can get away from this island. I just don't know."

With nothing she could do for Carla, and the fear that the Count might return at any minute, find her not in the dungeon, and come looking for her, made Darlene anxious to get out of there. She fled, not really knowing where she was going but

trying to get some distance between herself and these rooms of torture so she could think.

She found herself at the padded rooms, perhaps having sought out that place because her only possible alley was currently hanging from the ceiling in one.

There was the deadbolt lock on the door, this one up higher, but Darlene managed to work its handle up and slide it over. Then she entered the room to find Christy still hanging in a ball. Her friend in restraints did not look very happy. The strain of being held in a ball by her won weight was showing on her face as she turned it to behold a naked and bound but alone Darlene. She moaned aloud.

"Listen, Christy, I've got to tell you something. This place is not what we think it is..." She explained what had happened, including the mock hanging by the neck she had suffered emotional trauma from. "Don't you see, we're prisoners here, just like Carla. The whole experiment thing is a lie!"

Christy looked shocked but did not reply, the ball gag in her mouth probably having something to do with that. "Oh, I've got to get you down," Darlene said suddenly and rushed off to the door.

Outside the door was a small panel with four buttons. One was marked "UP", another "DOWN", and the other two simply said, "3" and "4." She pressed Down with her nose and held it until she figured Christy was back on the floor.

Christy was, indeed, on the floor and struggling mightily to work the rope from around her body. Darlene turned her back and used her hands to help get it off, allowing Christy unfolded with a sigh.

"We've got to get away and hide someplace," Darlene told Christy as she squatted down and began working on the ropes binding her ankles. It was not easy at all to get her fingers where the knots were, but Darlene was a determined girl and soon was unwinding the first set of ropes. "Look, Christy, I think we've got to get out of here before he comes back. As soon as I get your legs untied, we'll run and find someplace to

hide. We can get our arms free later."

Thus it was that minutes later two naked women with their arms tightly bound behind their backs were dashing across the green grass, around the pool and into the jungle.

14

A New Slavegirl

The new slavegirl was not happy. She kicked out with bound feet at any man who came within striking distance, and glared at all present.

"Saucy little wench, ain't she," said Bircher with some pride. "Got her off a boat outta Sampo." The Count looked up sharply from his examination of the newest acquisition. "Oh, don't worry, gov'ner, I sank the boat. Near as I could figure from her hollering, she was trying for some kind of new record for a woman sailor across the Pacific. Or somethin' like that there. Anyway, you don't have ta worry none, that was a thousand miles back."

The Count said nothing. Bircher was right, a thousand miles from her last reported position would keep any search and rescue efforts far from San Sabastian. Bircher might be a crude man, but he was smart. The Count's regard returned to the woman laying on the wooden deck of Bircher's boat. She was apparently French for she looked it and Bircher said she had tried to talk to him in what he took as French. But he didn't speak the language and wasn't too sure. In addition to a fine figure, partly revealed by the tears in her blouse and the rather tight white shorts, she had very long, shiny black hair.

It was in a mess around her head but the Count would be willing to bet when she stood up, it would hang all the way down to her ass. The ropes were Bircher's usual tight work, lacking in neatness but effective at keeping a girl helpless and under control.

"She'll do. I'll pay you the usual amount," the Count told him. "I'll have Scar come down with a cage."

"Good idea, gov'ner, ain't no use getting kicked in the balls in case you get to close to her."

The Count considered what to do with the new girl as he walked back up the path from the docks. Never had there had such a surplus of slavegirls on the island. But Bircher's deliveries came when he could get them, not on a regular schedule. Well, he could always simply put her in a cell and keep her until his wife tired of Samatha. There was always room for one more shackled slavegirl on San Sabastian.

"Turn your back to me and I'll try to work on the knots," Darlene told Christy after they caught their breath.

Both the naked girls were laying on leaves in a tiny clearing hidden by bushes and a good run from the main house.

"Oh, okay," she said in response to Christy's muted protests and shaking of her head, "I'll unbuckled the gag first. Lay down next to me and let me wiggled up to your head. There, I can feel the buckled. Boy, the Count does the buckled tightly! There..."

"That is much better," said Christy as the ball plopped out of her mouth with a wet sound. "That thing can get a girl's jaw to hurting. Here, I'll wiggle up a bit and you can work on my hands. My finger are a little numb from the tight rope around my arms. Are you sure about there being other girls held captive here? I mean, you weren't seeing Samatha, were you?"

"No way. This girl said her name was Carla. And that she was kidnapped."

"I have trouble believing that. Ouch! You pricked me with your fingernail!"

"Sorry."

"But what is going on? I mean, if he just wanted to tie us up and play some games — which a lot of men do — then why go to all the trouble of advertising on the Internet? I mean, he gets his girls kidnapped and delivered to him, according to you."

"That's what Carla tells me. And haven't you noticed that his experiments are getting rougher and rougher? Let me tell you about the torture he put me through." And she did.

"What! He made you invent a torture then he left you in it for hours? How was it that you were tied again? Oh, that feels better. Now can you work on my elbows. Great."

Darlene described being tied to the post with her arms pulled high behind her back as she worked at the knots. Eventually they yielded to her persuasion but only after much work and her having to take breaks to rest her tired fingers.

Once free, Christy's hands came back to life and she was able to untie the ropes holding Darlene's arms to her back. "I still have trouble believing this whole thing. I hope you're not having a trick played on you. He did put you through a fake hanging, after all. Maybe the Carla is just one of the staff tied up so she could give you a phony story."

"I don't think so. Those whipmarks looked very real. And she had to be suffering something terrible on that wooden edge."

"Well, what do we do about it? There, that does it for your arms."

"Oh, thank you," said Darlene. "I like being tied up, but it can be rough on your body."

For a while the two girls lay on the leaves, listening for sounds of pursuit and trying to come to mental grips with the sudden change of status. Finally it was Christy who proposed a way off the island, "The only way is to get a boat. I haven't seen any airport, so the sea is the only way. There was a dock to the west of the house, that's where we came ashore. Let's go see if there is a boat there."

They made their way through the dense bushes, careful to

keep the noise down and worried about what kind of wild animals might live in those wilds. But they saw nothing more vicious than a spider and managed to come out on a low cliff overlooking the ocean. Off to the left they could see where the breakwater formed a lagoon and the dock.

"Look, there's a boat!" exclaimed Christy.

"Yeah, maybe we can sneak on board and leave when it does. It will have to go back to some city sooner or later, won't it?"

"Honey, I'm not going to wait around for that, I'll steal it."

"Can you drive a boat?"

"Sure. My father used to own a fishing boat. Besides, there may be a radio in it and we can send out a distress call. Let's get over there, but be careful, I think I see someone standing on the dock."

The two naked girls crept through the bushes, circling around to where the path went down to the dock. Just as they reached it, Christy pushed Darlene back into the bushes because she heard a sound. A moment later two men came into view, walking down the path and carrying a small metal barred cage hanging just below a pole placed on their shoulders. The cage was empty.

"What is that for?" asked Darlene after the men passed by.

"I don't know. But they're going down to the boat we need. Let's follow them." Christy began creeping down the path before Darlene could think of a reason not to.

Hiding in the bushes, they watched as the two men lowered the cage to the wooden dock. They went on board the cabin cruiser and emerged a minute later carrying a struggling bundle between them. It was a girl and she was fighting as hard as she could, wiggling and kicking her bound legs, jack knifing her body, her long hair flying around, and making grunting sounds through the ball gag. It took the strength of the two men to contain the angry woman, and it was not easy to fit her into the steel barred cage they ready for her. She simply did not want to go into it. Since it was proving so hard to push her down, one of the men suddenly slapped her face

hard, which startled the girl. They took advantage of the momentary lapse in her struggles to push her down and force the cage lid shut over her.

As they carried the cage on the pole between them, the two girls hiding in the bushes had a good view of the captive as they passed by. She was angry, panting and had a fire in her pretty, dark eyes. She was also nearly naked, her clothes having suffered from the rough handling, and bent over in a kneeling position, unable to shift to her side or straighten up. It was not a big cage.

"Gosh," said Darlene after the trio passed. "They're rough with prisoners."

"I will have to apologize to you," added Christy. "I didn't believe your story. But that girl was not an experimental volunteer."

"Gosh, no. Did you see the way she tried to kick those men? She was aiming for the... Well, you know."

"You mean balls!" laughed Christy. "Damned right, she was."

"So what do we do now?" asked Christy after a while. "I saw at least two men still on the boat."

"Maybe we could come back after dark?" suggested Darlene. "Maybe they'll go up to the house for dinner and sleep."

"They might also leave before dark," muttered Christy. "They've delivered the cargo. They may not stay around."

"That would be bad," observed Darlene.

"Damn right. Which means we can't wait until tonight. Damn, I wish I knew if they were leaving soon or not."

Her question was answered by the sound of an engine coming to life. Smoke and bubbles erupted from the stern of the boat as one of the men cast off the lines. A minute later their means of escape was plowing through the gentle waves of the lagoon, heading towards open sea and taking with it their only hope for escape.

"Bummer!" exclaimed Christy, followed by a few choice curse words not normally uttered by ladies.

Darlene was thinking while Christy let vent her emotions. "I think I have an idea," she said.

"Well, out with it," urged Christy. "We could use a good idea right now."

"Well, I think I saw a computer in the library," Darlene began. "And it stands to reason that the Count would have one somewhere, after all he did post those messages to the Internet. So, if we could sneak into the house, we could use the computer and modem to send out a message for help."

"That's half a good idea. But why not just use a phone?"

"Oh... That would work, too."

"Let's go."

The girls made their way up the path until they were near the house, then they snuck through the bushes until they were right up against its side. Fortunately there were several doors in the rear giving access to the gardens and pool, they headed for the nearest.

"Where the hell is she?!"

The Count was not happy to find Darlene missing from the dungeon. "Just put the whole cage in that holding cell," he snapped at the men carrying the French girl, then he rushed out.

There were numerous video cameras around the house, especially in the dungeons and special rooms used to hold or torture girls. The Count ran through each of the cameras rapidly, cursing when he found an empty the padded cell where a naked Christy should have been hanging securely. It didn't take him long to figure that Darlene had managed to get out of the dungeon and freed Christy. Which meant that they might be anywhere on the island.

For a few seconds he sat there in deep concentration. Then he reached for a phone to put a shore to ship call through to Bircher. As he held the line, Bircher had his men make a thorough search of the boat, reporting back that there were no extra passengers.

"Good, they're still on the island." He relaxed a bit. "They

can't go anywhere. We'll have them rounded up soon enough. Scar, get every security man and start a search. I want those two girls in irons before night fall."

As Scar rushed out, the Count grinned. "And this time there will be no 'experiments.' They'll get tortured and never escape again."

"Hey! A phone!" called Darlene.

"Great. Call 911."

Darlene picked up the receiver and dialed the requested numbers. Nothing happened. "I don't think that they have 911 in the South Seas," she commented. "What's the police number?"

"How should I know. If there is a San Sabastian Police Department, they would probably just turn us over to the Count. He's the head of the country, you know."

"Shit!" said Christy with heat.

"So what do we do?"

"Try 'O' for operator."

"Okay. Hmmm.... Nothing. What kind of phone company do they have here?"

Darlene put down the useless phone disgusted. They risk capture to sneak in and find a phone, only to discover that there is no one they can call.

"Well, where's that computer you talked about?" suggested Christy.

"Oh, yeah! Over this way."

The computer was right out in the open on a desk. Darlene pressed the "Master" key on the power director and waited while the computer checked its memory and loaded drivers. A minute later the familiar screen of Doors 97 came on and Darlene grabbed the mouse. "Open Telecommunications Door," she said as she clicked on a tiny picture of a door with lines running out to a telephone pole. "Now what program does he use to interface with the Internet... Hmmm.... I guess this would be the best."

"Darlene..." whispered Christy suddenly. "There's someone

coming. Do something quick."

"Yeah. But what? Hmmm..." Suddenly she was typing rapidly and letters were appearing on the screen. So concentrating on the screen she was that she didn't hear the male footsteps come into the room.

"Oh, shit," whispered Christy as she saw the Count and a couple burly looking security men standing there with guns in their hands.

"Get away from that computer," he ordered.

Darlene looked up. "But first," she said calmly, "you should know that I have my finger on the button. I've written a nice little note about your fun and games on San Sabastian. About the slavegirls, and that Christy and I are being held against our wills, and would everyone please send help. When this message hits the news groups, your little game will be up. One click and it goes out to twenty thousand news groups and hundreds of thousands of computer users around the world. And you know the talk on the news groups about government authorities monitoring the news groups for illegal activities. There's gotta be some truth in those rumors."

"Get away from that computer!" the Count roared.

"You shoot me and I'll still be able to press the button." She was trying to sound brave and having a hard time of it, considering that she had never stared down the barrel of two huge pistols before.

The Count pursed his lip for a moment. "You can't sit there forever," he told her. "You'll either have to press the button or leave. To go to the bathroom, if nothing else." He calmly waved to the two men behind him to lower their weapons. "And I'm wondering why you haven't pressed the button yet," he mused.

"I will," threatened Darlene. Christy nodded agreement.

"I believe you. I just wonder why you haven't yet. I'll bet that you're thinking along the same lines as I am. If you send out that message, I may well have unwanted visitors investigating the claim of two American girls held captive. On the other hand, by the time anyone gets here, all the slavegirls,

including you two, will be out of her, hidden someplace where no one will ever find you, and there will be no sign of dungeons, slaves or even a pair of handcuffs."

Darlene swallowed hard. He was right. Visions of her and Christy sinking into the ocean with anchors tied to their feet flashed through her mind.

"Oh, shit," whispered Christy.

"So why don't you press the button?" He grinned. "I'll tell you why. Because you hope to bargain with me. You hope that I won't want you to send out the message, and that I'll let you two go."

Darlene was too scared to talk.

"Well, you're right. I'm in no danger, but I would rather you didn't send out that email. If nothing else, it would mess up my recruiting new experimental subjects."

"You've got to be kidding! That whole psychological experiment jazz was a fake!" Christy was angry.

The Count smiled. "Well, yes, it was. And I had lots of fun. You two, and Samatha, although I didn't get to play with her, are delightful. You two love being tied up so much that you come up with fantastic ways for yourselves to be bound. I loved every minute of it." He paused to gauge the effect his revelation was having. "And I think you two enjoyed yourselves, also."

Darlene looked to Christy who returned a puzzled stare.

"Well..." began Darlene. "You do tie a girl very well."

"And you, Christy?"

"I... Well, shit, she's right, you do know how to tie a girl. And I did enjoy trying to escape from those positions you put me into. But you were going to keep us here as slavegirls, weren't you!"

"I'll admit that was the idea. I figured that sooner or later you'd figure out the farce and then I'd have to make you into real slaves."

"You mean like the other girls you keep here?" Darlene asked boldly. "Like Carla? And that girl with the long black hair we saw being hauled up here in a cage?"

"Yes. And dozens and dozens of others before them."

"You can't own slavegirls in this day and age," protested Christy.

"Yes, I can," he replied with a smile. "I am the government here. I can do anything I want."

Both girls were silent on that one. He let them think about what had been said. Then he offered them a way out.

"I am willing to let you two go..." he began. "If you promise not to tell anyone about our slaves."

"That's all?" asked Christy. "We promise not to say a word and trust that you'll really let us get on a boat and leave?"

"In a nutshell, yes. I'll call Bircher back. I don't think that you'll even try to convince anyone that I keep slavegirls. And I have video tapes showing you two voluntarily letting yourselves be tied up. And your email telling me about how much you love it. My story would be simply that you were invited down for a few weeks and decided to try to blackmail my wife and myself."

"But what about when I leave this computer?" asked Darlene. "What's to keep you from simply taking us prisoner?"

"Nothing. If you check, you'll find that the computer you're sitting before now has the power off. While we were talking, one of my men pulled the plug."

Darlene looked back to the monitor to find a blank screen staring back at her. "Oh... crap!" she said.

Both girls looked at the Count with defeated looks on their faces.

"The offer still stands. You promise me that you'll never speak a word of what you've seen here, and I'll let you go. You have my word on that."

"I guess we have no choice," said Christy. "But why did you set this experimental thing up in the first place?"

"Because I am fascinated by submissive woman. I love to see a woman who likes being tied up. I've never had women who were true submissives before and it was very interesting."

Darlene seemed deep in thought. "Will you run this scam again?" she asked.

It was the Count's turn to think for a few seconds. "Yes," he admitted. "I probably will. I enjoyed it very much. And there are plenty of submissive women in the world."

"Very well," said Darlene with a sigh. "I will accept your offer. I will say nothing."

Christy didn't say anything for a long time as she considered the whole situation. Finally she came out with something that surprised both Darlene and the Count, "If I stay here, will you promise to not keep me as a slavegirl, but as a guest?" She saw the puzzled looks on both faces. "I really have enjoyed the experiments," she explained. "And I would like to continue them. But I don't want to be a full time slavegirl and be owned by a man. See what I mean?"

"I see," said the Count. "But I will have to turn you down. If you stay here, you will be a slavegirl, just as the others. I will treat you with more respect because you are here by your own will, but I will own you just the same as I own the girls who were kidnapped. You will be kept in constant restraints and not allowed freedom. Ever." He said the last word strongly so she would know that he was serious.

Christy stood up and braced her legs solidly on the carpet. She placed her hands behind her back and stuck out her chest. "Do you sexually use your slavegirls?" she asked.

"Of course."

"Then I accept your offer."

Darlene's jaw dropped. The Count smiled knowingly.

"But I'll give you fair warning, I will try to escape at every opportunity. It will be a constant battle between yours skills and mine."

The Count bowed his head in agreement and respect.

"I don't believe you," said Darlene as she shook her head. "I mean, he does tie us very nicely. And I did enjoy it, but... Oh, crap!"

"You can stay also," the Count told her.

"No, thank you. I want someone who can tie me as well as

you do, and with as much imagination, but someone I can love. Not someone who will have two or three other slaves around. And who's already married."

"I understand. I wish you well in finding such a man."

For a few long seconds all three of them stood there. Then the Count sighed and said, "Darlene, if you will excuse me for a few minutes, I have a slave to secure down in the dungeon." And he took Christy by the bare arm and led her out of the room.

The naked girl opened her mouth and a soft tongue darted out to lick at the clitoris before her. The girl was Samatha and she was naked, tightly bound and hanging by her ankles from a ring over the Countess' bed, with the Countess positioning herself under the suspended woman so she could "service" her mistress. Samatha began licking and playing with the Countess' sex avidly and with real passion and love. Quickly the Countess was sighing, then moaning as her body reacted to the stimulation.

"Oh, that's good... Yes, like that! Oh...!" The Countess was very pleased with the progress she was making in training Samatha to be a pleasure slave. But then the girl was a natural submissive, so it wasn't as hard as most of the slavegirls.

As she drifted closer and closer to an orgasm, the Countess wondered aloud what her husband was doing with his two toys.

Darlene got a new apartment and job in a new city. For a couple weeks she thought she was happy but memories of her time on San Sabastian kept coming to the fore. The Count had been good to his word and provided transportation for her. He even paid her the full amount agreed upon for being an experimental subject, plus a very generous bonus.

Then one evening after a dinner eaten alone with only the evening news for company, Darlene found herself turning on her computer and typing:

Single Female in search of bondage Master. Must be very skilled at rope bondage and very imaginative at creating new restraints and scenes. Must be an expert at hogties, suspension, and totally inescapable bondage.

Then she clicked the mouse on the SEND icon.

ISLAND OF SUBMISSION

BY JOHN SAVAGE

Take three lovely young ladies with a passion for being tied up, mixed in a Count and Countess with obscene amounts of money and the power to rule their own island, and what do you get? You get the newest John Savage novel filled with naked bodies, extremely tight ropes, and cruel whips. Three young women all respond to a posting on the Internet offering them a chance to take part of a psychological experiment into human submissive nature. But what they don't know is that the "psychologists" already own a stable of slavegirls and they are looking to add some new ones, unique ones in that they came voluntarily and are nature born submissives. The tests these poor girls have to endure become increasingly harsh and painful. But by the time they realize their mistake, it's too late to escape from the island and a lifetime of restraints and pain.

