An HOM Publication

Adults Only $5.95

KIDNAPPED Sorority Sister



John Savage

Kidnapped Sorority Sister

by John Savage

HOM Inc. • Los Angeles

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Printed in the United States of America.

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

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Prologue

Buffy Cortney was left in the dark.

And it was very stuffy inside that box, not to mention the ropes were digging into her limbs rather uncomfortably. She sighed round the large rubber ball wedged behind her teeth and wondered just how long she would have to endure the tight ropes, ball gag, and rather confining wooden crate into which she had been stuffed and locked over two hours before.

There were small air holes drilled around the base of the crate, and she was getting enough air to keep from passing out, but it was hot enough inside the crate to make her sweat, stuffy enough to make her a little worried about getting enough oxygen, and damned uncomfortable.

But the worst part was the position she had been tied into and was held by the stout wooden box. Her legs had been bound together, tied at the ankles and again above the knees. Then her arms had been bound behind her back, wrists crossed and with her elbows linked and pulled snugly, although a foot short of touching. Not that it would have been hard for her to bring her elbows together behind her, she was rather flexible, but with the wrists crossed, bringing

the elbows together made the ropes around the wrists dig deeper in and resist.

Then she had been put into the crate in a kneeling position and then two pairs of hands pushed her over and down until she was bent in two, her breasts pressed against her thighs. Then the lid was closed and the hasp padlocked. She knew from what she had seen before her head was pushed down, that the crate was made of very stout wood and not likely to succumb to her efforts to get out, even if she hadn't been bound. Then they carried her down the stairs, and out the front door. After a minute of swaying, there was a big bump and a scrapping sound. Then silence for a few minutes before there was the sound of a car engine starting and Buffy felt the crate holding her moving again. She didn't know what type of vehicle she had been put in, but it was obvious that she was being driven to some unknown destination for some unknown reason. She twisted her wrists, trying to find knots or loose ropes with her fingers, but there was nothing. Those who had bound her were very good. All the ropes were cinched down and multiply knotted. There were no loose loops anywhere, nothing she could work on.

That had been a couple hours before, she guessed. For the last twenty minutes or so the vehicle had still and she could hear no sounds to indicate anyone was around her box. Again she tried to sigh but it came out strange sounding. Her jaw was beginning to really ache from being forced wide open by the rubber ball held in with a strap.

What the hell are they doing, she wondered? Did they want her to think that she had been abandoned? Were they coming back soon, or would she had to endure the discomfort for a long time?

Suddenly she felt hands upon her crate, followed by the scrapping sound of it being dragged across the metal truck bed. At last, she told herself, they've gotten tired of playing this little game. But what did they have planned for her now? Whatever it was, she mainly wanted to get out of that bent

over position and stretch aching limbs.

But Fate had no intention of granting her wish, not then and not for a long time. The wooden box, along with the helpless female inside it, was carried a long distance then roughly dumped. A minute later there was the sounds of something prying at the lock and hasp holding the lid down. A second later the lid was opened and, in the dim light, she could make out two dark shapes hovering over her bound form. What is going to happen now? she asked in apprehension.

1
A Missing Sister

It was a rainy Monday afternoon in LA. At least the clouds had chased the smog away. I was sitting behind my desk, cleaning my piece, and wondering just how long Bernie the Landlord would go before he really served me an eviction notice. I swept the stack of nasty over due notices off the desk and into the trash bucket, along with Bernie's latest plea for rent money. They'd get paid when I got a case.

I had just run a cleaning wad down the barrel of my trusty .45 Colt automatic when there came a knock on the door. I put Besty down and hollered that the door was unlocked. It's a good thing I had put Besty down or I would have dropped her when I saw what walked into my office. She was early twenties, honey blonde, and filled out that dress like she was trying to burst the seems. Keeping with the current fashion trends, the hem was someplace half way between the knees and paradise, just where I like dress bottoms to be. She had slinky long legs and an hour glass figure with lots of sand. Her breasts seemed to be trying to climb out of the low cut soft pink dress and I wondered what would happen if she were to take a deep breath. Her high heels clacked, clacked across the hard wood floor.

"Mr. Speed?" she purred. "Mr. Sled Speed?"

"That's me, babe," I said out of the side of my mouth. All hard boiled private dicks talk out of the side of their mouths, sounds more he-man.

"I'm Mona Lister. My sisters and I have a case for you."

I picked up Besty and the cleaning rod and began ramming the rod down her barrel. "Yeah? How many sisters you got?"

"Twenty-five."

"Huh?"

"I'm the President of Alpha Alpha Alpha sorority. There's twenty-six of us. Well, there was. Now there's only twenty-five, and that's what I need your help for."

She planted her curves on the edge of my desk, not caring that her dress rode up so high I could almost see the Promised Land. She leaned forward to inform me, "We lost one of our girls and need you to get her back for us."

The view was delightful from where I sat and promised to get better. I was praying for her to take a deep breath — a really DEEP breath. "Give me the details," I told her. "Maybe I can help you."

She learned even farther forward, resting on her hands. Her baby soft face was only a foot from mine but I was having trouble keeping my eyes on it. The view a little farther south was getting better every second. "I will, but first I have to have your promise that everything I say will be keep totally secret."

"Of course, babe. Won't tell a soul."

"My Daddy, Malcom Lister told me to go to you. He said that you and he were classmates in high school."

Malcom Lister? My mind was racing to place a face to that moniker. Lister? Could it be Skinny Lister, the jerk? One real nerd, that one was. He was the only one of us who made it through high school without loosing his virginity. Not even Amanda the Merciful would let him climb into the back seat with her.

"How is Malcom?"

"He's doing fine. Owns Lister Industries, you know."

"Oh..." So Skinny Lister made good. Lister Industries was one of the biggest manufacture of heavy machines tools in the country. Skinny must be worth a fortune! My fee just went up. "We were good buddies back in school," I told her. "Malcom thought the world of me."

"Daddy said that you were a jerk, but that you knew when to keep your mouth shut," she said casually. "We need someone who can keep his mouth shut."

I shut mine. I think it was hanging open. Those fleshy mounds move so very nicely when she breathed. I was wondering how I could make her pant.

"Aren't you cleaning your gun rather fast?" she asked.

I stopped ramming the rod down Besty's throat. She was clean now.

"So how'd you loose a sorority sister?" I asked.

"We were playing a little game," she began. "Sort of a sorority initiation. You know, where the actives plan pranks and nasty tricks on the pledges. You know, hazing. All good, clean fun. When the pledges become actives, they get to do it to the new class of pledges."

"I've heard of it."

"Well, we sort of lost Buffy." She seemed to be a little embarrassed.

"How?" I asked.

"Well, we had driven her out to a place in the park in a pick up truck and ... Well, sort of lost her. Someone must have taken her."

I leaned back in my swivel chair and put my hands behind my head. "Come on, babe, tell we what happened. Did she wander away and not come back?"

"Not really." She was becoming more nervous and blushing. The tops of her breasts blushed, too, I noticed. Delightful. "Mr. Speed, I'll have to be honest with you. Our sorority is sort of different from the others. All of the sisters like... engage in... What I mean is we all like it."

"It?"

"Okay! Bondage! There, I said it."

Her breasts were blushing like crazy. The only other girl I ever saw who blushed like that was Marsha Cravitz in the twelfth grade. And she only did it when she was getting close to an orgasm. I remembered one time when she... But I cut off those thoughts and got back to the present.

"You mean you like to tie each other up?"

"Basically, yes. We all find it fun." She looked at me like she was expecting me to tell her how crazy she was. I put on my "I've seen it all" face and waited for her to continue.

"That's one thing we make sure about on any new girls. They have to love being tied or doing the tying the same as the rest of us do." She took a big breath. The view improved. "Most of our hazing involves bondage in one way other another. And in the house... Well, our house mother used to be a Girl Scout and knows all the knots."

"You mean to tell me the whole house full of sorority sisters go around tying each other up all the time?"

"Not all the time!" She seemed upset by the suggestion. "We have to go to classes, you know. But Thursday nights are when the pledges are all hung up in the basement and paddled. And there's usually one or two girls tied up in their rooms. It's a fun game, you know. No, I guess you don't. Well, most of us are also... Also...." She waved her hands like she was trying to help get the word out. "We're... Lesbians," she spit out. "There, I said it. I guess the whole school knows about that part but they don't know about all the tying up that goes on. And we want to keep it that way."

"So what's this got to do with your loosing this... What was her name?"

"Buffy. Buffy Cortney. She's an active." Mona slid off the desk while she was talking and began pacing the room. I like the sound of high heels clicking on the floor. "Buffy was being hazed by other actives. We... Well, we tied her up and then... We put her in a wooden shipping crate. And lost her."

"Whoa! You mean to tell me that you tied up one of your sisters, put her into a wooden shipping crate and then lost her in the park?"

"We only left her alone for half an hour. We drove her out to the park in the back of the pick up truck. Then we parked it in one of the parking lots and left her there while... While... No, never mind what Carla and I were doing in the bushes, it's not important. We wanted Buffy to wonder what was happening and worry that maybe we were going to leave her tied and locked in that box all night. We figured she could hear the occasional car drive by in the distance and know that she was in some public place. It's the kind of game we play." She seemed rather defensive. "Well, it's harmless and we like it."

"So you came back from whatever it was you were doing in the bushes and you found Buffy gone?"

"Gone. The pick up truck was there but the crate was gone. And Buffy with it."

"Any chance that Buffy got out and took the crate with her?"

"No way. She was tightly bound and gagged, I know, I helped do it. There was no way she could have gotten out of those ropes. And the crate was locked shut with a padlock. No, Mr. Speed, someone had to take her away."

"When was this? You gotten any ransom demand?"

"Two days ago. No, no demand. Nothing. Oh, Mr. Speed, please help us. If word gets out that we lost one of our sisters, the campus might revoke our charter. Besides, I want Buffy back. She was fun to tie up and tickle."

That was not helping. Visions of this Buffy tied up and being tickled are distracting. "I'll need all the details. I need photos of Buffy and information about her. I'll want you to show me where you left that truck. And I'll want to talk to any other of your sisters who took part in this... hazing."

"Here is a list of information about her," she said, pulling a folded sheet of paper from her purse. "There's a couple

photos of Buffy there, too. If you'll come over to the sorority this afternoon, I'll show you where we took her."

"You sure that she didn't work her way out and is hiding just to turn the tables on all of you?"

"I'm sure, Mr. Speed. She could not have gotten free. Take my word on that."

"I see. Well, I'll take the case." I named a daily fee four times my usual amount. She didn't blink an eye. Instead she pulled an envelope out of her purse and dropped it on the desk. I checked it. And almost choked at the pile of hundreds.

I escorted Mona to the door. It would have been nice to keep her talking but I couldn't think of anything to discuss right then. Except, of course, some in depth questions about the sexual habits of Alpha Alpha Alpha. Her hips swished back and forth all the way to the stairs.

Back at my desk I poured a stiff drink from the bottle I keep in the lower left drawer. I need it. Also a cold shower or a quickie at Madam Woo's over in Chinatown. But I didn't have time for that if I were to be at Alpha Alpha Alpha that afternoon. Which I was looking forward to.

Gawd! I love being a private dick!

The Alpha Alpha Alpha sorority house was just another of the old houses next to campus that had been taken over when the university came in, and converted from rather wealthy private residences to homes for wayward girls. Or at least that's what it seemed to me as I drove over that afternoon. The nearest parking place was two blocks away, parking being hard to find that near the university on a school day, and while I walked I had a chance to think about this case. I figured that is was a simple case of this Buffy arranging for herself to be rescued from their kinky little games so she could have the last laugh on them. My only worry was that she might show up before I could collect a few day's pay.

I had looked over the three photos of Buffy Cortney before

I drove over, and she was one real looker! Two photos were portrait only but showed a very beautiful young woman with sweet and innocent eyes and a pair of lips that just begged to be kissed. Not that I chase anything that young any more, but I a few years older than she, after all. But If I wanted to chase the young stuff, this Buffy was drop- dead gorgeous. And the third photo revealed a damned nice body on her. It was taken at a beach somewhere and she wore the skimpiest bikini I've ever seen not on the runway of a private club. String bikinis I think they call them. Anyway, the nipples trying to poke holes in the thin material were attached to as lovely a pair as I had ever seen. Big, but not huge. And they looked firm as watermelons. Not bad legs, either.

The statistics didn't do her as much justice as the photos. Age 20, height 5'8", weight 125 pounds, hair blonde, eyes blue, and no distinguishing marks.

Going up the concrete walkway to the sorority house, I was surprised to see how differently the young girls dressed since I was in school. I won't mention how many years ago that was. Today the dresses were gone, replaced by slacks and jeans and shorts as the universal costume. But some of those jeans were filled out very nicely — very nicely, indeed.

Mona Lister met me at the door. She was dressed in the uniform, a big disappointment to me. "What happened to the dress?" I asked as she let me in.

"That was only for you," she said with a smile. "Daddy said that you were a sucker for any girl who flashed some leg and let you look down her dress. I borrowed the dress and heels from our house mother."

"Thanks," I muttered.

"If you'll come this way, the officers are waiting."

I followed her firm little tush across the living room and into what might have been the library at one time. At least it was lined with bookcases and lots of dusty old books. There were four women sitting around a table, three as young as

Mona and the forth in her mid-thirties, a bit old for a college student.

"These are Mildred Krebs, Donna Read, Phyllis Cumshaw. They're officers of the sorority. And this is Mrs. Goodbody, our house mother."

Mrs. Goodbody tilted her head in greeting and crossed her legs. She was the only one wearing a dress, so the gesture had the nice effect of showing a fair amount of nyloned leg — my favorite kind. She was a fine looking woman with dark green eyes and Veronica Lake length red hair framing a very pretty face. Make that very beautiful face. The front of her dress bulged nicely, giving promise that she might live up to her name. I hoped that the flash of legs meant that she liked me, and not that I was being lured into something. Again.

"Please sit down," said Mona as she walked around to take a seat with the other girls.

I dropped my hat on the table casually, and slid into a chair, and waited for them to begin.

No one seemed willing to open the conversation, a couple of the girls clearly deferring to the other two. Finally Mona spoke up, "We wish to emphasis what I told you earlier, Mr. Speed. We do not want any word of this disappearance to get out. Nor of our... unusual activities in this sorority." She seemed nervous and turned for confirmation from her companions.

"You don't have to worry," I told them. "I can keep my mouth shut. As your daddy pointed out," I added. "But if this Buffy continues to be missing, you'll have to file a missing person's report with the police."

"We are aware of that, Mr. Speed. But we don't want to do that until we absolutely have to. The police will ask a lot of questions we would rather not have to answer. We hope that you will be able to resolve the matter for us."

"I'll do the best I can."

"I've given you Buffy's photo," Mona continued. "And

I'll take you out to where we left the truck. Sorry I can't show you the truck, but it was borrowed from a boy I know just for our little... trick."

"That's fine. But first let me ask you a few questions."

They looked nervously at each other, obviously uneasy about spilling the sorority secrets to a strange man. I asked them the usual questions, like did Buffy have any enemies, and did she ever disappear before, and has anything unusual been happening around the sorority house lately. All answers were negative. This Buffy was a straight A student who didn't have an enemy in the world. Wish I could say the same.

There didn't seem to be much else to do there, so I turned to the well-built house mother to ask, "Did you check her room to see if anything was missing?"

"I did, but you're welcome to look." Her voice was husky, like one of those phone-sex woman breathing heavy into your ear. Not that I would know anything about such things personally, but I've heard about them.

"That may be a good idea," I told her as I turned on my best smile for her benefit. She smiled back. Whoopie!

"I'll take Mr. Speed upstairs," she told them. "Then Mona and I can go with him to the park."

No one disagreed with her. In fact, except for Mona, the rest disappeared. Going to classes or something, I guess. Ms. Goodbody rose from the chair gracefully and stood there. Her eyes came to about my lips, which is just the right height for a dame. "Please come with me," she breathed.

The funny thing is that she wasn't trying to sound sexy. Some women just do. I would have followed her anywhere, but had to settle for a short trip up the stairs to the bedroom of Buffy Cortney. Walking behind that swaying fanny up the stairs made me wish it were her bedroom we were heading for.

The bedroom was a small one, shared, apparently with another of the sisters, to judge by the two beds. It was fairly

neat, but then perhaps the remaining girl had expected someone coming and cleaned up. Ms. Goodbody came in with me while Mona waited at the door.

Alone in a bedroom with a woman who looked like a centerfold model and talked like my wildest dreams! And I had to look for clues. Sigh.

The closet held clothes. I took Ms. Goodbody's assurance that apparently none of Buffy's were missing. I was looking at the shoes when a box in the corner caught my eye. Pulling it forward with my foot, I found it contained a dozen pieces of rope, all coiled nice and neatly, two pairs of handcuffs, and something made from a rubber ball with a short strap struck through it.

"The girl's playthings," said a wonderfully sexy voice in my ear. I turned to find the house mother standing behind me. "Mona said that she told you about the girl's unusual games."

"She told me but I didn't believe it," I told her. "You mean the girls really play all those B&D games?"

"Not all," she said without batting an eyelash at my use of the forbidden letters. "Some of those games are a little too harsh. They like them, and they do no harm." She sounded as if it were the most normal thing in the world for sorority sisters to go around tying each other up. And occasionally loosing one of themselves.

I pushed the cardboard box back and turned to face her. "Level with me," I said. "These games... They really happen all the time?"

She frowned slightly, which looked better on her face than a smile on most women's. "Mr. Speed, you're a man of the world. You wouldn't be shocked by anything, would you?"

"You got that right, babe," I said in my best hardened PI voice.

"Then come with me."

We went down the stairs, then down another set behind an innocent looking door in the hallway. The basement of the

house had apparently been enlarged for there was another corridor with several doors leading off it. All were closed. I noticed that they were each painted a different color; red, blue, green, magenta and soft lavender. She went immediately to the blue door and opened it, reached in to switch on the light, then stood back to invite me in with a wave of her arm.

Not knowing what to expect, I peeked into the room and was surprised as hell. It was a small room with no windows, only one overhead light with a vent around it, apparently for air circulation. In the middle of the floor was a chair and a girl sitting in it. The chair, I noted, was made of metal bars, stout and set into the concrete floor. But that was only after I let my eyes run over the young woman sitting there. She was naked, first of all, stark jay-bird naked. And she was tied up. Boy, was she tied up! I entered the room enough to be able to see behind her and whistled at the ropework someone had done on her. The chair had a back but it was only two sides and a bar across the top. The girl's arms had been bound behind her with the elbows corded and pulled in until they were tight together. Her legs had been bound together with ropes around her ankles, and both above and below her knees. All those ropes had other ropes crossing the main windings to hold them down. I was later informed that those ropes are called cinch ropes. They tighten down all the others and make it almost impossible to work them off.

But that was not all done to the girl. Her arms were over the backrest bar, hanging down behind. Ropes were tied between her wrists and ankles and pulled tightly enough to force her feet under the chair and up towards the hands. The feet were completely off the floor, suspended by the ropes connecting them to the wrists.

And that mysterious someone who had tied the girl there had also added more rope around her narrow waist and the chair back, which helped to hold the girl to the chair. I noticed another rope around her waist and some that went

down between her legs, disappearing into the soft, light brown curls of her pubic patch. Lucky rope!

And that was not all. One of those rubber ball things was in her mouth, apparently wedged behind her teeth and strapped in place rather tightly. I realized that it would make a very effective gag. And a sleep mask had been put over her eyes, making an effective blindfold.

It was quite a sight. Here was a young woman, I would guess between nineteen and twenty or so, completely naked, tightly bound into immobility, gagged and blindfolded. And she was locked into a small room in the dark. I know, it sounds like something out of the Spanish Inquisition, but here it was in the basement of a fancy sorority house in a major city.

"Why's she tied like that?" I asked. The naked girl lifted her head at the sound of a man's voice and whined a little through the ball gag. Her fingers fluttered helplessly. I couldn't see her eyes but could guess she was surprised and worried that a man was seeing her like that.

"She got a C on a paper," said Miss Goodbody. "We try to keep up a high grade average for the sorority."

I looked at the tight ropes cutting into her limbs and shook my head. "That has to be very uncomfortable."

"That's the idea."

"She's being punished?"

"Of course."

"Oh."

This punished girl had one hell of a nice set of knockers, the tits of which were pointed rigidly at my eyes. I was having trouble keeping my normal male reaction down. If the house mother hadn't been standing beside me, it would have been damned hard to keep my hands off those lush breasts. Damned hard!

I gaped at the punished girl for a while, until Ms. Goodbody, still smiling, took my arm and pulled me out. She switched off the light and closed the door. Just before the

light went off, I could see the bound girl straining to hear what was going on. Perhaps hoping that someone had come to untie her.

"How long has she been like that?" It was about the only thing I could think to say.

"Since lunch, about two hours. And before you ask, she'll stay there until dinner time. After a brief rest and a meal, she'll be hogtied and lashed down to her bed for the night."

She described the punishment so matter-of factly that I began to believe that B&D really was a way of life in that place.

"I hope, Mr. Speed, that you aren't put off by this little demonstration."

"No, as you said, I've been around the block. It didn't shock me," I lied. "It was very interesting."

She smiled sweetly. "I'm glad you understand." We came to the stairs and started up. "I know that this interest in bondage may seem unusual, but the girls enjoy it and, as I said, it does no harm."

"Isn't she hurting? I mean, those tight ropes have to hurt her. And being bound up and left alone in a dark room would be considered pretty unpleasant by most people."

"She'll be fine, Mr. Speed. Don't worry about her. This kind of thing happens all the time here."

As if to illustrate her point, two girls came out of a door in the hallway right before us, turned and walked away from us and into another door. One girl was dressed normally but the other girl was wearing only a pair of panties. Her arms were bound behind her back with rope, the wrists crossed and the elbows linked but not touching. Another piece of rope was looped around her neck like a leash and held by the first girl. They calmly walked along like an owner taking a pet out for a walk.

"What?" I muttered.

"Diane is just taking Marsha down for a little fun and games in the green room. I would invite you to watch, but I

think you have an idea what we're talking about already. And we have to get out to the park for you investigation, don't we, Mr. Speed?"

There were other things I wanted to investigate right then, and a missing girl was low on the list. With a sigh I agreed and let her lead me back to the front room. Mona was waiting there. We all went out to my car.

On the drive to the park, which was only ten minutes away, I asked a few more questions.

"Mona, was Buffy tied as well as the girl I saw in the basement?"

"You mean Kitten?"

"That is the girl's name," interjected Ms. Goodbody. "And, yes, all the girls tie very well and know their ropes. I'm sure that Buffy was tied at least as well when she was put into the crate. It is normal for a girl being taken somewhere in the shipping crate to be very tightly bound and gagged so that she cannot move enough to make any sounds."

"This is a common practice?" I asked. "I mean, hauling naked girls around in wooden crates?"

Ms. Goodbody pursed her lips. "Yes, Mr. Speed, it is. As you were told, the girls like such games. The missing shipping crate is the forth one I've seen since I was hired as the house mother. The others were worn out."

Wow! I thought. For a while we drove in silence and I had to admit that after getting used to the idea that these girls liked this kind of treatment, it was kind of exciting. I mean, they were healthy, young coeds, and the idea of them being all tied up with ropes does appeal to some men... And apparently some women.

The park was pretty much as I expected. They showed me exactly where the truck had been parked and I looked around. It was in a back portion of a parking lot. There was a grassy area to one side and plenty of bushes to the other. The truck would be visible to anyone who came back this far, but

at night the only people who came this far into the park were couples looking for a place to neck. And others who wanted the cover of darkness to do their thing. Like drug users and pushers.

Satisfied that there were no clues laying around on the ground — in real life the bad guys never drop their wallets or business cards — I drove them back to the Alpha Alpha Alpha sorority. It was enjoyable watching Miss Goodbody's dress riding up as she slid out of the car, but that was all I got to see for that day. I told them I'd be in touch and left. As I drove back to my office, I was wondering what the hell I was going to do next.

2
A Stolen Crate

And what did happen to Buffy Cortney, you ask, Gentle Reader? Let us return to that fateful night when two sorority sisters decided to play a trick upon another of their kind. If you will recall, these girls, having deprived Buffy of her clothing, secured her into immobility with tightly applied ropes, silenced her with a gag, and then locked her into a stout wooden shipping crate, then drove her in a borrowed pick up truck out to a nearby public park, placed the truck in a far corner of the parking lot, and retreated into the cover of the bushes and dark hillside for some sexually oriented games of their own which shall not be described at this time — other than to say that they involved two pairs of handcuffs, a really big dildo the sorority girls call "The Giant", and a lot of heavy panting and moaning. Returning from their dalliance on the grass, the found the truck awaiting the but without the wooden box containing their sister.

So what did happen to the naked and bound sorority girl? Let us place ourselves in those bushes and observe the events as they transpired.

First the candy apple red truck slowly cruises through the

parking lot, two pairs of eyes within searching for a dark corner. Finding a suitable spot with no overhead light, they drove in and parked in the farthest slot. Hand in hand, the two young woman then skipped happily up a path, and were soon out of sight after a final backward glance towards the wooden crate sitting in the open bed of the pick up truck and a chuckle over what the poor female within must be feeling and thinking.

For a long time nothing happens. Then two figures stealthily emerge from the bushes and approach the truck. Let us listen in as they converse in loud whispers.

"Hey, Juan, look what we have here!"

"Yeah," said Juan, looking longingly towards the worn path. "We gonna follow those girls?"

"Stop thinking with your prick," the first one replied gruffly. "First, let's see what we have here."

The two men approach the truck, constantly alert for the return of the females they had seen leaving it, or anyone else who might have come along. The first man, obviously the leader, although that might well be due to his greater size and meanness rather than higher intelligence, walks around the truck, noting the lack of keys in the ignition, and the lack of markings on the large wooden crate. He goes to the side and pushes the box with one big hand. It resists, indicating that it is filled with something reasonably heavy. He looked quickly around then begins pulling the latch to lower the tail gate.

"Get over here and help me with this thing."

"What's in it?"

"Hell if I know. But it might be worth something. Hell, no body uses a big box like this to pack trash."

They slide the box to the rear of the truck, not noticing the tiniest of muffled cries from within. Each taking a side, they lift it from the tail gate and carry it off into the bushes, their constant glances back towards the path showing their concern that the owners may return at any second.

Let's follow them into the bushes. First we note that they show no hesitation in moving through the dark, indicating that they are familiar with the territory. In a clearing, they lower the box to the ground with a grunt. They do not hear the answering grunt from within as the box settles none too gently to the bare earth for it is muffled by a large rubber ball and the wood itself.

"Come on, let's see what's in here," said Juan, eagerly.

Raymond, being less excitable, pulled a screwdriver from his pocket and placed it through the padlock on the lid's hasp. He jerked, rocking the crate and twisting part of the hasp out of the wood it was screwed into. Neither of them noticed the grunt from within. Raymond again jerked on the screwdriver and the hasp ripped out of the wooden lid. The lock stayed shut but the way inside was then open. Raymond lifted the lid and squinted in the dark to see what was inside.

"Por Dios!" he exclaimed.

Juan took a look in and his jaw dropped open.

For a few very long seconds the two miscreants could only stand there, staring down at the naked and very bound up form of Buffy Cortney, wild thoughts racing through their brains and confusion bothering them no end since they were not prepared for this at all. Buffy had lifted herself upright and, although still on her knees within the crate, her head and top of her breasts were above the upper edge of wood. She blinked and looked around herself, jerking suddenly as she realized that there were two men standing beside her, not the sorority sisters she had expected.

"Come here," hissed Raymond, pulling Juan away from the box for a hurried conference. "Listen, that's a live girl there."

"No shit!" exclaimed Juan, somewhat eagerly for he had noticed that either she was naked or close enough to it not to matter.

"Stop thinking with you prick," Raymond cautioned. "We got a problem."

"What problem?" asked Juan. "We've found other girls wandering around in the park before." He grinned from ear to ear. "And you remember what we did with them..." His chuckle sounded like a love-sick hippopotamus calling for its mate.

"I don't know..." Raymond was rubbing his chin, a thing he often did when confused. "There's something funny going on here. Who would tie up a bitch then stick her inside a box like that?"

"Those two boards we saw walking away?"

"I don't know..."

"Well, it don't matter none. I say we take her out and have a little fun."

"Juan, one of these days your prick is going to get you into a lot of trouble. Listen, I say we get the hell out of here. There's something stinks about this set up. Maybe it's a trap."

"Trap?"

"Yeah, police or something. I heard how they put men in dresses to catch muggers in New York."

"That ain't no man in a dress," pointed out Juan. "Did you see the set of knockers on her! Wow!"

"Well, I still say there's something funny going on. This set up makes me nervous. I say we get the hell out of here."

"But what about her?" asked Juan sadly. "I ain't ever had a woman what looked as good as that one. Please, just a quickie?"

"No!"

Raymond hurried back to the crate where Buffy was trying to figure what was happening. Maybe, she told herself, those two men are friends of Mona's, and this whole scene is a set up just to scare her. On the other hand, it could be that she really was stolen out of the back of the truck...

Raymond's huge hand upon her back ended her mental debate as to the meaning of all she saw, for suddenly she was again seeing only her knees, and those very dimly in the

dark. Above her the lid was closed and the hasp returned to it's original position, Raymond hurriedly pounding down the screws with the handle of his screwdriver. It was not as solid as originally, but the hasp was not hanging loose any more.

"Come on," hissed Raymond. "Let's go!"

"But, Ray, she was so damned good looking..." whined Juan. "Couldn't I just fuck her once?"

"You try and you might wind up finishing your fuck in the jail."

"Oh, shit."

Juan knew that jail was bad, he had seen the inside a few too many times. So he followed Raymond on their escape from this police trap.

Of course, it was not a police trap, only a harmless game played by some happy, care-free college girls relieving themselves from the stress of mid-terms.

Buffy tried to lift her body upright, just to ease the stress on her back if nothing else, but met with resistance. She just assumed that the lid was back on and locked shut, so she slumped down again, unaware that had she pushed hard, the hasp would again have separated from the wood and the lid easily rose into the air for her. Given freedom from the wooden prison, Buffy might have made an escape attempt of her own, limited, of course, by the tight ropes still binding her legs together, not to mention holding her arms snugly behind her back.

Some more time passes with nothing transpiring. Then there is the faint noise of two bodies walking along a trail that would lead them very close to the wooden prison of Buffy Cortney. It is not Raymond and Juan returning for the muchly desired fuck of a naked and bound and gagged young woman who could hardly prevent them from enjoying her body. Instead it is another pair, two more members of the strange underworld that inhabits the dark and silent park at night.

The first is a woman, tall and slender and dressed in tight

fitting a black leather catsuit and high heeled boots that lace up the front all the way to just above the knee. In one hand she casually holds a riding crop, in the other one end of a dog leash, the end of which attached to a leather dog collar around the neck of a man. This man, it can been seen in the dim reflected light of the big city, is dressed in a pair of underwear and has his hands locked behind his back with shinning steel handcuffs. As they walk along, he keeps his face downturned, lest he make the mistake of looking his mistress directly in the face.

Suddenly the crate comes into view and she stopped unexpectedly, so much so that the man behind her bumps into her. Quickly the leather-clad woman turns to lash out with the riding crop, inflicting an additional weal on his flank to go along with the half dozen already there. He immediately sinks to his knees and bows his head very humbly.

The woman returns her attention to the crate sitting silently there among the bushes. The idea occurs to her that she could sit upon this crate and make the miserable cur now bowing at her feet perform around her. Perhaps she could even make his jump up onto the crate and act like the trained dog he is. There is no one is sight, nor can she hear anything. Assuming it is simply an abandoned box, she approaches it.

The hasp, she can see in the dim light, is loose. She could probably rip it out of the wood, she notes. Then she places her booted foot squarely against the side and pushes. The crate rocked up a few inches then settles back with a tiny thud. A muffled cry emerges from within, a cry which this woman hears, her hearing been better than that of Raymond and Juan.

Intrigued, she takes the lock in her hand and pulls. In a few seconds, the screws again departed from the wood and the hasp swings open. She lifts the lid slowly, then sucks in air when she sees what is within.

Buffy again lifts her body up, again expecting to see her

sorority sisters having a good laugh at her discomfort, and again surprised to find a stranger looking at her. She makes a small sound of inquiry around her gag, hoping someone will explain what is going on.

The woman dressed in black leather does not reply. She see the ropes binding the elbows tightly together behind the girl's back and knows that they were put on by someone who knows what they are doing and desires both security and discomfort for this naked woman. The ball gag confirms to her that this is the handiwork of someone well versed in the esoteric arts of bondage and discipline.

Wheels within wheels were spinning inside her head in a wild frenzy of delight. This bound up woman is damned good looking, spins one wheel. Maybe she loves this scene, spins another. Who cares? asks another — she can do nothing about it!

"Slave!" she calls out, and immediately the kneeling man leaps to his feet to obey. Coming to the side of the crate, his eyes open wide at the sight of the naked and bound woman.

Taking a small key from a tiny pocket, she unlocks the handcuffs. "Lift her out of there," she orders. Hesitantly the man wraps his arms around the naked form and lifts. Being a reasonably strong man, he managed to lift her completely out of the box and place her on her feet on the bare ground, keeping one hand upon her bound arms to keep her from falling.

The woman noted the way that this woman's legs were bound and muttered a, "Good, good," then issued another order. "Pick her up."

The man obeyed even through he didn't want to. Placing his shoulder into her stomach, he lifted the naked woman. His leash was again picked up by the leather-clad woman. "Come," she imperially commanded and started off down the path.

If we were to follow this unlikely and strange party, we would find that they soon came to a van parked silently and

darkly along a dirt road. Within, the bound woman was deposited on the floor. Then the man was ordered to kneel beside her while the handcuffs again were locked upon his wrists.

Off into the night under an overcast of clouds glowing from the city lights went the van, driven by a grinning woman dressed only in black leather.

And what did Buffy Cortney think of all this, you ask? For a while she was quiet and let herself be carried over this man's shoulder, uncomfortable as that was, assuming that this was all an elaborate prank. When the van came into sight, upside down for her head was hanging downward, she began to have serious doubts that this was an orchestrated joke. As she was dumped upon the carpeted floor of the van, she began to struggle and tried to protest. But the ropes were still tight around her and the ball gag still firmly entrenched in her mouth, preventing anything close to intelligent speech.

And her new captor, the leather-clad one, seeing that she was struggling, took a coil of rope from a bag and converted Buffy's bondage to a tight hogtie, thereby preventing her struggles from accomplishing much beyond gaining her rug burn on the stomach and breast.

The van merged into the sprawling city, disappeared into its mass of buildings, cars and humanity, swallowed by its anonymity.

3
Captive!

I checked with the park ranger. Well, he wasn't really a park ranger, more of a grounds keeper, but he knew what was going on.

"There's all kinds come into her at night," he told me, settling back in the creaking chair in his little guard booth. "There's the kids. They come in to find a dark place to park their cars and neck. Or they sneak off into the bushes and fuck their young minds out on the grass."

He paused to spit on the ground. Perhaps he was expressing an opinion of today's youth. Sneaking around to get a little nookie when they could, and all.

"Then there's the druggies. If you know where to go, you can score most anything: crack, pot, H. But they're mostly down by Riverside Drive. That's where the cars can cruise by and stop. Little farther down, there's where the whores hang out."

I knew what he meant, having driven by the edge of the park and seen the women dressed in tight pants and high heels. In fact... Well, never mind, it isn't important to this case.

"But up there, you'll find mostly the queers."

"You mean gays?" I asked.

"Them. But others. Kinky people. Some really far out. You know, pink dyed hair and safety pins through their nose. Leather jackets and handcuffs hanging from the belts. The really weird ones." He looked at me as if to see if I was shocked. I wasn't, so he went on. "'Course, mostly it's just kids coming up to neck or screw. But there's all kinds. Last week I saw a man run plumb naked out of the park with this bitch dike chasing him with a whip. And before that came across a place where there was candles stuck into the ground at the points of one of those five pointed stars thingies. Black candles. The ground was all messed up. Don't know what they was doing, but it weren't right, you can be sure."

It went on like that, colorful and somewhat informative, but nothing directly relating to a pickup truck with a wooden box in the back.

"How come the cops let this go on?" I asked.

"Oh, they come through here once, twice a month. But everyone sees them coming and disappears. They're back the next night. Don't have no full time guards 'cause that costs too much money. Same for the cops, cost too much to keep them patrolling the park. Every once in a while they find a body up there, some druggie overdosed, then the city council makes a lot of noise about cleaning up the place. That usually lasts a week, maybe two, then things are back to normal."

I thank him and drove back up to where the truck had been parked. During the daylight, it was a nice park, with benches, grassy fields and lots of winding trails to follow. I saw families with little children having fun. But at night those families disappear and other creatures crawl out of the woodwork — or, in this case, the woods.

I parked the old Ford and got out. Best thing to do was try to figure out what happened. The truck was parked right there. Mona Lister and her friend left it to play their games up in the bushes. So I figured that whoever took the wooden

shipping crate didn't come from that way. To the left was the entrance to this cul-de-sac. Someone might have driven in but then the headlight would have shone up in the bushes and Mona said they saw none. Of course, they might have been too busy to notice, doing what it was they did.

I turned around. There was a short drop off then a chain link fence to keep people out of a storm drain. That left the right side, an area filled with bushes and trees. Anyone carrying off the box would have gone that way. If they went to the left, they would have walked right out of the park and onto a fairly busy street. I headed towards the bushes.

From what the redheaded house mother had told me, the shipping crate they used was pretty heavy. With a naked, tied up girl inside, it would take two men to carry it, or two strong women. In this case, three sorority sisters to carry it out of the sorority house and put it in the back of the pickup truck. So in the park, I was looking for at least two men, not a single.

Almost immediately I found the trail. It wasn't exactly hidden, but it was not one of the trails marked for walking. It looked traveled enough so I figured those people who prowled the park at night used it often. I followed it.

The wooden shipping crate was in a small clearing about fifty yards farther along.

It was opened and empty. I examined the hasp and determined that it had been pried off, the lock was still shut. There was nothing inside to indicate that the contents had been a life, naked and bound young woman, save perhaps the small air holes around the base. I refrained from touching the box but wasn't sure that fingerprints would help me. Besides, even if I managed to take prints off the wood, what would I do with them? Without going to the police, that is.

I studied the ground around. Now, I'm not Indian scout, not even a Boy Scout, but there was a story to be told. Right next to the box was a set of footprints in the soft soil, bare foot, small enough to be a college co-ed, and right next to

each other, just as you'd expect if her ankles had been tied together. Then there was a set of prints with pointed toes and a deep, small hole at the heel. I figured that to be high heels. But who would be wearing high heels on a dirt trail at night? Like the man said, kinky people up here.

There were two other sets of prints, apparently two men who carried the box into the clearing, that much was clear. Their shoes left prints around the box a couple times, then headed off. And I would swear that the high heel prints were accompanied by a set of male barefoot prints.

Miss high heels (if it was a miss — who knows these days) came into the clearing and left by the same route. The barefoot male went the same way, apparently following her because a couple places his prints overlaid hers. Perhaps I was wrong, but it seemed to me as if his prints in the soft earth were a little deeper going than coming. Like maybe he was carrying something heavy? Like a naked and bound college coed? I followed the prints down to another section of parking lot then lost them on a dirt road. There were tire marks that looked fairly fresh. As I walked back to my car, I was thinking. Wasn't much else I could do there. But if I were to come back at night... Well, I might just find someone who knew something.

The house was in an older but still wealthy and exclusive section of the city. The style was Spanish with white walls topped with red tile and black iron bars on the windows. It was hidden from the main street by a shield of trees, most of which had been growing there forty years or more. A high wall surrounded an acre of lush, landscaped yard. There was the obligatory swimming pool — California housing ordinance, you know — and massive barbecue large enough to sizzle a whole cow.

In the five car garage there was the van that had conveyed a helpless and rather naked young woman from the relative safety of her wooden shipping crate in the park to a new

captivity at the hands of an unusual woman.

After hauling away her prize, Wilma Horst had her sissy slaveboy Karl carry the girl from the van up to the Mistress' private bedroom where she was dumped unceremoniously upon the thickly carpeted floor. After an admonishing crack of the riding crop across his already reddened bottom, Mistress Wilma dismissed the wimp curtly. Reluctantly he departed from his beloved Mistress' bedroom, leaving her to play with her new toy — a toy he hated with every twisted passion in his skinny male body.

Buffy Cortney lay on the floor, still naked, still tightly bound, and still gagged, and looked up at her new owner, although she didn't think of the woman in that manner. Yet, this woman currently controlled Buffy's fate, and in that sense owned her. At least her body, if not her mind.

Buffy took an inventory of what she could see from her position upon the floor. The house was good sized, she could tell from the distance traversed from the garage to this bedroom, and from the size of that garage with its expensive imported luxury cars.

The bedroom was done in costly if somewhat masculine decor; leather chairs, heavy, dark wood bed with four poster frame, paneled walls of fine oak, and furnishings of solid wood.

The woman herself was something else again. She was maybe forty, give or take a few years, of medium height and build but commanding appearance, and it wasn't just the leather outfit she wore like a second skin or the riding crop she casually held in her hand. It was something about the close set eyes and the dark, Slavic features that made you know this was a woman who was used to getting what she wanted — and by force, if needs be.

Mistress Wilma walked around and around her new toy, noticing the rise and fall of those truly magnificent breasts, the long legs tightly corded together, and the smooth, creamy skin. She also noted that the long, blonde hair fanned out

upon her blue carpet was confirmed to be her real color by the soft fur of her pubic patch. Unless she dyed that hair also, which was not too common.

In a more leisurely examination than available in the ark, she confirmed that whoever had bound this woman had done an experienced and professional job of it. The ropes were all cinched down and knotted tightly far away from questing fingers. A fine job of making this lovely young woman helpless. She licked her lips as she enjoyed that delicious helplessness before her. This was fine material, she told herself. The finest she'd ever seen.

But what was the game? Why had this woman been in the wooden crate? She certainly hadn't tied herself and locked herself in. There was a game being played here, one of the kind she was used to and excelled at herself. She had been using the park to play with her currently male slaveboy, forcing him to parade around nearly naked and leashed, like a puppy on a chain. She knew of others who used the park for similar games. But this woman was new to her.

Suddenly, and with considerable force, she brought the riding crops down across the lovely, smooth skin of that bottom. Immediately the girl squealed and jerked. A red mark formed where the crop had kissed the flesh.

"That is just to show you that I don't mind hurting you," she said in a gravely voice, almost more male than female. "Please do not doubt that I will be happy to inflict much more upon you if I do not like the answers you give me, or you attitude. Understand?"

Buffy's eyes widened but she nodded affirmatively.

Mistress Wilma knelt beside Buffy and unbuckled the strap holding the rubber ball inside her mouth. It came out reluctantly and with a wet plop. Buffy stretched her jaw. She had been gagged for several hours since being locked in the crate and leaving the sorority house.

"Before you ask me to untie you," informed Wilma, "don't. I like you tied and helpless. You do realize how

helpless you are, don't you?"

"I do," said Buffy honestly. "I am quite tied up."

"Good. Now you will tell me how you got tied up and in that wooden box in the park."

Buffy told her story without revealing the name of her sorority house, or the degree to which such activities are prevalent within. She described it as a "hazing prank" and assured Mistress Wilma that her sisters had undoubted returned for her only minutes after those men stole the crate, and were also undoubtedly currently searching the park for he, soon to inform the police if they had not already done so.

"So it was your sisters who tied you and took you to the park?"

"Yes. It was just a big joke. They though they would scare me by leaving me in the back of the truck. And they did!"

"And it was two men who took the box oūt of the truck? Do you know the men?"

"No, just a couple of men. It was pretty dark in those bushes."

Mistress Wilma settled back to think about this situation. For a long time she was lost in thought, her gaze upon the soft curves and gentle swellings of that wonderful body, but her attention somewhere else. Finally she smiled and returned.

"There is no danger of your sisters finding you. No one saw us carry you to the van, nor drive away."

Buffy gulped. She could sense that this conversation was not going in a direction she would find pleasing.

"So you are simply a missing person. Many people disappear in this big city. The police may find the crate but what can they do to connect it with me? I don't think I left any fingerprints. I was and still am, wearing gloves."

Buffy was sure she didn't like what she was hearing.

"Which means that I really don't have to let you loose. Do I?" The question was hissed out, as if a snake had asked it.

"I... My father is wealthy," Buffy ventured. "I'm sure he

will pay you a reward for helping me. No questions asked."

"I have wealth myself," Mistress Wilma replied with a wicked smile.

"You can't keep me," said Buffy with more sincerity than she felt inside. The ropes seemed tighter round her limbs.

"Oh, yes, I can." Wilma laughed. "Very easily, I can. I have all the facilities I need to keep you a prisoner here for a very long time." She rested her elbows on her knees and leaned forward. "I can keep you tied or chained every second of every day. You'll never have a chance to get free — not ever! Oh, it will be such fun!"

Buffy swallowed hard. This woman was mad, obviously, but the truth was that she did have control of Buffy right now, the ropes her loving sorority sisters had placed upon her limbs assured that.

"I have classes I have to go to," Buffy said weakly. "Things to do..."

"You have nothing to do. Classes matter not. All you have to do is be a good little slavegirl. And I'll teach you how to do that." She laughed again at the visions of training this lovely creature that flashed into her mind.

"You can't keep me like a slave. You just can't!"

Mistress Wilma rose and set about gathering items from dresser drawers and the closet, humming a tune as she did, a woman happy with her task. She dumped handcuffs, legirons and rope upon the carpet next to Buffy. Then she left the room.

Buffy was half way to the door, crawling pretty fast for a girl so tightly bound up, when Wilma returned. She had a length of chain in her hands and a few padlocks. Those were tossed onto the carpet along with the other restraints. She then took Buffy's ankles in her hands and dragged the girl back to the pile of bondage items, her breasts getting a little rug burn in the process. "Oh!" cried Buffy, trying to hold her head up from the floor.

"Stay put," commanded Wilma. She knelt down to begin

locking one of the cuffs of a pair of legirons upon the already bound ankle. The other cuff locked about the other ankle. The chain connecting them was only twelve inches long, which would have made walking possible but not easy.

"You know," Wilma said as she worked at untying the ropes from Buffy's ankles and above her knees, "whoever did this tying really knew what he, or she, was doing. I'm not sure I believe you about it just being a joke. Most people don't know how to bind another person very well. Whoever did this really know his or her work. But we will speak of this again later."

Buffy said nothing but had to wonder if it would be good or bad to tell this woman about how much she and her sorority sisters loved their little "tie up" games.

It was good to stretch her legs apart, even if limited by the chain connecting the ankles. Mistress Wilma took a pair of handcuffs and waved them in front of Buffy's face. "I could leave you tied," she told her captive. "Or I can put these on. They will be just as secure but more comfortable for the night. Do I have your promise that you won't fight me after I untie your arms?"

Buffy Cortney was thinking furiously. She knew from experience that tightly secured handcuffs were impossible to get free of. Maybe she would be better off if she remained tied, there might be a chance of working the ropes off during the night.

Then she told herself that she was only kidding herself. Those ropes were very tightly applied and solidly knotted. She had already spent a few hours trying to work them off and failed. She knew how well Mona tied and how hopeless it would be to expect to defeat the ropes.

Still she reminded silent, unwilling to give a promise to this woman.

"So, that's the way it will be, huh?" said Wilma, delightedly. "Good! I like a girl with spirit. So it is decided, you will remain bound with the ropes. Is good."

The chain that Wilma had brought in was put to use then. One end was placed next to the legirons and a padlock used to secure its end to the middle of the chain joining her feet. The other end was dragged to a solid looking metal ring apparently screwed into the floor at the end of the bed.

"I sometimes let slave sleep at the foot of my bed," Mistress Wilma explained. "This is a good way to secure him." She placed another padlock through the ring and the end link of the chain. It snapped shut decisively.

Buffy began to wonder if she shouldn't have agreed to not fight and accepted the handcuffs. And if it were too late to change her mind.

But Wilma was already on her feet, cleaning up the extra ropes and such from the floor and dumping them into a drawer of the dresser. Finally there was only the ball gag in her hand. She stood over Buffy menacingly. "I can use this to assure that you're quiet all night," she told the chained and bound woman. "Or I can leave it off. You'll be more comfortable without it. But keep this in mind: I do not wish to be disturbed. If I hear any noise, whether it's a word, or a cry or the rattling of a chain, I'll shove this gag into your mouth and strap it so tight that it will feel like you're swallowing it. Got me?"

Buffy silently nodded her head.

"Good," said Wilma, tossing the gag onto the dresser. "Then there leaves only one other thing before we retire for the night." She began unzipping the leather catsuit, revealing as she did that she was wearing nothing under it. The body that slowly came into view was just average, nothing special, but also nothing unpleasant. When she was completely naked, she stretched, her arms upward and spread wide.

"How are you at licking another pussy? You sorority girls all live together in one house, right? I figure you aren't strangers to nibbling on each other's pussy. Right?"

Buffy wanted to deny the accusation but could not find the words. Besides, she was sure that this woman would be able

to tell she was lying. So she said nothing.

Wilma, reading the truth in this girl's eyes, straddled Buffy's head, positioning her pussy so it hovered over her mouth, only inches away. "Okay, slave, do your stuff. And make it good."

The threat sounded very real to Buffy. As the furry patch descended, she greeted it in a way familiar to those who practice the Arts of Lesbos. The pussy smelled of leather and tasted different from those of her sisters, but Buffy did her job, pushing this women into an orgasm as fast as she could to get it over with. When it came, Wilma arched her back some and moaned. A tiny shiver raced down her body, and then it was all over.

She got off and went to the bed to throw herself upon the fur cover.

On the floor, Buffy was surprised. This was not at all as it was with her sisters, many of whom had orgasms so violent and noisy that the ropes and gags they used were almost necessary.

The captive girl curled up as best she could at the foot of her owner's bed and fell asleep hoping that the next day would bring an end to this unpleasant experience.

It did not.

4

Midnight Search for Clues

I was getting a little tired of crouching in the bushes waiting for something to happen. It was somewhere after midnight, rather on the cold side and getting damp with dew. I patted Betsy in her shoulder holster and pulled out my flask for another pull of rot gut. The flask was almost empty and I was ready to chuck it all in as a hopeless exercise.

I figured it this way: two men stole the box out of the back of the pickup truck. Their foot prints leading up to the box were easily visible. Then they opened the box and found out it contained a live girl. So what do they do? If they were honest people, they help her out and untie her then take her to the police. Or, at least they leave her and run to the police for help. But no, they don't do that. My guess is that they just left her there, maybe even closing the lid again.

Then along comes another two people, also using the park for their nefarious purposes. That would be high heels and Mr. Barefoot. They find the box and look inside. Bingo! Just what they wanted, a naked, bound and gagged woman. They lift her out of the box then carry her off.

But to where? That was the question. I figure that the people who use the park at night might just know each other.

Or at least know what is going on around them. I mean, the damned place has more traffic than the railroad station. There was Mona and her girlfriend in the first place. Then the two guys who carried away the box. Then Miss High Heels and Mr. Barefoot. All I have to do is stake out the place and do some talking to whoever I find wandering around after dark. Or make them do some talking.

The only trouble was that I had been waiting for hours and nothing, I mean nothing, was going down. A couple cars cruised slowly through the parking lot but that was all. Maybe it was the wrong night of the week. Maybe the weirdos come out only on Saturdays.

I emptied the flask and considered leaving. I could see my car only twenty-five yards away and it was calling to me to forget this stupidity and come home where a nice, warm, dry bed awaited.

A good whiskey will clear your brain, you know. As the last of the bourbon ate a fiery path down my throat, the thought occurred to me that if I could see my car sitting there, others could too. And knowing that someone was around might be keeping others from frequenting this section of the park. Muttering a few curses, I considered what to do. If this section was not going to pan out, I could quit or try another. Someplace where my car won't give me away.

Hell, I wanted to find that girl, really I did. It had been three days and still she hadn't shown up at the sorority, laughing at the worry she had caused her sisters. And that meant that maybe she wasn't going to. So it was up to Sled Speed to find her.

I set off on the path up the hillside. It was only a minute later that I was passing the empty wooden shipping crate with the padlocks still dangling from the torn off hasp. I continued from there.

I heard the giggling long before I came upon the couple. Some middle aged man was plowing a fat woman who couldn't keep from giggling in time to his thrusts and grunts.

Figuring they were too busy to want to talk, I gave them a wide berth.

But a little further down the path I hit pay dirt. Soft whispers carry far on the still night air and I was able to sneak up on a scene that made me want to whistle. The babe was really stacked and bare-ass naked. The guy was a little twerp wearing only a pair of briefs and his shoes and socks. The woman, who was probably not much older than thirty, maybe less, must have been a good foot taller than the guy, but it was her who was strung up under the tree, hands bound together and tied to the branch while her toes were looking to touch the dirt and failing. He was walking around her with a short whip in his hand, looking for targets. He paused and I heard a swish followed by a gasp.

The woman was not gagged but she was trying to hold in the cry of pain that accompanied the striking of her bare bottom by a whip I think they call a riding crop. It was sort of stiff with a little tab at the end. I couldn't see a lot of details in the dim light reflecting off the clouds, but I could see that he had a bulge in his briefs and she looked as if she had at least a dozen marks on the smooth, pale surface of her bottom.

I watched for a bit, not because it was anything I enjoyed, but because I wanted to figure out what they were doing. Apparently some couples get their jollies from doing weird things in the park at night.

When I came into the clearing the guy jumped about two feet straight up. The woman gasped in surprise. "I would like to talk to you," I told them in an even voice.

"You're not the police?" the guy asked, nervously.

"No, I'm not the police. I'm a private dick. And I need some information."

The guy suddenly looked down at the riding crop in his hand as if he had never seen it before, then tossed it onto a pile of clothing laying on the grass.

"You answer a few questions for me, and then I'll be on

my way and you can get back to your game."

I was talking to the guy mostly but it was hard to keep my eyes from the hanging nudity only a few feet away. She was a good looker, I could see that. And built like a brick shit house.

"What do you want?" he asks.

"I'm looking for someone who was in this park last Saturday night. Two people together, one wearing high heels and one barefoot. Where you two here that night?"

"No, we weren't. Was the one wearing high heels a woman?"

I started to tell him that only women wore high heels but held back. I was learning that strange things happen in the park at night. "I would assume so," I said. "They found something over that way and I'm looking for it."

"Does this have anything to do with that big wooden box?" the woman asked. "We saw it earlier, when we came into the park."

I tore my eyes off her breasts and looked up to her eyes. "Yes, ma'am. They took something that was in the box." The woman was smiling at me and a strange glow was in her eyes.

"That box was just the right size to hold a woman," she told me. "If she were doubled up, like maybe tied that way."

I said nothing. I could see her lick her lips in the dim light before she continued. "Was there a woman in that box?" she asked. "A naked woman tied into a ball? And gagged?"

The thought suddenly occurred to me that these two might be the ones who took Buffy. This woman had certainly hit the nail on the head. "Maybe..." I grunted.

"Oh, Bill, it's just like that time you crated me up and shipped me to Santa Barbara." She had turned to her companion but looked back at me to inform, "I was naked, gagged and tied into a small ball. Then they mailed me into a wooden box and put me into a van. I was taken all the way up to Santa Barbara. Then Bill had the box carried into the

hotel room. I was tied like that for over six hours," she sighed, obviously remembering fondly her little adventure. "Bill and I spent the weekend in that hotel and I was tied up almost every seconds. It was wonderful!"

I was polite enough to not mention that it takes all kinds. Instead I tried to steer the conversation back to the subject at hand, "Do you know the couple who might have taken Buff.... What was in the box?"

"Well, I don't know for sure," she told me. "There are a few possibilities. We have seen others playing around here." I assumed she didn't mean on the swing sets. "I guess I could ask some questions, mister...?"

"Speed. Sled Speed."

"Well, Mr. Speed, if you'll give Bill your phone number, I'll do some checking. Maybe I can get back to you. But I am curious. Was the girl kidnapped?"

I sighed. This woman obviously knew more about these games than I did. And she seemed honest. "Yes and no. The woman in question was brought to the park in the box as a joke," I told her. "But someone apparently opened the box and took her away."

"And that was Saturday night?" asked the guy.

"Yes."

"And she hasn't shown up?" she asked me.

This was one of the most incredible conversations I had ever had. I mean, I'm not used to carrying on a casual conversation with a naked woman hanging by her wrists from a tree in the middle of the park at night. "No, she hasn't showed up."

"That would suggest that she's being held prisoner, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

Her naked body shivered all over. "How delicious! She's was tied up by friends then taken away by a stranger! Oh, Bill, why doesn't such wonderful adventures happen to me?"

I was about to tell her that if she keeps hanging around

naked and tied up in the park, she might get her wish.

"Listen, I want to find her. You really think you can find out who might have taken her?"

"I know some people who might fit the description. And one brave enough to actually do that. I mean, keep the woman a prisoner."

"Well, I'd be grateful if you could find out for me."

"You have a card? Of course you do, you're a... What did you call yourself?"

"Private dick, Ma'am. It's slang for Private Detective."

She was looking me over with those glowing eyes and licking her lips again. Made me nervous, and I can't figure out why a naked woman strung up in a tree could make me nervous. "Private dick. Very nice. Well, Mr. Speed, I shall see what we can do."

I turned reluctantly to the man and handed him one of my business cards. He took it and busied himself finding a pocket in his discarded clothing to store it in.

"Mr. Speed?"

I gladly returned my regard to the naked woman. She was much nicer to look at than the guy. "Yes?"

"Would you do me a favor? You look like a big, strong man." She was observant, I'll give her that. "Would you please take the riding crop and whip my bottom? Half a dozen hard ones would be very so nice."

"I wouldn't want to interfere in your games," I said.

"Oh, don't worry. Bill won't mind. He's my lawyer and tax consultant. He always does whatever I want. Isn't that right, Billy?"

Billy handed me the whip with a silly grin on his face. I'm sure he was thinking that my much larger build would deliver a much harder blow upon her bare bottom than his puny arm. I took it. I mean, this was a woman who was going to do me a favor and help me with a case, it was the least I could do to help her with... Well, with whatever it was they were doing. I took the riding crop.

"My name is Carla," she told me. "Don't be afraid to strike me hard, Mr. Speed. I will try to keep all sounds in."

She watched me as I walked around to position myself behind her where that already marked bottom would be easily within the range of the black leather crop in my hand. I'd swear her breathing was increasing as was the glow in her eyes. Her body twisted slightly as it hung.

I pulled my arm back and let go, aiming for the cheek before me. A loud cracking sound surprised me. Her body jerked forward, so I knew that she felt the blow, but she only grunted, she did not cry out at what must have been a real pain.

"Thank you, Mr. Speed," she said after a few seconds. "But could you please make it harder?"

I was sure that what I was giving her was far harder than anything that little accountant/lawyer wimp could give her, so there was no reason for her to taunt me. I pulled back my arm and let swing again, deliberately trying to make it harder — as per her request.

Her body jerked and the grunt was much louder but still not an honest cry of pain. More of a gasp. She had asked for six, so I still had four more to drag a real cry out of her.

Number three was delivered right over the last two, more or less, and about as hard as I could swing the riding crop. There was a most delightful gasp but still not a real cry. At least, I noted, she was no longer asking for harder blows.

I moved a little more behind her and let her have the next three in rapid succession, each landing about the same place on the other cheek, and each with my whole arm behind it.

Her body jerked and twisted in mid-air, a strange but attractive little dance. There was not three gasps but one long one, and it was pretty loud. As she twisted at the end of her rope, I could see that her breasts were bouncing quite nicely as her legs kicked out against the pain.

When she was hanging relatively still again, I walked around to the front. In the dim light I could see a tear

running down her cheek and felt strangely proud of it. As if reading my mind, she told me, "I hardly never scream, Mr. Speed. I can take a lot of pain."

I don't know what compelled me to do what I did next, perhaps some strange perversion within that I was not even aware of. But I found myself pulling back my hand yet again and swinging the riding crop. The leather tab landed squarely upon her nipple, flattening her breast with the impact. For a split second her mouth gaped open but no sound came out. Then a strange cry emerged, sort of a long, drawn out, high pitched scream. Or a cross between a scream and a squeal. Her whole body spasmed wildly, her legs kicking out and her breasts bouncing nicely. Her body was twisting violently from side to side, and for a few seconds I feared that perhaps I had caused some damage. A woman's breasts are very sensitive, you know.

But then I realized that she was crossing her legs, squeezing her thighs together as hard as she could. Then she wildly pumped her legs up and down. It took a moment for me to realize, but she was having an orgasm! She looked like she was trying to curl up into a ball, which was not easy to do when hanging by her wrists. Eventually she shook all over, and let out with a big sigh.

I handed the whip to the wimp and straightened by suit lapels.

I was about to go when I noticed her eyes open. "Thank you, Mr. Speed," she said in a husky whisper. Then she closed her eyes and hung limp by her wrists. It was a beautiful scene — in a strange sort of way.

I left them to their game, not knowing if it continued or not. I had surprised myself. I had always thought myself a gentleman, a man who treated the ladies properly and with respect. Of course, it was okay to get a little rough with the whores down at Madam Wong's, they're paid for that. But I had never even considered taking a whip meant for a horse and hitting a woman as hard as I could with it. And on the

breast!

Yet, I had to admit to myself, it was exciting! In a way.

Buffy Cortney rattled her chains angrily. "But I promised that I wouldn't go to the police," she exclaimed loudly. "I just want to go home."

The scene was the bedroom of Wilma Truesdale, better known as Mistress Wilma. Or as the meanest woman in L.A., depending upon who you talk to. Buffy was still naked but no longer held in ropes. Now it was chains, shackles and padlocks, all of which held her quite solidly a prisoner to the woman who had "rescued" her from a wooden shipping crate in the park.

The shackles around her wrists and ankles were handcuffs, solid, massive police style handcuffs, not the cheaply made Japanese junk usually sold in adult stores. A little work with a hacksaw and a large pair of pliers had created shackles not quite the same as the original handcuffs, but very effective at what they did. First off, her wrists were secured behind her back, joined to a short length of chain that passed around her waist at the narrowest part. The chain was attached to the link joining the handcuffs and the ends padlocked in front. The chain dug into her mid-drift firmly and the net effect was to lock her wrists to the middle of her back with very little movement possible.

Then there was the short chain that passed down from the waist chain to end in a single handcuff that locked about the ankle. Each chain was less than two feet long and held her legs from straightening out. With that chain locked on, it was impossible for Buffy to stand. It wasn't too comfortable for sleeping, either, because her legs could not straighten out, but that was the way she had slept for the last two nights. She lay in chains upon the floor at the foot of Wilma's bed, an additional chain locked snugly around her neck and connected to the bed to assure that she would not crawl away during the night.

Most of the time the worst Buffy had to suffer was boredom. She stayed in Wilma's bed chamber, chained up, with nothing to read or watch or do. It was quite a change from attending classes and doing studying. She was fed regularly by the man Wilma always called "slave" but who was really named Nelson Bradly Connover, the Third. Wilma probably knew his name but preferred to call him by the derogatory title because that was the way she felt about him. And every time Buffy heard her call him that term, she could sense the lack of capital letter on the name. It was not Slave, as a proper name should be, but slave, as if not worthy of proper grammar.

Slave Nelson didn't like Buffy, that much was obvious. This beautiful and very sexy young woman was taking up too much of his Mistress' time, displacing him from her attentions for which he lived. He might have taken out his anger upon the always chained or tied woman but was apparently under orders to leave her untouched.

Buffy tired to talk to him, to make friends with him, but the entreaties fell upon deaf ears. The man, who was actually rather good looking and, while not a real hunk, of above average build, simply didn't want to listen to her. So she stopped trying to make him help her.

Mistress Wilma had kept Buffy a prisoner for one reason only. Sex. Mistress Wilma enjoyed having a tied up or chained up woman performing oral sex upon her person. She would lay back on the bed, spread her legs wide and order Buffy to kneel between them and "service her", as she put it. Normally this wouldn't be too objectionable to Buffy, who was quite a bit of a lesbian herself, but for the fact that this wasn't a girlfriend for whom she felt positive emotions. Nor was it one of her sorority sisters, who might have her bound up and force her into performing oral acts, but that was in the nature of their sorority games. When she had been a pledge, she had often been bound and blindfolded, taken via a roundabout path to some active's room, and then made to

perform lesbian acts, after which she was returned to her own room, often never quite sure which of the actives it was she had given pleasure to. No, this was different.

And one of the major differences was that this woman also enjoyed inflicting humiliation and pain upon her helpless prisoner. A riding crop and a pair of wicked wooden clothespins for her nipples were never far away, and eagerly used on the chained up Buffy as encouragements to perform.

Thus was her condition on the third day of her captivity as she lay on the carpet at the foot of Mistress Wilma's bed, still as naked as the day she had entered that house, and still chained. She had only an evening session with her mistress and owner, as she fancied herself, to look forward to. Then it would be sleeping at the foot of her bed, and another session in the morning.

Buffy was bored. Bored and worried about what her sorority sisters were thinking about her disappearance. And her parents — surely they had been notified by now. They would be worried.

Slave came in with her lunch on a tray. It was a sandwich cut into tiny bites, a drink with a straw, and some chips — all food that could be eaten by a woman with her hands chained behind her back. He set the tray down before her then sat upon the bed, a departure from his usual gruff placement of the food and disappearance until time to collect the dishes. Buffy looked up at him but he said nothing so she began the process of leaning forward from a kneeling position to pick up bits of food with her mouth. At least he made fairly good sandwiches, she told herself. All the while the man called "slave" sat there, silently watching her. It was hard to tell what was behind that set frowning mask, what was going through his mind.

As was typical, slave wore only a leather undergarment that looked much like a pair of woman's panties only very small and rather tight. The bulge in the soft leather indicated he was a man, but the style was rather feminine. Otherwise

he was as bare as she. It wasn't until she had finished all the food and drink that he spoke.

"There is something I must talk to you about," he said formally.

Buffy was surprised and leery, but willing to open a conversation with a man who might be able to help her. "Go ahead," she said.

"Since you've come here my Mistress doesn't have any time for me." He sucked in air indignantly. "It used to be me between her legs at night," he spat out.

"I'm sorry. Believe me, I would rather not be here."

"Be that as it may, I feel that I have to do something about this situation."

"Then let me go," Buffy said eagerly. "I promise that I'll just go home and never say a word about this. Then you'll have your Mistress back." Hope was beating fast in her heart.

"I'm sorry but I can't do that. I have strict orders not to. You are her new toy. She only wants to play with you."

"I feel for you, really I do."

He sniffed disdainfully. "To rectify this problem there is something I would like to ask you to do."

"Yes...?" said Buffy wearily.

"When the Mistress orders you to pleasure her tonight, I would like you to refuse."

"But... But won't that get my ass whipped? She did use the riding crop the first few times to let me know that she was perfectly willing to."

"That is probable."

"But that hurts. She will force me to obey."

"Not if you hold out long enough. Eventually she will stop whipping your bottom."

Buffy suspected his logic was correct, but where that point would come was what worried her. "Won't she cause me a lot of pain before that point?"

"Perhaps." He swallowed. "Probably. But it will happen

only once — maybe twice. Then she will come to feel that you are no longer suitable for her sexual needs."

"And she'll go back to using you?" Buffy asked.

"Yes." He leaned forward as if to take her into his confidence. "If you're no longer of any use to her, she will then consider letting you go."

Buffy wasn't so sure but she said, hesitantly, "I'll try."

"Good." He rose from the bed. "This will work out better for both of us." Then he left.

Buffy sat on the floor and considered what he had told her. It didn't sound quite right for two reasons. First, she had observed that Mistress Wilma seemed to enjoy whipping her bottom. It was quite possible that she would deliver many more than one or two whippings in her attempt to force Buffy back into the lesbian lovemaking mode. And probably enjoy every one of them. In fact, Buffy wasn't so sure that Mistress Wilma might not keep her around just to whip, she seemed to enjoy causing pain that much.

And secondly, there was the little matter of her having kidnapped Buffy. True, Buffy had already been kidnapped by the two men who stole her crate from the back of the pick up truck. But Mistress Wilma had certainly continued the kidnapping by taking her home and keeping her prisoner.

Buffy found herself puzzling over the technical details of this situation. First off, did the two men really kidnap her? They hadn't known that the box they stole had a woman inside. So were they guilty of kidnapping? She'd have to be a lawyer to figure that one out. But she was pretty sure that Mistress Wilma could be charged with kidnapping. Even thought she had found Buffy already bound and gagged, she had removed her from her crate and taken her away. Buffy was sure that would qualify as kidnapping.

Still, slave knew Mistress Wilma better than she did. Perhaps he had even been through this situation before and knew what Mistress Wilma would do. She resolved to try his way that night. Might just work.

That night, after a meal served by slave, who hand fed the cut up steak to Buffy, perhaps as a sign of encouragement, Mistress Wilma came into the bedroom. She examined the chains upon Buffy, found that there was no change in them, then divested herself of clothing. She did a series of stretching exercises the hopped upon the bed, spread her legs wide, and ordered Buffy to do her task.

Buffy swallowed hard and stood her ground.

For a few seconds Mistress Wilma stared at her slavegirl. Then a frown slowly formed upon her face. "You refuse...!?" she said disbelievingly.

Buffy lowered her head so she would not have to see the evil scowl and said nothing.

Mistress Wilma rose from the bed and it was good that Buffy didn't see the wicked grin upon her face. Rebellion in a slave is something most masters and mistresses like to see. It gives them both an excuse to punishment the rebellious woman, and the joy of doing so. The riding crop was resting upon the dresser, conveniently at hand.

"Am I to understand that you refuse a direct order?" asked Wilma, sweetly.

Buffy said nothing.

"You will kneel by the bed and place your body upon it. Or will I have to force you?"

Buffy considered continued rebellion but decided that it would be better to rebel only when necessary. Leaning over the end of the bed was not the same as performing the ordered sexual act, and Mistress Wilma could easily force her. She could always call in slave to help. He would probably gladly hold her down while the riding crop was unleashed upon her bare bottom. She shuffled forward and tilted her body over the bed. The satin comforter felt cool and smooth against her breasts.

There was a sudden, violent sting in her left cheek, accompanied by a slapping sound. Buffy jerked upright and her fingers flew to the injured flesh.

"Get back down or I'll tie you that way and give you an extra two dozen strokes as punishment for not staying down."

Buffy lowered herself back to the bed, thinking that it did hurt but that it wasn't something she couldn't handle. If taking some pain in the ass would mean her being released, it would be well worth it; a small price to pay.

Buffy squealed as the second swat landed upon her other cheek. But she managed to keep from jerking upright. That seemed important to her, that she not be tied down to the bed. Being chained up was one thing, and it did make her helpless, but she could at least move around some and that gave her a sense of some freedom, however false. Being tied down would make her immobile and more vulnerable.

Two, she counted silently to herself. She wondered how many strokes of that riding crop it would take before Mistress Wilma would cease.

The count rose to ten, evenly distributed over both globes, inflicting considerable pain to those surfaces. Buffy found herself crying, the tears falling to make dark stains upon the red satin comforter.

As the count reached twenty, Buffy began to have doubts.

At thirty, Buffy was seriously reconsidering her chosen course of action. The pain and burn in her bottom was worse than any whipping she had ever had to endure. At the sorority, spankings and even whipping with a belt were common, but they were playful, friendly lashings delivered by friendly hands. This was different — this was punishment!

She continued counting. Thirty-five. Thirty-six. Some of the strokes were landing on the tops of her thighs, some around the sides of her flanks, as if Mistress Wilma were seeking fresh, untouched skin to redden. Thirty-seven. Thirty-eight. Buffy longed to cry out "Halt!" but held her voice. Sooner or later this woman would cease beating her ass. Hell, her arm had to be growing tired! Thirty-nine.

Forty.

As if she were also keeping score, Wilma paused at forty, a nice, round number.

Buffy had been about to give in. Had the next stroke over forty delivered its quote of pain, she might well have cried out for mercy. But the pause gave her hope. But hope, she was soon to find out, is a dangerous emotion for a slavegirl. It can lead you astray and into dangerous waters.

"So, you find the riding crop across the bottom is not persuasion enough?" There came a sudden flurry of blows landing rapidly upon the already quite reddened bottom, delivered with as much force as the woman could muster. Neither of them counted the number of blows contained within that expression of anger. But had one of them done so, she would have noticed that the count had reached the fifty mark and stopped.

Mistress Wilma stood back, panting and with an arm weakened by the resolve of this naked and chained woman who should have given in with the first dozen strokes. Buffy, for her part, was frozen in shock by the last flurry of blows, a cry of agony caught between her lips. Her whole body was rigid with the pain. Then she shook and gasped loudly. "Ohhhhhh! Please, no more," was all she could force out.

The beaten woman was at a cross-road, a turning point in her resolution to outlast this woman's whip. She was ready to give in, defeated. Her face, as she lay on the bed, was wet with tears and her bottom burned as if exposed to the fires of hell itself. Never in her young life had she every felt so much pain, unbelievable pain.

Taking the silence as determination not to give in, Mistress Wilma proceeded to stage two of her campaign. Poor Buffy had underestimated both the resolve and full arsenal of this woman who considered herself the owner of this beautiful slavegirl. There are far more ways to hurt a woman than there are ways for her to resist. Wilma simply went to another of the many forms of punishment available

to her.

Placing the riding crop upon the bed, she took Buffy's shoulders with both hands and lifted the woman until she was kneeling. As she turned her around, Buffy obeying the pressure of those hands upon her arms, Mistress Wilma was smiling. She could see the pain in this girl's face, and knew that the end was near. She had Buffy shuffle away from the bed a few feet. Then she pushed Buffy back until the girl's shoulders were resting on the floor, her body a backwards arch with the knees spread.

Buffy obeyed, her only thought being that she was glad the pain had stopped. That riding crop upon her bottom was the only thing in the whole world that she was focused upon, and her being placed on her back on the floor meant that her bottom was protected from the attack of the crop.

What she didn't realize immediately was that the position presented new targets to Mistress Wilma. Oh, poor, unfortunate girl!

Buffy was blinking back tears when Wilma took a position beside her, riding crop in hand. She saw the blurry arm go up and dimly realized the danger as the blur was coming down. And down it came, hard and fast, in a big arc that brought it between Buffy's knees then up to impact squarely upon her sex. A woman's flesh there is very sensitive, filled with nerves that normally delight in reporting pleasure and wonderful sensations to the brain. But there are also pain nerves there, and a large amount of them were stimulated into action by the impact of leather against them.

Buffy's mouth opened for a split second, then a scream escaped, a high pitch cry of agony. Immediately after that her body arched higher, only to fall to one side. Without conscious thought, she shook all over and jerked around in reaction to the sudden burst of pain. That single stroke was far worse then any dozen strokes upon her rear. With shackled wrists and legs, she crawled back along the carpet in an instinctual urge to get away from the source of that

pain. "No, no, no!" she repeated.

Wide, fear-filled eyes looked up at her Mistress, desperate to avoid such terrible pain again. She shook her head as she came to a halt at the junction of the carpet and wall and could go no farther. "No, no, no!"

Mistress Wilma smiled. It was lovely to see a woman react to pain in this manner. It gave her such a sense of power and a burning of her own between her legs. This was exciting, like nothing else in life. It was wonderful to be able to cause such a reaction in another human being. Wonderful!

Wilma spread her legs and tapped the riding crop against her leg in a show mock impatience. From the floor, Buffy looked up and saw this naked woman standing above her, that terrible whip in her hand. She whined and cringed back against the wall. Mistress Wilma said nothing but her stance and the tapping of the crop delivered a message. As soon as that message penetrated into Buffy's shocked mind, she hurried to scramble across the carpet to kneel between her Mistress' legs and turn her face up to the junction of those legs with an eagerness to please. In hopes of avoiding new pain, she pushed her face into the pubic hair and darted her tongue into the flesh there. She found the woman's sex to be hot and juicy.

Buffy's capitulation was complete. She lapped and licked eagerly with a massive desire to please. Her only thought was to avoid a repeat of that terrible pain, the ache of which was still active between her legs.

Wilma bent down some to give Buffy a better position, enjoying both the total submission and the wonderfully intense feelings in her sex. Suddenly she let out with a gasp of her own, dropped the whip, grabbed Buffy's head with both her hands, and shoved her hips forward as an orgasm more intense than any she had felt for a long time took over her body.

But orgasms for Wilma are never the totally mental and emotional wipe-out they are for other women, and she was

able to stand throughout the whole procedure, which lasted only a minute. Then she was back in charge, feeling good but no longer in the ecstasy of the most incredible passion a woman can feel. She shoved Buffy aside with one foot, then went to pour herself a glass of brandy from the bottle on the dresser.

Buffy lay on her side on the floor, with burning ass and aching cunt, sniffing back tears and hoping that she had been punished enough and no more would come as a result of her little rebellion. Of course, she was wrong. Mistresses enjoy having reasons to punish slavegirls.

5

Trading a Whipping for Information

I suppose I should have at least asked for her name and phone number, but somehow the idea had not occurred to me the prior night in the park. I mean, I was a bit distracted by a rather nice nude woman hanging by her wrists from a tree. And when she asked me to whip her bottom... Well, you know. At least I gave her accountant my card. It wasn't until the next morning that I begin to wonder if anything would come of it. Would I ever heard from her about who might have been wandering around the park late at night and found a bound, naked coed?

I spent most of the next morning trying to figure out some alternative to just sitting there and waiting. But I didn't have much to go on. About the best I could come up with was to go back to the park and try to find someone else who might have information. Yeah, I know, kinda weak.

After a quickie burrito from Juan's — a mistake I stupidly insist upon making repeatedly — I got back to my office in time for a phone call and a good case of indigestion. Someone should do something about Juan. He thinks he's a

cook.

The call was from the woman belonging to the ass I had whipped the night before. Mrs. Henley was her name, at least that's how she identified herself on the phone.

"Listen, Private Dick," she said in a husky voice. For some reason she found my job title funny. "I've got something for you."

"Great! Shoot it to me, babe." All us private dicks talked like that.

"Whoa! I think maybe this information is valuable. Like maybe you'd pay something to get it."

The old extortion game. Well, I could always add whatever she wanted to the list of expenses for my client. "How much?" I shot back.

"Not money."

"Not money?"

"Not money."

"What then..." I said hesitantly. A suspicion was forming in my mind.

"Why don't you come over and we can talk about this." Her voice dropped in tone and her breathing was coming heavy over the phone. Maybe she has asthma, I thought.

I made an appointment for that afternoon, telling her that I would have to disappoint another client. Then I was in my car heading for the east end of Brentwood. It was not far from the sorority, campus and some of the richest homes in the whole city. I'm no real estate agent, but I tagged the place at least a million, one of those older L.A. style California mansions you see in the old black and white silent movies.

The accountant/lawyer met me at the door. He looked rather sour. "Mrs. Henley is waiting for you in the library," he said formally. "To the left, second door on the right." Then he was passed me, into a 560S and out the driveway with a squeal of tires.

Mrs. Henley was, indeed, awaiting me in the library. And

if I had been late, she would still have been waiting for me. Even if I had been a couple days late, she would still have been waiting for me. She was, you see, quite securely bound in her library.

It was the usual paneled walls with bookcases from floor to ceiling, plush carpet and a fireplace at the far end. It was also slightly larger than my whole apartment, including the bathroom and kitchen. But someone had made a slight modification. In the middle of the ceiling was a large metal ring on a shaft that disappeared into the ceiling. It looked solid enough to hold an elephant's weight, but right then it was only holding the weight of Mrs. Henley. I walked in as casually as I could, then commented, "Your accountant certainly know how to tie a knot."

"He should. I went through five lawyers until I found one who could tie a good knot and keep his mouth shut." Her voice was a little strained but there was good cause. She was hanging by her bound wrists from the ring, and the ropes looked as if they were cutting rather tightly into her wrists. But that was not all. A rope had been looped around each ankle and then tied to smaller rings set in the floor on opposite walls. The lawyer had pulled on those ropes before tying them off, and the effect was to force Mrs. Henley's legs wide apart. But since the rings were on the floor, it also pulled down. Her body was very taunt and I doubt if she could have done much more than bow her head and wiggle her fingers and toes, so tightly was she stretched in midair.

Mrs. Henley looked even better in the daylight than she had in the darkness. She might have been a little older than the sorority babes, but she was a good looking woman with a very nice figure.

"You like hanging from things?" I asked. Okay, I know it wasn't a very bright comment, but this woman had a way of putting me off my usual witty conversation. Like the fact that she was again totally naked. It was then that I noticed something I hadn't the night before in the park. Mrs. Henley

shaved her pussy so it was clean and smooth. A rather nice touch, I thought.

"As a matter of fact, yes," she replied with a smile on her face. "And there are other things I like to do, too."

"I'll just bet there are."

"Mr. Speed, there is a whip over there on the chair," she informed me.

"I see it," I said without moving towards that chair. "And I assume you want me to pick it up and use it. But why should I do that?"

"Because you want to know who kidnapped your client, or whoever that was the girl in the wooden shipping crate is," she said logically. "And I won't tell you until you've done what I want."

How can you argue with a naked and tied up woman? For a moment the idea flashed into my mind that I could force her to tell me what I needed to know, but then I almost laughed out loud. How would I force her? Whip her ass? But that's what she wanted in the first place! With a sigh, I crossed over to the chair and picked up the whip. It was not a riding crop, but a short thing of braided black leather, half of it stiffened with something inside, the other half pretty flexible. The end was a leather tong. I grimaced a little when I thought of what that might do to the soft skin of a woman. I was glad that it was not me who was going to be on the receiving end of that thing.

The chair was behind Mrs. Henley, and when I looked up she was trying to look over her shoulder. There was a strange mixture of anticipation and fear upon her face. From this side, I was amazed to see that her backside showed none of the redness it had the night before. Apparently a riding crop, at least when used in the manner I had, doesn't leave a very long lasting mark.

"Well, Mrs. Henley, how do you want it?" I asked. "Across the bottom? Hard or light?"

"You pick the target, Mr. Speed. And please call me Slut."

"Huh?"

"I said you can call me Slut. You do know the derogatory term, don't you?"

"Yeah, I do." I didn't add that I had also known a few sluts in my time. "Slut!" I added.

Well, I'd heard of some babes who like you to talk dirty while you're screwing 'em. I positioned myself to one side so I could have a good swing at her bare bottom. The whip wasn't very heavy but I would bet that a hard swing would really hurt. And I was determined to give this woman as much pain as she wanted. Or as much as needed to get her to talk. I pulled back my arm and let the first stroke go.

There was a swish then a crack as the leather impacted upon bare female flesh. Her body jerked within its bonds and she let out with a gasp. I watched in fascination as a red mark appeared on her skin and slowly grew darker. It was a new experience for me, and I'll have to confess that I could see where a man might get to liking this. It gave me a tremendous sense of power to have a woman so helpless and to be causing her pain. Later, looking back, I would come to the conclusion that most men would be happy to do the same thing that I was doing, if they would only admit it. But at that moment I was only concerned with one man: me. And one dame, the one that wanted me to call her slut.

There was a strong temptation to deliver a bunch of strokes fast and hard, but I held back. I wanted her to get as much as she wanted, then she'd be happy and tell me what I wanted. Too much and she might get mad and clam up. I tried to place the next mark right below the first and succeeded. This one brought a small cry from her, not quite a scream but close.

After five strokes I switched over to the other side and gave her the next five backhanded. It seemed the best way to make the marks symmetrical, and it seemed somehow important that the job look good.

After twenty strokes, ten from each direction, I was

sweating and surprised how much this woman could take. She had cried out a little more loudly with each new stroke, that being partly because the new marks were being laid over old ones where the flesh was swollen up and must have hurt more, but never really screamed. I began wondering what it would take to make her scream, I mean really scream with a full throated, healthy cry of agony.

I paused to inspect what I had done. Each globe of her ass was covered with vivid red marks, some shading to a purple tint. She would have bruises from this, I knew, unlike that simple reddening from the crop. And maybe I was hitting a little harder this time. That time at night in the dark of the park was the first time I had ever whipped a woman. Maybe I held back.

Her head was bowed, her hair hanging down in front to cover one breast. She was sweating in the hot room, and tears streaked her face. Her eyes were close and her breathing heavy. I enjoyed the way her big breasts rose and fell with each breath. Then a wild idea hit me. Those breasts were a perfect target. If this woman wanted pain, I could give her more than any woman could take. I placed myself for a good cut across her breasts but then held back. What if that were more pain than she wanted?

Oh, hell with it! I told myself and let go. The breast that I hit bounced nicely under the impact. Her head jerked up and she howled as her whole body went tense. A second later she looked at me, her eyes wide with pain and fear. I know what fear looks like, I've seen it before. I could tell that woman was thinking of all the terrible pain I could cause her and that she could do nothing about. And that scared her shitless.

Then the eyes closed. She held her head upright and seemed to be bracing herself for the next blow. But she hadn't called a halt to the whipping, so I pulled back my arm and let the whip fly at the other breast. There was a most satisfactory cry of pain, followed by a loud gasp as she sucked in air. I watched as her hands formed into fists then

opened wide. It was about all she could do.

The thought occurred to me than that she was the one really in control of this little game. She was not gagged. She could tell me to halt, and knew that I would. She had information that I wanted and would obey. Strange set up, no? Here I was, the one with the whip in my hand, the one giving her more pain than any woman should ever have to feel, and there she was, naked, tightly strung up in mid- air. Yet she was the one calling the shots.

I waited a bit to see if she was going to beg me to stop. In a perverse little corner of my mind I was thinking how nice it would be to giver one more stroke after she told me to stop. One more bit of pain wouldn't be much, but it would be one that she had not ordered, one that she had not wanted. And that would, I was sure, make me feel good. Maybe I would even give her two additional strokes. Hard ones.

Her eyes opened. The pain was getting to her, I could tell from the slightly glazed look. She was feeling the burning of her ass and breasts intensely, I was sure. She looked at me but said nothing. Which was, in the strange context of that moment, a request for more pain. I let go two quick slashes and two more red lines appeared on her breasts, right below the first, one of them directly on a nipple. Her body went rigid for a few seconds, and I had to wonder how she could take so much pain with only a loud gasp.

"How do you like that, slut?" I snarled.

She whispered something I didn't catch. I came closer so I could make out when she repeated it: "Make me scream."

Well! Couldn't be much plainer than that. But being a gentleman, I should have ceased the whipping right there and then. If I tried to make the pain worse, I might do some damage. Or I should at least have tried to confirm what she was telling me, perhaps even try to talk her out of it. Instead, I stepped back and cut her breasts twice more, both across the nipples. The cry that escaped from her lips was close to a scream but not quite. We both knew that it was not good

enough. She looked to me through eyes dimmed by the pain and shook all over. She could have mouthed a single word and put an end to all the pain. But instead she uttered a weak, "Fuck you."

Well, what's a man to do? I forgot about being a gentleman and pulled back my arm yet again, resolved to strike even harder. And I did. Calling her a slut in a loud voice, I slashed twice more across those breasts. But still no scream. There was plenty of pain, only a fool could fail to see that in her face.

I struck no more blows upon those lovely breasts. They were marked up with vivid red and purple marks that would not be quick to fade away. But I had been ordered to make her scream and to fail would challenge my manhood. Still, I wondered how hard I would have to strike her breasts to jerk that scream from her.

Then the answer occurred to me. It was wicked, it was evil, it was something no gentleman would every consider doing to a helpless woman. And I knew in my heart that it would work. With a determination that was a wonderful sense of power, I pulled back my hand for another stroke.

And delivered one right up between her wide spread legs.

The scream was for real. She threw back her head and howled out with shock and pain. For a brief second I wondered what the neighbors would think but then I didn't care. She sucked in air and cried out, "FUCK! Fuck, fuck!"

It took only a second to realize that she was not complaining about the pain. Her body was jerking but also thrusting its hips towards me wildly, as if her pussy were eagerly seeking the only man around. I unzipped my pants and was only mildly surprised to find my rod at full attention and eagerly pointing upward.

Dropping the whip, I advanced upon the naked woman. Fortunately she had been tied at the correct height for a standing man to enter her. Or maybe it hadn't been good fortune but good planning. Either way I was suddenly

shoving deeply into her sex, finding the way easy for it was juicy with her fluids. She cried out, perhaps in pain, perhaps ecstasy and her vagina clamped upon my rod.

It was a short, fast, hard coupling. With a timing that would do justice to long time lovers, we both came at the same moment, both bodies going rigid and pressed hard against each other.

It was damned good. I'd had more than a few woman in my day, but I'll have to admit that one was something special. It felt like my rocks were exploding and the buzz tingled all the way up to the top of my head.

Mrs. Henley must have been feeling something just as good. Hell, no, better. She trembled all over and made little, animal like moans.

After what seemed like a hell of a long time, and my shooting gallons of cum into her, my rod finally began to shrink. I pulled out and backed away to sit down on a couch. Mrs. Henley moaned loudly and her hips thrust forward as if it was painful for her pussy to no longer have a massive male rod in it. Probably was.

It took her a long time to come down from her high. I was content to sit there and watch her enjoying her orgasm. I think woman feel theirs much more intensely than men do. At least it lasts a hell of a lot longer.

But all good things must end, someone once said, and eventually her eyes opened a bit. She smiled weakly at me, and had the look of a very contented woman.

I stood up, zipped up my fly and offered to untie her. "Don't," she instructed. "My lawyer will come back when you leave. Let him do that."

From the darkness of her hands, the bondage had to be very uncomfortable but I didn't argue with her.

"Mr. Speed, there is an envelope on that table. In it you will find the name and address of the woman I believe kidnapped your client." The words seemed to be an effort for her.

"Thanks, babe. I mean Slut."

She smiled weakly. "You have paid me well for that information, Mr. Speed. I wish you good luck on your case."

I tipped my hat and backed away. At the door, her voice made me halt. "Mr. Speed! One more thing." I turned back to her. "Thank you. You were great. Best private dick in the world."

I didn't argue with her opinion. And I left a happy, smiling woman in her library.

I didn't see her lawyer's car anywhere, but if Slut, I mean Mrs. Henley, said that he would come to let her down, than I was sure he would.

I stopped for a beer at Tony's and opened the envelope. Wilma Truesdale, it read. Then an address. I wondered how Slut knew who had done the deed. But Slut was a remarkable woman. And calling her Slut was kinda nice. More descriptive than Mrs. Henley, and sort of special.

6
Escape from Mistress Wilma

Mistress Wilma left in the middle of the morning as she usually did, having to attend to business at the company her former husband had built up and she was now running after that unfortunate accident with the speed boat and the water ski that had impaled him. She usually made Buffy service her in the morning so she started off the day in a good mood. That day was no exception, save for the fact that Buffy was still being punished for her little rebellion of the night before and had, therefore, been placed in a rather uncomfortable position as additional punishment. Of course, some women would have considered what was being done to her as torture rather then punishment, but Wilma probably would not have, and Buffy was in no position to complain.

The punishment was simple but none the less effective for being so. Buffy was just tied up and left on the bed for the day. Well, to be honest, she was left over the bed for the day. The morning had started out with her being released from her shackles and handcuffs. But before she could react or even formulate an escape plan, her arms were gathered together behind her back and bound there with ropes, quite tightly with the elbows firmly together. Then Mistress

Wilma made her slavegirl perform the oral sexual arts that she so loved. After a painful lesson in the punishment of rebellion the night before, Buffy was in no mood to attempt refusal again. Her bottom still hurt some and there was a residue ache in her pussy from where the riding crop had been used to persuade her to obey. So she eagerly dove into her mistress' muff, hoping to please her owner and thus avoid additional punishments.

And perhaps it did work. True, Buffy was left in a punishment, but it might have been worse. Much worse, so perhaps her efforts to please Wilma did pay off. In any event, after Wilma's usual brief orgasm, Buffy was tossed aside while her mistress dressed. When her attention was again upon the naked girl, it was with the intend of making the sorority sister very uncomfortable.

Taking hold of her legs, Wilma turned Buffy over onto her back to lay on the bound arms. Then she tied the poor girl's legs at the ankles and again just above the knees, both places rather tightly. Then she was turned over onto her stomach and a rope passed between her forearms and down between her legs. That rope was then fed through a small loop tied in its end to make a large sliding loop. The other end of the rope was passed through a metal ring screwed into the ceiling directly over the bed, a ring solidly secured into a wooden beam so it could take a fair amount of weight. The rope was then pulled.

Buffy felt her legs being bent as the rope pulled them towards her wrists. When the backs of her ankles were pressing against the palms of her hands, she left them both being pulled up behind her. Up and up the rope pulled, lifting her arms and legs behind her until only her stomach was still touching the bed, her shoulders and knees being lifted well off the covers.

That was a very uncomfortable position. But Mistress Wilma was not finished. With a cruel chuckle, she continued to pull until Buffy's body was lifted off the bed completely,

and then some more until she was floating in mid-air half way between the bed and ceiling. Then the rope was tied off.

Buffy slowly twisted one way and then the other. The strain of having her arms and legs pulled up behind her was considerable and attested to by the grimace on her face. She said nothing but was afraid of what was to come. She hoped, sincerely hoped, that this was simply a prelude to some kind of whipping, although she wasn't sure what the target would be since her bottom was partly protected by her legs. At least a whipping would end and she would be let down. What she feared was exactly what Wilma had in mind: leaving her suspended like that all day.

A gag was added, the same one that Buffy was wearing when Wilma found her in the shipping crate, the ball being shoved between her teeth and strapped tightly in place. Buffy moaned in protest and tried to shake her head but she was already far too helpless to put up any kind of effective resistance. The gag was strapped in place tightly and the power of speech taken away from her.

Then she was left alone.

Buffy groaned and tried to call out but her mistress' retreating back was all she saw. Had she been able to see the other side, she would have seen a very wicked and satisfied grin upon the cruel features.

So it was that Buffy Cortney hung in mid-air all morning. The strain became something terrible, and the aches invaded almost every muscle of her body. Her shoulders hurt terribly and the ropes dug deeply into her wrists and ankles. The pain in her back was most unpleasant and slowly growing worse. There was no way she could move, no position she could assume that would ease the pain. All she could do was hang.

She tried for a while to fight the ropes. But her fingers found no loose ropes or knots they could work upon. And attempts to pull loose or wiggle off the ropes met with dismal failure. Every rope upon her was too tight to move and held that way by her own weight.

As the morning wore on, she moaned a bit, but mostly just hung there in silent suffering. Towards noon slave came in. For a while he sat on the edge of the bed, looking at Buffy and her suffering. The naked woman lifted her head to gaze at the man but then let her head hang again when he made no move to help her.

For a long time he simply looked at her. Then he reached out his hand and cupped her breast. It was a gentle move, almost kindly, and certainly not expected. He seemed to be testing the quality of the breast rather than trying to excite the naked and bound girl. After a few seconds he let go.

Buffy was surprised to find that he then took off the gag. The rubber ball was pulled from her mouth with a plopping sound, followed by a moan. Her jaw was aching from being forced open for the three hours she had so far hung there. She looked sideways to him and said a simple, "Thank you."

"I did not do that for your comfort," he informed. "But rather because it is necessary for you to tell me something. And I to tell you some facts."

"Yes?"

"I have arranged for you to escape from here," he told her.

"What!?" cried Buffy in surprise and joy.

"You heard me. When Mistress Wilma comes home tonight, you will be gone and she will have no idea where you are."

"Oh, thank you."

"Don't thank me. Life hasn't been the same around here since you came. I want things to go back to what they were before." He seemed emotionally upset. "Then the Mistress will again love only me."

"I wish you both the best," said Buffy, not sure what else to say.

"I want your promise that you will never return."

"Believe me, you have my word on that."

"And that you will tell no one where you have been or who held you prisoner."

"I only want to get home," Buffy said, honestly.

"Well... Be that as it may, you will be gone from here, and that is all I want."

Buffy caught a hint of something unspoken in his voice and was apprehensive. "If you'll untie me, and get me some kind of clothing, I'll be gone. I promise you'll never see me again."

Slave smiled. "I'm sure I won't," he said smugly.

Buffy didn't like the way he said it. Nor the fact that he was making no move to untie her. "Oh, please, untie me. The sooner you do, the sooner things will get back to normal here," she added, for good measure.

Slave was toying with the gag. "Tell me," he asked, "did you enjoy giving the Mistress pleasure."

"Oh, it was wonderful. Now untie me."

"Of course it was," he replied, missing the sarcasm totally. "She is a wonderful woman. But you hurt me by taking her away from me. That was not nice."

Buffy swallowed hard. If this man was really planning to free her, he was taking his time about getting to the ropes.

"I agree with Mistress that you should be punished," he continued. "But for different reasons, of course."

"Of course," Buffy found herself repeating. "Look, I'm really sorry about coming between you and your Mistress. And I'll be happy to get far away from here. Now, please untie these ropes."

"Mistress told me to leave you hanging there all day. Not to give you breakfast or lunch."

"Yes..."

"I'll bet being tied that way hurts."

"It does, believe me."

"Mistress used to hogtie me. Sometimes I would spend all night on the floor at the foot of her bed," he said fondly. "But that's where you've been sleeping."

Buffy was growing disappointed, especially after the burst of hope his offer to set her free had created. "Would you

please untie me. This hurts terribly."

"I'm going to do one more thing to you," he told her with a sly smile. "I've going to put this gag back in your mouth and then whip your breasts. Just two swats on each breast. Then I'll arrange for you to go."

Buffy sighed. What had she to loose? She was already totally in the power of this man, what was being gagged again? Besides, he could easily force the gag back in her mouth anyway. She opened wide and allowed him to replace the ball wedged in behind her teeth. He buckled the strap cruelly tight.

Buffy prepared herself mentally for some more pain. But a few swats across the breasts was a small price to pay for freedom, so she was ready to gladly accept them.

Slave put a hand upon her shoulder and pushed. She rotated around until her head came back in his direction. Then he stopped her and pushed the other way. This time he allowed her to twist around and around half a dozen times before the rope tightened up and she slowed down. Then she very slowly began to unwind.

When Buffy slowed down and was almost at a stop, she saw the whip in his hand. It was not a riding crop, but something small and very wicked looking. The end looked very thin, almost like a shoe string. He saw her looking at the whip and smiled. "It's a whip made for marking up a woman's breasts," he told her. "It's very thin and hurts terribly. You will not like it."

So go ahead and get it over with, she said mentally. You're almost as bad as your mistress.

He made sure that she saw the stroke coming. At the last instant she closed her eyes but suddenly opened them wide as pain exploded in her left breast. Her body jerked sideways and she cried out into the gag. For a few seconds she fought the ropes, tired to get away, and shook in pain and anger, none of which did any good at all. He calmly walked around to the other side of the bed and cut her other breast with a

slash that just as bad as the first time.

Buffy saw red and tried to scream. This was much worse than the riding crop, and she was afraid for her poor breasts. She was certain that the thin whip was cutting her breast deeply and blood would be flowing onto the bed.

But there was no blood. And the skin, while red and swollen in a thin welt, was unbroken.

Slave calmly returned to the other side and slashed the whip across the first breast again, this time almost upon the nipple. Had she been facing him, perhaps he would have cut across the nipple itself, but she was hanging and her breasts facing downward. She screamed again, the sound surprisingly loud with the ball gag in her mouth.

He went to the other side of the bed and delivered the forth cut, also near the nipple where it hurt more. Buffy was jerking and trying to get her breasts away from his whip but could not really move, not nearly enough to remove her breasts from the beastly little whip.

Tears were dripping onto the bed. Buffy was sobbing in pain and making little sounds like a tortured animal, which was not far from the truth. But she told herself that it was almost over. He had given the four strokes he promised, now his promise was to set her free.

But the ropes stayed in place. Not a knot was touched, not a rope was cut. Buffy remained hanging in a bowed, painful arch while her breasts burned with a terrible agony.

When she finally looked around, she saw, after blinking away the tears, that she was alone. Then she hung her head and cried some more.

Slave returned later. And he was not alone. There was two other men with him, men dressed in business suits but not looking like businessmen. If Buffy were more astute in such matter, she would have noticed the bulged in the coats where the firearms were kept in shoulder holsters. The men showed no expression on their faces as they came into the bedroom and beheld the naked, suffering woman. It was almost as if

they saw such sights every day.

The two men stood aside and seemed to be waiting for something. So was slave, who kept looking towards the door. Then in came a forth man. This one was not dressed in a business suit but a soft pink leisure suit with apricot ascot and blue suede shoes. He was no more than five foot two, slender and of indeterminate age, somewhere between twenty and forty. His features were soft, like a woman's, and the pencil thin mustache hardly visible. He pursed his lips at the sight of a naked woman hanging in cruel bondage over a rumpled bed.

"Don't you ever make your beds?" he asked in a high, sing-song voice. "So very messy. Tisk, tisk."

Slave sighed. "I'm sorry. I'll attend to the bed when I can." He turned to Buffy and waved a casual hand in her direction. "There she is. Please remove her."

The man in the pink leisure suit sniffed as if he were just told to take out the garbage. "Marvin. Harvey. Attend to this little matter."

The two named henchmen move forward. They worked as a team without speaking, yet efficiently and quickly. Buffy was lowered to the bed and the rope connecting her wrist and ankles removed. Slowly she unfolded with a loud moan of gratitude.

But her gratitude was short-lived. While on man held her up in a sitting position on the edge of the bed, the other placed a bag of black material over her head. It covered not only the head but all of her neck as well. He then pulled a roll of duct tape from his pocket and proceeded to wrap it around her neck, securing the bag in place. Several winding of the tape were enough to keep it from coming off, then he wrapped some more around her head at the level of her eyes.

Buffy began to panic when the bag descended over her head and tightly wrapped with tape at the neck. But she was surprised to find that she could breath through the material. The duct tape around her head over the eyes did, however

blind her so she could see nothing of what transpired next.

The blindfold in place, she was then stood up by strong male hands, and more tape used to bind her arms to her body at her waist. Then some more was used just above her breast and below them, making her arms even more welded to her back.

For a while she simply stood there with one pair of hands holding her upright and fear coursing through her body. Then the second man returned, dragging a trunk with him. The trunk was solidly built and of a size to fit their captive, provided that she was doubled up. It was smaller than the wooden shipping crate favored by her sorority, and had no air holes whatsoever. They picked her up and placed her within. Not knowing what was going on, she could only obey the pressure of the hands upon her body and kneel down, then turn onto her side. She felt the sides of the trunk pressing against her legs and bound arms and guessed what was happening. But she was powerless to do a thing about it. These terrible men had her helpless and would do as they pleased with her. She could only make pathetic noises and hope for the best.

It was not a good fit. Either they had guessed wrong on the size of trunk they needed, or they didn't really care how uncomfortable their captive was. She was forced into a bend over position, her head pushed down between her knees and chest, and her feet pushed upward most uncomfortably. Then the lid was closed and she could hear a key in the lock. She could feel the sides pressing hard against her. It was much more uncomfortable than the wooden shipping crate she had spent some enjoyable hours in. Much worse.

She felt the trunk being picked up and carried by Harvey and Marvin. They were none too gentle with their cargo as they carried her out to the garage where it was put into the trunk of a car and that lid shut firmly over the captive girl. Then one of the men returned to the bedroom where the two other men await.

"You have to make it look as if she was stolen, you know," said slave to the man in pink.

"Oh, you big silly, not to worry. Marvin here will make sure that the silly bitch Wilma won't blame you. Marvin," he said, "do your thing."

Slave had a second to show fear on his face, then the wind was knocked out of him by a massive fist driven into his stomach. He whooshed and doubled up. A minute later the two men were leaving to go to their car. Behind them a crumpled form of slave was locked securely in the handcuffs and shackles that had been taken off Buffy a few hours before. He had a broken nose and a black eye to show that he had tried to defend Wilma's property, but been overpowered.

The car drove out of the garage, carrying Buffy Cortney off to an unknown but probably very unpleasant fate.

7

Sold Into Prostitution

I was about to leave my office, armed with the name and address Slut had given me, when the phone rang. It was the curvaceous house mother, Miss Linda Goodbody.

"How are you coming on the case?" she asked in a voice that made my heart beat a little faster.

"I'm whipping things into shape," I told her. With a straight face. "In fact," I continued, "I have a lead and am going there right now."

"Good. I will come with you."

"Hold on, babe! This ain't no work for a lady."

"Who says I'm a lady? But never mind that, I am an employee of the client who is paying your fee. That entitles me to knowing what is happening." Then her voice turned a little softer. "Besides, I'm worried about Buffy. We all are."

She sounded like she was on the verge of crying, and if there is anything I hate, it's a crying dame. "Okay, already. How soon can you be at my office?"

"Ten minutes."

"Fine, I'll wait. Then we can check out this lead."

She thanked me and hung up. As I put down the receiver, I cursed myself. Don't ever let dames get mixed up in your

cases was one of my carnal rules. Unless she is the case, of course.

I checked my trusty forty-five, Betsy, then slid her back into my shoulder holster. Never can tell when you might need a little firepower.

Then I took a belt from the bottle in the lower left drawer. I save the good stuff in the lower right drawer for when I finish a case.

Miss Goodbody was punctual, I'll give her that. She also looked damned good in a light weight summer dress that showed more of her legs than it hid. Damned nice gams, too. The neckline plunged so low that I wondered how I could get her to lean over. Drop a pencil on the floor? Drop my gun on the floor? Beg her?

"What's the lead you mentioned?"

Damn, I hate dames that get right down to business. I told her about my staking out the park and finding someone who knew the weird people who frequent the park at night. I didn't mention the price I had to pay to get Slut to talk, but I figured she didn't really have to know about the whipping and... ah, screwing I had to do. The things I do for my clients... Sigh.

"So you were given this name and an address?" Even asking a simple question, she could make it sound like she was inviting me up to her bedroom.

"Yeah." I patted my pocket. "I was just leaving to check it out."

"Fine. Let's go."

This Wilma Truesdale lived in a nice section of town, the old money section. Big homes built sixty or seventy years ago but still classy. The address on the piece of paper was a white-washed, red tile roofed little home of about five or six thousand square feet with a circular driveway with a Rolls Royce sitting in it.

"Maybe you'd better stay in the car," I told Miss Goodbody in my best, most protective PI voice.

"Hell I will," she informed me in her best "I'm your client, I pay your salary," voice.

I shrugged and figured if I insisted I might loose the case. And there were several debtors around town who were rooting for me to finish a case. Something to do with money. "At least stay behind me," I growled. Private dicks always growl to show they really mean it. I was nice to have Miss Goodbody around, no matter what I was doing, but I couldn't say that, and the growl let her officially know that I didn't like her tagging along one bit.

I had parked half a block a way. Fortunately there was plenty of thick bushes around these houses, and it wasn't too hard to work up to the side of the big house unseen. "Why don't we go to the front door?" asked Miss Goodbody.

"These people may be holding a woman against her will. Do you think they'll simply turn her over if I ask politely?"

Must have sounded good to her, because she just shrugged and followed me.

I cased the place carefully. The windows were wired for security, a pretty old system it looked like. But the back door was wide open. I entered, one hand inside my coat, ready to draw Betsy. There was no one around. No one in the kitchen. No one in the lounge. No one is the front room. The whole bottom floor seemed to be deserted. I eyed the stairs.

Just then there came the sound of a cry from somewhere up those stairs. It was a high pitched cry of pain but didn't impress me as being from a woman. I wondered what they were doing to this Buffy I was suppose to rescue. Then I drew Betsy and started up the stairs. Behind me Miss Goodbody took off her high heels and followed on nyloned feet.

The cries were coming from a bedroom and the door was open. Apparently whoever was in there torturing someone didn't expect company. I peeked around the corner.

The person doing the crying was a man. Well, looked more like a wimp than a real man. He was wearing a very

brief pair of what looked like black silk panties that would have looked wonderful on Miss Goodbody but just looked silly on him. There was a woman present, a tall, middle aged woman with a slender figure and rather harsh face. I mean mean a mean, not ugly, face, although she wouldn't win any beauty contests. There was a short whip in her hand and from the red marks covering large portions of the man's skin, she had been working at this task for some time. He also had a real shiner on one eye, and a nose that was swollen and maybe broken.

Since the man was tied up with his hands over his head and pulled up to something on the ceiling, and dancing on his tip toes, I figured he wouldn't give me any trouble. Which left the whip wielding woman. Again no trouble. But where was Buffy? I took a deep breath and calmly walked through the door, Betsy hidden behind my leg. These people had to know where Buffy was. "Hello," I said.

They both froze. The man just looked puzzled but the woman's eyes flared with anger. "How dare you come into here and..."

The sight of Betsy coming up casually to point at the ceiling made her stop protesting. Betsy is a big gun and impresses people. That's one of her better qualities.

"I'm looking for a college girl named Buffy," I told them. The woman's eyes dared behind me and I knew that Miss Goodbody had come in behind me. I hoped she had enough sense to stay out of the line of fire. "I have reason to believe you have her. Or at least know where she is."

The woman, who I assumed to be this Wilma Truesdale, glared at me. "I don't know any Buffy," she snarled. "And you're trespassing. And threatening me. And breaking several other laws. Get out of here."

"When I have Buffy."

"I told you, I don't know any Buffy."

I considered searching the place but the look in the man's eyes told me he knew exactly what I was talking about. Time

to get mean.

"Look, I don't care what kind of games you two like to play when you're alone. But I have a client who wants Buffy returned. And I'll do anything I have to to get her. Anything." I waved Betsy casually in their direction to underscore that point.

"I have no college girl here," Wilma Truesdale hissed. "You're welcome to look."

"And what about you?" I said, looking right at the hanging wimp. "You know anything about a missing girl?"

He looked quickly and nervously towards the woman still holding the whip, but said nothing.

"Buffy was taken from a wooden crate in the park. She was carried away by two people. One left a bare footprint about the size of your feet. The other wore high heels. Just like the pair you have one, Mrs. Truesdale. Now, you want to tell me what happened to her after you carried her away?"

The man actually whined, like some pathetic little cur. The woman gave him a look that would make the blood run cold in any man. It shut off the whine.

I leveled Betsy until she was pointed at Truesdale's belly button, which happened to be visible through the leather outfit she had one. Nice tight pants. Very short top, also of leather.

"We can be nice about this, or I can get tough," I growled. I was getting lots of growling practice that day.

"What are you going to do, shoot me?" she asked in a sweet, sarcastic voice.

"Maybe. But there are other ways of making you talk."

I know it sounded corny, but it was the truth. I thought I saw a glint of fear in her eyes. Time to press the advantage, I told myself.

"Linda," I called out. "Come around and take her whip away from her. And stay away from between her and me."

Miss Goodbody was no dummy. She stayed well clear of any line of fire when she pried the whip from reluctant

fingers

"There's a pair of handcuffs laying there. Put them on her," I instructed. Wilma Truesdale didn't like this one bit but she didn't like Betsy's big hole even more. She held still while Linda clicked on the handcuffs behind her back. "Now we can have a little discussion," I said, putting Betsy away. But to show them that I was serious, I made a fist of my right hand, put it in my left hand and then cracked my knuckles.

"Oh, don't be so overly dramatic," complained Truesdale. "I'm willing to concede that you can hurt us. And make us eventually tell you what you want to know." She took in a deep breath. "So I'll tell you."

"Great," I commented.

"We did find a girl in a box in the park. She was naked, all tied up and gagged." She glanced at the man. "It was obvious that she was playing some kind of game, the kind of game I like. So we took her. Brought her back here."

"Then?" I prompted.

"I kept her for a few days. But I no longer have her."

"Then where is she?"

"That's what I was just about to find out." Wilma did some growling of her own and I suddenly realized that she hadn't been just playing around with her man, but trying to make him talk. Wonderful!

"He let her go, didn't you, slave?" she said.

"No, I didn't," he protested. Apparently these kind of people like to call each other short, uncapitalized, derogatory names, in this case he was "slave." I immediately thought of my friend Slut, but pushed that memory aside.

"If he didn't let her go," I offered, "then what did he do with her?"

"Ask him," was her reply.

Slave looked very miserable. While I was considering how to make him talk, Miss Goodbody suddenly swung the whip in her hand, striking him directly across the front of his thighs, at the level of his pathetically small penis. Maybe

some of the whip hit his penis because he yelled loudly and jerked around in a little dance at the end of his rope. It reminded me of Mrs. Henley, my own Slut, hanging from the tree in the park and doing a dance as the riding crop in my hand punished her bare bottom and breasts.

But this wasn't as nice a show at all.

I thought that Miss Goodbody was going to start whipping him to get the truth out of him, but she didn't. Instead she walked up in front of him, swaying her hips, until her pointed breasts were almost touching his chest. Then she whispered something I couldn't hear. Slave suddenly turned white and began to tremble. "You wouldn't..." he muttered.

"Wouldn't I?" she responded. "Watch."

Whatever it was she had threatened him with must have been pretty powerful because he suddenly was singing like a song bird. "I called Willy. I gave her to him."

Wilma looked disgusted. "You're an asshole," she told him.

"Who is this Willy?" I asked her since slave seemed to think that he had told us enough. Besides, he was looking at Miss Goodbody with a strange mixture of fear and lust.

"William Pinkus. He runs a series of brothels down in Mexico," said Wilma.

"You mean he gave Buffy to a man to use in a brothel?" I asked in disbelief.

"Probably," said Wilma. "Willy doesn't care for women himself, but he know good merchandise when he sees it. And that Buffy of yours is prime merchandise. If I know Willy, she's already down below the border in one of his brothels. What a waste. Such a fine body wasted on men."

"Tell me more about this Willy?" I prompted. They didn't know a lot, at least that they would tell me. But there was enough so that I figured I could track him down. But he didn't sound like a nice man. And he had two bodyguards that followed him around like good watch dogs. Big watch dogs. With big teeth.

Figuring that I had all I could get from these two, the next question was what to do with them. True, they had broken some laws by kidnapping Buffy and holding her against her will. But I had bent a few laws myself. Not much use turning them over to the police with Buffy, the star witness, missing. And I didn't figure it was my place to try to punish them myself. I was just hired to find Buffy Cortney.

"Linda, take that other handcuff and lock it on his ankle. Good, now you, sweetie, stand next to the wimp. Linda, lock the other cuff on her ankle. Good. Now you two can figure out how you're going get yourselves free."

I turned to leave but noticed Miss Goodbody going through the pockets of that tight pair of leather pants. She came up with a small handcuff key. With a grin she tossed it out the window.

At the bottom of the stairs we heard a cry of agony from above. Apparently Mrs. Truesdale was taking out her anger upon her male companion. I figured she couldn't do too much damage with her hands locked behind her back, but wasn't really sure about that.

On the way back to the car, there was something I just had to find out. "Miss Goodbody," I asked, "what was it you threatened that guy with? Sure scared him."

"I told him that I was going to cut off his penis and make him eat it," she said matter-of-factly.

"You wouldn't!"

She gave me a look that said clearly she would have.

"Yeah, I want Buffy back, too," was all I could think to say.

This was a hell of a woman.

8
Enslavement in Mexico

Miss Goodbody perched on the edge of my desk, giving me a delightful view of her long legs clad in nylons. When she saw me staring at those lovely legs, she smiled.

"Am I being manipulated?" I asked.

"Sure," was her honest reply.

"Great, keep it up."

Miss Goodbody's smile was the warm kind, not artificial. As if she really liked you. That and her really fine body sitting only inches from me made a shiver race down my spine and certain hormone producing glands shift into overtime.

With difficulty I shifted my attention back to the case. "This list shows four whore houses in Mexico," I said. "But which one was Buffy taken to."

"Why don't we simply go to the Mexican authorities and tell them?" she asked.

The look I gave her must have spoken volumes because she uttered an "oh," and shut up. There's lots of honest Mexicans, I've known plenty. But there's also lots of authorities who are on the take, or at least don't give a damn about one American girl who disappears into their country.

Happens all the time. Girls disappearing in foreign lands, I mean.

I looked at the list. All there was were addresses. But the cities gave a little more information. "Look at this one," I said, pointing to the one at the bottom of the list. "The town of San Marcos is not your average border town. It caters only to the filthy rich, half of whom park their yachts in the harbor."

"So?"

"I'll bet that the Willy would want a fine piece of merchandise like Buffy put in the best of his whore houses. And my guess is that would be San Marcos. Simple."

Miss Goodbody nodded agreement. "So when do we go?"

"We?"

"Si. Habla usted Espanol?"

"Huh?"

"Thought so. You'll need someone who can translate for you."

I growled but had to admit to myself that she was maybe right. Chances were that most everyone in San Marcos spoke English, but being able to cope with those who didn't might help. Hell, might save our hides.

As we made plans for the trip, I was looking at the photo of Buffy laying on my desk. Beautiful dame. Nice body. I wondered what was happening to her.

The trip had been hell for Buffy. That trunk had air holes but they were damned small and did little to get fresh air to the bound and gagged woman locked inside. She was hot, sweating, aching from the tight ropes and contorted position, and hungry, having been denied breakfast and lunch. Her jaw ached from the ball gag, and her breasts felt none too good from the fresh whipmarks. All in all, it was not a pleasant journey.

The trip was a couple hours long and when it finally ended, she remained in the trunk in the car trunk for a long

time. Then she felt the trunk move and sensed that she was being carried someplace. It wasn't much of an improvement but at least a little more air came in and she was grateful for that. She could hear what sounded like sea gulls crying and maybe boats. When she was finally set down, the trunk was not immediately opened. In fact, it was almost an hour later before the lid did rise.

The air flowing over her naked body was cool and felt so very good compared to the hot air within the trunk. She could not see with the black bag and duct tape over her face, but from the pitch and tone of the voice she heard, she knew that the small man in the pink leisure suit was standing over her and looking down, probably with that silly grin on his face.

"Imagine that, Harvey," he told someone else, "that silly Normal just gave her to me. My, my! Such a lovely woman, too." Then he sniffed distastefully. "If you like women."

His voice diminished as he walked away from the trunk but she could hear him giving orders to what was probably the two henchmen she had seen earlier. "You can leave the trunk open but don't take her out or untie her. If you spot any Coast Guard boats, lock her back up and shove the trunk into my bedroom closet."

For a long time no one disturbed her. She longed to try to get out of the trunk but the ropes and tape held her too much of a prisoner. And the trunk sides were doing a fair job of holding her in place. She could only wiggle slightly and sigh.

Buffy was sure that she was on a boat of some kind, probably fair sized to judge from the gentleness of the rocking. Her guess was confirmed by the reference to the Coast Guard boats. But why on a boat? And where were they taking her? The terrible part was that it was most certainly farther away from her home, her school, and her sorority sisters — in short, her whole life.

She uttered a mental curse for that little punk Wilma

called "slave." He couldn't stand his beloved Mistress playing around with another woman, so he got rid of her. But why couldn't he have simply let her go? She would have honored her promise not to tell anyone about where she had been held. Not that she knew much. It had been dark and she had been tied on the floor of a van when they came into the garage. After that she saw only patches of sky and some tree tops through the bedroom windows, her chains never allowing her to approach the windows close enough to see what lay below. And then she left the place blindfolded and locked into a trunk. She couldn't have led the police back there even if she wanted to.

But what did this man in the pink leisure suit want with her? Aside, of course, from what most men would want a gorgeous female with a drop-dead body. And would this new situation present her with a chance for escape? So far it didn't seem so. They were showing no urge to untie her.

As the time crept by, Buffy grew more aching as the strain of the ropes, tape, gag and trunk grew worse. For a while she tried moaning, hoping that the sounds would convey that she was in pain and suffering. But the men who watched her, if there was indeed anyone in the cabin with her, did nothing. No word was spoken to her, no hands made to comfort her. Eventually she stopped moaning, save from some little ones that escaped without her being aware of them.

Buffy did not know it, but the boat trip was taking her from the land of her birth to a not too distance shore where a different language was spoken and into a captivity most vile. All that day the boat cruised southward, passing pleasure and fishing boats, even some navy craft in those heavily traveled waters. But none challenged their right to be there, nor what their cargo was. As evening approach, the boat was about to enter a sheltered harbor that was already home to a dozen very large and wealthy yachts. A few large, very modern hotels hugged along the white sand beach, and peeking through the lush greenery one could see the white- washed

walls of private homes. If she could have risen from her box and taken off the nylon bag that covered her head, Buffy would have been able to see the particular white house that was to be her new home. It didn't look much different from the other million dollar homes, but it was. And those rich people who frequented this expensive playground knew just what it was. Whorehouse is too rough a name for a high class establishment like that, so we'll just call it a brothel.

But Buffy couldn't see, nor rise from the trunk, so she lay there, her moans becoming louder and more for real as the hours dragged on. The rope cutting into her flesh were becoming quite painful, as was the contorted position she was held in. When finally she felt strong male hands upon her body, lifting it up, she was so grateful that she could have wept. It mattered not to her what was going to happen to her now, so long as she was finally out of that trunk and able to move her limbs again.

But fate was not so kind to the beautiful and naked woman. The ropes were not removed although she was allowed to stand, which she could not manage without the aid of a hand upon her arm. Nor was the black cloth bag over her head removed. Instead she was held upright for a few minutes, while she sensed that there were at least three men standing around her. They talked very little and she could not make out the words, so she could only stand there and hope for the best.

The best was not what she got. After being examined by some unknown person or persons, she was set back into the trunk and pushed down until she was again folded in half. The lid was closed and she heard the lock snap. Buffy could cry. Life just wasn't fair!

The trunk was carried by the same two strongmen who had originally placed her on the boat. They went down a gangplank, along a dock, passed two policemen in brown uniforms who glanced at the trunk but made no comment nor any move to discover what was within. The trunk with its

living cargo was then put into the trunk of an automobile and driven away from the docks.

The large white house, called Case Grande by the owners, had an extensive underground garage. It was mainly for the convenience of the patrons who wished to disembark in privacy, but which also served as an unloading point for the unfortunates who came to work there. Buffy and her trunk were lifted from the car and carried off into the bowels of the underground part of the building where the sun didn't shine and screams were absorbed long before reaching open air.

If was after midnight, and almost eighteen hours from the time those rope had been placed upon Buffy's arms and legs by Mistress Wilma. And only a couple hours shorter was the time she had been gagged, blindfolded and stuffed into the trunk. When she was finally lifted out and could feel hands pulling at the tape around her head, did she begin to feel hope that this ordeal might be coming to an end. When the bag over her head was finally removed, she had to blink at the bright lights and could make out little of what was around her until her eyes became adjusted. When she could, she found that same little man with the thin mustache, but this time wearing a lime green leisure suit with soft lavender scarf and white suede shoes. There was the two goons who obeyed his orders, Harvey and Marvin. And there was another, a woman who stood to beside the little man and looked on with obvious interest.

"Natasha, honey, I was lucky enough to be in L.A. when the call came in. Can you imagine that idiot just giving me this? She really is good looking — if you like that sort of thing."

The woman, apparently named Natasha, removed the long, black cigarette holder from her mouth long enough to comment, "She is good enough."

"Good? Honey, I think she'll become your star attraction," the little man said with a grin. "Once you've got her properly trained."

"Of course, darling," was Natasha's reply.

Buffy, who was being held up by one man as the other peeled the ropes from her body, happened to be turned to the woman and had a chance to study her. She was tall, probably pushing six foot. Age hard to tell, but somewhere around thirty. Slender, but with the right curves to attract a man. Or a woman, for that matter. Her dress was of black velvet, fairly tight as it hugged her curves from the low neckline down to the high heel clad feet. Her face went with the Russian name, dark features, black eyes, and ebony hair, cut long and straight, hanging in back almost to her waist. She looked like a vamp out of a thirties' black and white movie.

Buffy wasn't sure about this woman. She could be a friend, or someone just as cruel as the Mistress Wilma who enjoyed whipping her.

"Well, Natasha, honey, I've got to be going. Lot's of work to do. I'll be back around this way in about a week. Think you'll have her working by then?"

"Depends on her," said Natasha.

"Quite right. Well, have fun, honey." Then the little man was gone, and Buffy was not sorry to see him go. She turned her eyes to the woman who now seemed to be in charge.

Natasha walked slowly around the naked woman, her eyes not missing the marks where whips and riding crops had touched the fine body, nor the youthful firmness in those lovely breasts. The blonde hair, she noted, was real, as evidenced by the soft patch of fur guarding her womanhood.

The ropes were almost all off but Buffy could only stand there with her arms hanging limply at her side. There were very deep red marks where the ropes had been peeled out of the skin. The young woman hadn't realized it, but the circulation must have been impaired for now she suffered from pins and needles in her arms, especially her hands.

Natasha came to stand directly in front of Buffy. She acted casual and totally in control, and might have blown smoke in Buffy's face had the cigarette in the holder been lit. "You are

now the property of this house. You will work here, pleasing our customers. If you do not, you will be punished."

"You mean this is a whorehouse!?" exclaimed in surprise.

Natasha's hand was suddenly upon Buffy's cheek, delivering a loud smack which stung. "Never call this house that," she hissed. "This is a brothel. A specialty house. Even a house of pleasure, if you wish. But not that."

Buffy put her hand up to her face where the cheek was turning red. But she was smart enough not to protest.

"You will be trained in pleasing the clients. If you do not wish to do that, please tell me now. I will begin your punishments immediately. It will save us both time. You will obey, you will serve the paying customers. That part is not in question. The only uncertainty is how hard you wish to make it on yourself. I hope you understand me."

"I understand." Buffy did. At least in principle. What serving the clients actually meant was a little unclear, but she had no doubts it would be explained to her.

Natasha said, "Good," but her look clearly stated that she didn't believe it. In fact, there was a glint in those dark eyes and suggested she might just be one of those kind who enjoy punishing another girl. For a good reason or none at all.

"Secure her for the night. She has already experienced what tight ropes can do to her, so use the chains. In the morning I will begin her training."

"Yes, Ma'am," said one of the, Marvin or Harvey, Buffy wasn't sure which was which.

Working as if they had done this many times before, the led her over to a wall where a small wooden bench was affixed. Above the bench was six small metal rings set into the concrete wall in three pairs. With surprisingly gentle hands, the man urged her to sit down. His partner then came up with several pairs of handcuffs. They were not the regular kind, but handcuffs that had stout hinges between the cuffs, not a short chain. One pair of attached to her wrists in front, clicked down until they were very snug round her wrists. A

second pair went on her ankles, forcing her feet to within a couple inches of each other.

The shackling of Buffy Cortney then proceeded to chains and padlocks. One very short chain was locked around the handcuffs on her ankles and to a ring in the wall under the bench. Then two short pieces of chain with padlocks in the last link were brought up to her elbows by the men. Simultaneously each elbow was pushed back to a ring at that level and the chain passed through it before being locked. That had the effect of holding her elbows almost touching the wall behind her and forcing her hands to be held against her stomach.

There was another set of those rings at the narrowest part of her waist on each side. A small chain was then locked between them, pushing into her waist firmly but not too hard. That had the effect of holding her back against the wall.

The final set of rings were closer together and at the level of her neck. A short chain was locked to them across her neck, again firmly but not cruelly snug.

The two men then tossed the pile of ropes taken off her into a box in the corner of the room, and left without a word. Natasha stood by the door for a few seconds, eyeing the naked and chained woman. Then she turned and the door was closing behind her. A second later the light went off.

Sitting there in the dark, Buffy suddenly realized that she was going to be left alone for the night. "Hey! Could I have something to eat?" she called out. There was no answer. She sighed loudly and set about testing the chains that held her prisoner.

The handcuffs were heavy, solid and quite snugly applied. She would not be pulling her hands out of those. Nor her feet. She tugged at the chains holding her elbows back and was informed by them that they would neither give her slack nor be broken. Same with those chains around her waist and neck. Buffy Cortney was going to sit there until someone

with the keys came to free her.

It might have been more comfortable than being locked in that trunk, but she was still a prisoner who had just been promised a most unpleasant fate. Which made it a disappointing night after a terrible day.

9
A House of Ill Repute

"Come on, Mrs. Synder," I said contentedly. Miss Goodbody snarled through a smile but came.

The airport at San Marcos was small but rather luxurious, a modern building of steel and glass, but the furniture was real leather and the hired help very courteous. But then only one airline flew into San Marcos, and the private planes sitting on the tarmac were not war surplus pieces of junk. Most were jet powered examples of American business corporate status symbols.

"Yes, Mr. Synder." She made our new last name sound like a curse.

"It will look better if we're husband and wife," I told her with a smile. "It's call a cover."

"I know what a cover is," she replied. "Just don't plan to carry this cover thing too far... Mr. Synder."

"Wouldn't think of it," I said, coolly. Miss Goodbody was a real sex-pot but also no push-over. She had a strong will and I had no wish to test her limits. Although on the flight down I had entertained thoughts of testing her limits in a friendly game of Bed Bounce. You know, dancing between the sheets, horizontal broad jumping, heavy panting in the

dark, and other names. Maybe when she wasn't my client any longer, I'd see if a sorority house mother would like to have a nice, candle lit dinner with a private dick.

A taxi drove us to the Grande Largo. It was the first time I'd ever ridden in a Mercedes Benz taxi. But then the fare for a short trip turned out to be nearly what I had paid for my old Ford.

The Grande Largo had a magnificent, two story tall waterfall tumbling down lava rocks beside the main entrance and looked like something Frank Lloyd Wright would have dreamed up while on a really bad hangover. I mean, you would think that buildings should be functional, but this thing had more sharp angles and oddly place curves than herd of transvestites. What a waste of building materials. But the room was large, the bed about twice the size of my office, and a balcony overlooking a swimming pool roughly the size of Rhode Island (must be where they got the name — Grand Lake), and lots of thick carpet. Wild ideas of Miss Goodbody laying naked on that carpet flashed through my mind. Bet it would bounce like a mattress.

From the frown on the bell boy's face, I must have under tipped him. He closed the door a bit loudly, but not loud enough to be considered slam. Miss Goodbody was standing on the balcony. I joined her, noting as I walked up that anyone standing below would have a very nice view up her dress if he only were to look up.

"Isn't this a little extravagant? Especially since you're not paying for it."

"If we're going to get into the brothel where they have Buffy, we've got to look like we have money. It's not some dirty whorehouse down in TJ." She grimaced but said nothing. "I'll start asking questions. With some luck, I can get an invitation to the place tonight or tomorrow."

"You?"

"Well, you don't think a man takes his wife to a brothel, do you?"

"This husband takes his wife everywhere. We're a kinky couple." The smile that went with that elevated my blood pressure about twenty points. I'd be kinky with her anytime, anyplace. And anyway.

Dinner was fresh caught Pacific lobster, drawn butter, salad, and a huge baked potato. Miss Goodbody picked some kind of French wine I wouldn't even try to pronounce. It wasn't too bad, but I would have preferred a beer. After dinner I had a little talk with one of the bell boys.

First off, I greased his palm with a little silver to get his tongue wagging. Then I let him know that I was interested in the after dark sexual entertainment available in San Marcos. His first offer was to see that a pretty, young senorita visited my room, but I told him that I had heard there was a fine brothel in town, and I kinda had an urge to visit that. There were two good places, he informed. Then he gave me two phone numbers written on a slip of paper he already had conveniently in his pocket. I pocketed the paper and thanked him.

Then I went back to the room to tell Miss Goodbody to get dressed, we were going out.

Natasha Bahdenuf removed the cigarette holder from between her brilliant red lips and considered the chained and naked woman before her. "We will begin a little training," she said. "For your new profession."

Buffy Cortney took in a breath and held it. Here it comes, she thought.

"This training will be unpleasant, but only because we have to convince you that we are serious. How long the training goes on depends on how well you learn that lesson."

"Do you really have to hurt me?" Buffy asked, striving for the right tone of submissive obedience least she be punished for insubordination.

Natasha smiled sweetly. "I'm afraid so. There is a big difference between telling a girl that she will be hurt and

showing her. Don't you agree?"

Buffy said nothing.

"Glad you agree. There are a couple other facts I should impart to you before be begin. First off, you cannot escape. San Marcos is a small town. The police are completely in our pay, they will not help you. In fact, they will gladly turn you over to us. We reward them with a free evening here. They like that."

Buffy made a mental note about the local police. But the flat statement that she could not escape she intended to put to the test.

"Beyond the town limits there is only desert. There is road but most everyone flies down her or comes by sea. It is over two hundred miles to the nearest town. You would not make it."

Natasha paused. She was looking into Buffy's eyes as if reading the inner thoughts. Buffy didn't like the feeling.

"In case you have any ideas about escaping, any attempt will be met with harsh punishment. The first time. The second time we figure that you're incorrigible and simply get rid of you."

Buffy's eyebrow went up.

"Yes, I mean that the way you think I do. It's too easy to get good looking girls. There's an open market for them if you know where to find it. I can buy any nationality, any color, any size, shape or age. In other words, you can be replaced. So, try to escape twice and you will never try that again." She waved her hand vaguely towards one wall. "The desert is a good place to get rid of unwanted women. And there is the ocean. A few rocks tied to your ankles and you'll sink out of sight very fast." She leaned forward as if imparting a secret. "You should see the look of fear in a woman's eyes when the rocks are tied to her feet and she is pushed towards the edge of the boat. The last one struggled so hard that she actually fell off before we could push her." That seemed to amuse Natasha.

Buffy didn't know if this woman was just trying to scare her or not, but she had to assume the worst.

Using the cigarette holder as a pointer, Natasha indicated Buffy's fine breasts, "You have a good body. I would like to keep it prime for our customers. But any escape attempt, or failure to please a customer will result in punishment. Very painful punishment. I know a lot of ways to hurt a woman that does not leave her body marked up or broken."

Natasha stepped back. "Hector, prepare her next door."

The man who had been standing in the door way came forward and begin unlocking Buffy from the wall and bench where she had spent the night. When the chains were off, he pulled rope from his pocket and roughly turned Buffy around to bind her wrists behind her, palm to palm. Then he looped the arms just above the elbows and pulled them tightly together. He worked quickly, efficiently and roughly, a man who had done this many times before and didn't care one bit for the comfort of the female in his charge. With her arms tightly bound behind her, Buffy was led from that room by a strong hand in her hair.

The room one door over was also windowless and small. It held a metal chair bolted to the concrete floor, a wooden pole set into that concrete and extending to the ceiling, and a metal pipe running from one wall to the other about two feet off the floor. It was to that pipe that Buffy was jerked and forced down to the floor to lay on her stomach while Hector pulled her feet together and lifted them to the pipe. Quickly he bound the ankles to the pipe about two feet apart, lashing them solidly so that the bottoms of her feet were turned upward and held that way.

The concrete was cold and rough against her breasts but that was not what Buffy feared the most. It was the look in Natasha's eyes and the thin leather strap she held in her hands. Dismissing Hector, Natasha came over to the bound woman and positioned herself beside her.

"Lesson one: I can give you pain," she said. Without

warning, she slashed downward with the belt to strike Buffy's left foot squarely in the middle of the sole.

The pain was unexpected and much more than Buffy would have thought possible. She howled in pain and arched her body. When she finally lowered herself to the cold concrete again, there was real fear in her eyes. Her foot had twisted around but the ropes holding her ankle to the pipe were quite solid, as was the pipe itself. The tender bottoms of her feet were open targets and there was nothing she could do about it.

"Please! Don't do that! I'll be good. I'll do as I'm told," she begged.

"I know you will. But your lesson has just begun."

The belt descended again, this time upon the other foot. Buffy yelled and arched backwards, her hands grasping for her injured foot. She could not reach it, but Natasha was enjoying the sight of those lovely breasts each time Buffy arched her body backward.

After two more strokes upon each sole, Buffy was wetting the concrete with her tears. "Please stop!" she begged. "I'll do what you tell me to."

Natasha ignored the pleas. She knew from experience that a woman will say whatever she thinks is necessary to stop the pain. But if the lesson is not strong enough, the promises made while hurting will fade faster then the marks. A new girl's lessons, especially the first one, must make a strong impression upon the girl. Natasha lashed each sole, carefully placing the impacts across each foot from the heel to the toes.

By the twentieth stroke, Buffy was sobbing. At times, after a stroke, she lifted her body and shook it from side to side. And her fingers fluttered wildly. The punished feet tried to twist but were held quite firmly in place.

The whipping of Buffy's soles continued for a long time, the strokes spaced out in time and across each foot. Had she not been so busy trying to endure the pain, Buffy would have

wondered that such a relatively light striking of the bottom of the feet should cause so much pain. Mistress Wilma had hit her bottom much harder. But then a woman's bottom is padded, while the bottom of the feet has nowhere as much padding. And a surprisingly large amount of nerve endings.

Natasha was well experienced at such things. She knew just how much she could abuse the soles to make walking a painful process for this girl, painful for a day or two, but not do any damage. And she knew how much pain she was causing. In her younger days, she had been bound to a wooden framework and the bottoms of her feet lashed with leather thongs until she thought she was going to die. But that was years before, and now she was the one holding the leather strap and giving out the pain. Much more enjoyable that way, she thought, then hit the sole already very red again. And again.

I called one of the numbers, asked if I might come over for a little entertainment that night, as was given an address. A taxi drove us there, the driver not even making a comment about dropping us off in front of a brothel. Apparently he did it all the time.

It was a nice house, looking for all the world like a rich man's hideaway down south of the border. But then I hadn't expected a red lantern glowing on the front porch. Would have been a nice touch, though.

"According to the list I got, this is the place owned by that Pinkus fellow," I told Miss Goodbody after we exited the cab. "Now remember, you're my wife. So don't go off chasing any male employees you happen to like."

"Why not?"

"Huh?"

"I said, 'Why not.'"

"Well... 'Cause you're not suppose to do that when you're with your husband."

"And it's okay for a husband to take his wife to a brothel

where she can stand around watching while he screwed around? Huh?"

I didn't like her mimicking my words but there was a tiny bit of truth in what she said. Husbands usually don't take their wives to a brothel unless said wife was going to do something. But that idea didn't sit will with me. "I think we should stick together. We'll just tell them we want a manage ah twah."

"You mean menage de trois. French."

"Yeah, whatever. Two gals and one guy."

"Chauvinist. And why can't it be two guys and one girl?"

I sighed. Some women just couldn't see logic. "Just do it my way," I finally told her. Farther argument was cut off by the front door being opened.

The lobby was finely appointed, just like someone's front room. A lovely woman came up to us and offered us drinks. I accepted and ordered a whiskey. Miss Goodbody asked for white wine and cast a frown my way. She was probably thinking something about my not getting drunk, but that just proved she doesn't know how much booze us private dicks can put away.

As she fetched drinks, I had a chance to observe the hostess, and she was a good looking piece. Oriental, Japanese maybe, or one of those countries over there. Long black hair hanging down to her waist, a silky red dress slit up the side to the middle of her hip, and a diamond cut out of the front to reveal a great deal of breast while still covering the neck. It would have been interesting to put her and Miss Goodbody up against the wall and try to figure out which one had bigger hooters without taking off the dresses. Then take them off to check.

My "wife," by the way, was dressed to kill with a very tight velvet dress cut low and high. Low enough to reveal the tops of her breasts, and high enough to make me pray for her to bend over so I could see the Promised Land. The color was an emerald green that went very well with her red hair.

She carried no purse and kept putting her hands together behind her back in a way that made me more than once think of all the tied girls back in Alpha Alpha Alpha sorority. Maybe she liked to play those games, too. After all, she was the house mother and suppose to oversee the girls.

I sipped the drink and approved. It was the high priced stuff. I knew because I had tasted it once at my brother's wedding.

"My name is Susie. When you are comfortable, we can discuss your preferences," she said.

"Now would be fine," I said. Miss Goodbody's glance told me I was a barbarian lacking in the social graces but I ignored it. "I like blondes. Got anything new?"

Susie smiled and inscrutable smile. "Since you have not been here before, Mr. Synder, all the girls are new to you."

"Well, I mean I like 'em new to the business. You know, fresh off the farm, sorta."

She nodded politely. "I can provide you with a blonde. Is there any special activity you would like?"

"Like what, honey?"

"Many of our guests enjoy the unusual," she said smoothly. "And we can provide you with a great many diversions."

It took a second to guess what some of those diversions were — and I was tempted to try some. But there was my escort, and I had to remember I was trying to find Buffy Cortney. But before I could say that plain old, everyday screwing would be fine, Miss Goodbody cut in.

"We," she said with emphasis on the word, "would like someone well versed in the skills of the Isle of Lesbos."

"Of course," Susie said with a little bow. Then she was backing away while bowing.

"I'll what?" I asked.

"Island of Lesbos," she whispered back. "The legendary home of and source of the name of Lesbianism. Do I have to spell out what that is?"

"No, I heard of it."

"Good."

Was she being sarcastic? I sipped that good whiskey and wondered if the girl we got would be Buffy. That would certainly make my job easier. There was the reassuring weight of Betsy under my coat. If we were introduced to Buffy as our evening's pleasure, I would simply grab and run. Nobody likes to argue with a .45 automatic.

And if it wasn't Buffy, then we could always come back another night.

"Since you haven't taken the time to inform me what we are going to do if it isn't Buffy, could you do that now?"

"If it's Buffy, we grab her. If not, well..."

"Well, what?"

"Well, we'll come back tomorrow night and try again."

"And what do we do tonight? If it isn't Buffy, I mean. You pay for a girl, it's expected that you will do something with her."

Miss Goodbody was right. And I won't admit that I hadn't thought about that. I guess in the back of my mind was the idea that maybe Miss Goodbody would sort of wait in the lobby while I kept up the act. Can't blow your cover, you know. But she didn't look like she was going to do that.

"If you will come this way," interrupted Susie's pleasing voice. We followed her out of the room and into a corridor. On the second floor was a number of bedrooms, each with closed doors. My mind was whirling at full speed, wondering what might be going on behind those doors. Then our hostess was holding open a door for us.

"This is Cindy," she informed. It was a bedroom and Cindy was waiting for us. She was a fine looking woman, but not the one in the photo I had in my inner pocket. But I looked over the merchandise with a practiced eye. Fine quality. Fine, hell, great.

"She will do," said Miss Goodbody firmly. "Honey, pay the lady."

While the three woman watched, I got out my wallet and dragged out hundred dollar bills until I had enough to buy a condo in Long Beach, or at least a new car. Susie made the money disappear and bid us an enjoyable evening. Then she was gone.

There was this big bed all laid out with white satin covers and pillows. The lighting was indirect and soft, from somewhere came mood music. And Cindy approached me with a look in her eyes that said she was planning to make sure I got my money's worth. Oh boy, oh boy!

Just then Miss Goodbody's hand up upon the girl's arm. She turned Cindy to face her. "Let's get something straight," she said evenly but seriously. "I run the show. He's just window dressing. Got that?"

"Honey, that's fine with me," said Cindy. "Whatever you want." She purred, I mean positively purred. And my date was stealing her away.

Cindy, in case I haven't mentioned it before, was dressed in a baby-doll of sheer nylon that made her look more inviting that if she had been naked. There were high heels and more than a hint of some exotic perfume that made my head spin. It was sheer enough for me to see that Cindy was a real blonde.

"You name it, you got it," purred the sex kitten Cindy.

"Sled, have a seat in the corner," Miss Goodbody said without looking at me. Then she took Cindy's head in both hands and planted a kiss full on her lips. I felt parts of me rise to rigid attention.

I was going to protest but then remembered that not only was Miss Goodbody my client, the money I had paid for this night's pleasure romp had come from her. I found a chair behind me and pulled it up. At least I was going to get a close look, they couldn't stop me from that. Unless they were going to dive under the covers and do their thing in private. I would really hate that.

Besides, I figured sooner or later they would want a man

to join in. I mean, there's only so much two girls can do together, right?

Cindy began doing to Miss Goodbody what I wished she were doing to me. First off, she returned that kiss with real passion. It lasted a long time before they came up for air. Then Cindy reached around to the zipper behind Miss Goodbody's dress. She peeled it off until it was laying on the floor and Linda was stepping out of it. Miss Goodbody wasn't really an old fashioned girl but she sometimes dressed like it. Under that dress there was a garter belt and nylons that came right up to just below her fury patch. And nothing else. That's right, no panties, no bra, nothing. I think I sucked in air. Miss Goodbody was every bit as her name described. I don't think I've ever seen anything quite a round, firm and fully packed.

Cindy's hands were upon the breasts, cupping them, lifting them, then her mouth was upon one nipple, and I sighed. Before too long the two of them were a tangle of arms and legs, all bare, upon the white satin covers. Both of the girls ignored me, so intent were they upon their lovemaking. It was a wonderful show. Only wish they wanted another to join in. A nice, handsome, virile male who would love to take both of them on.

Just when I was figuring that watching was all I was going to get, Linda rolled Cindy onto her back and dove between her legs. Cindy had been doing that for Linda up to then, and apparently doing a fine job to judge from the moans and frenzied moves of my client. For a few minutes she worked away, her mouth buried into Cindy's patch, and apparently doing a fine job of it. Suddenly her hand was waving in my direction.

It took a moment to figure out that Miss Goodbody was telling me to join in. I think I set a new record for stripping and was climbing onto the bed as fast as I could. Junior, I'm happy to say, was at full attention and ready to do his duty. Linda shifted aside and left room for me between Cindy's

wide spread legs. I climbed right in and quickly shoved myself into the hot, moist, waiting love tunnel. Cindy gasped, her legs lifted to wrap around my hips, and she uttered a strange sound half way between a gasp and a moan and a little scream.

The ride was long and hard, with the blonde bouncing around and crying out with passion like I've never heard a woman doing before. As I was pumping away, a little voice whispered in my ear, "Make it last as long as you can." It took me a second to realize it was not my conscious but Miss Goodbody giving me orders.

I tried my best to obey, trying to hold off as long as I could. Now, I won't brag, but most women think I'm pretty good stuff. I wasn't in a place to time it, but I'd say that Miss Goodbody would be happy with how long I drew out the whole proceeding.

But all good things come to an end. Eventually even Superman couldn't hold out under the expert wiggling and sounds and enthusiasm of Cindy. And, oh boy, was it good!

Eventually I rolled off to lay beside her on the cool covers. It was then that I noticed Linda was nowhere around. A few minutes later she suddenly appeared, coming up from the floor. Apparently she had been on her hands and knees doing something below the edge of the bed.

"Cindy," she said, "do you have some ropes?"

"Sure, in the dresser drawer," Cindy said dreamily. With pride I noted that she was apparently very satisfied.

Linda came back with a handful of ropes. "Up on your knees," she ordered. Apparently Cindy was used to obeying orders for she pulled herself up until she was kneeling on the bed. She even turned her back to Linda and put her hands behind her back. Linda tied the ropes around her wrists, quickly and tightly. I guess she had done this many times before. When Cindy's wrists were tied in a crossed position, she pulled the girl around until she was sitting on the edge of the bed. Then she crossed and tied her ankles together.

Cindy simply sat there, accepting all this without question.

Linda was working with determination at something. She pulled Cindy around until the girl was laying on her stomach. Then she tied a rope between the ankles and wrists and pulled until the blonde was in a nice, tight hogtie. Then she had me help to flip the girl over so she was laying on her bound hands and feet. With the ankles crossed, Cindy's knees were spread apart, leaving her pussy open and inviting me. But that position also keep Cindy from rolling over. In fact, tied the way she was, the girl couldn't move. But it didn't seem to bother her much.

Linda laid down beside the naked and bound woman and put her face up near Cindy's. "I have some questions to ask you," she said in a low voice. I crawled around so I was laying beside the girl on the other side. Just in keeping with the scene we were suppose to be playing, I put my hand on one breast and squeezed gently as Linda talked to the girl.

"I want to know some things about this place," she told the girl. "Will you help me?"

Cindy's eyes opened and the dreamy state evaporated quickly. "The room is bugged," she whispered.

"I know. There is one behind the dresser and another under the bed. Just whisper while we play with you."

"They will punish me," Cindy said.

"Are any of the girls here being held against their will?" Miss Goodbody asked as she put one hand down to the golden hairs of Cindy's pussy.

"Oh, that feels nice," Cindy said normally, then added, in a whisper, "We all are."

Ignoring the cover conversation that when on while Linda and I were playing with that gorgeous body, the real conversation went something like this:

"Are there any new girls?"

"One. No, two. One came in about a week ago. I heard of one new one two days ago."

"Have you seen the newest one?"

"No."

"Where is she kept?"

"There are some rooms in the basement behind the garage. Oh, that feels so good!"

"What's the normal sequence of events? When will this new girl be available to the customers?"

"Depends. How docile she is."

"A couple days? A week? A month?"

"Three days minimum. But some girls fight. Could be a few weeks."

"No longer?"

"If the girl doesn't train properly in a couple weeks, she's gotten rid of."

"Rid of?"

"There's stories. The girls are taken away in the middle of the night and ever return."

For a while, at that point, Linda said nothing, apparently thinking. I took the opportunity to climb up on top of Cindy and insert my once again rigid tool where it would do the most good. Had to keep to the cover story, you know.

While I was pumping away, Linda asked a few more questions but Cindy began to become more interested in other things. Finally Cindy was gasping and moaning too much to question any longer. It was then that Miss Goodbody climbed up to her knees, straddled Cindy's head with her knees, and positioned her pussy right over Cindy's moaning mouth.

"Girl, make me feel good!" she ordered. Cindy complied, some of her eagerness no doubt due to the extreme pleasure I was giving her other half.

As incredible as it may sound, all three of us hit an orgasm as the same time. There was a lot of grunting, moaning and panting going on in that room.

Later, as we all lay there in exhaustion, Cindy still tied up but not seeming to mind it at all, she whispered in Linda's ear, "You seem very interested in that new girl. Are you

planning to rescue her?"

"Maybe."

"Please take me, too."

The plea was heart-felt and most sincere. "We'll see what we can do," was all Linda said.

A few minutes later we were dressing. I felt Linda was rushing us out of there all too soon, but she was calling she shots. We left Cindy laying on the bed, still naked and bound. She didn't seem to care if we untied her or not.

Back at our room, Miss Goodbody flopped down on the bed and kicked her shoes off.

"Miss Goodbody," I began as I removed my coat and shoulder holster. "I must take this opportunity to state for the record, that you have one of the most beautiful bodies I have ever seen. And I have looking into more than a few Playboy magazines in my day."

Linda looked up at me as if wondering if I was sincere or what. Finally she said, "Thank you. You're not all that bad looking with your clothes off, either. And the way you were ready so fast after I tied her up..." She let her sentence trail off.

"I've always been that way. Lucky, I guess."

"Well, don't push your luck any more tonight."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"At least we found out that this is a new girl who might be Buffy. Unless we're unlucky enough to happen upon them when they were getting another new girl from someplace else."

"I figure we can go back in a few days and check again." I had my shoes off and was unbuttoning my shirt. Maybe my hairy chest was getting to her because Miss Goodbody rose from the bed and headed towards the bathroom. "I'll take the bed," she called back over her shoulder. "You can take the couch. I'm sure there's extra blankets in the closet."

Which was really too bad. I was about to show her that three times in one night really wasn't all that much for a

virile, red-blooded, all-American male like me.

10
Insert Butt Plug, Attach Clips

"Use a number six."

Buffy wasn't sure what a number six was but she had her fears. For one, the way she was bound over that sawhorse lifted her rear into the air. Her legs were spread wide and tied to the legs of the sawhorse above her knees. Then her ankles were looped and pulled up to be tied to the top bar of the sawhorse so her feet were well off the floor. Her wrists were tied in a crossed position high up on her back between her shoulder blades with rope going up and around her neck to assure that she couldn't pull them back down and wouldn't even try. Another rope was looped around her neck and tied down to a ring set in the concrete floor. That one had been pulled until she was bend over the sawhorse and her head down at the level of her knees.

Buffy was naked — and had been every since being bound up and placed in the shipping crate so many long, hard days ago. It bothered her that her private parts were very much on display, and there were two men standing behind her, plus that Natasha woman. The men were getting a good look,

Buffy thought. She hoped that was all they were going to get.

Number six came up but from her position bent over the sawhorse, all Buffy could see was a pair of male legs walking up behind her. Then there was a cold sensation against her asshole, followed by the strangely pleasant feeling of something semi-liquid being pushed into her. It felt like grease. It was cold and she could feel his finger pushing it in, almost entering her asshole itself but not quite. Then there was nothing for a few seconds. Then came what she was beginning to fear, the pressure of something trying to enter her rear.

At first Buffy feared that it was the man, trying to sodomize her. That would have been a first for Buffy, one she was not anxious to try. But it didn't feel quite right for that. Too hard and rigid, for one thing. When it finally dawned on her that it was a dildo or some thing like that, the end of it had pushed aside her protesting muscles and entered boldly where no man had gone before. The grease helped quite a bit, and the man was pushing slowly, content to let her muscles slowly adept to the intruder.

Buffy felt the shaft sliding into her, not too unpleasant a feeling since it was not overly wide. But it kept coming and seemed to her to be getting wider. Just when she was certain that it was getting wider, it sort of plopped into place and she felt her muscles close around it. She could not see what was going on, but she could figure out that the shaft they had stuck into her was shaped like a narrow cone that widened until it suddenly came to a narrow part. Her muscles had closed around that narrow part as if they wanted to clamp onto it. The pressure pushing it in eased but the shaft did not slide back out even though she could feel her body trying to reject it.

Had Buffy been able to see behind her, she would have seen that the butt plug did, indeed, widen then suddenly narrow, and that was what was keeping it inside her. The

base was also flared out some and not very large.

"Should have tried a seven first," muttered Natasha. "Oh, well." She knelt down so Buffy could see her face, and she hers. "That is a butt plug. I don't suppose you've experienced one before, most women haven't. It's designed so it will stay in place. Some of our customers enjoy using a woman's ass as much as they do the cunt. To make it easier for them, we're going to widen your rectum, making it able to accept large objects. Perhaps not easily, but accept them nevertheless."

Buffy was not enjoying the direction this conversation was taking but could think of nothing to say. Her protests had thus far been ignored by those who were training her, and there was no threats worth making. She would just have to endure. Besides, this butt plug wasn't so bad. It hurt a little and felt very strange in there, but she could take it.

"Of course, this is just the first one," continued Natasha. "You will wear this one all morning, then we will insert the next larger size for the afternoon. This evening you will sleep with the next size after that in place. In a few days the plugs will be so large that you will find them very uncomfortable and they will have to be tied in place to assure that your body does not reject them. After a week or so, you will be able to wear the largest all day long with minimal discomfort."

This was not pleasing news to the naked and bound woman.

"Of course, during your sessions, you will not wear it. But most of the other times, you will wear a large one just to keep your ass from shrinking back down. It will also remind you that you are now a working girl in the oldest profession."

"If I'm not doing it of my own free will, I don't think you can call it profession," Buffy said.

"Maybe not. But you will do it and the customers will think of you as a whore. Many of our customers do not even

know that all the girls here were kidnapped and trained. They think they're just whores who like what they do." Natasha smiled sweetly. "Of course, it will all be an act. You will be trained to please a man or a woman and think of nothing else but their pleasure. Your own pleasure will be to make them happy and thus escape punishment. Which reminds me, you have training scheduled for this morning."

Natasha rose to her feet but made no move to order Buffy's position changed. Instead she lovingly ran her hand over the smooth cheeks separated by the black hard rubber plug. "So fine," she said to herself. "Very, very nice. I think I'll give you some special training myself." Then, louder, "Hector, tie that plug in place and then put her on the dick gag. Serrated clips, the small ones. Then leave her for morning."

With Natasha gone, the two men went about the business of untying Buffy from the sawhorse. The rope from her neck to the ring was first removed. Then the ropes holding her ankles tied up were taken off and her feet allowed to drop to the floor. Her knees were untied from the legs and she was pulled up into a standing position. But she found the large intruder in her rear made her stand funny, with her legs spread wide. She could feel the thing inside her shift around a bit while she straightened up, adapting to the new position of her body.

Then the men were binding the plug in place with ropes tightly tied around her waist and down between her legs. The ropes were very tightly applied and she was certain that there would be no way she could work that thing out of her ass.

She was walked out of that room and into another, one that was little more than a closet. The only feature was a wooden pole and sticking through a hole in that pole a replica of a male penis, very large and wide. It looked as if it were made of hard rubber or some kind of plastic, solid but not so much as wood or metal would be. She was pushed down until she was kneeling before the penis, and her ankles bound

together. Then she was urged to scoot forward until that wide dildo was pushing against her lips.

"Open wide," Hector said.

Buffy clamped her teeth shut and tried to turn her head aside. Hector simply took one nipple between his thumb and finger and squeezed. Buffy squealed with the pain, held out for a second, then opened her mouth to accept the unpleasant thing. The pain stopped almost immediately as his rough fingers came away from her tender flesh. A strong hand on the back of her head pushed her forward until her nose touched the wooden pole. She could feel the head of the thing just touching the back of her mouth and fought the urge to gag. There was a wide leather strap attached to the post. It was passed around her head and buckled to hold her in place. Then another one was passed around her neck and buckled tightly. She felt another strap going around the backs of her legs just above her knees and when that was pulled she felt her legs moving forward until her knees touched the wood.

Being left bound like that would be an unpleasant experience for any woman, let alone one with a butt plug tied in place. But that was not the end of her training. As per Natasha's orders, two small clamps were brought forward, each really nothing more than a set of metal jaws lined with tiny, very sharp teeth. A strong spring held the jaws shut until the small handles were pushed and then they opened like some hungry beasts thirsting for blood.

Buffy did not see the first one coming closer and closer to her left nipple, but she felt it when Hector let go of the clip and it bit into her sensitive flesh. Buffy howled in pain and tried to jerk away. In the process, she jerked her hands downward in a vain attempt to reach her pained nipple, and that move tightened the rope around her neck so much that she found herself gasping for air. With an effort, she lifted her arms and was grateful to feel the rope loosen around her neck. But the pain in her nipple continued, sending sharp

agony shooting into her breast.

"Oh, no! Please, take that thing off!" she tried to say around the large thing filling her mouth. "It hurts so!" she tried to cry. Her strangled, pained sounds were ignored.

This time she could see Hector coming up on her right side and knew that he held more torment in his hand. She whined and tried to pull her breast away. But the straps and dildo gag held her head rock steady and there was little she could do to evade the fresh torment. He grabbed her breast in one hand, squeezed it roughly, and calmly placed the clip upon the frightened nipple. Buffy cried out loudly.

When Hector stepped back, it was to watch this beautiful gringo girl shake her chest in a wild attempt of dislodge the clips. Failing in that maneuver, she then tried to rub one off on the wooden pole, only to find that the attempt caused a great deal of pain and did nothing to loosen the thing's steel grip on her flesh.

For a minute Hector and the other man simply stood there, looking at that lovely body shaking with the pain of the clips. The base of the butt plug was just visible under the white ropes holding it in place, and Hector wished with all his heart that it was his penis shoved solidly into that lovely, smooth, greased asshole. Sooner or later Natasha would let him have a turn with this new girl. And when he did, he would put her enlarged asshole to the test with his huge hunk of manhood. He would make her scream with pleasure and pain, he told himself.

But for that day, his orders were clear. Fix the girl in place with her soft, warm mouth wrapped around that plastic dong, and put on those clips that never ceased to shock with the terrible pain they caused in a girl's nipple. Then leave her alone for the whole morning.

With a sigh, he closed the door, leaving Buffy Cortney locked into darkness and pain. The last sounds he heard were the sobs of the American puta.

A stream of morning sunlight slipped between blinds on the window to awaken me from a dream of me and that darling Miss Goodbody bouncing around on a huge waterbed in uninhibited lovemaking, while she begged me not to do it to her again a fifth time. But not begging very hard, and spreading her legs wide in invitation.

I opened on eye and peeked around. Damn! Miss Goodbody was on the bed and I was on the couch, a dozen feet away from heaven. I considered getting up so I could order some coffee, then remembered there was a coffee maker by the bar.

Just then there was a yawn from the bed and a bare arm rose straight up. It was followed by another. I lowered my eyelid until there was just a narrow squint. Miss Goodbody rose up and the covers slid down, revealing that lovely set of knockers I had so admired the night before. She glanced my direction, and apparently thinking I was still asleep, pulled back the covers to slide her lovely, long legs over the side of the bed.

Geejuz! I thought. She sleeps naked! Just my kind of woman.

I followed the lovely shape as it made its erotic way into the bathroom. Then the door was shut and the show over.

Stretching, I rose from the not uncomfortable couch. At least it was ten times better that the old beat up one in my office. I found a clean shirt in the suitcase and donned it, along with my pants which were casually laid across a chair. I was just putting on my shoes when the door opened and out came Miss Goodbody, just as naked as when she went in. My attention perked up — along with other parts of my body. Gawd, but she was a fine looking woman!

"Calm down, Private Dick! You've seen this before," she told me sternly. "Remember last night?"

"Boy, do I!"

She glanced his way, noted the bulge in his pants and grinned. "Ready again?" she asked.

"Anytime, babe."

"Go take a cold shower, it will do you good." Casually and without hurry, she pulled panties and a bra from her case and began dressing.

"Think I'll do just that," I said, heading for the bathroom. The cold shower felt good but did little to calm me down.

When I came out, Miss Goodbody had on this cute little playsuit that made her look sexier than naked. The shorts were very, very short and very, very tight. The top was a white polo shirt that I swear was deliberately two sizes too small just to torment me. We went down to the small restaurant by the pool for breakfast and I enjoyed the way other men looked at my "wife." Gawd, I was beginning see the advantages of married life. With a woman like Miss Goodbody, that is.

Over the second cup of coffee, I brought up the subject of what our next move would be. "I figure we wait a few days, try again, and, as soon as we confirm Buffy is there, we pull her out."

She sipped her white grape juice and sighed. "Just like a man. Charge straight in and blast away. Tell me, how do you think they protect that place?"

"A couple heavies?"

"And keep all those girls prisoner?"

"Some guards. So they've got a few bouncers."

"You're thinking too small," she advised. "This is a high class, pricey place. They can afford to hire more than a barroom bouncer."

"Well, maybe."

I figure you pull that forty-five in there and you'll find yourself looking down the barrel of more hardware than you can imagine."

"Hardware? Where'd you learn about such things?"

"My father was a policeman. I knew how to handle firearms almost before I could ride a bike. He said that most people had accidents with firearms because they didn't know

how to treat them. And didn't respect what a bullet can do to the human body. So he taught me to shoot and what a forty-five can do."

My respect for her went up a notch. Beautiful, intelligent and she could handle a weapon. What a combination! And she didn't use the word "gun." When I put in my time in the Army, I was taught that a "gun" was something that you put on the deck of a ship. We had rifles, weapons, firearms, or pieces, but not guns.

"So what would you do? Call the American Embassy and complain that they've got an American girl prisoner?"

Linda was silent for a while. "No, I expect that the authorities know about this place and what goes on there. And protect them. We're on our own."

"I agree." I sipped my coffee and thought. "I know a few guys who would like a buck. I could get them down here in a few days and we'll have our own little army. Outgun them."

"And a lot of people will die in the fire fight."

I love a woman who says fire fight instead of gun battle. We both sipped and thought in the sun with dozens of guest splashing around in the crystal waters behind us.

"First we have to confirm that it is Buffy," Miss Goodbody finally said. "She might have been taken to some other brothel. That Pinkus owns several."

"Yeah, but I think she's here."

"Well, let's confirm that and then we can plan what to do."

Her plan was sensible so I didn't say a thing. Finally she rose and told me, "I'm going to arrange for some more money to be forwarded if we're going to be here longer. Why don't you hang around the pool and try to pick up one of the babes in string bikinis. There's plenty of them, and then you'll give me a reason to make a scene when I get back."

"Sure, babe," I tossed at her retreating back. But I had to smile. This was one hell of a woman.

And an observant one, too. The pool side held no less than five examples of youthful, feminine hard bodies in an ounce or less of cloth. Trouble was they just didn't look as good as my own Miss Goodbody. The woman who walks naked around a hotel room with a stud like me and gets away with her virginity intact — so to speak.

She came back with the money, and I was still sitting here, not having even tried to hit on a thing. Even when they walked by, wiggling those firm little fannies in my face. Any other time I would have, but with Miss Linda Goodbody calling me "honey" and "husband", I just didn't have the heart to. Strange for an old skirt chaser like me.

We went sightseeing that afternoon and had a fine dinner overlooking a gorgeous sunset of oranges and reds and some colors I don't think they have names for. Linda seemed deep in thought and it wasn't hard to figure what she was thinking about. I was wondering what was happening to Buffy, too.

A seven was noticeably larger than a six, Buffy observed when the new butt plug was shoved into her ass. She had been released from the kneeling position with that dildo shoved deep into her mouth after spending almost four hours tied to it. The pain in her nipples had dulled to an ache that didn't flare up unless she moved, which she tried to do as little as possible. It was very uncomfortable with that thing filling her mouth and pressing against the top of her throat, especially when the gag reflex made her choke. Not that the gagging was pleasant itself, but it made her breasts bounce and that send shocks of pain shooting into her breasts. She found herself trying to be as still as possible. But muscles ached and trembled from the enforced position, and she suffered.

The two men unbuckled her straps and pulled her to her feet. Only then, after fresh pain from the jerking of her body, did Hector remove the two tiny monsters clamped onto her nipples. Buffy thought that it was going to feel so good to

that those things off but she didn't figure with returning circulation and screaming nerves as the metal teeth left her flesh. She cried out and fresh tears flowed down her cheeks as tortured nipples slowly returned to a semi-normal condition. And then they ached for the rest of the day and were sore for another day after that.

What amazed Buffy was that the metal teeth left her skin with deep indentations but no bloody holes. She had expected to see wounds but found none. It surprised her that so much pain would cause no damage.

While his helper held her bent over, Hector removed the plug from her rear, pulling it out with a terrible sucking sound and not small amount of pain from muscles which had gotten used to holding the plug. Then he applied a fresh layer of grease and shoved in another plug, this one larger. Buffy groaned as the new one settled itself within her, and she could feel her muscles stretching to accommodate it. The ropes went back around her waist and between her legs to hold the thing in place, and then she was taken to another place for more training.

The afternoon training was not very pleasant, but then none of them are meant to be enjoyed. With the butt plug filling up her asshole, Buffy found herself walking awkwardly, sore of bowlegged, like some old-time cowboy. They left her hands tied up on her back, which was okay from a point of view of keeping her hands out of mischief, but rather uncomfortable considering the rope from them tightened around her neck each time her hands lowered even half an inch.

There was a chair. It was made of wood, solid of leg and back, and altered from its original purpose ever so slightly. That alternation was the addition of a dozen nails driven into the wood plank seat from the bottom up, each just a little longer than the plank was thick, leaving about a quarter of an inch sticking out through the top. That was all, it was otherwise a normal chair.

Buffy didn't see the nails sticking through until she was about to be seated, then she squealed in surprise. But by then she was already posed with her bottom over the chair, having been ordered to do so and not having seen anything wrong with sitting down. Instantly there was strong hands upon her shoulder and she found herself going down until her bottom was in contact with the chair seat. She felt the small but very sharp nails pushing against her skin and tried to stand. But while one man held her by pressing downward on her shoulders, the other was busy binding her to the chair with rope wrapped around her waist and the chair's back. He jerked hard to pulled her down and back against the wooden brace. The back of the chair was tall and Buffy could feel her bound arms being pressed between her and the wood. The man then wrapped more rope around her chest, pulling her firmly back against the chair. When he knotted the ropes, the whole top half of her body was solidly held in place.

The two men then attacked her legs, each grabbing an ankle and placing it against the front chair legs up at the level of the seat. They looped rope repeatedly around the ankle and chair leg until each was firmly bound in place. The positioning of her ankles accomplished two goals. One was to spread her legs, and the other was to lift her legs up, shifting more of her weight back onto her bottom.

The bondage was effective. It held her in place on the chair with most of her weight on the nail-studded seat. The nails threatened to puncture her flesh and draw blood. They also hurt and made her afraid to move least they do damage. Or cause more pain.

It was only after the men left that she realized one more torment derived from that position. The butt plug was pushed even farther into her by her own weight.

With the door closed behind her, Buffy sighed with relief. She had been sure that they were going to reattach those terrible metal clips that had hurt her nipples so. The soreness and ache remained to remind her how much they had hurt.

Several times over the next few hours, Buffy looked down to assure herself that those clips hadn't torn her flesh. They certainly had felt as if they would.

That night she wore a number eight and was chained again to that bench. She managed to sleep but awoke several times during the night from nightmares where dozens of huge men were holding her down and shoving their impossibly huge dicks into her ass. Each time she was glad that it was only a nightmare. But the ache and pressure of the butt plug continued, both a torment and a promise of things to come.

11
Training a Whore

Time passed slowly for the private dick and his client. They decided that they would wait two nights before returning to Case Grande, giving more time for Buffy to be put into "service," for they could think of no better way to confirm that she was there. Sled Speed spent a lot of the time in the hotel bar, making friends and trying to learn what he could. In the afternoon, he put on some older clothes and went out to a couple of the local bars to gather information and down great quantities of a beer he called "Twenty" because it had the Roman Numerals XX on it.

Miss Goodbody spent a lot of time back in the room, checking on her sorority via phone and reporting progress. Rather than lounge around poolside and have to endure numerous attempts to pick her up by anything male in the vicinity (and a couple women), she stayed in their room, reading "Thus Spake Zarathustra" by Nietzsche in its original German.

And while her rescuers continued garnering their strength and preparing, Buffy Cortney continued her training, suffered, and learned how to be very obedient and submissive.

Standing in the bedroom, naked, bound, gagged, and sore all over from days of punishment, Buffy faced her owner and was afraid.

Natasha's bedroom was plush but strange. The bed was large, covered in zebra skin or something that looked like that, the walls covered in red flowered wall paper, and the carpet of cream plush, all of which clashed with each other. A single picture occupied one wall, a copy of "The Rape of the Sabines." Apparently interior decorating was not Natasha's strong point.

Buffy had been cleaned up, given a meal and brought to this bed chamber in the evening. She was still naked, with no one showing the slightest signs of altering that condition in the future. Her wrists had been crossed and bound behind her back, and a ball gag had been forced into her mouth. After she was walked to the garish room, her ankles were bound together and she was told to stand there and not move. Which she did, having become convinced that these people had no respect for her mind or body, and both could and would cause her a great deal of pain for any or no reason.

Natasha came in a while later, walked slowly around her captive, and smiled. "The whipmarks are fading, I see. You must be careful not to earn any fresh ones." She traced a circle around one nipple with a long and sharp fingernail. "Of course, there are those customers who like to see a woman marked up. And to mark her themselves. But too many of our clients just want plain old, vanilla sex, and for them the girl should be as beautiful as possible."

Natasha walked to the bed and tossed herself upon it, bounced once, and then regarded Buffy with a wicked eye. "Come here," she commanded. Buffy obeyed, shuffling carefully forward on bound ankles until she was next to the bed. "Let's see how obedient you are," Natasha purred as she unbuttoned her blouse. "Suck these."

The breasts revealed were not of the class of Buffy's but of good shape and medium size. Buffy leaned forward and

made a noise through the gag in her mouth. "Yes, it would be harder with that gag in place," agreed Natasha. "So I will take it off." Which she did. Buffy bend down to bring her mouth near the offered breasts and, with an internal sigh, took one nipple between her lips, lightly teasing the stiffening flesh with her tongue. Natasha closed her eyes.

Working with skill learned in the back seat of many Mercedes Benz and the hollowed halls of her sorority, Buffy strove to please this woman who held her fate in her hands. She sucked, licked, and even nibbled, all techniques proven to be pleasing to other women. She was good and wanted to please very much, so it was not surprising that soon Natasha was moaning with passion and arching her back upward to eagerly accept such attention.

With her own eyes closed, Buffy felt strangely back in her sorority among her sisters who loved her and she loved, perhaps mostly because performing oral service upon another woman while her hands were bound behind her was something this beautiful young woman was used to. As with those many occasions in the sorority house, Buffy did the best she could, wanting and providing the maximum pleasure possible.

For a very long time her work was met with moans and small grunts of approval, but the expected order to move the target of her attentions to another, more sensitive place did not come. Natasha seemed content to enjoy having her breasts stimulated in this fashion. Just when Buffy was beginning to wonder if this would continue all night, the dark-eyed woman suddenly jerked upright in bed, pushed Buffy aside violently enough to make her fall to the floor, and tore off her black, tight skirt, ripping the fabric in the process, and then leaping to her feet to stand there with legs wide braced and hands grabbing her own ass. "Lick me!" she commended through clenched teeth.

Buffy, used to the strange reactions of some women to sexual stimulation from her experiences in the sorority,

shuffled over on her knees until she was positioned almost between those spread legs. She turned her head upward and buried her tongue into the pubic patch presented to her. Her tongue quickly found its target and she was lapping away in a frenzy for she sensed that she could quickly finish this woman off if she struck while the iron was hot — so to speak.

It worked. In less than a minute Natasha gave out with a loud groan and fell back to the bed, both hands grabbing herself between the legs. It looked to Buffy as if she were digging her nails into her own flesh as she shivered all over in the grasp of a fairly good sized orgasm.

For a while Buffy just knelt there, glad that the ordeal was over with. It was not so much that she hated having to service another woman, it was that she hated having to give pleasure to someone who was so set upon hurting her and keeping her a slave to serve the sexual appetites of dozens of strange men. Maybe thousands!

Eventually Natasha came around to the real world from where ever is it women disappear to when they space out on an orgasm, and she found her newest acquisition still kneeling here, still naked, and still bound. "That was pretty good," she said in a dreamy voice. "You passed that part of the test." She rose to sit on the edge of the bed. "Now come over here and kiss my foot."

Buffy's head jerked up, and a tart reply sprang to her lips but died there. Instead, she swallowed her pride and shuffled over to bend down and plant a kiss upon the foot offered. It was not the most pleasant task Buffy Cortney had ever had to perform, but it was a lot less painful than some of the things she might have to do. Feeling that submission was the best policy to follow, she kept her eyes turned down when she returned to the kneeling position.

"Very good. I know you didn't like that," Natasha said casually, "but you did it. And that is the important part. I think that you may be ready to put into service." There was a

long silence, as if Natasha was awaiting a response, but Buffy was silent and her eyes did not move from the spot on the carpet she had chosen to fix her gaze upon. "Tomorrow."

Buffy winced inwardly at that announcement. While no virgin and a woman who enjoyed lovemaking with a nice man, she had the natural repulsion to being used by any number of strange men, and totally against her will. Now she was informed that such usage would begin only a handful of hours away with the coming of the next dawn. She had a sour feeling in her stomach.

"Well, I think perhaps we should prepare you for bed," Natasha said cheerfully. "Of course, you won't be sleeping in this nice, comfortable bed." Buffy had figured as much. It wasn't that they didn't care about a girl's comfort around that place, the did. But they cared about making sure she had as little of it as possible.

Pressing a button on the night stand, Natasha summoned one of her henchmen. "Take her back to room number seven. Fix her on the bar for the night." Natasha seemed to find something amusing about that idea for she smiled most wickedly. The man ordered to carry out this amusing plan also smiled. Buffy did not.

Room seven held several torture devices, but the one that Buffy was led to was very simple, merely a metal pipe bolted to one wall and stretching across to the other wall. It was larger than the normal three-quarters inch diameter of plumbing pipe, more like two inches. But that wasn't much when a naked woman has to straddle it and place all her weight upon the cold metal.

Buffy was ordered to lift one leg and place it down on the other side of the pipe. It was set at a height above the floor so that she could straddle it but had to stand on her tiptoes to keep from pushing her pussy into the hard bar. The man untied her hands from the crossed wrist position but kept one hand upon her arm while he repositioned the hands palm to palm and rebound them. Then another length of rope was

used to bind her elbows together tightly. Buffy was hoping that maybe he would just tie her ankles together with the effect of making her stand up all night. Her feet would tire and she would wind up resting a fair amount of her weight upon her pussy on the pipe, but that wouldn't be too bad. Not when compared to some of the wild ideas that were fearfully flashing through her mind.

One of those idea proved to be the correct one. The man grasp her ankle and lifted that leg up behind her, placing the ankle against the pipe and then wrapping rope around it both ways to secure it to the metal. Then he stepped over the pipe to do the same to the other foot. Buffy found herself forced to take most of her weight upon that soft and sensitive area between her legs. She was able to grasp the pipe with her hands and lift some of her weight in that manner, but only part. The cold metal seemed to be burying itself into her flesh and it was not very comfortable.

Sitting there with her legs doubled up and tied to the pipe behind her, Buffy found it difficult to keep her balance. The normal tendency was for the body to tilt forward. She held onto the pipe with her hands to remain upright.

Another piece of bondage was added to her plight, a rope tied to the rope already around her elbows and then passed through a ring in the ceiling directly over her. When that was pulled, she could feel her elbow lifting behind her. She squealed as her fingers were pried from the pipe and all of her weight settled upon a all too slender support. The pipe cut in more and the pain increased.

When he tied off the rope, Buffy's fingertips could just touch the pipe but do nothing to support her. He walked around her, viewing the ropes from all angles, testing them here and there, until he was satisfied that she was well bound and would not be able to free herself. Then he wished her a "buenos noche" and left. The light was turned off, leaving Buffy in a small room, astride a slender pipe and already hurting with many long, torturous hours ahead of her. She

wondered if she would get any sleep at all and doubted it.

The first task was to explore the way she was tied, searching for any weakness she might exploit to gain her freedom. She pulled downward on her arms, stretching the fingers back but could not quite reach the ropes binding her ankles to the pipe. She tried to reach her fingers around to the ropes tied around her wrists but again failed. She did manage to touch the rope in a few places with her fingernails, but that did her no good.

Her experimentation showed the naked woman that the only movement allowed her was if she tried very hard to straighten out her legs. With the ankles anchored to the pipe, the effort actually lifted her body upward a small amount. Still, it was a considerably more comfortable position. Comfortable, that is, for her pussy. After a few minutes, the strain upon the muscles of her thighs began to take its toll and she had to lower herself back down. It was a way that she could ease the pressure between her legs but only for a few minutes at a time.

The beautiful college coed hung her head and wanted to cry. This just wasn't fair. She had cooperated. She had obeyed every order. She offered no rebellion, no resistance even when they were causing her body a great deal of pain. And yet they continued to torture her. It just wasn't fair.

The night passed very slowly in her black prison. Not a drop of light leaked in for there was no windows, and the door led to a corridor that was also unlit. Time passed but she had no way of measuring it. Her whole world reduced to the tightness of the ropes upon her body and the terrible ache between her legs. At times she cried and could feel the tears strike her breasts and roll down them to fall upon the metal pipe and floor. Sometimes she called out, begging for help, release, mercy. Of course, no one came.

Her arms hurt, the ache in her elbows was constant and enough to bring tears to her eyes by itself. But the pain between her legs, in that soft area, was the worse. She could

shift her weight around but that did little since all of her down there was aching and had grown very sensitive to the touch of hard metal.

A few times she screamed out in anger and pain and frustration. Her voice sounded very, very loud to her as it bounced off the concrete walls of that underground room. She found herself alternating pleas with curses and threats.

Buffy was suddenly jerked into full awareness by a voice. Perhaps she had been dozing in a half sleep filled with pain and nightmares of being unable to move while demons drove pitchforks into her precious pussy.

"I'll bet you didn't have much sleep," was what the voice said. It was Natasha, looking bright and refreshed in a steel-gray business suit. The black plastic cigarette holder dangling from her lips was the exact same color as her patent leather high heels. "But then this is not exactly a comfortable bed. I slept like a baby. The bed was so soft and warm, I didn't want to get out of it this morning. Know that feeling?"

Buffy lifted her head to gaze with half closed and tired eyes upon her tormentor. It was too much effort to reply so she just lowered her head and tried to ignore a woman she was coming to hate very much. She did not even ask to be let down for she knew it would either happen or not regardless of her words. She could only wait and see.

"I'll see that you're cleaned up and given a good meal," Natasha continued. "You're prize stock, you know. Can't let you get that wonderful body out of prime condition."

Buffy should have felt some gladness at that announcement but she was simply too tried to do so.

A few minutes later the same man came in and began removing the ropes from her, first the one holding her elbows up behind her back. She moaned as her arms lowered for that action caused a fresh pain in her shoulders. Then he untied her ankles from the pipe and she moaned as her legs straightened out for the first time in too many hours.

As the last rope was peeled from her wrists, her arms

slowly came around to hang limp at her sides. She looked down and saw vivid red marks on her elbows, and a darkness to the skin below that point that went along with the numbness in her hands.

The man took her waist in his hands and with surprising gentleness lifted her from the pipe, setting her down next to it and continuing to hold her steady until her legs could support her. Eventually she was taken to a room where she was allowed the luxury of a hot bath followed by a hair-do administered by a young Mexican girl who spoke not a word, even when spoken to, but had very talented hands when it came to styling Buffy's hair into gentle curves that framed her lovely face. Only then was she allowed a good breakfast, the first meal she had eaten with unfettered hands in many a day, and taken to a room that didn't resemble a dungeon.

All during this operation, her watchdog did not stray far from her side. Even while luxuriating in the hot, scented bath water, he stood by and Buffy, surprising herself, did not care. She had been the prisoner of one person or another for so long that she was becoming used to the idea of strangers seeing her naked. Make that naked and bound and suffering torments no woman should have to suffer.

The room she was taken to was nothing more or less than a large bedroom. The walls were whitewashed in keeping with the Spanish motif, and done in shades of peach and soft gold. The bed was large, a king size, and covered with a peach colored satin comforter. There was a small dresser and one night stand upon which a small lamp sat. The carpet was thick and she could feel her feet sink into it with each step.

"Sit," her guard said, pointing to the bed. Buffy obeyed, nervously now that a bed was in plain view and loudly proclaiming her new profession. Was this man going to be her first "customer?"

But it was not to be thus. Instead he knelt beside her and reached under the bed. There he extracted a single handcuff

at the end of a chain, which he then locked around her left ankle snugly. Then he was gone.

Buffy looked down at the shackle upon her ankle and shook it. The chain, a small linked chain but looking strong enough to resist her efforts to break it, rattled slightly. The cuff was snug about her ankle and would not slide off, indeed, not even begin to. Experimentally, she rose to her feet and began slowly walking away from the bed. The chain suddenly tightened a couple feet short of the door. In another direction she could not quite make it to the window. Getting down on her knees, Buffy lifted the comforter to see that the other end of the chain was padlocked to a ring set solidly in the middle of the floor. She replaced the comforter and again sat upon the edge of the bed to await developments.

As time slowly crept passed, Buffy found her anxiety decreasing, enough so she could lay back upon the bed. The smooth, cool satin felt very good against her bare skin. And she hadn't gotten much sleep the night before. It was very tempting to simply lay there, close her eyes and fall asleep.

"No sleeping on the job!"

Buffy's eyes popped open. After a confused second, she realized that she had slipped off into sleep. Standing over her, with her hands upon her hips, was Natasha. But she was smiling and Buffy felt that she was not in trouble. She wanted to ask questions but had learned that silence was the best policy at that place. Natasha would tell her whatever it was Natasha wanted her know. Which she proceeded to do.

"You have been taught that we can hurt you," Natasha said, dropping the smile. "And, believe me, much more than you've already tasted. And you have learned that you cannot escape from this place. We will never allow that."

Buffy resisted the urge to agree.

"Now comes the time for you to earn your keep. In a while a man will come in here. You will please him. Remember that, his pleasure is the only thing of importance. If he is not pleased and satisfied, then you have failed in your job. And

we do not treat failure lightly. Understand?"

Buffy nodded. She did not trust herself to keep the loathing out of her voice. No woman would welcome being used as a sexual object by who knew how many strange men. Well, no woman with intelligence and self-respect like Buffy Cortney.

"You will do whatever he tells you to," continued Natasha. "You will not speak unless spoken to. You will not object to anything he orders you to do, no matter how much you may hate it. And if you should happen to encounter the impulse to strike out at him, or kick him in the balls for what he's doing to you, you had better stomp on it. The punishments for talking back or showing anything but a friendly face to a customer are severe. Those for hurting or even trying to hurt a customer are... Well, you don't want to know."

Buffy didn't.

"Just remember what you are: a high class, very expensive prostitute. You please the customer and you continue to enjoy good health and a comfortable bed to sleep in at night. You fail to do that and you'll wish you hadn't. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes," whispered Buffy.

"Good." Natasha turned and walked out of the room without so much as a backwards glance.

With a sigh, Buffy wondered what she was in for now. Fortunately she remembered that most men simply want to get their rocks off and that was usually easy for a good looking girl like her to do. Her experienced had taught her that there were two usual paths to that, one that she lay down and spread her legs to allow the man to enter her and pump away until he came. The other was that she would have to take his penis in her mouth and do the pumping until he came. She didn't like the idea of either, but she hated the thought of the tortures she had already had to endure more.

The dresser held a small mirror and Buffy went to that.

The face looking back at her was that of a beautiful young woman. But there were dark patches under her eyes where lack of sleep showed, and marks about her bottom and breasts, fading marks to be sure, but reminders of the tortures she had undergone. At least her breasts were still perky and firm and standing right up proudly. The clamps or clips or whatever they had used to torment her had not damaged the skin, for which she was very glad.

There was a sound at the door and Buffy turned. The man standing there was middle aged, with gray temples and a slight beer belly. He was dressed in a gray business suit and already taking off his tie. He looked to Buffy like some of the fathers of her friends back at the sorority. He was looking intently at her nudity.

With a forced smile, Buffy stuck a pose, her weight shifted to one leg, the other knee bent slightly, and her hands behind her back. She had used that pose to look attractive for her sorority sisters when fun and games time came, and knew that she looked very good in it.

The man said nothing but tossed his tie upon a chair and followed that with his coat. Then he was unbuttoning the cuffs of his dress shirt. Buffy wondered if she should be undressing him. She had always figured that prostitutes did that.

The male body slowly coming into view was fair, not anything like some of the real studs she had dated on campus, but not too repulsive, either. He came over to her. She could smell his breath sinking of beer, a smell she had never liked. His hands reached around her to take her arms and pulled them together behind her. Then one of his hands was holding her wrists together. The other hand came around to cup one breast. When he squeezed, Buffy couldn't help but whine. His fingers dug into her breast enough to hurt. She tried to keep her smile, but what he was doing had earned other men a solid slap to the face.

For a while he played with her body, roughly and with no

concern for her comfort. It was as if he wanted to feel her all over and hurt her but did not care if he excited her or not.

"Get over to the bed," he ordered in a gruff voice, letting go of her hands as he did.

Buffy obeyed, moving sideways until she was standing next to the bed. "On your knees!" he ordered. Buffy obeyed, pretty sure what was coming next. He did order her to take his penis in her mouth and issued a curt command for her to make it "feel good." Buffy took the half erect rod in her hands and guided it to her mouth. But she closed her eyes.

It was not that she had never had a male phallus in her mouth before, she had on occasion. And on occasion had enjoyed the act, mostly because it seemed to give so much pleasure to the man. She even found it amusing that some men preferred what they crudely called a "blow job" over normal sexual intercourse.

She just pretended that this was another of the boys she had dated, nothing more. She set to work with her tongue and lips, using a fair amount of skill she had learned while in high school and college.

When his rod was at full attention — full for it, which didn't make it any prize winner — he grabbed her shoulders and turned her around. He pushed her down until she was leaning the top part of her body on the bed with her ass sticking up and backward. She could feel him positioning himself between her spread legs, and worried about her pussy. She could feel that she wasn't excited and knew that her vagina would not be very lubricated. His entry could be a little unpleasant. Plus she was very sore there from a night sitting on a pipe.

It was much more unpleasant than she had imagined for he did not insert his penis into her vagina, instead choosing another hole for the target, a much smaller hole, and one totally unprepared for that assault.

Buffy gasped. Her immediate impulse was to reach behind her to get that thing out of her bottom. But she instead

grasped a double handful of satin comforter and told herself to endure. Had they not already introduced her to sodomy with those butt plugs? But this man was larger than the plugs. Perhaps they hadn't finished her training yet. Whatever, the invader was large, hard and insistent. It felt to her as if someone were trying to stick in a baseball bat.

And it was dry. From his grunts and eagerness, Buffy came to know that this was intentional. As she gasped in pain and surprise, he doubled in efforts to sink his shaft deeply into her rear. And his efforts were producing results. She was being violated in the rear and it was highly unpleasant. She was surprised, in fact, that it could hurt so much. The butt plugs used upon her had been nowhere as painful.

With an effort, she kept her reactions under control. Grabbing the comforter and giving voice to her pain helped. In fact, he seemed to enjoy the squeals and moans that came from her each time he pounded his hips against her bottom. And each time he was sinking a little deeper into her.

Finally he was as deeply as he was going to get into her asshole. She felt tremendously filled up, like something far larger that a male phallus had been shoved into her. His hands held on to her hips tightly. As he pumped away, she moaned and shed tears upon the peach comforter.

Finally, with a loud grunt, he shot his load into her rear, holding her body tight against his as he did and shaking with ecstasy. Then, in about ten seconds, it was over, he was withdrawing, noticeably limper and growing more so each second.

If that had been all, perhaps Buffy would have gotten through her first customer satisfactorily. Her bottom hurt and she felt shamed and degraded, but she would have recovered from those feeling eventually. The problem came when the man turned her around and presented a limp penis still moist with his spent semen only inches from her face. "Lick it clean," he ordered.

Looking back, Buffy was very sorry she did what she did. But at that moment she could feel only repulsion that he would expect her to place that thing in her mouth and clean it. All she could think of was where it had just been and that it was covered with his juice. Instinct took over. Placing both hands quickly against his hips, she shoved. The man, not expecting that, fall backwards to sprawl upon the cream carpet. A surprised look came over his face.

Then he was quickly back on his feet. A strong male hand swung through the air and Buffy felt pain on her cheek. Her head turned sideways from the slap. A few seconds later she could see through the tears in her eyes that the man was dressing.

And that ended her first official customer as a prostitute. It also left her wondering if she would be punished for her refusal. And her shove of a customer. Was that the same as the slap or kick in the balls Natasha had mentioned? Buffy feared it was.

About an hour later, she was to find out that she had failed her first test.

12
Punishing a Whore

"I think tonight would be a good time to visit the Casa Grande again," said Miss Goodbody as she swirled her tall, pink colored drink. I hadn't heard her order, so I wasn't sure what was in that glass, but it had a mint leaf, what looked like a spring of holly, and a couple of cherries.

"Yeah," I said, then elaborately took a sip of my rum and coke. "Good time."

I knew that she meant we should be looking for confirmation that Buffy Cortney was in that place so we could make a plan to save her ass. Actually, Miss Goodbody phrased it, "Formulate a plan to extract the unfortunate from a den of iniquity." Or something like that.

But I, in addition to wanting to get Buffy out of the clutch of those white slavers, was thinking about the fun we had interrogating that girl named Cindy last time. I was looking forward to two things, interrogating another of the girls there, and seeing Miss Goodbody naked again. Surely she would want to come in with me so she could talk to the girl herself. And since Miss Goodbody — gawd, how I love that name! — was apparently part lesbian, she would want to play along with our cover story of being a rich couple just

out to have fun.

This was going to be an interesting evening. I began making plans for an oyster dinner — just to get Linda in the right mood. And then, when we got there...

"You screwed up."

With that simple statement, Natasha condemned Buffy to a hideous punishment. "You did fine until it came time to clean up. Then you did something you know you should not have done. Right?"

"What he wanted was terrible," offered Buffy weakly. She was still naked and still sitting on the bed with her ankle chained to the ring in the floor, and her bottom aching some from rough treatment inflicted upon it by her first customer.

"The only thing in this room that could be called terrible is your failure to perform." She paused to take the cigarette holder from her mouth. "And for that you will be punished. You must learn that there are worse things that cleaning a man's penis after he's screwed you."

Buffy felt anger flare within and had trouble suppressing it. "But it was in my... In my rear. I just couldn't lick it clean. Would you have done that?" she ended in a plea.

"What I would do or not do is not the question here. I run this place, you work here. You are the one who obeys orders." She paused to smile sweetly. "You are the one who gets punished for failure to obey."

"It was a terrible thing to want a girl to do." Buffy turned her eyes down so she didn't have to gaze at the harshness she saw in Natasha's. Her voice trailed off in despair.

"Carlos was not really a customer," Natasha continued calmly. "He's an old friend who posed as a customer to test you. Not that he doesn't like what he did, he does prefer a woman there. And you failed the test. There's one other thing you should always keep in mind, all these rooms are bugged. I can listen in on anything said there. And most of them have hidden television cameras so I can watch. Your

performance is constantly being rated, you might say. Don't ever forget that."

For several long seconds neither of the two women spoke, one from fear and one from having said her piece. Then Natasha put the cigarette holder back in her mouth, tilted it at a rakish angle and turned to go. "A man will come to take you back to the holding area. Maybe, after a few days of punishment, we'll try you again."

As usual, the cigarette in the black holder was unlit.

A man did come for her later. Buffy considered fighting him as soon as he took the cuff and chain from her ankle, then running. But the man bound her arms behind her back before unlocking the cuff from her ankle, a wise means of preventing just what she had been planning. When the small key was used and the metal shackle swung upon, Buffy simply stood and walked away to her punishment without a protest.

With wrists crossed and elbows jointed but pulled only snugly towards each other rather than touching, Buffy was firmly bound but not particularly uncomfortable. At least not by the standards of that place. She was led to a room she had been in before, the one with the whipping post. Then she had to stand there while the man dragged in a chair. He bid her sit on it, and she did. It was so he could bind her legs together with tight ropes at the ankles and both above and below her knees. He took his time and carefully wound the rope evenly and neatly around her legs, cinching down each section and knotting them firmly with three very tight knots. When he was finished with the legs, he tied the end of another length of rope around that already binding her ankles and left the majority of it trailing off across the floor. Buffy looked at that rope and hoped it was not going to be used to suspend her by the ankles.

Of course, that was exactly what it was used for. The man threaded the rope through the large ring set high upon the whipping post then through another ring set into the wall. He

pulled and Buffy watched her feet lifting up before her. As her legs rose, she had to shift her position on the seat and finally felt herself being pulled off the chair. When her upper body swung clear, she was high enough so that she did not strike her head upon the floor. The hoisting of her naked body continued until her feet were almost touching the ring and her head was a good two feet off the floor. Then he knotted the rope off with half a dozen very tight knots.

Buffy felt the post pressing against her bound arms and held on to it with her fingers. It was scary to being hanging upside down, especially when your arms are bound behind you and you feel very helpless. She watched as the inverted man carried the chair out of the room, then returned with a small box. What more are they going to do to me? wondered Buffy. She was being punished, she wanted to tell this man. Her ankles hurt already from the tight ropes cutting into them. And this was a very uncomfortable way to be bound, hanging head down.

The what more turned out to be a pair of metal clips for her nipples. But unlike the clips used before, these did not have jaws filled with tiny teeth. Each was more like a small ring with a screw set in its side. The man placed one of those rings around her left nipple and began to screw down the small knob. Buffy felt the ring closing around her nipple. It wasn't too bad, but it was growing tighter as the man continued turning the tiny knob. Buffy began breathing heavier as the pressure increased. As the man began to meet with real resistance, Buffy began to feel a fair amount of pain. The metal circle was constricting her nipple at its base, making it into a small balloon. When he stopped, she was trying to keep in the moan of pain that wanted to come out. Then he placed the second clamp on her other nipple and began turning the knob.

When he left Buffy, both nipples were tightly constricted at their bases and hurting. Buffy, by looking upward, could see them clearly and swore that already her nipples were

turning a darker color. She wanted to ask how long she would be left like this, but the man was already gone, the door closed, and she could hear the lock snick into place.

There was one light bulb overhead and Buffy was glad of that for without it the tiny room would be much worse. Not that she was very comfortable. The ropes were tight and hanging upside down was no picnic. But she could take it — provided it didn't last too long. Likewise for the clamps crushing her nipples. The pain wasn't too bad. For now. But if they were left like that for a long time...

Suddenly the light went out, leaving Buffy alone and in the dark. She fought down a surge of panic. It was a terrible frightening feeling to be so very helpless and alone. To keep the fear at bay, she began exploring the ropes upon her body, seeking some weakness where she could attack the bondage. Freedom seemed impossible, but she had to try. So she felt around with her fingers, tried to reach back to the ropes binding her wrists together, and wiggling her arms and legs. She tugged and twisted, fought with all the strength in her, and begged the ropes to loosen, to grant her a bit of freedom. They did not.

Buffy Cortney was a healthy young woman. Hanging upside down for hours on end was not something most women could take, but she was in good shape physically. As time slowly crept by, she found herself bending at the waist so she could elevate her head some. It helped. For a while she tried to bend her knees so as to lift her arms up behind her to reach those ropes binding her knees together. But she could not quite reach them and the effort cost her additional stain upon her ankles, plus it made the ropes above her knees cut in even more. If she had been able to reach those ropes, and somehow worked out the knots holding them firmly on, what would she gain? With the ropes off her knees, she would still be hanging there with her arms bound behind her back. Eventually she gave up trying to escape and just hung there.

The strain of the ropes was considerable and increased as time went on, but what was worse was the metal clamps around her nipples. She felt her flesh throbbing with reduced circulation and the digging in of the thin metal bands. With each passing minute the pain increased, relentlessly and horrible. The hanging girl found herself crying with frustration as well as the agony. She tried to bring her bound hands around in front of her body but could not. At times she shook her body violently in anger and frustration. Eventually her tears fell to splash upon the concrete floor.

When the light came on, Buffy was pleading before the door fully opened. "Oh, please, take these things off me! I don't think I can stand being hung upside down any more. Please!"

Natasha just smiled down at her captive. She looked over the ropes, examining each for any loosening and finding nothing that needed correction. Then she checked the clamps, holding Buffy's breasts one at a time and fingering each encircled nipple. The manipulation caused an increase in the throbbing ache but Buffy said nothing.

"You think you're suffering?" asked Natasha when she was finished with her examination.

Buffy started to say yes, but held back. Was this some kind of trick question? Perhaps it was better to say nothing. Natasha would do whatever she wanted to do anyway.

"Not talking? You were begging me to let you down when I walked in. Well, no matter, it's not time for you to come down. Or for those clamps to be taken off. Your punishment isn't finished. In fact..." She smiled. "In fact, I've come to increase it. You've actually had it pretty easy so far. All you had to do was hang there. Oh, I'm sure it hurt a little, but basically you've had it pretty easy. But now you're going to have to work. And work hard. To stay alive."

Buffy's eyes opened wide at that last sentence. What did this crazy woman have in mind now?

There was a rope. It was twice as thick as the rope binding

her arms and legs. At one end was tied a sliding loop. Natasha placed this sliding loop around Buffy's neck and tightened it down. Then she brought in the chair and stood on it to place the other end of the rope through the same ring that held her ankle rope. When she pulled on that, Buffy felt the rope tighten around her neck. Natasha pushed the chair outside and then began to slowly pull on the rope. The rope constricted tighter and tighter around her neck until Buffy was beginning gasp for air. Her breathing became hard as she made raspy sounds trying to get in enough air.

Finally Buffy had to do what she didn't want to. She had to bend at the waist to lift her head. As her head came up, Natasha pulled more at the rope, keeping the noose tight around her neck. Finally Buffy was almost bend at a right angle. Natasha tied off the rope to the ring in the wall and stood back.

"Well, this should keep you on your toes, so to speak. If you don't keep bent at the waist, you'll choke yourself. So you had better kept the rope from getting too tight."

Suddenly Natasha was gone and the door closing. Buffy gasped and called out. But there was no reply.

Quickly she examined her situation. Any lowering of her body tightened the rope around her neck immediately. She could bend farther and actually create a little slack in the rope, but not much. And with her arms bound behind her back, there was no way she could get the noose off from around her neck.

"This is not good," she told herself. And she was right. Already she could feel the muscles in her stomach tiring. Soon they would burn and tremble. And then they would no longer be able to keep her bent. And when that happened, she could very well strangle to death.

Buffy felt panic and fought to control it. "Don't loose it, she told herself out loud. Thinking furiously, she considered every option. The trouble was, there weren't many. She could try to bend completely in half and try to get so much

slack in the rope that she could somehow get it off her neck. Or she could try to twist around and grab the rope to her neck with her hands.

She tried the first option only to find that the noose was done in such a way that it did not easily loosen up. It wasn't a true hangman's noose, but something close. Then she tried to twist around. By bending as much as she could and twisting, she could almost reach the rope with her fingertips. But not enough to grab it and take her weight with her hands.

Her final effort cost her much of her remaining strength and she lowered her body more than she intended to when she unfolded. Suddenly there was no air! With a jerk she bend again and shook to loosen the rope somewhat. That was close! But she knew it was only a matter of time. No person could stay bend like that forever. And when her muscles could no longer take the strain...

But Buffy was much more than a beautiful face and wonderful figure. She was intelligent and it was her mind that saved her. They don't want me to die, she told herself. She was valuable to them. Therefore, this was not meant to kill her, only scare her. Well, it was working!

When would it end? When she had been scared really good but not yet dead. Then she remembered Natasha's comment about bugging every bedroom. She was willing to bet that included the torture rooms. Like this one. It made sense. That way Natasha or someone could watch her and make sure that she didn't actually die. So all she had to do was look like she was about to kick the bucket and someone would come rushing in to rescue her!

Taking a deep breath and hoping that her reasoning was right, Buffy began acting. She opened her mouth like she was gasping and out of air. She let her body tremble as if the muscles could no longer hold her up. Not much acting needed there for they were really beginning to burn and tremble on their own. And she let herself lower. The rope tightened around her neck until she couldn't have pulled in a

gulp of air if she had to. Trying to imagine what a strangling girl would look like and do, she frantically grabbed around with her hands as if in a panic. In the process of her "final struggles" she managed to lift herself up a bit and suck in some more air. Then she gave a last convulsion and allowed herself to relax her muscles. The rope tightened around her neck until her body was held by it. Then she tried to stay very still and look dead. Or dying. She figured she could hold her breath for maybe thirty seconds. But with all the acting and struggling, maybe less.

No one timed it, but the door opened exactly twenty seconds after Buffy apparently lost consciousness. Natasha came in quickly but without panic and swiftly cut the rope with a knife. Then her fingers were at the noose, loosening it. Buffy figured it was time to revive, so she coughed and choked and gasp in air. Not that she had to act that part out too much, she had really been getting near the last of her oxygen.

"I'm disappointed in you," said Natasha. "You didn't last nearly as long as I thought you would. It's a good thing I just happened to come back to check on you."

"Yeah," thought Buffy. "You were watching me right along." But she didn't say that out loud.

Natasha lowered herself to one knee so she was closer to Buffy's dark colored face. "But you keep in mind this lesson. Your life is ours. Don't forget that."

Buffy had been close enough to real strangulation to believe that.

"You go ahead and hang there a while longer," Natasha said as she rose back up. "I'll send someone to take you down in a couple hours. Then you can have the second half of your punishment."

"Second half?" Buffy wondered as Natasha closed the door and locked it. Wasn't this enough?

The noose had been left around her neck, its free end trailing down to the floor. Perhaps that was to remind Buffy

how serious were the games they played down here.

Miss Goodbody declined the oysters but I had high hopes for the evening anyway. After a great steak and baked potato on a balcony restaurant overlooking a spectacular sunset, we took a cab to Casa Grande where we were greeted as old friends by Susie, that well-built oriental gal that fronts the establishment.

After we had drinks in our hands, mine a double whiskey, she got down to business. "And how may we help you tonight?"

"Well, honey, I was figuring on maybe something fresh and innocent, you know, sort of fresh to the game," I put in, flashing her my most winning smile.

"We like a girl who hasn't become jaded," added Miss Goodbody. Jaded? I thought jade was a green stone from China.

"All of our girls are not jaded," Susie explained, that smile never leaving her face. "There is a young lady who has been working here only two months. I'm sure you would fine most fresh and innocent. Only a couple years ago she was a cheerleader for a major university. I believe she still has her costume, I could ask her to dress as a cheerleader."

"That okay. I guess I was hoping to find something really fresh," I said. "Like maybe something you just got in."

There was an embarrassing moment with that Japanese gal just looking at me, smiling away like crazy. Linda stepped in just then with: "My husband has this thing for virgins. We would be happy with the same girl as we had last time."

"Of course, I will see to it." She walked out backwards, bowing all the time.

"I was trying to get us Buffy," I protested.

"You were going about it rather heavy handed," she pointed out, rather unreasonably, I thought. "We'll talk to Cindy. She'll probably know if Buffy is still here and when she'll be available."

I had to admit that wasn't too bad a plan, either. But I didn't do it out loud. A minute later Susie Wong came back in.

"Cindy is ready for you," she said. "Is there anything special you would like for her?" She put emphasis on the word, "Special."

While I was trying to figure out what she meant, Linda Goodbody put her two cents worth in, again.

"I feel kinky tonight," she said with a sly smile. "I think I would like Cindy to be completely naked and hogtied when we arrive."

Susie smiled. Linda smiled. I got the impression something was being exchanged between those two but didn't know what. Susie bowed. "I shall see to it. Please wait here."

"Now why'd you do that?" I asked when Susie was gone.

Linda put her arm in mine and leaned close to whisper, "I'm sure the room was bugged and maybe wired for TV. They know that we tied up Cindy last time. I was just keeping in character."

I reach behind her and patted her wonderful bottom. "Honey, if you ain't got the kinkiest little mind!" I exclaimed loudly. "I figure I'll have myself some fun watching you do just that."

She gave me a dirty look while still smiling. How she managed that, I'm not sure, but it came across loud and clear. I decided not to pat her fanny again. At least not until she cooled down.

Now I didn't just fall off the pumpkin truck. We wanted to talk to this Cindy but she didn't have to be all tied up for that. I figured I was seeing a little more about Linda Goodbody's hidden side. And that hidden side fitted right in with the sorority she house mothered for. A perfect match. Kinda made me wonder which came first, the kinky sorority or the kinky house mother.

The other reason I didn't say anything was that... Well, I

kinda wanted to see Cindy all tied up in a hogtie, myself. Since taking this case, I'd kinda been finding out that girls all tied up are exiting. Well, sorta. Hell, between you, me and the wall, I was finding out that I really liked to see a girl all tied up.

Susie returned ten minutes later and escorted us to one of the bedrooms. She bowed out after indicating the proper door, leaving us to enter by ourselves. I did the honors, opening the door and letting it swing open so we could both look in.

Whoever had done Cindy up had done it right. The poor girl was laying on the floor, not the bed. She was naked, as requested, and I figure I hadn't ever seen a hogtie that good before. The girl's arms were bound together at the wrists and above the elbows, very tightly. Her legs were tied a the ankles and above the knees. But was most interesting was that they hadn't tied her wrists to her ankles like in the usual hogtie. No, the rope from her ankles was run up to her elbow ropes and pulled until the gal was bent into a bow with her feet almost touching her elbows! It was something to see, I can tell you. The way her body was arched up really looked tight and strenuous. You could see the strain in her eyes.

I suppose I should have felt pity for the poor girl. I mean, that was one hell of a way to be tied up. But she was also so damned beautiful! I felt my manhood come to immediate attention.

Linda walked passed me and examined the naked woman like she was looking over a used car. "Well, good enough, I guess," she finally commented. "Do you think you can free yourself?"

Cindy looked up and smiled weakly. "No way, Jose. They know what they're doing around here. There is no possible way for me to escape."

I had to agree. Her wrists were tightly bound and sort of tucked in the fold of her legs, and all the ropes were incredibly tight.

"Sweetness, please pick her up and put her on the bed," Linda said.

It took me a moment to realize that I was "sweetness." Willing to show off my manly strength, I took firm hold of the bound elbows with one hand and the ankles with the other and lifted. It was a bit of a strain but I managed to put her down on the bed without dropping her.

When I turned around to tell Linda that her package was delivered, I got another surprise. Miss Goodbody had slipped off that slinky blue dress and was taking off the high heels. There was no undergarments, a fact which I had previously noted with some degree of enjoyment. So had a lot of the men in the restaurant. And the bell boys. And the cab driver.

So there she stood, naked as Venus and twice as pretty. Junior (a pet name for my rod — given to me by a former girlfriend) was suddenly at full mast, trying hard to break out of his cloth prison. I began unbuttoning the shirt as fast as I could.

Linda looked at me and pointed one red-nailed finger directly between my eyes. "You can watch. Only that."

Boy, was she firm when she wanted to be.

I finished taking off my shirt. At least Cindy seemed to appreciate a prime example of male stud when she saw one. Her eyes were on the big — make that very bid — bulge in my pants. Telling myself that Miss Goodbody could go to hell, I undid my pants and tossed them on the chair. And the underwear. At least I had the good sense to wear some. It was heart-warming to see that Cindy was smiling at the magnificent male weapon now revealed. I think I saw her lick her lips.

With two really fine nude female bodies within touching distance, it was hard to fit into the role of observer but I did. Linda climbed up on the bed and stretched out next to Cindy. Then she lifted one leg over the hogtied girl and put it down on the other side. Now Cindy's head was between her tights and not far from the Promise Land. Cindy reluctantly shifted

her gaze from my rod to the pubic patch only inches from her nose. She licked her lips and this time it was for certain. Then she was wiggling, rocking her body back and forth. It took me a second to realize that she was trying to move herself up to where she could reach the target with her tongue.

"Honey," said Linda in a rather husky voice, "be a dear and help Cindy."

I got on the bed at the other end of the tied girl and pushed. She slid along the satin cover and Linda adjusted herself. Soon Cindy was lapping away and nibbling, or whatever it is two lesbians do. Linda was arching her body and resting her head on the pillow, her hands propped under her waist as she rested on her elbows. Which kind of left me with nothing to do. There I was, only inches from something wonderful, and I couldn't do a thing. That wonderful female body was packaged up tighter than a Christmas present and the tag said, "Do not open."

I knelt there, with my knees on either side of Cindy's, watching and getting hornier and hornier while Miss Goodbody enjoyed herself. I told myself that once Linda had her pleasure, she shouldn't wouldn't mind if I had a turn with the girl we had rented for the evening. After all, husbands and wives are suppose to help each other.

There was a lot of moaning coming from the top half of the bed, hot, passionate moaning. Just when I was beginning to wonder how long Linda could hold out, she opened one eye, looked at the way I was kneeling and said between pants, "Tickle her!"

"Huh?"

"Tickle her, you bastard. Hold her body between your legs and tickle her feet."

Okay. Sure. Fine. At least I was getting to do something. I clamped my legs against Cindy's to hold her in place, then grabbed her ankles with one hand. The other hand poked out a finger with which to tickle the soles of those bound feet.

I'm sure that you've done that before, tickled a girl, I mean. Maybe most of you haven't done it with a naked, tied up girl, but all men have tickled a girl at one time or another. It's a form of evoking a reaction when you can't be screwing away like you really want to. So I tickled and those feet squirmed and the body I was holding jerked around. There came the sound of muffled laughing and I knew I was having an effect. Lucky Cindy was ticklish. I'll admit, it was fun. And exciting. This lovely naked woman was totally helpless and I was making her jerk around and struggle against those ropes in a most delightful manner. Gawd, what fun!

Cindy, amazingly enough, continued to lap at Linda's pussy until Linda could take no more. With a cry, she went rigid and clamped her thighs around Cindy's head. Then she shook all over and rolled over onto her side, one hand with a death grip upon her right breast and the other clutching her pussy very hard. She shivered all over and moaned. It was fun to watch.

Both Cindy and I was watching as Linda enjoyed her orgasm. I never will cease to be amazed how intense and long-lasting it is for a woman. She must have rocked back and forth, moaning and trembling all over, for at least five minutes. When she finally opened her eyes, there was a smile on her face. "Go ahead, darling, have your fun," she said.

Without taking the time to thank her, I moved around to the side of Cindy. She looked over at me with interest and longing in her eyes. But then I was faced with a problem. I would have loved to shove my solid-steel rod deep within her cunt and rammed away with all I had in me. But that orifice was rather unavailable, her legs being tied together and then bend back up behind her. It would have taken a while to work off those tight ropes and I was in a hurry.

Any old port in a storm, I always say. The proper place might be out of reach, but there was another warm, moist and accommodating orifice available only inches away. I lay

on my side and directed Junior towards Cindy's face. If Linda could make use of the rented girl's mouth, then I could, too.

Cindy immediately took Junior into her mouth and began about the most wonderful job of oral sex I had ever had. That girl was talented with a capital "T". She licked it, sucked on it, toyed with it, and make Junior feel like he was the most important thing in the world. And all with a vigor and eagerness that was most refreshing.

When I was just beginning to feel a buzz inside telling me that my turn was coming, the motion of Cindy's tongue and mouth changed. Suddenly she was laughing while her mouth was filled with me. It was a very strange feeling to have her laughing into my rod, sort of vibrating it. But she continued the back and forth motion of her head as she slid her mouth along my shaft. I peeked open one eye to see Linda sitting on Cindy's bound legs and tickling the bottoms of her feet. She had a delighted grin on her face like she was really enjoying this.

I was enjoying, too, and it wasn't long before I had my turn. Rather explosively, I might add. And it was good. Very good.

Cindy helped, swallowing and sucking in a most delightful manner, as if she wanted to drain me dry. When Junior retreated, somewhat spent from the heat of the battle, he was clean save for some moisture from her loving attention.

I rolled over to lay on my back and tried to catch my breath. After a few minutes I lifted my head to see what was rocking the bed. Linda had rolled Cindy onto her side and was laying with their breasts pressing together and hips hard against each other. And they were kissing. I could feel Junior stirring. And long before he is usually ready for another go.

The kiss didn't last forever, it just seemed to. Those two girls really liked each other. I cuddled up as well as I could to Cindy, sort of holding her bound arms and legs against me. It might not seem very romantic or sexy, but it felt good

to hold her, even if Linda was getting to feel the better side.

It was then I realized that they were whispering to each other. It was hard to hear what they said, so I contented myself with feeling those parts of Cindy's naked body that my hands could reach. If you've never ran your hands over a naked, tightly bound up woman before, you should try it. There is something about the mixture of smooth feminine skin and ropes that is wild.

They talked and kissed for a long time. I stroked and teased with one hand while the other held onto Cindy's firm ass. Eventually Linda rose from the bed. She stretched, a most wonderful display of feminine figure, and smiled down at both of us. At least I think it was at both of us. Then she reached down and worked at a knot on Cindy's elbows. In a few minutes she had worked off the rope holding Cindy's ankles to her elbows and was removing those ropes holding her legs together. I was surprised at how deeply the ropes had been impressed into the girl's skin and what deep, red indentations they left.

Linda did not touch those ropes around the wrists and elbows. Instead she lay Cindy on her back and bound arms, straddled her and began massaging her breasts. Cindy moaned and became aroused quickly under those expert hands. I reached up between both pairs of spread legs and teased the pussy exposed there. But I was careful to make sure that I touched only Cindy's pussy.

Cindy grew more and more excited, her breathing coming faster and her face all blushed. She was moaning loudly. I wondered if Linda planed to let her have an orgasm of her own.

Suddenly Linda shifted around so that she was straddling Cindy's head and lowering her pussy over that lovely face. She looked up to me with a wicked grin and said, "Go ahead. Fuck the hell out of her."

It was only at that point that I realized Junior was full awake and ready for another go. I didn't have to be invited

twice. There was one ready pussy awaiting me between those spread legs and I lost no time crawling up between then to impale Cindy. She cried out when I did so, her cry somewhat muffled by the pussy she was working on and which nearly smoothed her face. I found her love tunnel very hot and very moist, ready for me. Quickly I was pumping away.

I don't know if it was planned or just happened, but the three of us all hit our orgasms within a few seconds of each other. I think Linda had hers first. Then Cindy, followed almost immediately by myself. It was wonderful.

After that it was a short rest then time to get dressed. I would have untied Cindy's arms because they looked awful uncomfortable, but Linda said to leave them. I deferred to her superior knowledge in such things. Besides, it was sort of a good feeling to leave the woman you had just screwed still tied and helpless. In fact, I had the urge to tie her legs again and return her to the fully helpless status of her original hogtie. Later, when we talked about the evening, I found out that Linda had the same urge at the same time.

We drove home in contented silence. Once in our hotel room, Linda kicked off her shoes, shed the tight-fitting dress easily and headed for the bathroom. A shower would be nice, but I figured I would have to wait my turn. I poured myself a nightcap of good bourbon and kicked off my own shoes. A few minutes later Linda came into the bedroom, stark naked and still damp from her shower.

"Sled," she said with that superior voice of hers. "Sled, do you know how to tie a woman?"

"I can do a good enough job," I replied, figuring that I had seen enough in the last week or so to do a passable job.

Her hand came out from behind her back to toss something in my lap. It was a length of rope, all coiled up. "Do it!" she commanded. Then she turned her back and put her hands together behind her.

I was probably grinning like some kind of silly jerk, but I

got up and went to her. I noticed that she had put the wrists together with the palms facing each other. So I uncoiled the rope and made a small loop in one end. Then I used that to make a sliding loop which went around her wrists. I wrapped them tightly a dozen times, then wrapped a couple more turns around the other ropes. I had heard her call that a cinch rope, and it holds down the others. I knotted the rope two or three times. It looked pretty tight to me.

She turned around suddenly. Her lovely green eyes were only inches from my own. Her red lips parted slightly. What could I do but kiss her?

I had been wanting to do that every since I saw those lovely legs at the sorority house. And you know, it was every bit as good as I had imagined it would be. She kissed back with a gentle passion that sent tingles racing down my spine. I took her in my arms and kissed her again, harder while her breasts pressed against my chest.

Finally breaking away, I took a deep breath and asked, "Got any more?"

"In my suitcase. Over there," was her husky reply. Her eyes were glowing and I think a smile tugged at the corner of her mouth.

The suitcase held half a dozen more pieces of rope, all neatly coiled up. I selected one and came back to her, unwinding it as I went. Her eyes were glued to the rope unraveling in my hands, and I could see the tip of her tongue licking her lips. I turned her around firmly but not roughly, and looped the rope around her elbows, and pulled her arms together with one hand while the other pulled the slack out of the rope. Then I was winding the coils around her arms, binding her elbows tightly together. I cinched the rope down and knotted it with hands that were almost trembling like a high school kid the first time he gets to unbutton a girl's blouse.

Then I turned her around and kissed her again. I could feel her rigid nipples pressing against my shirt. Then she was

pushing her body eagerly against mine, one leg coming up to wrap around my hip. Her pussy was pushed against my pants. I felt Junior stirring around down there. She was kissing with passion and hunger.

"Take me," she whispered heatedly in my ear. "Put me on that bed and fuck the hell out of me."

I led her to the bed but didn't toss her down like she expected. Instead I sat on the edge and pulled her down until she was bent over my knee. I hooked my free leg over her legs to hold her in place, and put one hand firmly upon her bound wrists. I lifted them out of the way and delivered half a dozen hard swats to her bare bottom as rapidly as I could. She moaned loudly and squirmed in a way that made Junior so rigid he ached.

Then I pushed her up, rose myself, and tossed her upon the bed to bounce there. "I screw you when I want to," I told her firmly. "And I do anything else I want to, any times I want to."

"Yes, sir," she breathed. Then she spread her legs wide in invitation. She was panting with arousal and I could smell the female scent of a woman in heat.

At that point it pleased me to toss off my clothing as rapidly as I could, climb upon the bed, and give her a royal fucking. It only happened to be coincidence that she was begging for the same thing at the same time. I did it because I wanted to.

Later, as we lay quietly on the sheets, me with one arm around her, and our bodies intertwined, I told her I would untie her before we fell asleep. She nuzzled her face into my shoulder and informed me that perhaps I should leave her arms bound in case I felt like doing something to her helpless body in the morning. Sounded like a good idea, so we fell asleep like that.

In the morning, I did feel like doing something to her helpless body. Twice, in fact.

13
Rescue!

"Are we ready to behave?"

Buffy looked up wearily to behold a fresh Natasha dressed in a tight dress of what looked like shinny black rubber, or some plastic imitation of that.

It was an effort for Buffy to lift her head both because she had spent a most unpleasant and unrestful night, and because of the way she was tied. In its own way, it was a simple enough bondage but very effective at making a girl uncomfortable. She had been placed on bare concrete floor under a metal pipe that was braced by two short posts. Her arms were already tied behind her with the elbows together, and the man who's task it was to secure her for the night lifted her arms up behind her to place her wrists against the pipe where he lashed them solidly with more rope. Then he bent her legs backward behind her, lashing each ankle to the pipe just outside of her wrists. The pipe was at a height that forced Buffy into an arched position, only her stomach and nipples touching the floor.

Then she was left alone to endure as best she could a very strenuous position. Since she was not going anywhere and had no reading material to help pass the time, the light was

turned off, leaving her in the dark. No use wasting electricity, you know.

Buffy swallowed hard and forced out, "Yes, Mistress. I will behave."

"And you'll do anything a customer ask? Anything?"

"Anything," said Buffy weakly.

Natasha smiled. "We shall see." She turned but paused at the door. "A few more hours here won't really hurt you. Later, when I think of it, I'll send someone to untie you and let you have a meal. Tonight we'll see about letting you try another customer. Maybe."

Then she was gone and the light with her. Buffy sighed deeply and let her head slump back down. It was easiest to simply hang as limply as she could and endure the pain as best she might. She had long since ceased her sometimes violent struggles in hopes of escape. She was hungry, sore all over, and feeling pretty miserable. During all this ordeal, Buffy attributed the retention of her sanity to the fact that she had a very good memory and passed the time reviewing classes she had taken, the erotic adventures she had enjoyed, especially in the dungeon/basement of Alpha Alpha Alpha, and places she had visited. And she make elaborate plans for what she would do to this Natasha after she managed to get out of her. To start off, she would talk her father into hiring an army. Then they would come down here and take over this place by force. She would then torture Natasha very slowly and over a long period of time until the woman was screaming for mercy. Maybe she would have her father take Natasha back with them. Then she would get him to build her a dungeon in the basement of their huge house in Bel Air, and she would torture Natasha daily for the rest of her life.

But mostly she thought of her sorority sisters and the incredible joy and pleasure she had playing their erotic rope games. It did occur to her briefly that some of their games weren't really so different than the things that were

happening to her in this terrible place, but she dismissed that as being a totally different type of suffering. When she could hardly sit on the hard wooden seats in the classrooms because of a prolonged and very erotic spanking the night before, she knew that the pain had been put there by a loving hand. Here they just wanted to hurt her. There is a big difference. The little torments her sisters did to her while they had her tightly bound and gagged were simply a little added stimulation to the sexual excitement. Nothing more.

She even remembered with fondness that night they had bound her tightly, forced the ball gag behind mock-protesting lips, and locked her into that wooden crate. And the thrill she felt when she realized that they had put her into the back of a pickup truck and were taking her out for a drive. It had been so exciting to know that hundreds of people were looking at the plain wooden box in the back of that truck, never suspecting that within was a naked, tightly bound and totally helpless young woman. Delicious!

But while Buffy was passing the time in discomfort and darkness, forces were at work to free her from this durance vile.

"I think we ought to just charge in there, take that Susie prisoner and make her take us to Buffy."

"You'll probably get us shot," responded Linda to my suggestion.

It was the next morning and rather late into the morning. The earlier part had been taken up with some activities of a private nature that I had best not relate at this time. Oh, okay, I'll tell you. When I woke up and found Miss Goodbody laying in my arms, it was wonderful. And then, when I found that her arms were still tightly bound behind her back from the night before, I felt Junior rise to the occasion with a firmness I hadn't felt since my high school days. There is something so stimulating about finding a naked and tightly bound girl in bed with you.

Well, I rolled her onto her back and proceeded to give her a pretty good ride, if I do say so myself. At one time I rolled over and pulled up on top so that she was straddling my hips, Junior buried deeply within her. As she bounced up and down on my shaft (a real delight — try it), I watched those magnificent breasts bounce and loved the way they were pushed out by the binding of her elbows behind her back. If I had my way, all women would be permanently bound with their elbows behind them. It would make for a much more pleasant world.

Well, we had that first little romp, and it was most satisfying, I can tell you. From the way Miss Goodbody cried out and shuddered all over, I think she had a pretty nice orgasm. A few minutes later, while we lay side by side, I reached down to untie the ropes at her wrists. She shook her arms and moved her hands away to indicate that she didn't want to be untied. "Let's rest a bit. Later perhaps we can do that again...?"

It was very nice to lay there with that wonderful body pressing against mine.

"Tell me," she asked, "is Sled Speed your real name?"

"No," I admitted.

"Then what is your real name?"

I had never told anyone else my real name. But there was something special about this woman. I wanted to tell her everything. "Harcourt Fenton Mudrose, the Third."

She had the decency not to laugh. Too much.

A while later, she moved down until she was kneeling beside me and bending over to take Junior in her mouth and reawaken his interest. Which did not take long, I may add. The second ride was not as frenzied but just as nice.

It was sometime after that we began our discussion of plans to rescue Buffy. I was untying the ropes from her arms. After all, she had been tied like that for around twelve hours, and I had bound her pretty tightly to begin with. As I peeled the ropes from her flesh, I had to whistle at the deep

indentations they left. I felt a bit of a cad for doing that to her, but knew full well that I would do it again anytime the chance presented itself. If you've never tied up a woman and then made love to her, you're really missing one intense ride.

"Well, what did Cindy tell you last night," I countered. "I know you two were whispering together."

"She says that the rumors are the new girl, which she confirmed is a blonde and about Buffy's age, is still being trained and not quite ready for use by customers. It might be days before they put her out for rent. And someone will get suspicious if we keep coming back every night."

"Every other night?"

"Too hit and miss. We've got to find a better way."

"But not charge in the front door?" I offered.

"Brute force should be left as a last resort. Did you get a fair feeling for the layout of the place?"

"It's a big house. And I saw some other buildings through the bushes. I doubt we saw even a tenth of the place."

"So we would be shooting in the dark if we just went in and tried to find her. Ohhhhhh!" The cry was as circulation returned to full status in her arms. That pins and needles effect can be pretty strong.

"I don't recall seeing a fence around the place, at least not in front. Maybe in the back."

"I guess it would be better to sneak in at night then," Linda said through clenched teeth and tears coming down her cheeks. All those nerves in her arms must have been giving her a bad time.

"Yeah," I agreed. "And we go in armed."

She did not disagree with me.

The weight of Betsy in my shoulder holster was reassuring as we crept through the bushes behind Casa Grande. It had taken a half hour to hike from where we left the rented car to a position where we could see the house and related buildings.

Fortunately there was plenty of landscaping around Casa Grande, mostly because they put it there and watered the hell out of it. That area was basically desert as the barren landscape at out backs attested. But someone's love of lush tropical foliage was definitely in our favor. We led us long the edge of the mini-jungle, keeping low. Linda followed me and I was glad to see that she could both take orders when necessary and that she crept like a commando. This woman never ceased to amaze me.

Ignoring the easiest path up to the house, I worked us through dense undergrowth until I found the fence. Really hadn't expected to find an unguarded compound. The fence was wire and I was sure it was electrified. Perhaps not enough to do any damage, but enough to act as a sensor to warn of intruders.

I worked along the fence until I found a place where it passed by a tree. Whoever laid out the defenses wasn't very sharp. It was a simple matter to grab a branch and work my way over the fence to drop to the other side. A second later Linda dropped down beside me.

At this point several different courses of events began to happen simultaneously, so I'll let the narrator take over.

"What were you whispering about?"

"Nothing. Oh, please, believe me. It was nothing."

Natasha did not look convinced. Cindy tried to protest her innocence as sincerely as she could but perhaps Natasha detected something in her voice that said otherwise. "I think you're lying to me. And you know what I do to girls who lie to me..."

Cindy was hanging in one of the soundproofed basement rooms, prepared for the punishment that was sure to come. Her hands had been bound together and then hoisted up by a pulley on the ceiling until she was hanging with her feet many inches from the floor. Then her ankles had been looped with rope and pulled to either side to be tied to rings

in the walls in a very strenuous spread that left nothing to the imagination as to her private parts and made them very available for punishment.

"The microphones didn't pick up anything but I saw you two talking. And it wasn't about your lesbian lovemaking. What was it?"

"Nothing, Mistress," whined Cindy. "Please don't hurt me."

The first kiss of the whip was squarely across her ass. Instantly her body jerked forward within its bonds and a startled cry leapt from her lips, "Aaahhhhgggrrrr!" A pair of vivid red marks began to form as two straight lines on a beautiful feminine ass. Cindy was gasping at the unexpected shock. But in the long months she had been a prisoner at Casa Grande, this American redhead and her husband were the first hope she had. The first hope that the rest of her life would not be servicing nameless strangers and being hurt by this woman. She would not talk. Never!

Again the whip cut across her rear and weakened her resolve. As she screamed her mind was telling her that this was far worse than any prior whipping. And that it might go on forever — or until she talked. She clamped her lips closed but could not stop the moan.

"You have not been whipped often enough. Every slavegirl should be whipped regularly. Just to remind her of her status. Did you ask that American woman for help?"

"No, Mistress."

"I don't believe you." There followed another cruel cut across her bottom. Cindy screamed.

"But I thought my punishment was over," Buffy protested. "I was to be with a customer tonight."

"Change of plans," grunted the man as he jerked tight the final knots. "You stay here for the night." He seemed amused that Buffy should be so put out at the change. Maybe she really wanted to get upstairs to the bedrooms where the

women were screwed. Maybe she really wanted a man inside her. Real bad. He looked at that fine body stretched out on the wall and considered what he might do to it. She would get what she wanted, that was sure.

But Natasha had given orders. And this one was not to be used by the staff. Still, he knew that Natasha had taken this one to her bedroom. She could play with that muy magnifico body but he couldn't. Women! It wasn't fair. As he looked over the smooth curves of Buffy's spread-eagled body, he felt lust grow within him. It had been days since he had screwed a woman.

Buffy looked back at the man and knew what was going through his mind. And with her arms and legs pulled wide apart and cruelly tight, she was in no position to deny him full access to her body. But she was disgusted. Gawd, he was almost drooling as his eyes took in her body! There was a sinking sensation in the pit of her stomach as she realized what was coming next.

"Please believe me!" screamed Cindy. "We talked only about sex."

Vividly red marks covered her bottom, the backs of her thighs, and were beginning to invade the front of her legs. The older marks were turning shades of blue and purple, and the flesh was swelling up into ridges that would hurt for days. But what was worse was the helpless feeling inside as Cindy knew how terribly vulnerable was the area between her legs. And her breasts, too.

"Your lips may say so, but I saw your eyes on the video tape. They told me a different story. And I wish to hear that story in full." She cut a fresh mark across the front of Cindy's hips. The naked woman screamed, and it was loud in the small room.

"I've got all night," Natasha told the badly frightened woman. "And if my arm grows tired, there are plenty of men who would love to whip you. Men love to do this almost as

much as they love to fuck."

The next slash was across the breasts and Cindy screamed even louder.

"That last room was a dungeon," whispered Linda. "No other way to describe it. It is used to punish the girls."

"Maybe it's just for atmosphere?" Sled whispered back as they crept down the corridor. "You know, just for show for those customers who happen to like that sort of thing."

"I don't think so. Listen..."

He heard the sound too, and froze. It was muffled and almost too low to hear, but unmistakably a woman's scream.

"That way," he whispered, pointing. "One of those doors."

The second scream was louder and they knew which door it came from. Sled looked to Linda and lifted one eyebrow in question. She nodded. Taking the handle in one hand, and Betsy at ready in the other, Sled slowly opened the door.

The scene within was not quite what they had expected. The first thing that they noticed was a large bare male ass turned towards them. Then they saw the arms and legs of a woman spread wide and tied to the corners of the wall. From his position and the pants around his ankles, it was obvious that he was screwing the girl tied to the wall. Linda rushed through the open door and turned to one side so she could see the girl's face. Then she urgently turned to Sled and nodded vigorously. Sled smiled and calmly walked in. He knew that a man so engaged was not likely to notice someone sneaking up behind him. Hell, he wasn't likely to notice a herd of rogue elephants charging.

Since the man was considerably bigger than Sled and he had no intention of taking prisoners, he simply clipped the back of his head with Betsy. Rather hard. There was a tiny moan and the man collapsed to the floor.

Linda immediately rushed up to Buffy, who was sobbing as she hung spread-eagle on the wall. Sled dragged the body a few feet away, then assisted in removing the ropes. A

minute later a wet-eyed and very surprised Buffy Cortney was being held in the arms of her house mother.

"Don't mean to break up tearful reunions, but perhaps we should get out of here before we're discovered."

The two girls exchanged a few sentences that Sled couldn't quite hear. "Buffy says that the guard mentioned that a girl named Cindy was in big trouble for trying to get a customer to help her. It has to be our Cindy."

"So?"

"We promised to get her out of here."

Sled sighed. Leave it to a woman to screw up a successful rescue operation. "We don't even know where she is."

"We can at least check the rest of the rooms in this area."

Buffy was recovering from her partial rape enough to notice that Linda was talking to a man. "Who is this?" she asked.

"A private dick the sorority hired to find you. Well, Mr. Speed?"

Sled shook his head but turned in the corridor to check out the rooms they hadn't passed by yet.

It wasn't hard to find the right one. As soon as they were a few feet from the door they could hear very sincere screams coming from within. Faintly, true, but that only meant that the room was soundproofed. Sled motioned for Linda and Buffy to stand to one side. Linda, he noted, was holding one arm around Buffy, who was trembling from the excitement, and the other hand held the forty-five automatic she had insisted upon buying. It was most a twin to Betsy in Sled's hand, which, for some reason, bothered him. But she had assured him that she knew how to use it. And, in any event, she refused to come without it, and refused to stay in the hotel room.

Sled turned the handle then pushed open the door and leap inside, instantly coming to a stance with legs braced and Betsy held firmly in both hands before him.

The scene before him was strange but not unexpected for

this place. A naked woman with her back to him was hung by her wrists with legs spread wide. Another woman with long back hair and stripped to the waist was standing to one side, a very wicked looking whip in a hand behind her head frozen in the act of lashing the hanging woman.

More details filled in. The hanging woman's rear was covered with very cruel looking whipmarks from waist down to the back of her knees. Her body was covered in pain sweat and her head hung limp. The woman holding the whip was also sweating, he could see the gleam covering her nice breasts. A quick glance to each side showed him that they were alone in that room.

"Drop the whip," he ordered curtly.

Natasha hesitated but the sight of a second woman coming in the room with another of those big guns in her hands convinced her resistance was useless. She let the whip fall to the floor.

"Now get away from Cindy."

Natasha obeyed, anger and hatred glowing in her eyes.

Miss Goodbody rushed over to the hanging woman. "It's Cindy," she called back, then begin to untie the ropes from around the ankles.

Natasha's eyes darted to the doorway behind Sled and grew wider. Sled glanced back over his shoulder to see Buffy standing there. She had recovered considerably and was looking very defiantly at the dark haired woman.

"Mr. Speed, do we have to get out of her fast?"

"Damn right we do."

"We can't take the time to... to pay back this woman for some of the pain she's given me?"

"No way, babe."

Buffy looked crestfallen. But she was such a beautiful woman that Sled couldn't help but love even that look on her face. "But we can take her with us," he told her with a grin. Buffy grinned back.

Cindy was being lowered to the floor. She was moaning

and apparently not quite aware of what was going on around her. The front of her body was criss-crossed with whipmarks, some of which began and then disappeared into her pubic patch, telling a tale of her having been whipped between the legs. No wonder, Linda thought as she took the woman in her arms, she's not quite with it. The pain must have been terrible.

Buffy, meantime, was not standing idly by. She picked up some of the rope cast off from Cindy's limbs and was roughly jerking Natasha's arms behind her back and tying them with the ropes pulled as tightly as she could. First the elbows were crushed together, then the wrists. Then she tied a piece of rope to the wrists and passed that up the back under the ropes on the elbows and around the neck. That rope came back down to the wrists, around them, and then back up around the neck. When Buffy again passed it around the wrists and pulled, Natasha's hands tried to go up her back towards her neck. But with the elbows tied together, the wrists could only be brought so far up the back. Natasha was making choking sounds as Buffy tied off the rope at the wrists, then ran the short length remaining up to the elbows where she tied off the final knot. Natasha was left with her head pulled back, elbows sticking out and arms quite solidly bound.

"Sure she can breath?" asked Sled with a smile.

"Too much," replied Buffy.

Natasha had less hatred on her face now — it had been replaced by fear. She was helpless at the hands to those two strangers dressed in black, and the two former slaves of hers. The tight rope around her neck told her all too clearly just how helpless she was.

"Let's get going," advised Sled. "We've been lucky so far. Let's not push it."

Buffy placed another loop round Natasha's neck and was using it roughly as a leash to pull her former owner along.

The five of them moved down the corridor as quietly as

they could but also as rapidly. Surprisingly they encountered no one. With Linda in the lead, they moved through the bushes to the place where they had crossed over the fence, Sled bring up the rear and keeping a careful watch out behind them. At the fence, those who could were lifted to the branch to work their way over. Cindy was helped over by Sled, and Natasha was thrown over. Cindy was alert enough to walk by herself but with spread legs and painfully.

Sled was over the fence and moving them all along, and still not outcry from the house was heard. They made no attempt to sneak away, and reached the car not much later. Buffy had again taken Natasha's leash and delighted in jerking on it to make the woman gag and stumble.

At the car, Linda eased Cindy into the back seat, then put Natasha in between her and Cindy. The former mistress of the two naked woman had to sit forward because of her elbows sticking out behind her, and didn't look very happy. Buffy got into the front seat.

Sled drove a few miles, until he was sure that no one was following. Then he pulled off a side road and parked behind a small hill, out of sight of any buildings. For a few seconds they all sat there listening to the engine ping as it cooled in the night air. Then he turned in his seat and casually pointed Betsy directly between the eyes of Natasha. The big barrel of Betsy was only inches from her nose and she was almost cross-eyed as she stared at it.

"Now we can do this one of two ways," Sled said. Everyone in the car was paying close attention to his next words. "You can help us get back to the United States safely and you can live. Or I can take you out of this car and put a bullet through your head. Eventually someone will find the body, but we'll be long gone. Which way do you want it?"

Natasha glared at him, but the fear overrode the anger. Suddenly the air came out of her in a whoosh like a deflating balloon. "I will help you," she said meekly.

"I've going to ask some questions. You give the right

answers and you'll live. Now, about transportation."

Transportation, it turns out, was a yacht owned by Pinkus and used by Natasha and some customers when they wanted to do some whoring at sea. It was also used to deliver girls to other yachts. The keys were aboard and it was fully fueled. In less than an hour the five of them were on board and moving through the calm, moonlit Mexican waters in a northward direction. The only bad moment had come when they had to walk one topless and bound woman and two naked females down the dock and to the yacht. But no one seemed to notice even though they had to walk under several lights.

Natasha spent the trip north with Buffy and Cindy taking turns tormenting her tightly-bound body. Linda kept them in check, lest they do serious harm. She had plans for the not too bad looking woman once they got back to Los Angeles.

The trip took two days since they were in no hurry, with Sled and Linda spending most of that time in the master cabin, from which there were heard both giggles and the sound of a male hand striking a female bottom. And, if you listened very carefully, the sound of ropes being tightly applied to feminine limbs.

14
Loose Ends

Miss Goodbody's smile was warm and made my heart skip a beat. She stood in the doorway of Alpha Alpha Alpha, a lovely sight in that sheer summer dress that came not quite to her knees and was cut rather low for a conservative sorority house mother. But I didn't mind. In fact, I even noted with approval that there was no bra under the thin material and those two wonderful perk nipples were trying to push holes through the shimmering green fabric.

It was two days after we got back to LA. Linda and I left the yacht moored in the harbor and I drove her back to the sorority where she fetched some clothing for Buffy and Cindy. I figured that we were going to turn Natasha over to the police. But Linda pointed out to me on the ride back to the dock that Natasha hadn't broken any laws in this country. In fact, we were the law breakers, having kidnapped her and currently holding her prisoner.

So I suggested that perhaps we just let her go. She had, after all, helped us to get back home. And between Buffy and Cindy, she had a rough time on that trip home, very rough as the bruises and whipmarks on her body attested.

But Miss Goodbody told me that she had plans for

Natasha. When we got back to the boat, and everyone was dressed — Buffy for the first time in weeks, Cindy for the first time in months — they dragged Natasha up to the lounge from the small bedroom they were using for her prison. She was completely naked, her arms tightly, and I do mean tightly, bound behind her. There was an old sock shoved in her mouth and several windings of duct tape around her head holding it in place. She looked like she hadn't slept much while her two former possessions were looking much better than they were when we rescued them. It was with amusement I watched the three women prepare Natasha.

First came a pair of high heel shoes. I noted that they had to forced the shoes on her feet, apparently Linda had either miscalculated her shoe size, or had deliberately brought shoes that were too small. The heels had ankle straps so they couldn't be kicked off. Her arms were already tied behind her back, at the wrists and elbows. They added a bunch more rope all around her body, lashing her arms tightly to her back. There were ropes over and under her breasts, very tightly pulled and knotted, around her waist and even some around her hips. All were pulled as tightly as the girls could and I had to wonder how hard it was for her to take a breath with her chest being crushed like that. It did look as if she was having a little trouble breathing.

Then they wrapped a scarf over her head and tied it under her chin. Unless you were looking right into her face, you wouldn't see the duct tape of the gag. Then Linda pulled out some flesh colored tape from her purse and put that over the gray duct tape. She painted a pair of lips over that. Unless you were within a couple feet of the woman, you couldn't tell that she was gagged at all.

There was a coat that went over her body, buttoned up in front and with the sleeves tucked into the pockets and pinned there. It came to mid-calf and covered most of the ropemarks and bruises.

Linda had left two buttons undone in front and when all else was prepared, she reached through that opening and took each breast in her hand to tie a piece of thin monofilament fishing line tightly around the nipple. The two ends were left hanging outside when the last two buttons were closed. Linda demonstrated that if she pulled on the fishing line, Natasha's nipples would hurt considerably. At least that's what I judged by the pained expression in her eyes when Linda did her little demonstration of tugging on the lines. When they walked Natasha out of the yacht and to the car, the former manager of a brothel walked meekly and obeyed ever order. It was a lesson to me how easy it was to kidnap a woman in broad daylight and keep her a prisoner.

I dropped all of them off at the sorority house, as Linda asked me to, then drove to my office to see if I had any new business. And to type up a billing for services rendered to the Alpha Alpha Alpha Sorority. The phone message machine held only threats from those I owed money to, but for once I laughed at them. As soon as Alpha Alpha Alpha paid me, a lot of old debts would be taken care of.

Which brings me back to Linda smiling at me from the doorway of Alpha Alpha Alpha. She invited me in and, as soon as the door was closed, wrapped her arms around me and gave me a great, big, passion-filled kiss. Which I returned. A minute or two later, we heard giggles and broke up to see a couple of the sorority sisters hurrying away.

"Come on, I've something to show you," Linda said with a twinkle in her eye. She led me to the stairs that descended into the basement. At the bottom of the steps I had to stand aside for two women to pass. It surprised me to see that one of them was Cindy. "She's become my assistance house mother," Linda explained.

She seemed be enjoying her job, which was more than I could say for the other girl, who was wearing a very tight pair of leather bikini panties and nothing else. She looked terribly embarrassed to find a strange man staring at her but

Cindy hurried her up the stairs. I noted that her arms were bound the same way as Buffy had tied Natasha's back at Casa Grande, elbows together but the wrists pulled up towards the neck to make the elbows stick out in back.

"We find it's a good way to keep a girl under control," Linda commented.

"Yeah," I said.

"Here's one of the two things I wanted to show you." She stopped before one of the doors. It flashed through my mind that there wasn't much difference between this basement corridor with closed doors and the one we had encountered in Casa Grande. She opened the door.

Two of the sorority girls were inside, I didn't know their names. But the third girl I did recognize. It was Natasha and she was hanging upside down by her ankles. Her wrists were bound in a crossed position after they had been pulled up on her back, and I could see rope around her neck holding them there. She was naked, her body covered with numerous marks and bruises in varying stages of healing. She was gagged with a ball gag that looked rather uncomfortable since it seemed a little large for her mouth and really held her jaw open wide.

One of the girls was showing the other one how to flick a riding crop so that it would leave a red spot where you wanted it to. Natasha moaned through the gag each time the crop landed on her bare skin.

"We're using her as a practice dummy," Linda explained. "It didn't seem fair to just let her go, so we decided on a little justice of our own. We'll keep her for a few years, practice all we want on her, and then maybe let her go. Maybe."

"Sounds fine to me," I said. After the whipping I had seen her inflicting upon that sweet girl, Cindy, I was in full agreement with the sorority's decision.

"At night she sleeps in that cage over there," she said, pointing to a rather small cage made of steel bars and with a

huge padlock on the lid. "The room here is soundproofed so she can scream all she wants. There really is no need for the gag, that's just a little additional punishment. Yesterday she said a bad word and I sentenced her to wear the gag for twenty-four hours as punishment." Linda put her arm in mind and leaned closer to whisper in my ear, "That really makes your jaw ache. I know."

I didn't ask how she knew but I could guess.

"Come on, there's one other thing I wanted show you."

There was another room. In it were two stout wooden crates, exactly like the one I had found in the park. One had the lid wide open, revealing an empty interior. The other was closed and locked. Linda took a key off the wall and unlocked that one. When she lifted the lid, I wasn't too amazed to find a naked girl inside. The amazing part was that it was Buffy! She was tightly bound in a ball and stuffed inside a wooden box that wasn't much bigger than she.

Buffy lifted her head to blink at me. Eventually she recognized who it was and tried to smile around the ball gag in her mouth. It was, I noted, a smaller ball than the one currently in Natasha's mouth. She tied to make some noises but I couldn't make out the words.

"She wants to thank you for rescuing her," Linda explained in an amused voice. "Later, after finals, she has requested that she be delivered in this crate to your apartment. Of course, she will be naked, bound up and gagged inside — that is standard procedure. When you get her, you may keep her for forty-eight hours. Then put her back in the crate and some of the girls will pick her up. She wants me to tell you that during that time she expects you to keep her tied up at all times, and that she will do everything in her power to please you. Sexually and in ever other way."

Buffy nodded vigorously.

"I am looking forward to it," I said. And I meant it. Buffy was every bit as good looking and built as Miss Goodbody. And a few years younger, too. "But won't you mind that?" I

asked Linda. I did not want the woman I cared for to be jealous of one of her girl's thanking me.

"Not a bit. Buffy wants to do it, and I fully understand the way in which she wants to express her gratitude."

Linda closed the lid and reset the lock. As she put the key back on its peg, I had to ask, "Why is Buffy in that box? I mean, after what she went through, I would not be surprised if she never wanted to be tied up again."

"When we got back," Linda explained, "this was her first request. She asked me to bind her and lock her in there for twenty-four hours. She won't be let out until this evening. It's her way of coping with the stress she had been under. This is a torment done to her by people who love her. And that makes all the difference. Did you know that before I put her in the crate, she had me tie her hands like that, and then she went to every one of her sisters to beg them to spank her bottom. When she came back down her, her bottom was really red, I can tell you. Then I gagged her and tied her in that ball and put her in there. I think she's much happier now."

Who am I to argue with Miss Goodbody? Or Buffy?

Linda came close and kissed me again. There was no mistaking the desire in that kiss, this was one turned on woman! Then she broke away and backed up a few steps. With one easy motion she reached down, took the hem of her dress and pulled it up and over her head. She was completely naked underneath. The dress was tossed into the corner.

"There's plenty of ropes on those pegs," she breathed heavily to me. "Tie me up. Really tight. Gag me. Tie me in a tiny ball." She was almost panting out the words. "Tie me as tightly as you possibly can. Then put me in this box."

I looked at the box. "You sure you'll fit? It looks smaller than you are."

"I'll fit. You have to tie very extremely tightly." She turned her back and put her arms behind her. Then she

pulled her elbows together and stood there, waiting for the ropes. I could hear her heavy breathing and smell the scent of a woman in heat. I'll admit that I was breathing a little heavily, too.

I did as she asked. I pulled the ropes as tightly as I could, making the cotton clothesline dig deeply into her flesh. When her arms were finished, she turned and kissed me again. For a few seconds I thought she was going to beg me to screw her right there on the floor. But instead she leaned against the wall and put her legs together for me to bind them. I did, with rope both above and below her knees, as well as around the ankles. And I did it tightly. As I pushed the ball gag into her mouth, I noticed that her fingers were clutching her bare bottom and the fingernails digging in. This was one turned on woman! And I was tempted to disobey orders and screw her. But somehow it seemed right to do as she wished. There would, I knew, be plenty of time for screwing later. Right now, she wanted to be treated the same as Buffy. And, damn! it was what I wanted to do, too.

She slid down the wall until she was sitting on her bare bottom on the carpet. She pulled her legs up until her chin was on her knees. I looped rope around her upper arms and down behind her knees to weld her thighs against her chest. Then I turned her on her side and tied her ankles up to her wrists. I pulled the ropes very hard, about as hard as I could. I noticed how every bit of rope on her body was cutting in, especially the ropes above her knees. From the way her legs were doubled up, I guessed.

Then I picked her up and set Linda into the box. It was a very tight fit. Either the crate had been built to her specifications, or she just happened to be the same size as the box. Either way, she slid in but was pressing against the wooden walls on all sides. I noticed that the top of her head was above the level of the lid. When I closed it, she would have to bend her head down to her knees.

I could see the strain and even pain in her eyes. But there

was also a glow of incredible excitement. I could see the muscles of her body tensing and trying to move. She was already exploring the confines of her prison, already feeling how utterly helpless she was and would be until someone came to free her.

I reached down and tilted her head up. "When you get out," I told her firmly. "I'll take you to a good steak dinner. I like to be seen with a beautiful woman on my arm. Even if she has ropemarks all over her."

Linda nodded acceptance. Then I leaned down and kissed her on the forehead. She moaned with desire. When I stood up, one hand resting on the lid, she looked at the solid wooden door and I saw a bit of panic in her eyes. She was trying to wiggle inside and was making some funny noises. Perhaps she was trying to tell me that she had changed her mind. She began shaking her head from side to side. But that might have simply been part of her struggling against the ropes and box. I lowered the lid and felt the resistance increase when it came in contact with her head. "Goodnight," I said loudly. A startled squeal came out of the box at the implication of how long her torment would last, and then I pushed the lid all the way down and closed the hasp. The padlock shut with a loud click. I could hear moaning from within the wooden prison.

It was then that I realized that Linda was incredibly sexually aroused, filled with desire and lust even before she had asked me to tie her. She had wanted me to take her, wanted me inside her, pumping away, screwing her brains out. But she had not asked for that. Instead she had asked me to put her in a position from which she would be unable to even touch herself, let alone get any sexual satisfaction from the touch of another. This denial, this intense frustration, was a torture to her, yet a wonderful kind of torture. For a few seconds, I could see this whole adventure from her point of view. She was both enduring and enjoying an intense frustration and helplessness.

Then I shook off the feelings she must be having right then and returned to the world outside those wooden prisons. I'll admit, it was an incredible sense of power to know that within those boxes were two very desirable and sexy woman, and each was absolutely helpless while I stood there with the power to free them or leave them.

I left them.

KIDNAPPED SORORITY SISTER

BY JOHN SAVAGE

A sorority stunt gone wrong and one beautiful young woman disappears, stolen from a shipping crate in which her sorority sisters had packed her naked and tightly bound body. A Private Dick is called in, and Sled Speed is on the case! From a sorority house where the young coeds play more with rope than tennis rackets or text books, to a brothel down in old Mexico, Sled Speed follows the trail of the kidnapped young woman, encountering many kinky characters along the way. And more tightly bound and gagged women then he would have thought possible. And whipped women, punished women, tortured women. Aided by the sexiest house mother to ever grace a sorority, Sled hunts for the imprisoned Buffy, hoping to find her before she's turned into a prostitute. In this latest John Savage novel, you'll find the usual bevy of beautiful, bound females, whips kissing soft feminine flesh, and harsh shackles making slaves of women who long to be free. And a few surprises, too.