VAN ROD

BOUND OVER
OR
THE MISSING
GWEN DE LYNN

VOLUME ONE

"BOUND OVER" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod. Vol. 1 - Item 257 - Chap. 1

Betty Crandall, 26, secretly a highly-trusted agent of the counter-spy branch was apparently a rich, sports-loving girl. She adored breeches and riding habit, high leather boots, shirts that more than hinted her sex. On a rainy afternoon she slung herself in the overstuffed armchair, legs high over the arms. She was wearing her "dress longs" - arm-length black kid gloves to match the shiny leather boots. She called the home of her pal Gwen Elliott, 25, and blonde heiress who lived alone in the old family mansion outside of town. "Hello - Gwen?" "Well - you aren't tied down, are you?" "Still the way I left you yesterday?" But - you like it that way, don't you. And there's lot's of slack! Suppose I had decided to use the rigid pipe clamps?" Betty's eyes were sparkling with amusement, although she used a firm tone. "What? Well - all right; I'll be over in about an hour or so. I'm bored here, anyway. My boss hasn't called - though I've been expecting a summons for several days. Tell your maid to take the afternoon off. Maybe I can teach you a little bit about self-discipline and control of your emotions! Don't keep me waiting at your door. Good Bye".



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Gwen Elliott was blonde and well-formed. She was seated at the telephone, dressed only in bra, short skirt, sheer black hose and high-heeled pumps - with her hair in a pony tail - fastened with a bright red ribbon. But the most noticeable thing was - - the chain! For her hands were joined by a small bright steel chain, ending in broad steel cuffs; and her ankles were similarly joined. Between the two chains was a third - about four feet long; so arranged that Gwen had to sit or bend forward to reach her face with her hands. Seen thus, her lovely bosom was thrust out above her tiny waist, and she presented an appealing picture of almost completely - but not quite completely helpless femininity. The chains, though small, were obviously solid and strong, and the four cuffs were tight around the respective limbs, giving off a business-like impression. As she finished Betty's call, Gwen carefully replaced the phone and stood up. The connecting chain immediately pulled her arms and wrists to waist level as she took small steps forward, the pull compelled her hands to go even lower. Yet, in spite of all this, she was smiling to herself.



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Meanwhile, far away in Curtainland, two pretty women were talking. One of them, in a low-cut and close-fitting evening gown of black satin, was looking at a photo. She looked enough like Gwen to be a twin, and she was greatly impressed with the similarity of appearance, facially and otherwise. "I can't believe it! She could be me - and not even - anybody - could tell the difference." As she spoke, Moira Redwick, turncoat spy for Curtainland, turned to her companion, Madame Flajotte who was thirtyish, tall and with auburn hair. She wore a black kid dress, short and close-fitting, thigh length high heeled boots, laced all the way up from spiky heels. She topped it off with a shiny, broad, black hat. Over the dress a black shiny leather cape was loosely drawn - cut in front to reveal a high and prominant bosom. Her face, however, was hard and calculating. "I assure you my colleagues have checked carefully. She is an American who does nothing but live a life of ease and luxury. She lives alone in a country mansion - left her by her parents, both of whom are deceased; doesn't have any regular occupation. Sometimes she travels for months at a time - and I think she is the ideal subject for our purposes. No one will miss her - - and she - - will not talk!"



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Carrying her crop, Betty arrived at the mansion house. Facing Gwen - "You silly - - haven't you found a way to free yourself yet? What would you do in a serious situation?" "But - Betty - how can you talk like that; you know these cuffs were specially made; even the key is special." As she said this, Gwen adopted a pleading attitude, one knee slightly bent, wrists and hands straining to add expression as they were tightly restricted by the chains and cuffs. "Yes, but you haven't even made a start! How can you expect to do anything with that sarong one?" Gwen had to blush. "B-but - I can't get it down - over the leg cuffs. It's really a culotte - the sarong effect is just an illusion." "Hmm - is that so? Well, then why don't we think up some way - to make another illusion? Now - let me see ---". Still using her firm tone, Betty's eyes were more sparkling than ever as she stared at her beautiful girl friend. "Perhaps we should take extraordinary measures. Now - can you think of any?" "Well, you know, dear Betty, there's only one way I can think of - But I don't want to spoil these lovely culottes. Madame Nelda charged me plenty for them.



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Betty slowly walked around her friend - still staring as though she were trying to find the answer to a major problem. Gwen watched self-consciously, turning her head, but otherwise remaining quiet. "Of course - Betty - I suppose that if I were in a serious situation - I guess the cost wouldn't make much difference-would it?" As she spoke, she tried to smooth the already skin-tight covering over the front of her stomach and hips. Betty permitted herself the ghost of a smile. "No - when one is faced with the hard realities, one does things that one might not, otherwise! Now, let us assume that I have told you that you have not tried hard enough - so you simply will have to help yourself! What now? Have you any choice?" For the first time Gwen looked a little apprehensive. "Betty - I know that tone! I fear I've done something to make you mad! What are you going to do to me?" Betty continued her slow and ominous walk - then stopped short behind Gwen. She stared at the firm hips and backline. "Nothing - but help you to make up your mind". Swiftly she ripped the beautifully tailored covering.



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And now Gwen stood in her black bra and tiny lace edged matching panties, to which six tiny garters - three on each thigh - held the taut and attractive nylons. The shiny steel chains gleamed with peculiar brilliance against the background of the filmy dark chiffon, itself outlining creamy skin and voluptuous curves. Gwen struggled futilely against her firm and implacable bonds. As she stood straighter her hands were automatically pulled lower. She threw head back and then forward. Betty did nothing but watch her blonde "captive" with an amused grin. Knowing that she had to make some efforts, Gwen strained and pulled, a thin bead of perspiration beginning to form on her nose. Of course, she was not successful, but she kept straining and twisting - as well as she could within the unyielding limits of the chains. "Oh Betty - I've tried before - and I'm trying now - but even you can see how it is; these things are just not made for escape!" "Oh - bosh!" Betty assumed a tired expression. "You aren't really trying. You DO like those fetters, don't you. Now - try a little more and see if you can get free.



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Now Gwen turned slightly on one heel, bent her knees, and tried to wet her wrists with her lips; then tried to slip the broad shiny cuffs over the moistened wrists. But the cuffs were too tight - and too well made. They were even shaped so that they could not be turned on the wrists and ankles - once affixed, they were immoveable; and thus were even more secure than ordinary police cuffs. Of course, they had been made with this purpose in mind, and not for rough wear as in a police station. They evidently had been made by a true expert. "Oh dear - Betty - you can see for yourself - I just cannot get myself free". "Oh - very well - here is the key. Free yourself." Gwen closed one hand on the three-pronged key; inserted it; but it would not turn. "Oh Betty - stop teasing me! You know this is another special feature - one must use both hands - so even if a prisoner has the key - he cannot escape without help!" Betty frowned. "A fine thing! I give you the key - and even now you are helpless! I'll give you one more opportunity to find the means - and then maybe I'll help you - MY way!"



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As she spoke, Betty gave a meaningful little twist with her riding crop. Gwen looked scared as she realized that her friend still had this forgotten weapon in her strong hands. Gwen turned away; tried to take a quick step; but went too far and then teetered back and forth as the chain caught her up short; and she really had to struggle to hold her balance. Her high pencil heels did not help her much; only her strong physique and youthful vigor came to her aid. Finally, she man - aged to stand still, her back to Betty as she frantically struggled in her bonds. The key fell to the floor - in the excitement. "Clumsy" exclaimed Betty. "Now you have lost the key! Suppose you were fastened down - or blindfolded - or alone in a dark cave - what would you do then? Apparently it doesn't pay to be kind to you". As she said the last words, Betty flicked the thin but supple little quirt across the lovely buttocks of the blonde. Gwen shrieked and raised one leg as she sought to get enough slack in her chain to pull her hands behind - to ward off a rain of stinging slashes on her rump. Betty simply flicked her quirt in the other direction; hit the target - and Gwen fell down. (To be continued - ask for Unit 2)



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Losing her balance, Gwen dropped to the floor. In a half-squat, half-kneel, limbs partly hampered by the unyielding chain and cuffs, she tried to rid herself of the bonds. The effort was wasted; Betty watched with a half-smirk on her lovely excited face. "Here - I'll free your left hand - there you are - now here is the key. Get those things off and be quick!" Gwen fumbled with the key, then dropped it. "Clumsy," said Betty acidly, "how can I ever get you to act like a real person in full control of herself? Now, bend over, but keep your head up - and get that key!" Gwen tried to do as she was told but couldn't see the key which had fallen behind her. She finally found it and succeeded in releasing the rest of the cuffs and the chain itself. Immediately, she stretched her arms full length, revealing her lovely form, and then cautiously got to her feet. "Well - are you going to leave that mess on the floor?" Gwen hastily picked up the chain and cuffs. "Get dressed!"



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Ten minutes later, Gwen reappeared. She was attractively garbed in a diaphanous blouse, cut very low in front, and a shiny black skirt, very tight and narrow. The dress was exaggerated by a shiny polished brass belt which cinched her waist and had a tiny padlock in front. The belt itself contained several little brass hooks at the front, rear and sides. She was also wearing very sheer black hose and simple, strapless, black patent leather pumps, with six inch heels. Her blonde tresses were caught back of her head by a red bow, the only spot of color in her outfit. But the most interesting item was her arrangement of her arms. These were behind her back, and around her wrists was a loosely drawn thin red leather strap, matching the color of her hair ribbon. "Wait until Millicent sees you," remarked Betty, "that belt is as nothing compared to her corsets. Here, turn around and I'll see what I can do about that strap!" Looping an end through one of the rear hooks, Betty pulled the strap tight and fastened it.



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Pushing herself a little distance away from Gwen, Betty frowned. "Not really a good job," she commented. "Back over here again and I'll see if I can't improve it." Gwen turned docilely and carefully inched backward on her stilt heels. Betty loosened the strap and appeared to be measuring with her eyes. "Ah - I have it!" She crossed Gwen's wrists, held them together as she moved them to Gwen's hips. "I think that will do." She placed Gwen's arms under her own left forearm and extended them outward and backward. Competently she wound the red strap several times around the crossed wrists of her friend, then pulled the strap tight, but now buckling it. "Now - how is that?" "It's - very tight - but not too bad--" murmured Gwen. "SO? Not too bad?" Betty looked critically at the binding. "Bend forward, dear!" Gwen did so. Betty was able to tighten the straps a little more. "There - that will do. I don't want Millicent to get the idea that this is just make-believe." "Why not?" asked Gwen innocently. "Is she interested in this too?" "IS SHE!!"



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"Dear, Millicent is the last of a long line of women who believe that feminine discipline is the only cure for the evils of the world. She was brought up as strictly as even I can imagine. Now, she is the head of the family and controls its fortunes. She simply cannot understand feminine sloppiness or lack of self-control. She lives in a fine country house, and her servants are devoted to her. She has several that she befriended on her travels, and brought home with her. In spite of her rigid way of living, they are all devoted. She is the best example of running a well ordered house that I know. She wears terrific corsets, and demands that her servants and guests do likewise. She is as generous as she is severe, but only to those who live according to her standards. Now--have I answered all your questions? You had better not start asking her such questions - or she will want to impose family discipline on you - and for your own good! She can, too! Believe me!"



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By this time, the binding had been completed to Betty's satisfaction. Gwen's hands fell straight down behind her, crossed by the rigidly drawn red straps and bright buckle. But, in a few moments, Gwen had some more questions. "What about these corsets? You don't mean that she has them for her guests - all ready for them, do you? Imagine going out there and having to put on a corset! I never heard such a thing!" "Oh, haven't you," murmured Betty. "Well, dear, you will. It is not as unusual as you seem to think. Why - Millicent belongs to a group ----" Betty stopped. "Gwen! Stop wriggling like that! You'll disarrange that lovely blouse! Stop it, I say!" "But, Betty! I don't want to wear - corsets... Of all the silly ideas!" "Ah - so there's the rub," Betty grinned. "Guess I'll have to take extra precautions. Let me see - oh, yes, in that cabinet over there--." Betty crossed the room, pulled open a drawer, and selected another pair of straps, also red in color, but slightly shorter than the first one.



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"Now, back up here again." Somewhat cowed by Betty's strong tone and actions, Gwen did as she was told. She had difficulty in backing in the towering heels, but managed to maneuver without falling. Betty busied herself with one of the straps. She placed it around Gwen's left arm, just above the elbow, and then fastened it firmly above the joint, but not so tightly as to cut off the circulation. She then repeated the operation on the other arm with the twin strap. Finally, she threaded each strap through one of the loops on the rear of the shiny metal belt, and slowly pulled. Now, Gwen's elbows were pulled almost together behind her. However, as the belt was lower than the elbows, the latter were pulled inward and downward. When the straps were as tight as Betty desired (and this was tight!) she fastened them together. Now Gwen could make no motions with her arms, nor could she extend them out behind her body. Her hands wriggled a little in the wrist strap, but that was all. What was coming?



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"Walk across the room slowly, dear," said Betty. Gwen did so. The word "slowly" was hardly necessary as the tight skirt and the needle-like heels made any fast locomotion impossible. "How do you feel now?" "Well, Betty - my arms feel as though they are going down my back into the floor - but I think I may - get used to it - or may be I've lost the feeling in my arms - but anyhow, I can stand it. But - how long do I have to stay like this? Why did you want me to dress up?" "That's right - you can't stay here. We are going to visit Millicent! I told her about you, and she thinks that you would make a charming guest." "Millicent - why - what about those horrible corsets? I won't wear them! Never!" "Oh, is that so? Well, that is not a problem at the moment. The next thing is to get my car around to the back door, and then get you into the car. Come over here!" Gwen blanched, then walked slowly across the room into the closet, which Betty locked.



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Five minutes later, Betty had maneuvered her big sedan to the rear entrance. She opened the closet, and Gwen tiptoed out, blinking. "Gwen, dear, for the last time - be careful of your speech. I have decided to accept Millicent's invitation, on your behalf, and she expects us in a little while. Must I point out that you are not in a very good position to refuse my requests? Now, be a sensible girl - and come along gracefully." "Well - I guess - it's all right, but I don't want to meet a stranger with these straps - -." "Oh, don't worry about that. I told you that Millicent is a strict disciplinarian, and I meant just that. In fact, she will probably think it is a charming idea. Now - out the door, and wait until I lock it. Get in the back seat and sit down on the floor." Gwen, once started, did as she was told. Betty wound still another red strap around her ankles, pushed the blonde down on her back, and threw a steamer rug over her. "A little warm, perhaps, but the ride isn't long. Just stay quiet a while."



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Thirty minutes later, Gwen was led by a little strap in Betty's hand to a lovely garden. There stood Millicent, resplendent in an 1890 gown, with bulging bosom and miniscule waist, all too obviously corseted in rigid stays. Her hair was cut short and beautifully coiffed and she carried a cigarette in a long jeweled holder. "Millicent, this is Gwen - I took the liberty of encouraging her to come because I accepted the invitation. She was worried about corsets of all things, but I persuaded her that things are not as she thinks." "Well, isn't she lovely!" enthused Millicent. "My dear - I think you will be a great success!" Thank you," answered Gwen, "but I still feel a little strange - you see - Betty and I--" "Oh, don't bother that pretty head," smiled the older woman. "We are going to have cocktails in a little while. Why don't you go up to your rooms? Mimi is there and will be able to get anything - that you may need." At this point, a meaningful look passed between Millicent and Betty.



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Gwen found herself in a lovely old corner room with a tremendous mahogany four poster bed, modern bath and a view of distant mountains. "Get undressed and I'll have Mimi bring your things," said Betty, as she carefully removed the wrist and elbow straps. "You are going to enjoy this." Gwen looked into one big closet and saw that it was empty. She tried two other doors, but both were locked. Then she stripped and took a quick bath. As she was toweling, she heard a gay voice say, "Your clothes - on ze bed, Mam-zelle." Entering the bedroom, she found delicate bra and panties, gossamer stockings and another pair of patent leather pumps with stilt-like heels - but no other clothing. After a moment, she shrugged her shoulders and put on the garments. As she picked up the shoes, she noted a pair of long, shoulder-length black gloves. She liked those and she carefully pulled them up; she surveyed herself in the mirror and was more than satisfied with what she saw. There was a knock on the door.



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"Come in," she called. A movie-version French maid came in, carrying something. "Good day, Mam-zelle. I am Mimi, your maid, says Madame Mill-i-cent. Here - your clothes - I bring more." Mimi held out a rather long pink corset, with many strings hanging loosely from the back. Gwen took the garment, looked at it blankly, and realized suddenly that it was intended for her. She gasped, sputtered, and said, "For Me? Are you crazy? Why - I've never worn one in my life! I don't need one, and I don't intend to wear one. Would you?" "Oh, oui, Mamzelle," smiled Mimi. "I have special one now - you like to see? Madame have many special ones for me - all made in New York. This one very easy. Madame say you not to have training corset because you do not know how good it is for you. She say you wear this and Mimi help you put on and then try old French cocktail dress that Madame saved for guest with her size." "Bosh! Never! Why - can you imagine me--" Gwen threw the garment as Betty entered.



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"What in the world--? Gwen, have you lost your senses?" "Betty! They gave me a corset! ME! Didn't you tell her?" "Gwen - calm down this instant. Stop being a fool and think. I told you that you will like it here, and I meant it. Think of this as a new experience, and maybe - just maybe you will learn something that you will like." "Ohh - all right - but I don't need a corset and you know it. But to be helpful, I'll wear any darn corset in the place, even though I still think they're silly." "Ah - silly, eh? Mimi, get the lacing bar, please." The maid took out a key, opened one of the locked doors and went inside. In a moment, she called, "Ready, Mamzelle." Betty guided Gwen into the room fitted up like a gymnasium. A three foot steel bar hung from a rope in the ceiling and two cuff-like straps, lined with velvet, hung from the ends of the bar. There were some other pieces of strange apparatus, but Gwen didn't have time to study them. Mimi stood under the bar as Gwen approached, fearful, but game for anything.



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"Looks like some kind of medieval hoist," commented Gwen lightly, trying to make a joke of the whole thing. "Well, dear, it IS a hoist, in one sense, but don't force us to use it as one. Just do as we say, and things will be grand. Now, Mimi, you take one wrist and I'll take the other." In a moment, Gwen found her hands tightly fastened to the ends of the bar hanging from the ceiling rope at shoulder level. "What's it for?" she asked. "It is for helping young ladies fit themselves into corsets which may be a little - tight - shall we say." "Corsets again - I don't understand." Gwen instinctively tried to free herself and kicked a little with her feet. "Oh - kicking, eh?" Betty took one of the red straps and quickly fastened Gwen's ankles together. The other strap fastened the feet to a previously unnoticed hook imbedded in the floor. "Will you take the hoist, Mimi?" The maid went over to the wall and manipulated a little switch set in an electrical panel. The bar raised.



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"That's enough," murmured Betty. Mimi stopped the hidden motor. Now Gwen's arms were extended above her head, but without any strain. She made a fine picture, in wispy panties, lacy bra, set off by the fine black stockings and pencil-like heeled pumps. Her perfect figure was exhibited without a blemish, and it was evident that, being a female, she knew it. Nevertheless, she made a few motions as though endeavoring to free herself from her confinement. Both Betty and Mimi watched with interested eyes, secure in the knowledge that the bonds and machinery were solid and tested - that nothing within the girl's power could set her free - until her friendly captors chose to do so. Betty took a half-playful cut at her friend with a piece of whalebone. "In the olden days, you would have received more of this and less conversation," she mocked. "As it is, we haven't much time because Millicent does not like to be kept waiting. Bring the training corset, will you please?"



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At the mention of "training corset," Gwen paled and squirmed. She didn't know what the words meant, but she knew that they probably implied discomfort for her. "Gwen, you will have to stop squirming. These things are hard enough to handle with cooperation, so don't make more trouble for us. If you do, I will be compelled to raise that bar so your feet are off the ground completely, and the strain of the rope on your ankles will be added to the weight of your body. Remember, that is the next step if we have to do it, and it won't make you feel any more comfortable, I promise you!" Gwen looked wildly around the room, then gazed at her fastened wrists as though by will power she might free them. Just then, Mimi returned with the training corset. It was a fearful and wonderful thing of heavy leather and steel boning and straps and buckles, colored a light shade of blue. Mimi held one side and Betty the other; together they measured it against Gwen's stretched body.



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Now Mimi went around to Gwen's back; Betty held the front of the corset against the girl's body and Mimi threaded the laces. It was not a simple job, and a dozen minutes passed before Betty and Mimi stood back to admire their handiwork. For the first time, the corset could be understood. It stretched in one unbroken line from mid-thighs to top of the bosom, but the line was nowhere straight. It undulated and curved according to the natural curves of the flesh beneath, almost like another skin. A heavy and solid gusseting strap hung down from the inner side of the front of the garment, and several straps also hung from the back. On the back there were four complete series of laces, designed to conform to the main curve of the spine and somewhat below. At the moment, the laces were not tightened except as was necessary to keep the garment loosely in place. "Are we ready, Mimi?" asked Betty. "Oui, Mamzelle. I 'tink ze lacing take - oh, maybe twenty-five minutes. Shall I tell Madame?" "Yes, please do."



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While Mimi went out to inform Madame of the delay, Betty studied her charming prisoner-subject. "Now, it isn't really so bad, is it?", she murmured. "Well... actually...it isn't", hesitated Gwen. "But I get nervous with those other people, does Millicent really have a supply of...these..er..er..corsets... a whole supply?" Obviously, her fears calmed, Gwen's curiosity and interest in binding overcame all else. "I told you..yes, yes, yes! I gave her your measurements on the phone yesterday. That is why that garment fits so well -- or will fit, when we have pulled in the laces. How does it feel?" "To tell you the truth -- it feels loose and sloppy -- will the laces make it very tight?" Betty hid a grin. "Tight enough. Remember that this is only a training garment, and so it can be adjusted -- both ways -- according to the pupil's...er...progress." "Well I guess it isn't so bad, as you said." At this point Mimi returned. "Madame...she say do good job..... neatness more important than cocktails." "Fine, Mimi, will you grasp the bottom set, while I get the ones back of the shoulders?" The two young women, maid and guest, started to pull the top and bottom laces behind Gwen's back.



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In a few minutes, the top and the bottom of the corset had each been pulled to within two inches of closing. The girls hastily knotted the laces, temporarily, then each seized another set of laces -- one above and one below the waistline. They repeated their performance and now the corset began to show its own shape -- the slightly tapered curve perpendicular along the sternum -- the large curve over the hips, the flare and sweep over Gwen's great bust. All this, naturally, emphasized the tiny waist. "Easy..wi..will yo..you? That's getting pretty ti..tight." Mimi started to make an angry rejoinder, but Betty silenced her, finger to lips. She took a large looking glass, stood about five feet in front of the bound girl, and carefully moved the mirror up and down so Gwen could see herself. "Look --- dear --- do you think that is hurting your appearance?" Betty was clever, all right. Gwen's vanity was aroused, and when she saw her perfect figure, so beautifully emphasized as only a fine corset can, the vanity again overcame her fears and discomfort. "See -- you would be queen at any party -- and you are going to be a queen!"



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The strapped subject nodded eagerly. "And, besides, darling, we are now going to wait for a few moments -- you will find that the corset is so perfectly made for you that it will soon be quite comfortable". "Yes -- even now, I feel quite comfortable. The laces -- will they go tighter -- I can't see---". Betty smiled. "They sure will -- and I can see that you are going to like this as the days go on. Mimi -- let's go." Again the girls began to tighten the top and bottom laces; again they made the temporary fastenings, and then pulled the middle laces. This time, by dint of a little struggling, they brought the back sides of the corset about a half inch apart. "Oh...it's so.o.oo...tight -- I can hardly breathe", moaned Gwen. "Maybe you ought to loosen it a bit." Betty produced a little glass filled with a ruby liquid, and held it to Gwen's lips. "Try some Mediterranean Elixir", she suggested. Gwen drank and her eyes brightened. "It's good! can I have some more?" "Later, dear. Just stay quiet and feel the warmth in your stomach." A few minutes later, Gwen murmured, "I feel fine now.... are you going to tighten more?" "Right away--dear--here we go."



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Ten minutes later, all three girls were in a sweat -- Betty and Mimi from their physical exertions, and Gwen because of the fierce pressure on her body--- and the gradual effects of the "Mediterranean Elixir". But the back of the corset was closed, and the four sets of laces were doubly knotted, and the long ends cut close to the knots. Betty looked closely at Gwen, who now seemed to be in a daze. "Have a little more Elixir now, dear," she suggested, holding the wine glass to Gwen's lips. Again the wine restored the girl's senses. As soon as this was apparent, Betty nodded to Mimi, and the two of them now fastened five heavy straps across the back of the corset, at the top of the shoulders, behind the shoulder blades, at the small of the waist, the top of the hips, and at the bottom half-way down the thighs. These straps took some of the strain from the laces, in that they were really of heavy rubberized material, and tended to keep a live pressure on the closed sides of the corset. A diabolical scheme to keep the wearer under pressure at all times, regardless of how the body accomodated itself to the garment.



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The two drinks were now working in earnest on the girl, who had not eaten since early morning. Despite the atrocious pressure, her eyes were bright and she looked at Betty appealingly. "May...I..see...myself now..", she inquired. Mimi quickly held the mirror so that Gwen could enchant herself with her appearance. "Ohh..I... never..." Gwen stopped and contented herself with admiring her exaggerated shape. "No, that's right -- never before have you looked so lovely", smiled Betty. "Millicent is a genius, and when she has something made to measure she doesn't take halfway measures." Mimi stepped nearer and unfastened Gwen's wrists. The girl let her hands drop to her sides, and then quickly raised them again. "Ouch..that hurts...I can't bring my hands down....it's too tight!" "Oh, but you can -- and you will!", rejoined Betty. "Now, try it gradually, fluttering your arms up and down to get used to the firmness." Gwen did as she was bidden, and gingerly succeeded in bringing her wrists to waist level. "Well...I can do it...but I don't think I can keep them there." "Of course you can---and this will help you-here------".



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Mimi and Betty each grasped a hand firmly, and slowly brought each of Gwen's wrists around to her sides, moving the arms slowly back and forth as they did so, but going a tiny bit further each time. Gwen's eyes popped as her wrists reached a position behind her hips, but she kept her mouth clenched tight and uttered no sound. Her breathing was hard, as from physical exertion. At last, her wrists crossed just over the waist in back. While Mimi held the wrists firmly in this position, Betty took one of the short red leather straps, wound it very tightly over the wrists, and then frowned. "We've forgotten the gloves.....". She darted to a draw, and produced two shoulder-length gloves of black kid, and then replaced them and took two mates, except they were in a brilliant red color. Betty and Mimi pulled and tugged these on Gwen's arms, and then, forcing the wrists behind her, tightly bound the red strap around and across the wrists and fastened it in this position. "Oh...no...no..!" Gwen screamed. "Sorry dear, that's part of the costume. In ten minutes you'll scarcely notice them---and now-----the ankles."



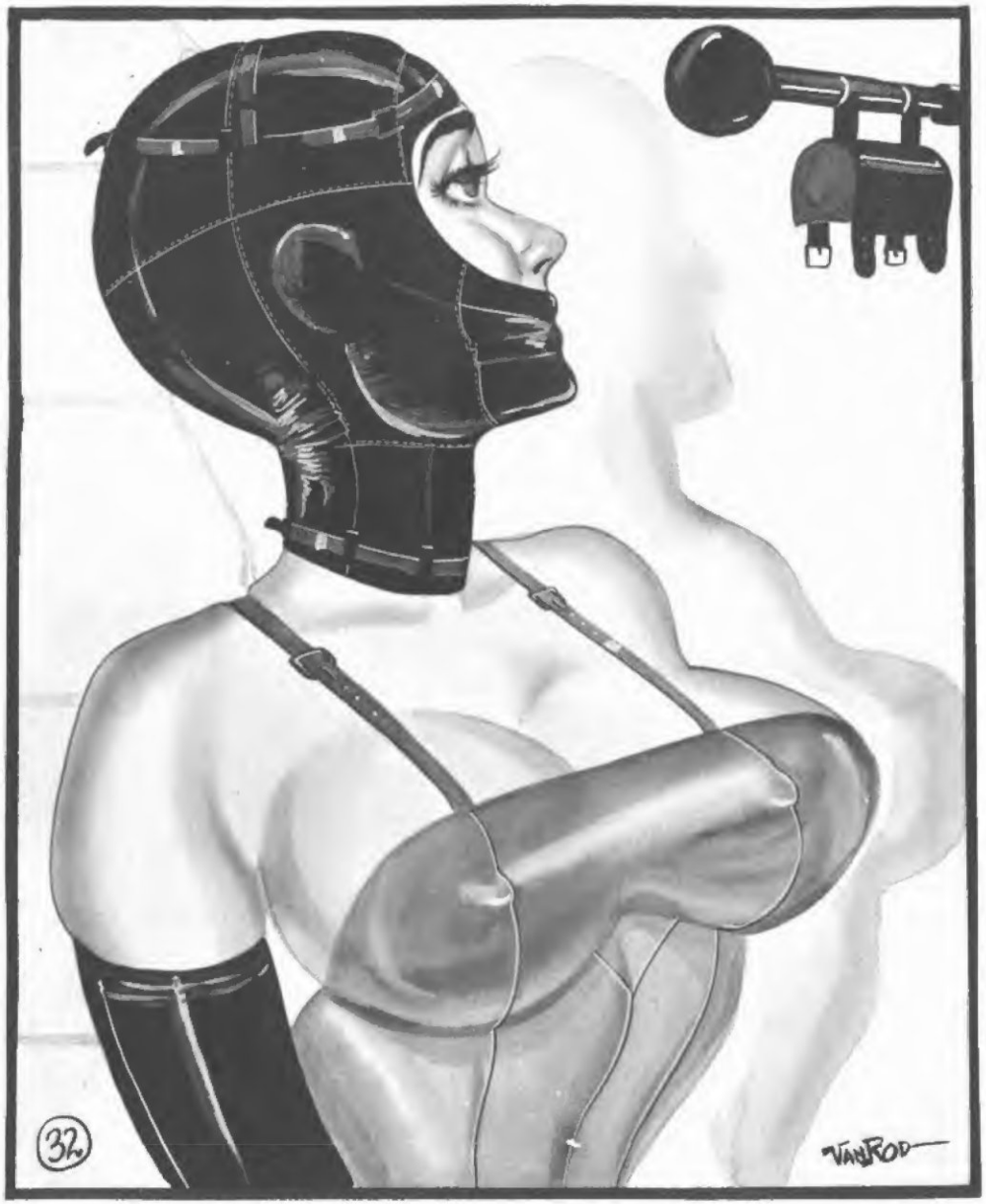
"BOUND OVER" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod. Vol. 1 Item #257 Chap. 31

Betty went to the same drawer and pulled forth a slightly longer red strap. She approached Gwen and started to fit the strap around one ankle. "Oh--non--- Mamzelle--" objected Mimi. "Madame have make--zeez shoe--". Mimi darted into the adjoining room, and quickly reappeared with a pair of black patent pumps, with eight inch heels. But the perculiar thing about these pumps was the straps--which were of shiny steel, covered with black velvet, and joined by a steel chain, about sixteen inches in length. "Oh--how ingenious", exclaimed Betty. "I see what you mean". In a moment, the pumps were fitted on, and Mimi snapped the metal straps with two distinct "clicks". "Madame--she have ze key -- maybe she give you --but she have now---" explained Mimi. "Try walking --- let me give you some support"- Betty grasped her friend's left elbow. Gwen took a couple of tiny steps, almost forced on tiptoe. She wobbled dangerously, but tried harder, and succeeded in taking a slow, shaky trip across the room, her ankles pulled back as she tried several steps longer than the forced sixteen inches -- the exact length of the unyielding chain.



"BOUND OVER" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod. Vol. 1 Item #257 Chap. 32

"Madame say -- 'also ze silence beanie", murmured Mimi. "I get it?" "Yes -- I have a feeling Madame Millicent has planned everything with her usual attention to detail. What is it this time, Mimi"? "A moment, Mamzell," answered the maid, again leaving the room. She returned with a shapeless item of leather and straps, and in her other hand was what appeared to be a lump of strong sponge rubber. "Open ze mouth -- mamzell", Mimi said, politely, to Gwen. Mouth open, Gwen felt the large rubber forced far back into her mouth and strongly compressed, holding her tongue motionless and her jaw wide open. Then, the maid brought the leather item to her face and pulled it across the jaw. It was a sort of helmet, with a wide open space between nostrils and forehead, but completely covering the rest of the head. Straps around the forehead, over the crown, and around the neck completed the item, and it was quickly fastened and pulled tight. Now the rubber sponge was fastened way back in Gwen's mouth, and she was perfectly gagged. In addition, the neck portion was so broad that her head was forced high in the air, chin way up.



"BOUND OVER" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod. Vol. 1 - Item #257 - Chap. 33

"That's perfect. Now, Gwen, I know that you can't answer me, but I want to tell you that you are indeed a lucky girl -- the helmet that is also a blindfold and a deafener has not been used. Thus, although you can't talk, you can see and hear everything that goes on, and I think you will be enchanted with Millicent's home regime. She has a number of guests from time to time, but I think we are the only guests at the moment. This means that she likes you particularly, and doesn't have any objection to the fact that you can see and hear everything. Sometime in the future, I bet you will ask to have the full treatment, including the blindfold and gag, and maybe even for the punishment helmet. Millicent doesn't force any of her guests -- at least, not much -- and I really believe that you will want to come back here again and again. Well, Millicent is waiting -- so Mimi and I will help you to get down the stairs." Mimi, took one elbow, and Betty took the other. Carefully, they aided the rigidly-corseted, bound and gusseted girl down the long, winding stairs that led to the sun parlor.....



"BOUND OVER" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod. Vol. 1 - Item #257 - Chap. 34

In the sun parlor, overlooking the large and luxuriant garden, Millicent was sitting on a divan before a coffee table. On the table was a panoply of heavy bottles of clearest crystal, and an ice bucket, plus the usual "mixings" for cocktails. But Millicent herself was a sight to behold. She had changed into a strapless evening gown, sweeping the floor in back, but cut to the knees in front. Now, seated before the low coffee table, her skirt hiked up to her knees, and she exhibited one of the most shapely pairs of legs that Gwen had ever beheld. She was obviously corseted, because her waist seemed to have a diameter of not more than fourteen inches, although she had an ample bosom which was just barely concealed by her low-cut, fichu-lined bodice. A filmy shoulder covering, with ultra-high boned collar, completed the top. Her feet were garbed in green pumps, with eight inch heels and pointed tongues. She saw Gwen staring at her and smiled. "You like my costume? I am glad that you do--I wear everything, myself, that my guests -- er-er- choose to wear. Later, Betty, you must go upstairs and get into a costume that I have selected for you. But, now, what will you have to drink?"



"BOUND OVER" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod. Vol. 1 - Item #257 - Chap. 35

Cocktails in hand, they all eyed Gwen. "I think our new guest has had her initial experience. Let us remove her head covering and offer her a drink too". This was done, and Mimi held the martini to her lips. She drank avidly, mouth parched from the rough spongy rubber. "Oh, Millicent, I was scared at first -- but now, I'm even getting used to this pressure." "Why, that's fine", replied Millicent, smiling. "Perhaps, we can show you some of our more basic training methods. Do you care for another cocktail?" "Not -- now, thank you, Perhaps a little later- I haven't had any lunch ---." "Lunch? Oh, my dear, that's all for the best--most of my young guests find that dieting is quite necessary when they first come to sample my hospitality. Now, Mimi, will you bring the practice book?" This consisted of a heavy book, which was balanced on top of Gwen's head. Wordlessly, Mimi added a two-inch metal belt, and then her elbows were strapped close together and the strap passed through a snap in the back of the belt. "Try walking, dear -- it's easy after a while." Gwen followed instructions. After a couple of slips, she held the book.....



"BOUND OVER" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod. Vol. 1 - Item #257 - Chap. 36

Finally Mimi, on a nod from Millicent, took the book and replaced it. Nobody removed any of Gwen's bonds, however. "Now, Millicent, I think I would like that cocktail. My whole body feels numb -- but it's kind of a warm numbness -- you know?" "Indeed I do, my dear. It might interest you to know that I started your present regime when I was eleven years old. By the time I was your present age (and it wasn't so long ago, I may add) I had a normal waistline of sixteen inches; at about that time my brother died, and my husband died a short time later. Thus, instead of being trained, I had the obligation to uphold our traditions. However, my faithful Mimi assists me constantly, and I am almost never uncorseted -- or poorly gowned. Mimi is a perfect jewel -- stop blushing, girl, and she, too, has joined my coterie of precision in dress. Mimi, what is your measurement to-day?" "Fifteen inch -- Madame -- I have ze cook put on ze step two training corset, wiz-out ze straps, so not to spoil my costume. Tomorrow morning -- maybe ze straps, but zen no costume, if Madame please." "Of course -- you are such a darling. Remind me to see the corsetierre on Friday, and I shall order you another new corset with thinner straps."



"BOUND OVER" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod. Vol. 1 - Item #257 - Chap. 37

Mimi thanked Millicent warmly. "Oh, Madame is gentile -- I shall like it -- too much." Nobody laughed at Mimi's attempts at grammar. She was too eager to please and too sincere. "And now," said Millicent,"I think that we might show Gwen some of our basic training articles. Mimi, get the walking pole, please." Mimi danced out the door, and came back in a few minutes with a steel pole about five feet long, with several straps and a rather broad strap at one end. Mimi and Betty, together, undid the fastening strap from elbows to belt, and then the wrists, but leaving the elbows themselves clamped together. Then, they carefully passed the pole down Gwen's back, inside the elbows. In a moment they had strapped the elbows and wrists to the pole, and then they added the curn straps at the thighs and mid-shank. Finally, they passed the broad neck-restrainer at the top of the pole (for that was the purpose of the broad strap) around the girls neck, as she arched her head very high, and drew it tight. "There -- you see? it's not so bad, is it? In a little while you will wear it hours at a time, for the good it does....."



"BOUND OVER" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod. Vol. 1 - Item #257 - Chap. 38

"Yes, Millicent", answered Gwen tranquilly. "Already I'm finding that one can get accustomed to almost anything. I think, to tell the truth, that those drinks helped -- they made me relax. I'm going to be stiff, tomorrow, though. Ouch!" They all laughed, mostly with relief because their new friend had taken so well to the regime. "Perhaps -- we will go to the special training room. You may see what we CAN do!" Five minutes later, hands free, Gwen faced Mimi again. This time the maid had a long and very peculiar piece of stiff leather, about three or four feet in length. This proved to be a stiffener running from the waist, where it was clamped with a broad steel belt, to the insteps, but only along the front of the body. A number of straps passed from each leg-piece (which were lined with steel stays) around the upper thighs, lower thighs, knees, calves and ankles. Then, Gwen's wrists were clamped into cuffs mounted on each side of the belt. Finally, a head harness with built-in gag, was arranged so that the rear strap, fastened to the belt, held her face to the ceiling.....



"BOUND OVER" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod. Vol. 1 - Item #257 - Chap. 39

Clamped uncomfortably, Gwen tried to twist her head but soon learned that this only made things worse. Millicent nodded wisely. "Oh no, my dear, that is not to be done. You are having a sample of the more advanced training, and these devices are simple as long as you accept them. If you try to fight them — they can become rather burdensome". Unable to reply, Gwen simply stood still. She didn't dare to try to walk or even move, for fear that she would fall flat, unable to protect herself. "By and by, you will become so adept that you will be able to walk around freely, guiding yourself by your other senses and seeing only out of the corners of your eyes. The real test will come when you try it completely blindfolded and in the punishment helmet. Even I had quite a time with that one!" All present again realized the extraordinary characteristics of this female patrician, who had obviously tried and experienced all those things that her guests found so novel and even uncomfortable. "Take the pole off, Mimi." Mimi did so, and replaced the bonds as they had been. "Gosh", said Gwen, "that could be really tough. My knees!"



"BOUND OVER" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod. Vol. 1 - Item #257 - Chap. 40

"Simply a matter of training, Gwen", answered Millicent easily. "Tell me honestly, did anything really hurt you?" "Well, no -- not really hurt, but if I had to stay that way very long ---!" "Again, a matter of training, my dear. For instance, you haven't mentioned a word about your present condition, since we removed the last trainer. Why is that?" Gwen looked puzzled, wriggled her bound hands, and then turned around. Unaided, and going carefully, she walked across the room. "Well, Millicent, I guess I AM getting used to it. I feel so warm -- and so good here among such wonderful people! Do you have other things for me, later?" They all laughed aloud. "My little one, you are the most charming pupil I have ever seen," glowed Millicent. "Yes, my dear, we have many other things -- and I can see that you are going to be a permanently welcome guest in my home. Can you arrange to stay for at least a few weeks this time?" "Oh, Millicent, I'd love to. Didn't Betty tell you? I have no family -- it's a matter of a phone call to my cook -- and thanks!"

END of VOLUME I -- To be continued in Volume II



VAN ROD

BOUND OVER
OR
THE MISSING
GWEN DE LYNN

VOLUME TWO

"Bound Over" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod

Volume II Item #257 Chapter 41

Millicent stood erect studying Gwen. "You do have such possibilities, dear", she murmured. "Your coloring, your hair and your skin are perfect, and you have such a lovely figure; we must be sure that you train that figure. Mimi, see that Madamoiselle Gwen keeps a good posture, will you?" She swept regally from the room. Mimi took a red velvet cord from a drawer; she untied Gwen's hair ribbon, allowing the hair to fall down her back. Then she skillfully plaited the long hair in a braid, interweaving the red cord. When this was completed, Mimi slipped the bottom end of the cord, under the strap joining Gwen's elbows, and pulled slowly but strongly. Gwen's head was forced far back and upwards. At the maximum, Mimi quickly knotted the cord around the strap and cut off the end. "Oh -- NO!" cried Gwen. "My neck - I can hardly breathe -take it off ---" "Non, non, Mamzelle - you breathe -- just stop struggle--" She smiled, "Must hold head up always, or figure not perfect -- now Mamzelle is mos' beautiful--" "Oh, Mimi -- it is so hard -- I can't see to walk -" "Not necessary walk. Hold head up and perhaps Mimi release you in short time. After while ----not hard at all, like straps, yes?".....



"Bound Over" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod

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After Mimi had left with Betty, Gwen cautiously tried a few short steps, and found that she could manage to make some progress. To keep herself occupied, she continued this for some time, until Betty suddenly returned. Betty was now garbed in a black leotard, wide cinch belt of green leather, and long thigh boots. "How goes it, darling," she asked in a gay tone. "Oh fine, Betty -- but I'm afraid my neck and shoulders --- will never be the same --! Betty looked serious for a moment. "Believe me if Millicent directed it dear, you can be sure that, in the long run, you will benefit. But--now I have to go back to the city on an errand. Mimi is attending Millicent, so I'm going to release you and put on a minimum restraint -- just enough to please you. How do you like that?" "Oh, fine--Betty--but I can escape ---maybe---." "WELL, perhaps--but I doubt it. Here, let me get at those straps. There! Stretch!" Free for the first time in some hours, Gwen did as she was told. Then, stripping of Gwen's gown, Betty rapidly placed a new rigid cinch belt on her friend, which closed with strong flat strips of shiny metal; these in turn were actually locked together in tiny clamps. Betty then replaced the red hair ribbon, and added red rosette garters to the long stockings.



"Bound Over" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod

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Betty now produced a long, single glove, lacing from wrist to top, and being reinforced with two strong, broad straps at wrists and elbows. In a few minutes, she had worked the tips of the gloves over Gwen's hands and wrists, placed palm-to-palm behind her back, and strapped the lower straps around the tight-pressed wrists. Then, she pulled a long strap, attached to the top of the peculiar glove, over Gwen's left shoulder, down under the armpit, across her shoulder blades and under the right armpit, up over the right shoulder and then down in back to join the opposite side of the top of the glove. She then pulled and adjusted the long strap until the glove was taut from finger tips to straining top seam, and fastened the strap firmly. Then, and only then, did Betty commence the lacing. This was done as carefully and thoroughly as for the training corsets, so that the wearer's arms were joined as firmly and unchangingly as though they were cemented together. The soft but strong kidskin showed the delicate curves and swellings of Gwen's arms. When the lacing was finished, tied, and snipped off, the reinforcement strap at the elbows was cinched over the laces, so that any strain would be taken mainly on the straps, and scarcely any on the laces themselves.



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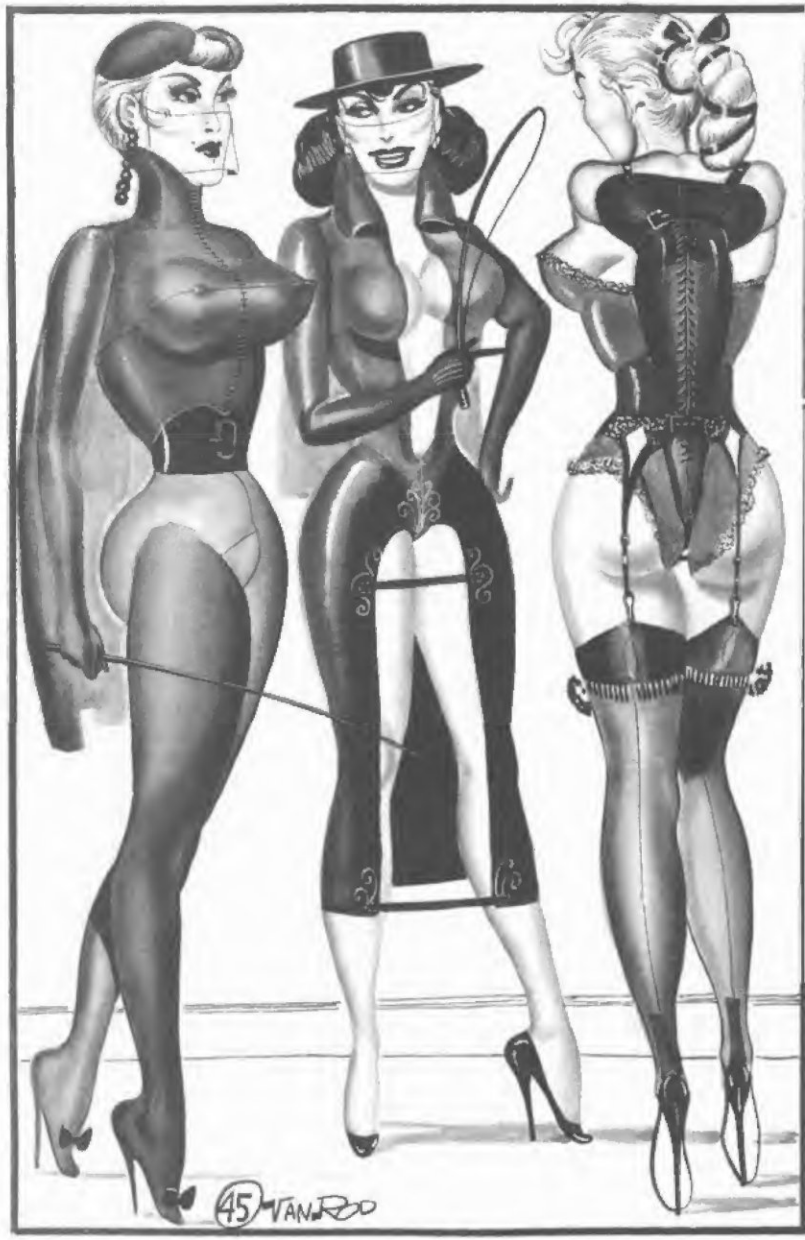
Finally, Betty took the long strap attached to the lower end of the glove, slipped it through Gwen's thighs, then upwards over her minuscule stomach, and clipped it into a pressure clip placed on the front of the cinch belt, obviously placed there for just that purpose. It was the work of only a moment to pull this last strap tightly into the clip, forcing Gwen's hands down and firmly against her back and hips. "Think you can escape,eh?" she grinned. "Well--maybe--I will wait until I'm alone." "You can try--but that thing was made specially, and it is supposed to be absolutely perfect. The more that you pull on the glove -- the more uncomfortable it will be-- but you'll find out, and I have to hurry. 'Bye, now." Betty hurried out, leaving Gwen delightedly fastened and testing her bondage garment gingerly. Butm she did not realize that she was being observed. For---outside the window were two interested spectators -- none other than Moira Redwick and her assistant Madame Flajotte! Both were caped in black; Moira wore a neat little cocktail cap with veil, and Madame Flajotte wore a large, dark picture hat, also with veil. But for their high heels, extreme and tiny, they might have been two ordinary women bound for a semi-formal afternoon social affair. But--they were definitely business like!



"Bound Over" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod

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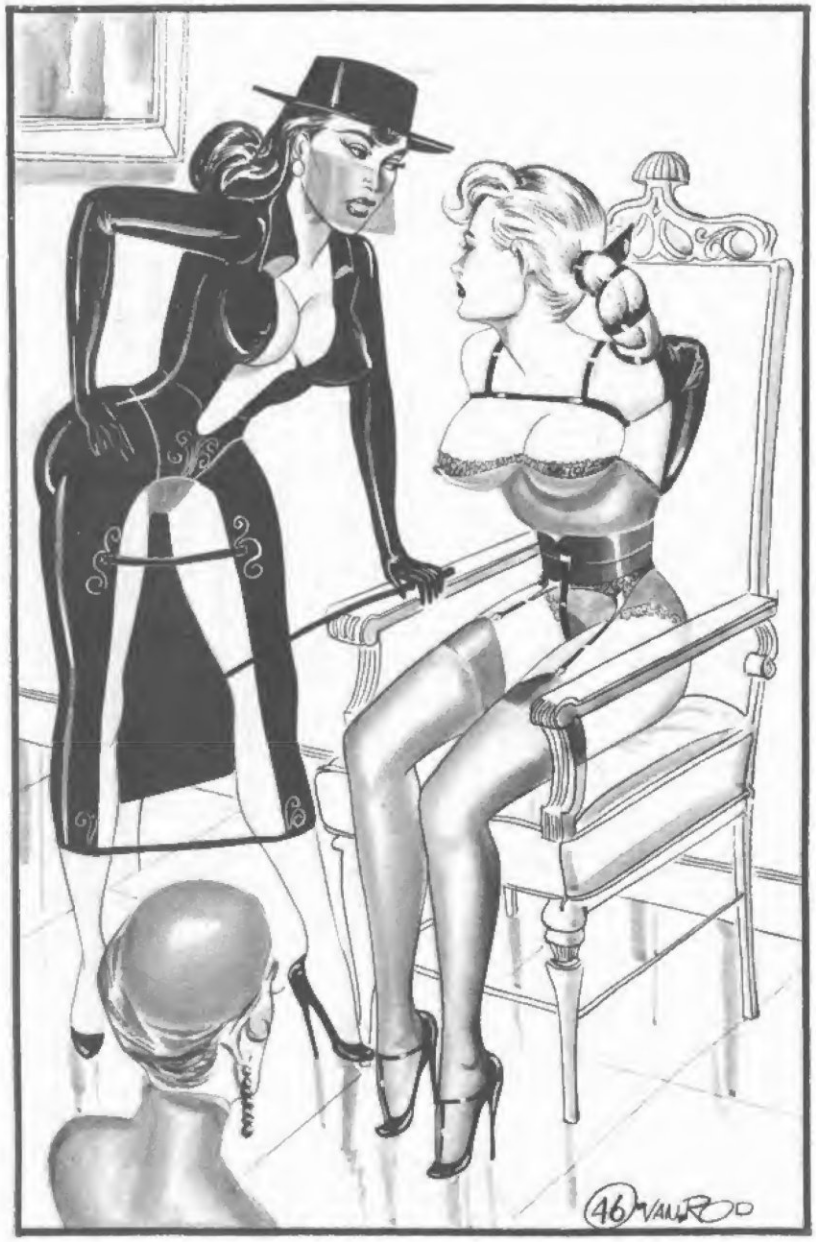
At a nod from Moira, Madame Flajotte deftly pushed open the French door, and quietly entered,Moira following just as quietly. For a moment, the two husky girls from Curtainland stood near the door, watching the movements and twistings of Gwen without speaking. Wholly interested with her own problems, and entranced (if the truth were to be known) with the absolute security of the combination of the single-shackle glove and the steel-ribbed cinch belt, Gwen continued to make efforts to free herself, halting only when she pulled on her arms, causing the under-body strap to get more taut and thereby inducing immediate and decided discomfort! Suddenly, she became aware of the two strange girls, and straightened abruptly -- "Oh--what--I-----mean---where did you come from? Are---you guests of Millicent?" Moira laughed. "Why, yes---you might call us--er-er---- temporary guests of Millicent. We saw her get into a hammock in the other end of the garden, and thought that we would not--er--disturb her for the time being." Madame Flajotte grinned at this oblique description of their entry. "Why do you not sit down, so we may have a little quiet talk? we came to see you, to ask you to do us a favor, that might be very profitable, and perhaps most interesting, for you. Take this straight back chair, will you? There -- I see you must sit very straight! Hmmm------ interesting!"



"Bound Over" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod

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"Gwen," continued Moira, "although you do not know us, we know a lot about you. We are prepared to offer you a handsome salary if you will take a trip with us, tonight, and perform a little job -- of acting. You are perfect for the part we have in mind, but you must be completely discreet. You may even have a wonderful time---and your friends here need not ever know! You can say that you escaped from the garment---it is a shame to spoil their illusions -- and decided to have some fun with them by disappearing for a while! We will pay you Five Thousand dollars in cash -- if you will work for us for just one month! We will even show you some---er-er--methods of training that Millicent never dreamed of. It will be somewhat necessary, in fact, but--if you are agreeable, there is no reason why you should have anything to fear." "Why---I hardly know what to say---it sounds so strange," responded Gwen, slowly. "What is this job?" "Dear, we cannot tell you the whole story, unless you agree and come with us-----right away. We know that you can leave your home without difficulty. Now---make up your mind!" Gwen pondered. What a joke on Betty! "Well -- perhaps -- but I would like to know more. Do you know Millicent very well -- or my friend Betty?" "Oh quite well, indeed", murmured Moira. She did not go into any further explanations, and Gwen didn't think to ask.



"Bound Over" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod

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"O.K.! I'll do it! but I think you ought to tell me what I have to do. Do I have to stay in this thing? It's the tightest thing I ever felt!" "Oh, yes -- in fact, it is ideal, Gwen." Gwen missed the sardonic tone in Moira's voice. At this moment, Mimi entered the room, stared at the two strangers. "Ohh---what is ziz? Madame---how you come here?" Moira nodded to Madame Flajotte. The latter slipped out of her cape, revealing a muscular torso, produced a medical corrugated stuff-gag from her handbag, jammed it into the maid's mouth as she neatly tripped her with a large but shapely booted leg. In perfect teamwork, Moira went to her knees and deftly whipped a strong black silk cord around the maid's wrist, behind her back, then swiftly took a strap from a nearby chair and bound her ankles. After this, Flajotte took a long strap, wound it around the girl's elbows, then around her body beneath her jutting breasts, and pulled it extremely tight. Gwen watched with admiring amazement. Mimi, an expert herself had been quickly muted and immobilized -- by these strangely attractive women. Who where they? They must know Millicent, and her training methods! Maybe, thought Gwen, this was some kind of a secret test! She resolved to play the game. In fact, fastened as she was, she could do little else. Wonderful! How Betty had arranged a good time!



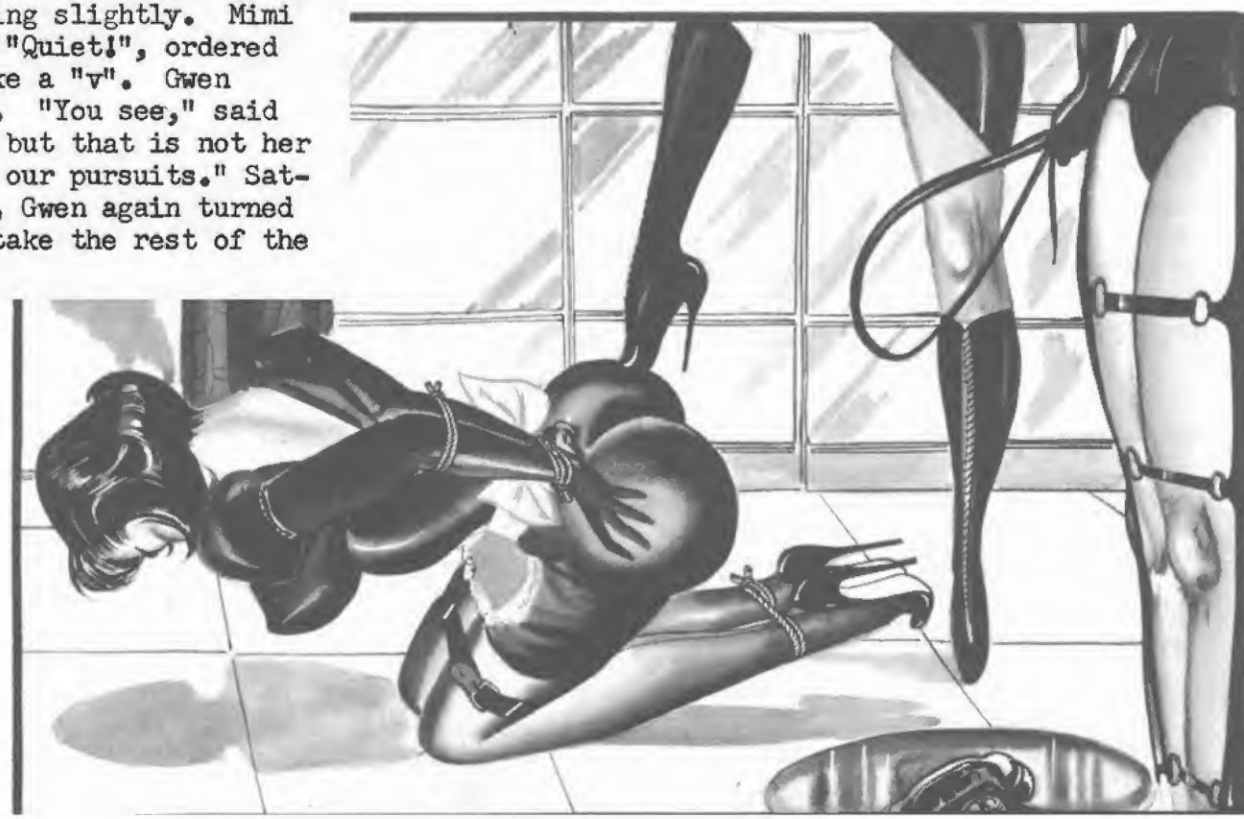
Meanwhile, Mimi struggled into a sitting position. Calmly, Moira utilized the opportunity to place another strap around Mimi's legs above the knees, and then placed a large white silk handkerchief over her gag, knotting it tightly behind her neck. Mimi pounded the floor, futilely, with her high heels. "Stop that, Mimi---" ordered Moira in a strong tone. "We know you, even if you do not recognize us!" But Mimi, wild eyed, nodded her head as best she could, considering the knotted handkerchief, and tried to indicate the garden door to Gwen. Hesitantly, Gwen struggled to her feet, but Flajotte pushed her back on the chair. Gwen decided to stay there and see what would develop. Gosh---this looked real---except that she was sure that it was all some kind of a wonderful play! "And now to continue", breathed Moira, panting from the exertion with the slight but strong maid. "You see --- we do have a good proposition to make to you--we know that you, too, enjoy binding games, and I can assure you that we are experts at those games!" Here, Flajotte grinned again. "You may call me Moira, and this is my companion, Countess Flajotte. But as our friend you can call her Flajotte -- she was married to an Austrian Count with a French title". Moira added.



"Bound Over" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod

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Mimi had fallen back on the floor, and now, with arms and legs so closely bound, could not get erect again. She pounded her feet on the floor, harder and harder, her eyes wide, and looking meaningly at the open French doors. Flajotte caught her glance, went to the doors with a few sinuous movements, and softly closed them. A look, almost of despair, came to the maids eyes, and she started to cry. The tears ran down her cheeks, as she looked pleadingly at Gwen, and then at the telephone extension. But Gwen was completely taken in, and paid no attention. She watched this entrancing new acquaintance, Moira. Flajotte danced across the floor on her six inch heels, leather boots gleaming and flashing in the afternoon sun, and placed one dainty but sharp heel on Mimi's hip, pressing slightly. Mimi stopped struggling, and fear now came into her eyes. "Quiet!", ordered Flajotte in a guttural accent, pronouncing her "u" like a "v". Gwen swung her eyes to this magnificent, commanding amazon. "You see," said Moira smoothly, "Madame Flajotte speaks some English, but that is not her native tongue. She is extremely valuable --in-- er-- our pursuits." Satisfied, although not understanding any of this byplay, Gwen again turned toward Moira. "I see you agree. Good. Now we must take the rest of the precautions. Madame Flajotte-------". She turned.



"Bound Over" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod

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Madame Flajotte again went to her capacious handbag, withdrew a flesh-colored roll of tape. She pulled several long strips, cut them with a pair of nail scissors, and then applied them across Gwen's lips and chin, neatly, pressing them carefully so they adhered like a second skin. Gwen couldn't speak, but she could still make murmuring sounds. However, the strips were not too uncomfortable, and she did not even think of resistance. Then, Flajotte took a lipstick, and deftly created an artificial pair of red lips over the adhesive. From a few feet, a casual onlooker, in a dim light, would not detect the deception. Smiling softly, Moira took a compact from her own bag, snapped it open, and allowed Gwen to look at herself. "Neat, eh? The strips do not show much, do they? Can you speak, dear?" Gwen uttered a few more incoherent sounds, then shook her head. She was thrilled at these two strangers, who played her special games with such skill, and was resolved that she would continue the game to the best of her ability! Now Mimi gained attention as she pounded the floor protestingly with her high heels. Flajotte looked annoyed. "I think we should stop these interruptions", said Moira. "Mimi feels that she may be punished by Millicent!"



"Bound Over" or (Missing Gwen de Lynn) by Van Rod

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Wordlessly, Flajotte went to the half-opened drawer of bondage material (for such was its purpose in Millicent's well-equipped house) and took a three foot piece of rope, and another piece about ten foot long. Capably, she rolled Mimi over on her stomach, and bent her bound legs upward and backward. Them she took the short length and tied her bound wrists to the strap around her ankles, pulling it tight, and knotting it. Mimi was now in the ancient "crapaudine" position, or hogtied in the American slang expression. Following this, Flajotte straightened and looked inquiringly at Moira. "Excellent, my dear", complimented Moira. For the first time, Flajotte smiled, her rather strong face lighting with pleasure. "But, I think we ought to take further precautions. A chair, perhaps-----?" Flajotte glanced at another chair, having a back and arm rests, but quite delicate, and shook her head slightly. Then her eyes lighted. She took one end of the long rope and knotted it to the long hair on the girl's head, leaving the ribbon in place. This done, she threw the other end of the rope over the steel curtain rod of the archway between the two rooms. As she pulled on the free end, Mimi was pulled up by her hair until she was erect on her knees.



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Gwen nodded, thinking that this must be hard on Mimi. How her hair and scalp must hurt. Mimi, however, wisely stayed quiet, stretching her body so that no weight would drag on these tender parts. She soon found that, with a slight slack, she could just touch the floor with the tips of her toes, and thus get some balance, but that any struggling immediately affected the strain of the rope attached to her hair. She was effectively immobilized! "And now, dear," said Moira, as though this were the most natural thing in the world,"to continue. We would like you to take a trip in our airplane and visit the most unusual establishment, perhaps, that will exceed your fondest dreams! Would you not like that? We wish, you see, to enjoy this work, which is very necessary to us. But, of course, we are prepared to use somewhat stronger arguments, which will have the same result, but which will not be as much---er--fun--for you." Gwen thought wildly. She was confused, but these ladies did seem to know what they were doing--and they were so considerate of her. Yes, she would agree! She nodded her head. Quickly, Flajotte helped her to her feet, slipped the long cape about her shoulders, fastening it at the throat and waist. At a casual glance, she was a beautiful girl, socially elect!



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"Let us see how well you can walk, my dear", asked Moira. Legs free, Gwen had no difficulty maneuvering on her high heels, although her arms remained confined as though in steel, so firm was the single glove, tied down and under her body to the clip in the front of the unyielding cinch belt. Of course, as she stood, some strain was taken from the understrap, and she found that, aside from the restraint on her arms themselves, she was actually comfortable. She did not even think of speaking, so anxious was she to see what was going to happen next, at the hands of these lovely, self sufficient, clever women. Emboldened by her success and comfort, she pirouetted on her stilt heels, and then did a few little dance steps across the gleaming parquetry. "Wonderful-----and look at that carriage", admired Moira. Flajotte smiled again, a certain gleam in her bright, sharp eyes. Of course, Gwen would not have mentioned, had her life depended on it (and if she could), that she had to stand erect in order to ease the pull of the gusseting strap underneath her body. In her pleased confusion, she did not stop to consider that maybe the two women knew, as well as she, the effect of the clever arrangement! She was simply happy that her day of adventure was moving so rapidly --and, so far-- so pleasingly. She simply wanted more things to happen to her.



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Emboldened again by her success (she thought), Gwen moved over and inspected Mimi as closely as she could, without actually bending over. She noted the dainty, feminine lines of the French girl's body, encased in the attractive dark uniform and lacy apron, with little bits of frothy lingerie showing beneath the edges of the short skirt which was hiked by the strap above the knees---the long blonde hair pulled upwards by the strong rope, the bonds tightly confining the wrists and elbows, the dramatic effect of the elbow strap pulled closely in under the full and shapely breasts. For a moment, Gwen was somewhat jealous,envious of Mimi, who was in turn, the center of all eyes because of her appearance! For a moment she almost wished she could change places with the tear-streaked maid, and then realized that she had some more unknown (but undoubtably thrilling) experiences which the maid evidently was not going to share. She wondered how she would joke with Betty -- whether she would have a chance to tease Betty about her "secure" single glove restraint, before Betty found the true story from the lips of Mimi -- and indeed, when and how she would again see her new friend, Millicent, queen of the house she had so recently visited for the first time. What a prospect! She tried to smile.



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Now Moira and Madame Flajotte busied themselves carefully gathering their things for their departure. Flajotte looked more closely in the open drawer, and then gestured to Moira. The latter crossed the room and peered in the drawer. "Oh--I see. A rather complete set of bonds---for a group of amateurs!", was Moira's comment. "I wonder if the others would be interested in The Establishment?" Gwen shivered delightedly at these words; she did not try to analyze her own thoughts, beyond the evident certainty that she was going to be conducted--almost kidnapped--to some strange place where these practices of bondage....which had already thrilled her to-day, were regarded as "amateurish" by Moira and Madame Flajotte! What a queer name! What had she heard about some name that sounded like that? She racked her brain, but, excited as she was, she could not remember. She looked again at Mimi, very quiet now, straining a little backwards so that she could touch her toes, clad in shiny pumps, to the floor for balance. Perhaps, some day, she would have the chance to talk to Mimi---to know her better, and to hear of her experiences. Moira and Flajotte took her arms, and guided her out the French Doors; Flajotte hesitated long enough to close them. Gwen saw a small black sedan pulled up at the service road near the French window.



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As she approached the sedan, guided by the two large but attractive women, Gwen saw that the windows were blue-tinted, and that she could not perceive anything inside the car very clearly. She then realized that the car was fitted with a sort of one-way glass, and that passers-by would probably never get enough of a look at her to detect the strips around the lower part of her face, or the fact that what appeared to be her closed lips were actually only lipstick-painted reproductions, if, in fact, anybody was even interested enough to look inside the nondescript car. She was helped into the back seat, and then surprised because the ordinary cushions had been removed, and some extremely soft cushions replaced them, so that she sank far down, almost to the floor. Flajotte reached in and snapped an efficient pair of little rigid cuffs about her ankles. They were not painful, but they held her ankles together like a vise. Then as she glanced out the window, she saw Millicent -- but what a change! In Bikini for her sunbath, Millicent had evidently been set upon and strapped, hand and foot, before she could protest. Gag over her mouth, her attackers had wrapped the net hammock about her, tied it, and left her there in the garden, puzzled, and helpless! As the little car pulled away and gained speed on the highroad, Gwen felt another thrill.

