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# BOUND TO PLEASE



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THE AGONY FOR THE ECSTASY

THE CAMERAMAN AND HIS MODEL, OR SHOULD WE SAY VICTIM?



ADULTS  
ONLY





BOUND TO PLEASE

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## EDITORIAL:

What of emotional dependence! None of us are immune. We must love, or we must be loved. We must work or we must dream. We live by emotion. It is the key to us and all we do. It was always thus. Our progenitor in the jungle knew more of emotion than we will ever know. His life was short but vivid. His use of his woman was brutal, utilitarian and erotic. We have not forgotten.

What loss have the millenniums imposed on us? They have taken away the poles by which we charted our destiny. They have robbed us of victory and defeat. Glad to be rid of them, you say. Are we! Are you sure of that! By what measure can we now assess our day.

There is still a way. There is still in us a memory of other days. There is still a pitting of the wits and of the hands. Still a test of skill and strength and will. A man and a woman may still find a meeting of the minds, a challenge of the spirit. So do not laugh at bondage, nor undervalue it. There is more to bondage than a moment's play. It is a deep involvement of the flesh and of the mind. It is a joining of two human entities who might otherwise be sundered. In that joining they will find a whole new dimension of experience that may be touched in no other way.

Belonging! How we crave it! We clutch at "belonging" in a hundred ways: fraternities Fraternities and clubs and politics, all seeking to make us one with someone else. Yet never will a female so "belong" as when she is bound by a man or woman whom she loves. That is true belonging. It is shared!

Suppose she is not loved! Suppose the cords that make her captive have other motives! The question will always be asked, the thought arise. But even so, our "Maiden in Distress" will still be beautiful. That is an inescapable facet of a girl and bonds. A fact that cannot be ignored. Perhaps the very exception that proves the rule. Bondage is emotion. Bondage may be approached from many angles. Yet always it will have the end result: the beauty of the female will be enhanced. She will find depths of emotion she can never know in any other way. A radiance.

The uninitiated will think always of a male who draws the knot. But this is one of the greatest gifts the cords bestow: they can be tied by anyone. Sometimes the loops a girl will cinch are more doubly deadly than the male. Who knows a woman better than a girl! The female will always cherish secrets no man will ever know. This is as it should be. A woman held in a thrall will have her thoughts. A man who knew them would know tomorrow and have no need to live.



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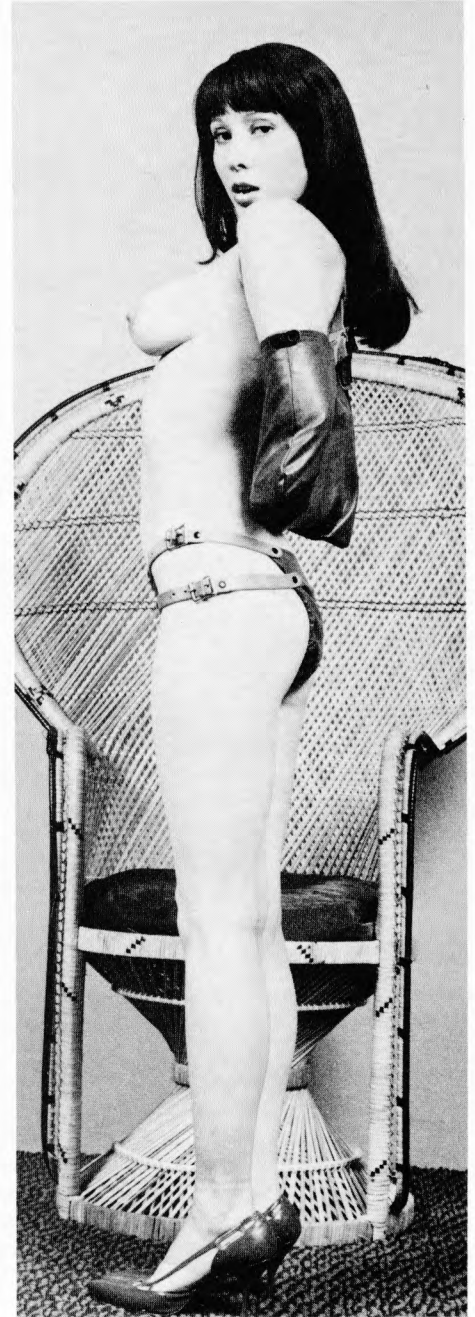
# DUAL DEGRADATION

Suzi was a little scared. Not too much, but enough to make her give John a small sideways look of doubt. She sat in the big wicker chair all ready for the camera and listened. Maybe there wasn't going to be any camera!

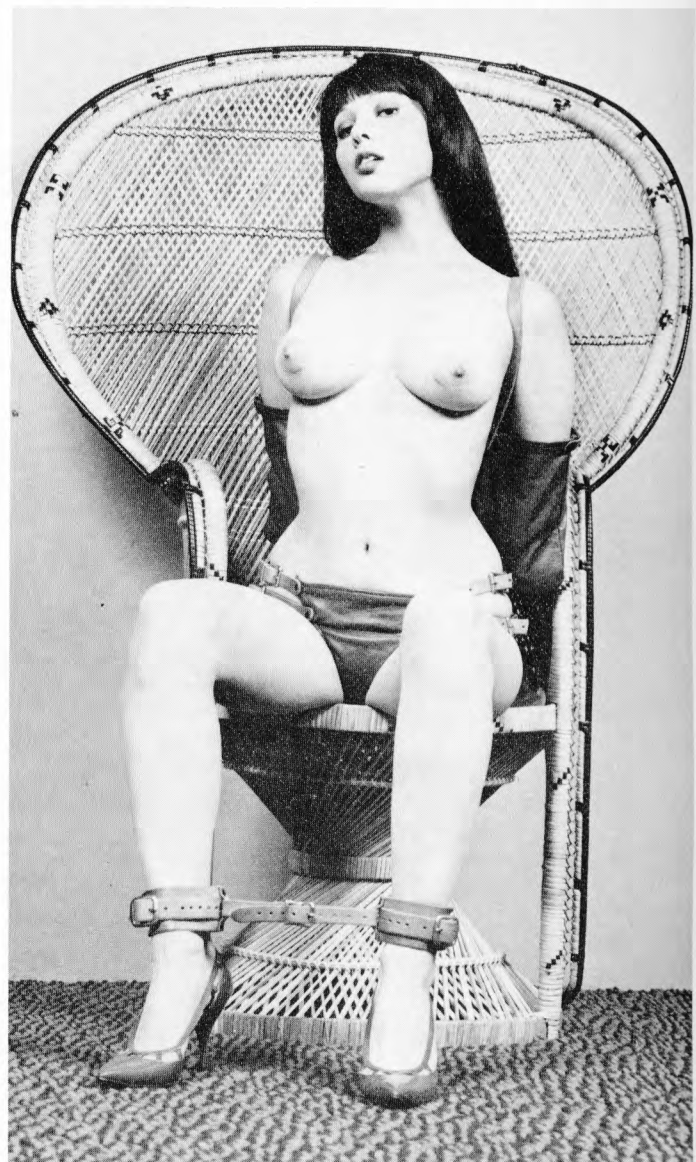
"You've been getting away with murder, Suzi." His voice was quiet, but still. He made a gesture she recognized. "You willing?"

She nodded happily enough. Men were silly about almost anything. He'd come around. Besides, that was what she was there for. She did not smile, nor did she speak. For now she'd keep silent. A girl had to be a bit careful, there was Anne to consider. Was Anne what was bothering him?

It was a leather bag. He came up with the damndest things. But it looked harmless, it couldn't possibly hurt.







"Sit down, Sweetheart. Want your tootsies fixed, don't you?"

She didn't care much either way. If it amused him. She had not seen the camera yet, but there was still time. Obediently she sat and peered down as he hobbled her feet in the hospital restraint ankle cuffs. They were very comfortable, so far so good.

When Anne was ushered into the room Suzi knew she should have run while she could. It was too late now. A look of awful understanding passed between the two girls. He'd found out. He knew!





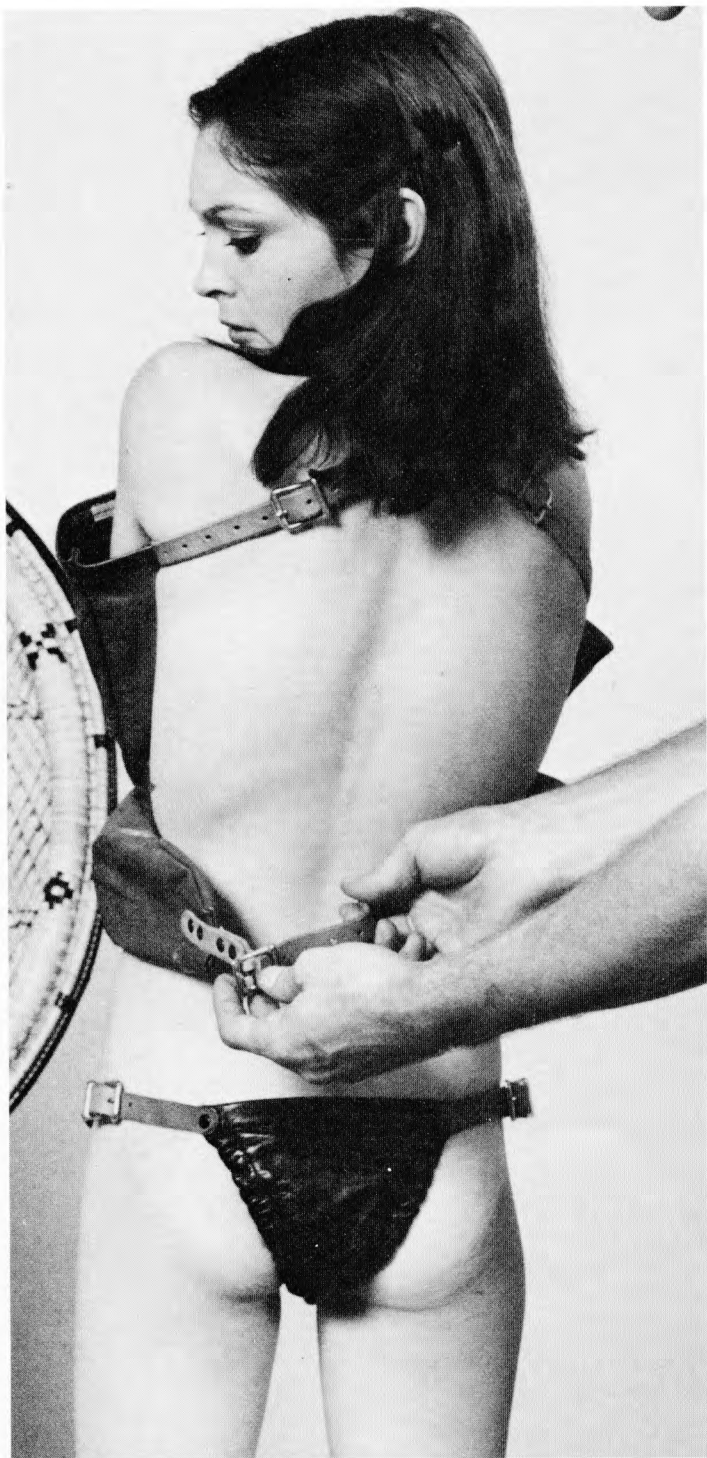
"Don't want either of you lonely," he said grimly. "Believe you've already met." He sounded sarcastic as could be.

He fixed Anne in the straight jacket sleeves. She fought, but it was too late. Poor innocent Anne! She tried to see what was being done to her. Suzi knew only too well. She watched the straps drawn tight and her beloved Anne made helpless. The

hobbles now strapped on Anne were as comfortable and as implacable as her own. Neither of them would run.

"You look delightful," his voice was cold. "I suppose two girls are always better than one?" He looked back and forth at their apprehension. "Just one more small detail." He produced the roll of tape.





"Don't tape our lips!" It was the first time Suzi knew for sure she had something to fight. Pleading might not do any good, but a girl never knew!

"And why not?" He enjoyed her perturbation.

"Because! It's beastly. What's it matter if we talk. We aren't going to scream." She gazed at him in sudden apprehension. "Are we?"

"Sort of had something else in mind. You know about punishments fitting the crime."

"You're angry." Anne looked at him appealingly. "Look, I'm helpless. I walked into this. It's all really my fault. Take it out on me, not Suzi. You love her."

"I did. Now seems like I have to love two of you."









He wasted no more time. Knowing it was useless to try and fight, Anne submitted to the taping of her lips. Her eyes sought those of the girl who would share whatever might be in store.

"Alright, you win. What do we have to do?" Suzi asked wearily.

"Do?" He affected innocence. "You don't have to do anything. In fact I'd say that's the whole idea."

"Please . . . don't be mean to us." Suzi looked at him with docile eyes. "I love you, you know I do. Don't spoil things. Anne's sweet. She doesn't deserve whatever it is you're going to do."

"Sounds a bit like a guilty conscience talking," he said blandly.

"So, alright, I'm guilty . . . of a bit of fun, of loving a girl - that's all."

He went to the door, the girls gazing after him in consternation, a cry of protest on Suzi's lips. Beside her Anne knelt in lovely impotence.

The door closed and locked. There was deep silence. "Don't be scared," Suzi consoled. "He'll leave us locked alone here for a long time, that's all. Don't worry. We're together."

Anne looked up at her with love. She knelt between Suzi's legs, nestling her head against the beloved breasts. In silent communion the two girls held their pose, loving and revelling in each other's flesh.

The two girls feasted in the depths of each other's eyes. They did not need to speak.







# THE AGONY FOR THE ECSTASY





He took his time tying me up, winding the line carefully around my wrists and elbows, his hands occasionally straying to the curves of my ass! The tightness of the rope gave my pussy a thrill. My tits actually began to swell and the nipples got real hard!

As I gave my most agonized expression I could see an increasing, lengthening bulge in his pants! We did a gag sequence during which I abandoned all my model training and tried to tell him with my eyes that I wanted to get fucked hard and long!

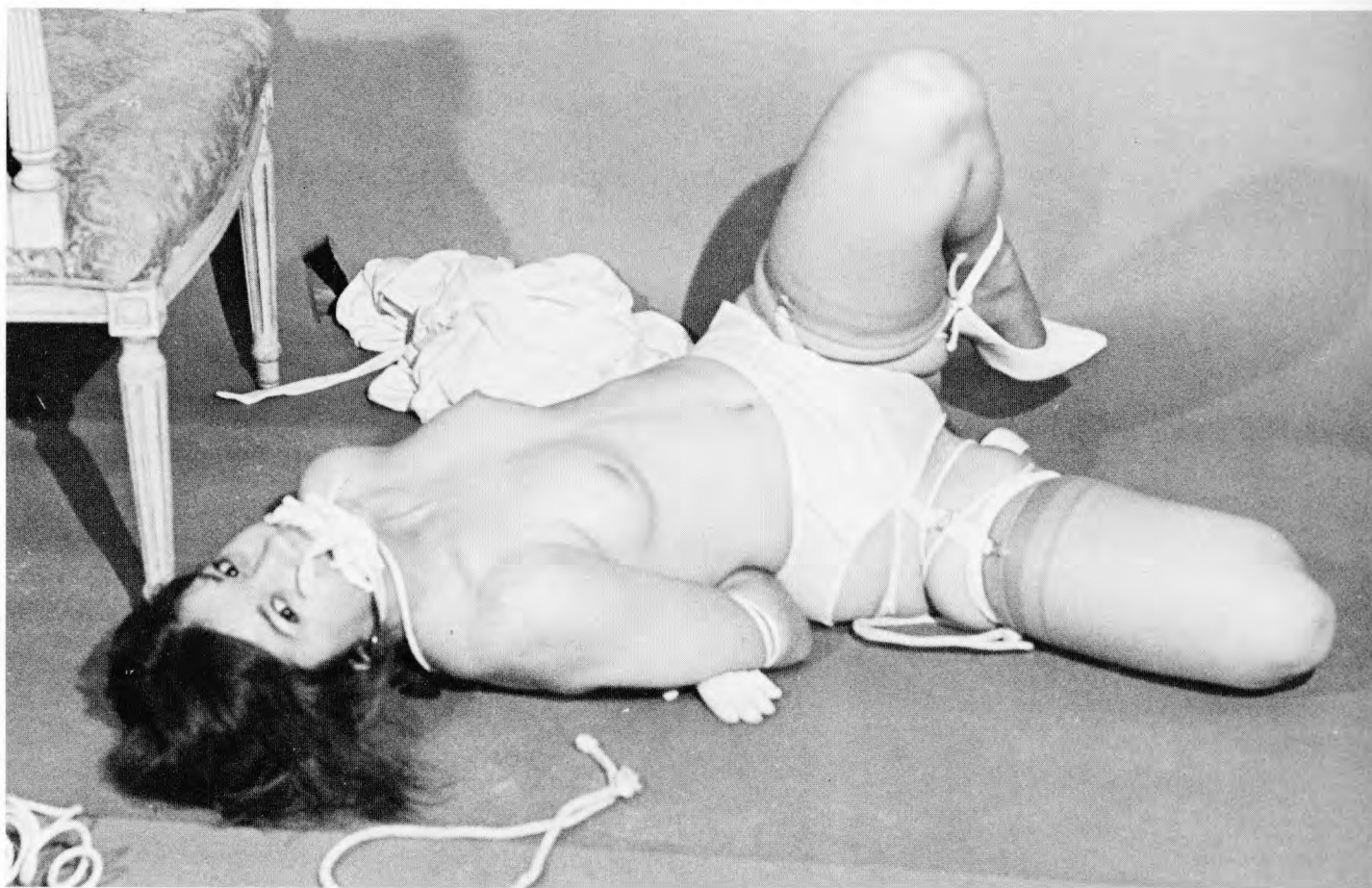




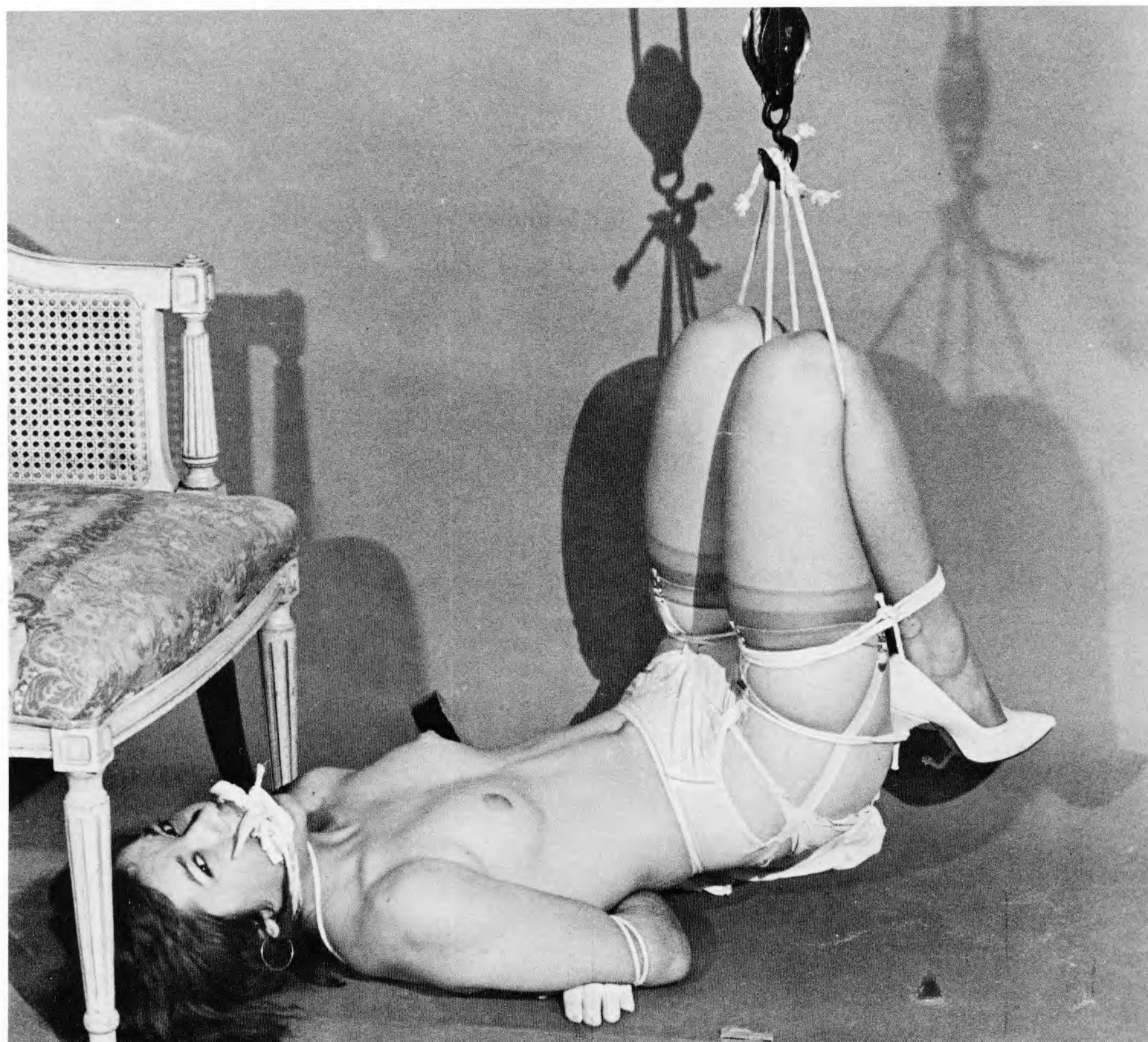
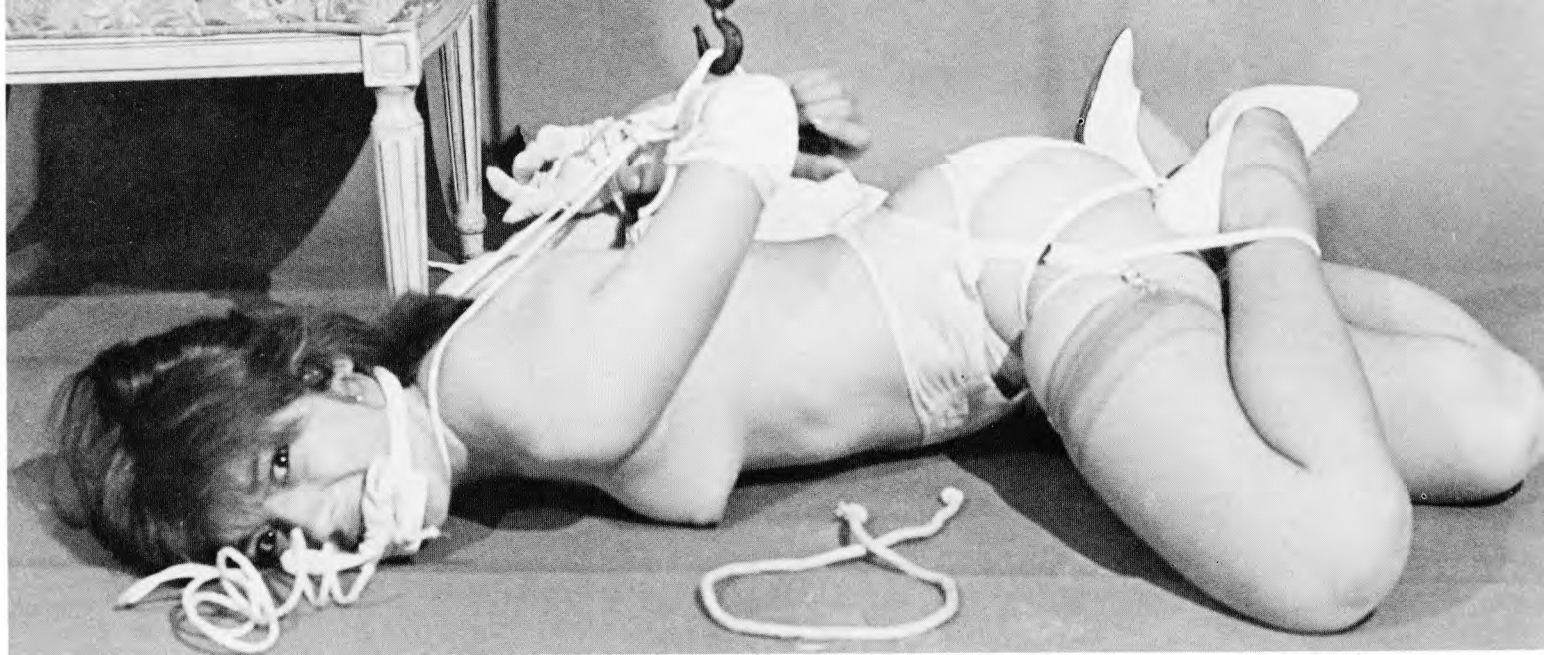


It was a delicious agony to me then! One foot in the air and my eyes sending messages with every pleading blink. Rolling on the floor, bound hand and foot, became an erotic trip. I wanted so much for him to get hold of my jugs, I wiggled and writhed, hoping he would get the hint.

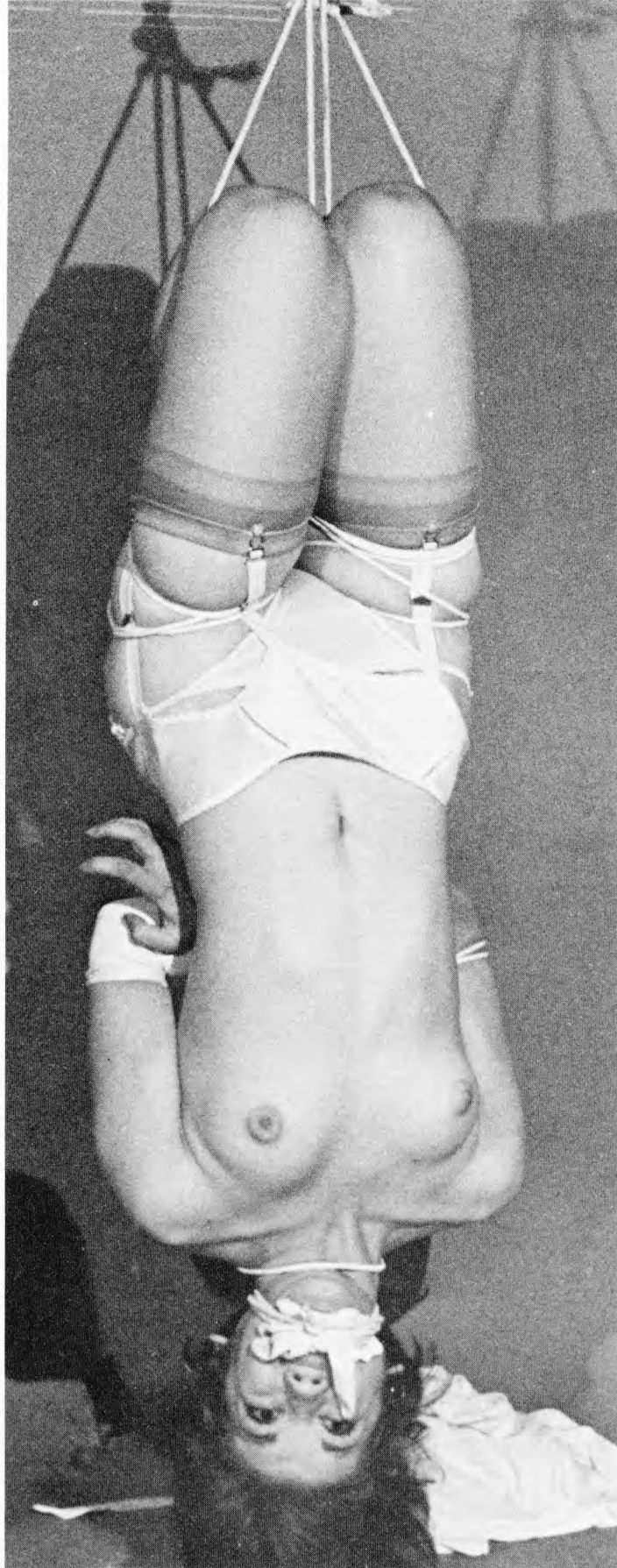
But he was all business. Rope around the knees and up I went. My boobs came almost to my shoulders. The blood moving to my head gave me a weird sexy intoxication. My body swinging in the air, with the line through my crotch, kept me in a continual state of pre-orgasm.











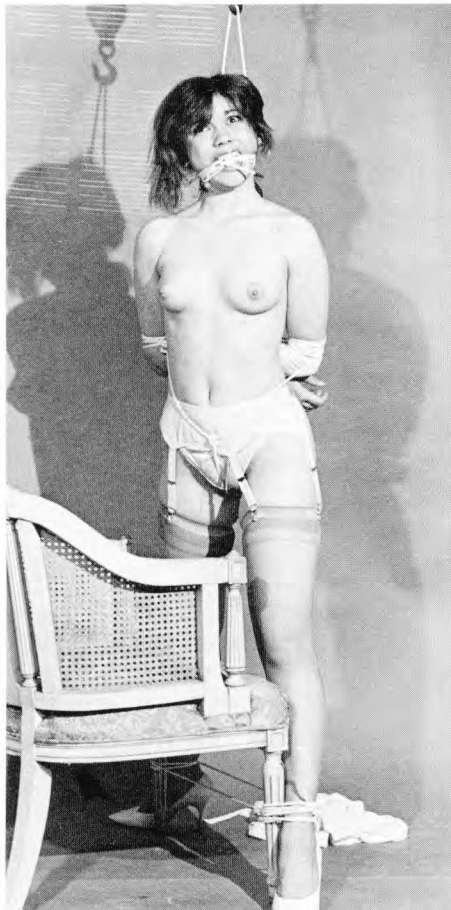
"Just a few more shots," he said, "and then we can rest."

He had to tie my knees to the chair for one scene and when he had the picture and cut the ropes, I pulled him to me on the floor, throwing my box up at him.



The last picture was with the pulley rope through my cunt. It was so exciting that I stood there, totally bound, dipping my knees just enough to make that delicious line saw into the lips. His picture caught me just as I hit the top of my orgasm, and he knew it!







# LITERALLY BOUND

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Barbara:

I just received your latest BOUND TO PLEASE (2/9) and was appreciative to see my letter, along with your reply. I hope you didn't take my comments the wrong way; it was merely that I hadn't seen much in the way of comments from your office. As I said, I always enjoy the letters section and particularly your replies.

Regarding BTP 2/9, I particularly enjoyed the photo scenes utilizing two girls at the same time. You've used two at various times before, but usually only in perhaps one series in a publication. This time you provided three out of the total six photo series with "twice the fun," thanks. By the way, the girl in the last article, "Reflections," is a beautiful model. I hope we can see more of her in future issues. I realize that she was also in one of the articles earlier in this issue but there wasn't nearly as much exposure. Concerning the letters from PMA and Mrs. ST, as well as the use of two models in a bondage sequence, how about considering the following two ideas?

(1) Two models (re PMA). A series of good suspension shots involving two girls at the same time would be good. There could be a counter-balance situation in which each girl is suspended by the weight of her companion. Another might be one where two girls are securely roped together, ankle to ankle, thigh to thigh, arm to arm, etc., and suspended. Suspension could be spread-eagled within an upright frame, or inverted, hanging by their ankles. Even without suspension, the use of two women identically tied and to one another, face to face, or back to back, would be different.

(2) Suggestion from Mrs. ST. A series utilizing metal restraints would be very different and nice for HOM. Additionally, you might consider some variation in the studios (or wherever) that you do your work in. It seems to me that the majority of the photo series are taken with ropes or whatever restraints are used, being attached, temporarily, to posts, beds, pulleys, etc. The

effect, when you think about it, is that of a temporary or make-shift arrangement. How about considering installing some permanent but simple connections into the walls, floors, etc., to give a more secure and positive look? I don't really mean screw eyes — these are OK but still not positive looking for a visual effect. It should be something of the weight of heavy duty lock shackles. These, if anchored in the floor and walls, would give a real look of security, as well as provide a practical fastening point. Chains, permanently attached to the shackles (not just tied on) would then give a real dungeon-like atmosphere to the photos. Just a couple of thoughts you might want to consider.

Gotta go now; enjoyed BTP very much and am looking forward to the next HOM publication to get to the local book store. Keep up the good work!

Sincerely  
D.R.

Dear Barbara Behr:

I've just finished reading a letter in your latest magazine and am taking this opportunity to write you. I also enjoy reading through your magazines and letting my imagination carry me away.

But what really thrills and excites me is when things like that actually happen. I love being tightly bound and gagged and helpless before my master. I live for the moments when he demands my obedience. When he binds me, the pressure and tightness of the restraints, as well as the mingling of the pain, send chills through me. I love the feel of his whip as it caresses my body or when my ass burns from the curling embrace of his belt. Whether he is rough, or if he is sometimes gentle, the fact that I am able to please him gives me a great deal of pleasure. But either with the ropes or the gag or the humiliation he makes me go through (for he often has me made up bizarrely and in extremely trampish clothing, and exhibits me in public) or whether he has me act in a degrading manner in front of his select group of friends, portraying various animals, I get a rather warm stimulating flow inside. But my greatest pleasure is after he has enjoyed himself and I have reached a point where I'm ready to explode, surrounding his long, hard, throbbing penis with my mouth and using my tongue and lips, bring him to his climax.

I guess what I'm really saying is that I am totally his slave (I love the bondage and humiliation, the pain and ecstasy that results from them) and I would want it no other way. Nor would anyone ever be able to convince me to change my way of life. It is a life that I've chosen and I'm proud of it.

S.E.

Dear Editor:

I just had to tell you how much I enjoyed your issue of BOUND TO PLEASE 2/8. The stories relating to the pictures were excellent and I hope you do this format more often. We know bondage is best undertaken under mutual consent but, don't we also have our daydreams and fantasies? What I mean to say is I loved the way you presented the girls in a not-so-willing manner in BTP 2/8.

Also, I liked the struggling scenes you showed. Very enticing! Thanks for the bare feet too, although some should have had their big toes tied.

As a customer I buy your magazines for the top quality of the bondage but mostly for the barefoot and toe bondage you sometimes show. I really wish you would show more bare soles and big toe stringing. Also more hogtie scenes and upside down suspension — all barefoot, of course. Thanks again.

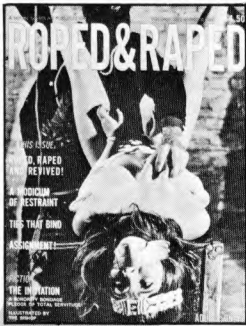
J.J.

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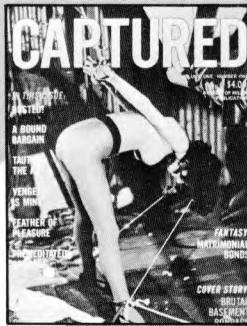


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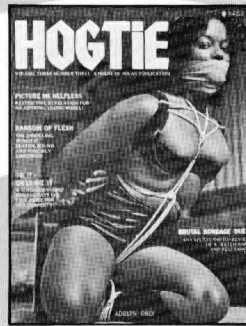
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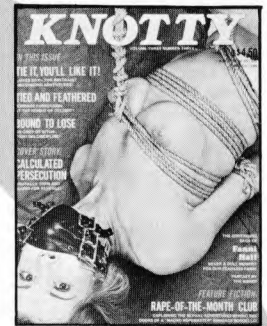
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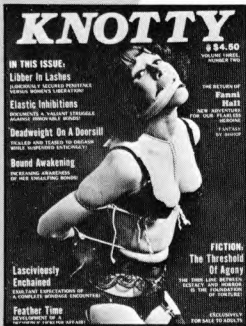
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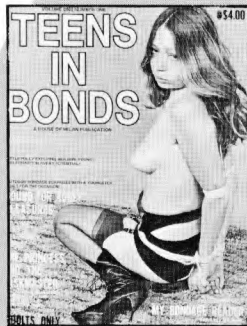
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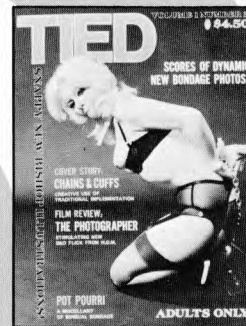
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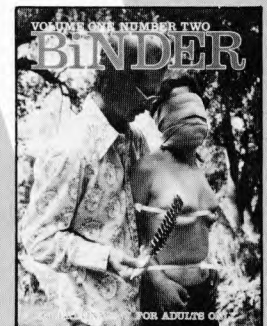
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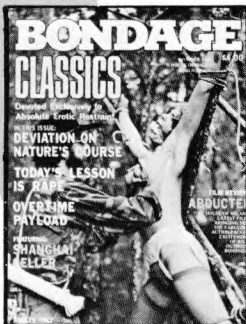
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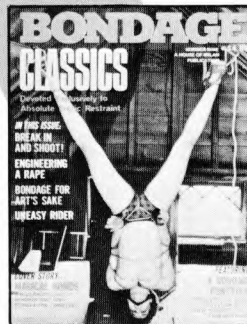
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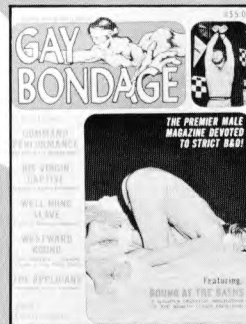
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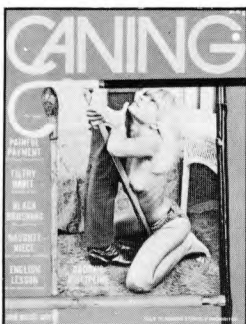
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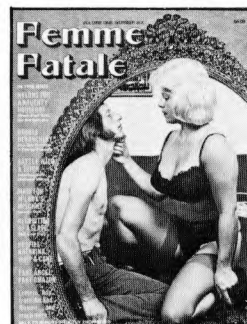
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continued

Dear Editor:

Please show more "tit-tickling" in future issues of your magazines. Loved the "Ticklish Con Game" coverage in the latest BOUND TO PLEASE, but the lady being feathered was still partially clothed! Glad she was being tickled "all over," especially her tits and navel. Please show more tickling in future issues.

J.H.  
Pennsylvania

P.S. Girls being feathered should be nude. I purchase all copies of your magazines that have coverage of girls being tickled.

Barbara:

I just purchased the new BOUND TO PLEASE. WOW!

You've completely outdone yourself. This ranks Number 1 of anything published on bondage in the last year. FANTASTIC is an understatement. I'm overwhelmed that you took most of my advice.

Editorial — Very good, exactly how I feel about bondage.

"This Bondage is Brought to You" — Superb! Showing two helpless girls is outstanding. Hope you'll continue this fabulous idea.

Good-looking Models — Photo on bottom of page 7 is excellent. The great variety of poses on page 10 is fantastic. I especially love the top photo. The way Cora's ankles are bound



is the single most fabulous method you've shown ever. They are tightly tied. It is reminiscent of handcuffs and her feet are beautiful. Page 11, where she curls her toes, is fantastic! Please, please, make this into a movie!

"Bound for Intensive Care" — Would like to see more use made of hospital restraints. A great turn-on.

"Literally Bound" — Page 20 — Super letter — love to run into people who dig bondage this much. Do a photo story like this.

Page 23 — Agree with total nudity 100%. Don't agree with knee sox — do some to please him, but remember the thousands who prefer barefoot bondage.

Page 48 — Mrs. S.T. If her husband stops cuffing her wrists AND ankles, send her to me. There is NOTHING sexier than silver handcuffs against tan ankles. I can't recommend strongly enough that you show more of these. You have published a grand total of only five articles using handcuffs and only four used them on the ankles, and only one used thumbcuffs. Please publish a magazine dedicated to handcuffs and thumbcuffs — call it "Steel Restraints" and offer at least two films with handcuffs in use.

"Therapeutic Enthrallment" — Fantastic! Again superb bondage — love to see those sexy toes bound. Page 24 offers a great pose. Super-looking model. Page 26, bottom right, is another excellent pose showing wrists being bound. Two-model article again makes the story even more exciting. I know color

pages cost much more but they increase beauty as shown on pages 4, 29 and 32/33. Makes it worth paying more for the magazine.

"Her Master's Every Wish" — Good! Don't like the shoes. Interesting showing her shaved — very sexy. I really would like to see her barefoot with her ankles strapped together.

"A Bond of Perfect Pleasure" — Again, a super winner. Cute model. Good story and fantastic rope bondage. Very sexy to see her being stripped. Page 55 is a super pose.



"Reflections" — Good. After all of the outstanding work you did before this article, it is only good. Model has a super body. Page 62 is the best. Show more poses where we can see the bottoms of their feet. This would have been a great opportunity to add the toe bind and show a little foot tickling.

This issue is rated A. The best you've done since that terrific HOGTIE last year, showing the toe bind and the article on handcuffs and thumbcuffs. Keep up this caliber of bondage. The more barefoot you show, the better the issue.

You also only offer one or two movies showing barefoot. Please rectify. The best would be doing one on "This Bondage is Brought to You" — as I suggested.

Also, take the advice and feature handcuffs more often. And not with a foot of chain between them.

Sincerely,  
Gary  
Pa.

Dear Editor:

The BOUND TO PLEASE, Volume Two, Number Five, edition is quite superb. The color centerspread should be repeated with different models but all bound and gagged more tightly and wearing nylon stockings, high-heeled shoes and tightly adjusted suspenders. Great stuff, although you need to exercise care with the lighting, which is rather poor on other pages. Also, introduce high-waisted nylon panty girdles, but models must wear nylons, seamed and unseamed.

Best wishes,  
C.W.  
England

(Continued on page 53)



# DON'T TOUCH!

F. E. Campbell

Ever hear the theory that most men hate women? It's true! It's deep in the subconscious, but it's there. Now, don't get excited, that is not the reason we love to tie their pretty little hands! I'll get around to that later. There's a connection, but let me work around to it in my own way. First off, why do we bear 'em a grudge!

Well, why wouldn't we be mad at 'em! Figure it out: For the first years of our lives we are utterly dependent on them. They boss us around. They tell us what to do. They feed and clothe us and make us learn to play the piano and be nice to the bratty little girl next door who sticks her tongue out at us every time we pass. But these things are just the beginning, the groundwork for the really solid hate we work up to later.

It's in adolescence the going gets rough. We become aware of certain interesting equipment girls carry around with them. We discover, at first with genuine annoyance, that in some strange way we've been programmed to respond to these enticing appurtenances the little darlings wiggle at us all day long. There is a year or two around this period in which we would still prefer to go to the baseball game, but finally the bouncing breast, the thrusting nipple and the nubile thigh get the best of us. It is the first major victory in a long series for the little girls. We, poor twits that we are, fail to recognize defeat. If we manage to put our hand on even one of these female assets we glow with pride. What hopeless innocents we are!

Other male defeats follow in rapid succession. There comes the "Don't touch!" injunction. The sweet young things spend most of their time and half their father's money in seeing just how far they can get their tits to stick out in front and how tight a covering they can contrive for their tight little ass. They then proceed to wiggle and shake these delightful items in front of our faces so we could hardly ignore them if we tried. But when we respond and strive to pay the ultimate compliment of touching these exhibits we are angrily repulsed with a number of stock broadsides that I suppose their mother must have taught 'em: "Don't you dare!" or "Get your hands away, you filthy beast!" or "Is that all you ever think of!" or "Cool it or I'll call a cop!" It's like being asked to a turkey dinner and having the plate snatched away from under your knife and fork.

The male's next crushing defeat is money. Girls and money are synonymous. No money, no girl! With an engaging nobility they assure us that money is not important to them. They are quite right, it isn't. They use ours! The sweet innocent little bag of tricks who says "Money isn't everything" is the one who expects us to dine her at the most expensive joint in town. We pay. This is the beginning of the lifelong rearguard action of our losing battle to make enough dough to keep dear little Phyllis in bread.

Where is bondage in all this! Hold on, I'll get there!

The unfortunate male now approaches the greatest female victory of all. He marries one of them. He does it against everybody's good advice and against his own better judgment. But the poor bastard's been programmed for it so he hasn't a chance. He surrenders gracefully and gets up to his ears in hock for rings and

honeymoons and a house and furniture and bailing her no-good brother out of jail.

You've probably had enough of this. You can recognize the progression. We've got our hero to the place where hate builds steadily day by day along with the bills and the dirty diapers. He's been bilked! When he saw his first bouncing tit he never bargained for anything like this! Resentment builds: subconscious, but it's there!

By this time the poor innocent has made the acquaintance of bondage. But it's the wrong kind. He is in a cage whose symbolic bars are prohibitions: "Don't play poker with the boys" or "Don't ask your folks for Sunday dinner" or "You can't go to the ball game" or "You can drop those horrid people you used to know." There gets to be more bars all the time even though the cage gets smaller and smaller.

The whole thing's pretty sad, isn't it! He's up against that law of diminishing returns only worse. I think, for the purposes of this article, we now drop our hero and leave him to his monthly payments. He has served his purpose, both to his little woman and to us. To dwell on his continuing defeats would be only morbid. He is just one more casualty of woman triumphant!

But that isn't how it should be! Something has gone wrong! The human race didn't start out that way, so somewhere along the line we must have gone astray. Ah, ha, you exclaim, he's finally getting around to it! You are right, I am! Screams aloud, doesn't it! I mean about where we went astray. Man took the wrong turning when he put away the chains, the shackles, the locks and the cage, and closed the slave markets. It ruined the male and was the cruelest thing we ever did to women. We robbed them of being female. We left 'em with more inhibitions and hangups than either they or us have been able to cope with since. Everybody got cheated. But most of all, the men!

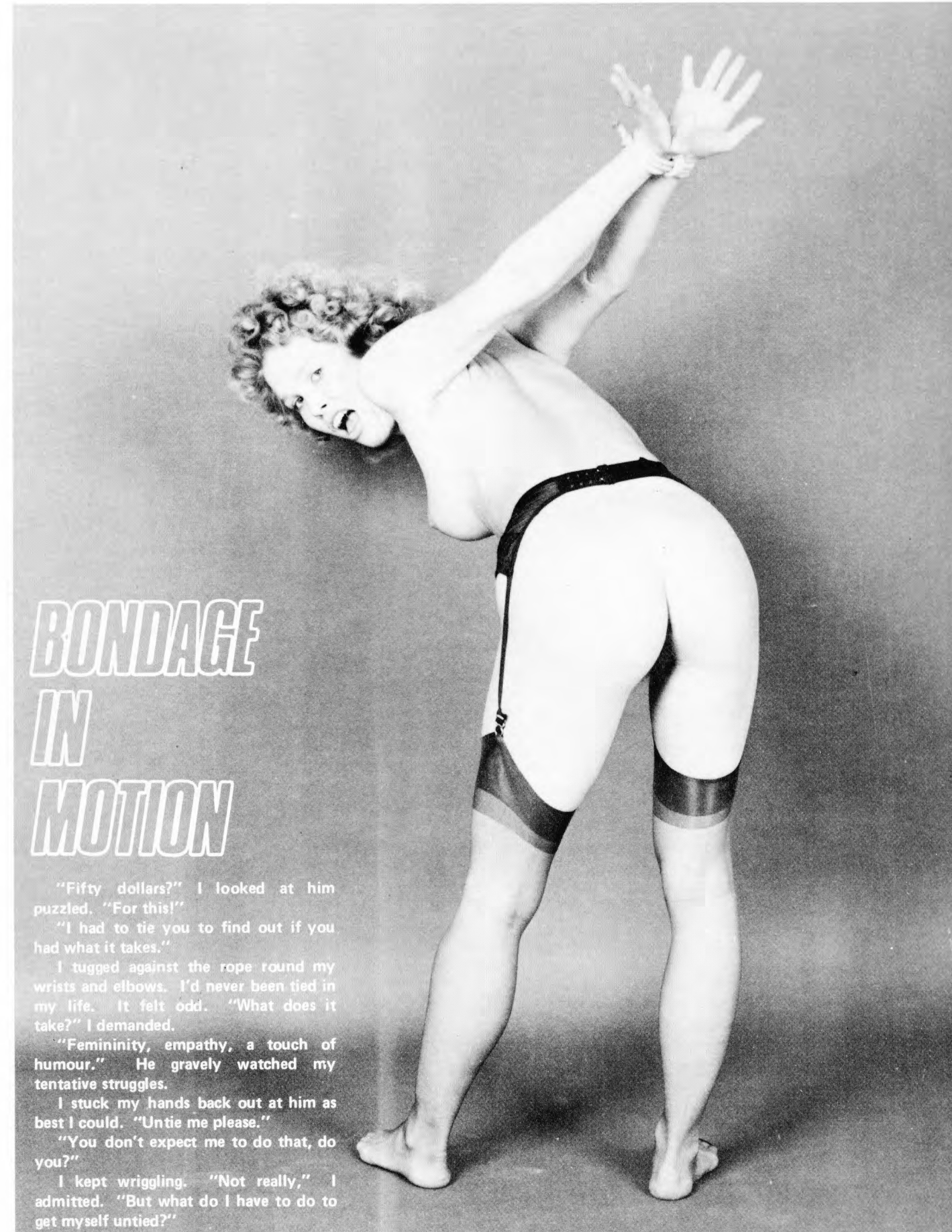
We have now arrived at our favorite topic. Without apology I am going to suggest we take a good hard look at it. We have been treating it as fun and games, which indeed it is, but could there be a more serious application for the cord and the chain and the emotions that go with them. Need we unlock the handcuffs in time to go to the Gillinghams for bridge...? Need we...! And that new washer and dryer we've been hearing so much about...? Seems to me a Bishop gag could make the existing appliances resume their old attraction.

A bit late, you say. Well, admittedly there's a lot of slack to pick up. But remember, there's a whole new generation of daughters on the way up, they could still be saved. Perhaps we stand at a turning point. Suppose we made a fantasy real...? We could!

Little Jenny, aged fifteen, is off to school. A careful mother checks her coat, her books, her shoelace, and last but not least slips the handcuffs on the willing wrists, making sure they are a notch tighter than that day last week when Ma had her suspicions...! To the youthful Jenny the shining tokens on her wrists would inhibit nothing. But they would make her aware of being female. To her it would become natural that boys did not wear restraints. The boys were MALE! Jenny would know her place.

*(Continued on page 52)*





# BONDAGE IN MOTION

"Fifty dollars?" I looked at him puzzled. "For this!"

"I had to tie you to find out if you had what it takes."

I tugged against the rope round my wrists and elbows. I'd never been tied in my life. It felt odd. "What does it take?" I demanded.

"Femininity, empathy, a touch of humour." He gravely watched my tentative struggles.

I stuck my hands back out at him as best I could. "Untie me please."

"You don't expect me to do that, do you?"

I kept wriggling. "Not really," I admitted. "But what do I have to do to get myself untied?"





"Pose. That's what I got you for, to pose. Show me how good you are."

"What! Tied up like this! I can't do anything!"

"You can do everything I want, and do it very well. You've no idea how cute you look."

"You mean I get to earn my fifty dollars?"



"Could be more if you want it."

I tensed. I was tied. I should have covered this base at the start. "I don't do that for money!" I flashed.

He was delighted. "That's it! Animation! Honey, you're not going to get what you're worrying about. But I'll warn you, you may end up wanting it."





"Let's return to business. What next?"

"Get loose."

"I can't! I could never get out of this!"

"Don't know 'till you try. I've found it surprising what a girl can do when she's tied. She can even do the thing you take exception to."

I did the best I could. He was right, it was surprising what I could manage. I wasn't getting free, but there did come a trifle of slack. I was also getting very warm. I was near enough to naked. I was damn glad I was."

"But what do you get out of it?" I was still puzzled.

"Same thing you'd get out of the Grand Canyon, the Mona Lisa and Faye Dunaway," he said casually. "You're pure beauty in some contortions you manage."

"Like this!" I gave him a good one. It hurt a bit, but he was so damn wrapped up in me I felt I had to try and please.

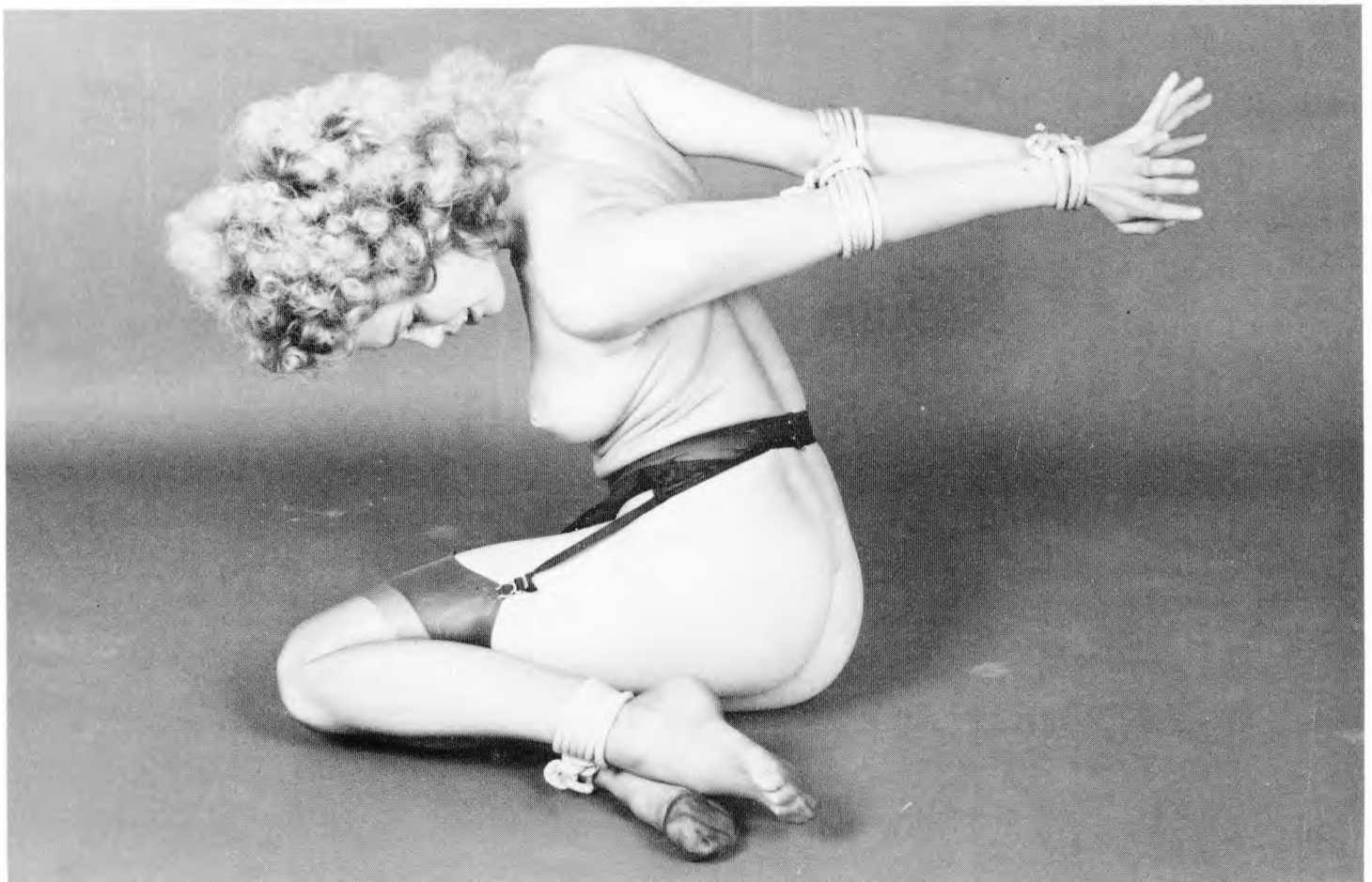
"Wonderful! You ever take lessons?"

"What, in being tied up!"

"A tied girl is the most lovely thing in the world."

I looked at him hard. I was tied for sure. I hadn't a chance against a nut or a screwball . . . or worse. It was a damn awful feeling. But there was something else there too. I'd never before been in the power of a man, I suppose that was what I was feeling. This guy, who I didn't know from Adam, could do whatever he wanted with me. I thought of slave girls and being kidnapped. But he was smiling and normal. Perhaps he had something! I wished I could see myself. Any girl likes to be told she's beautiful. Could a few strands of rope . . .!











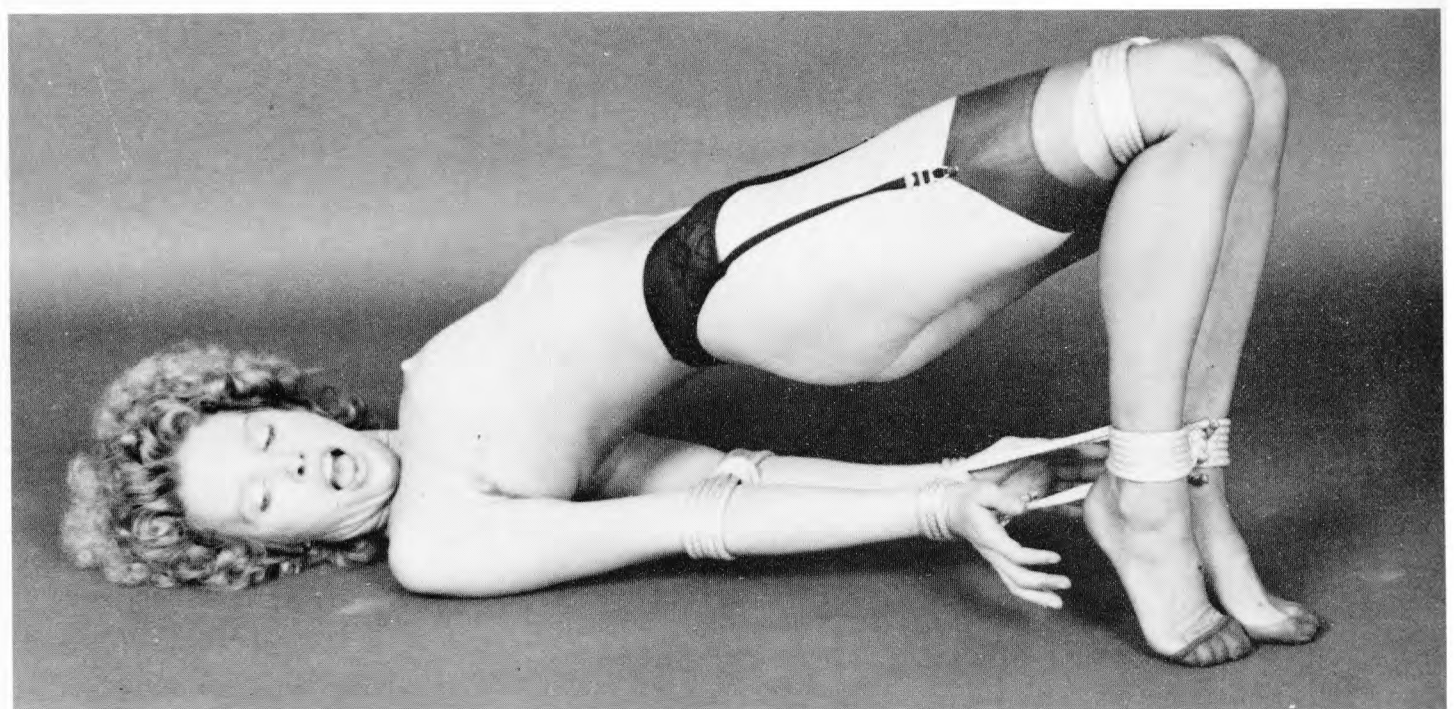
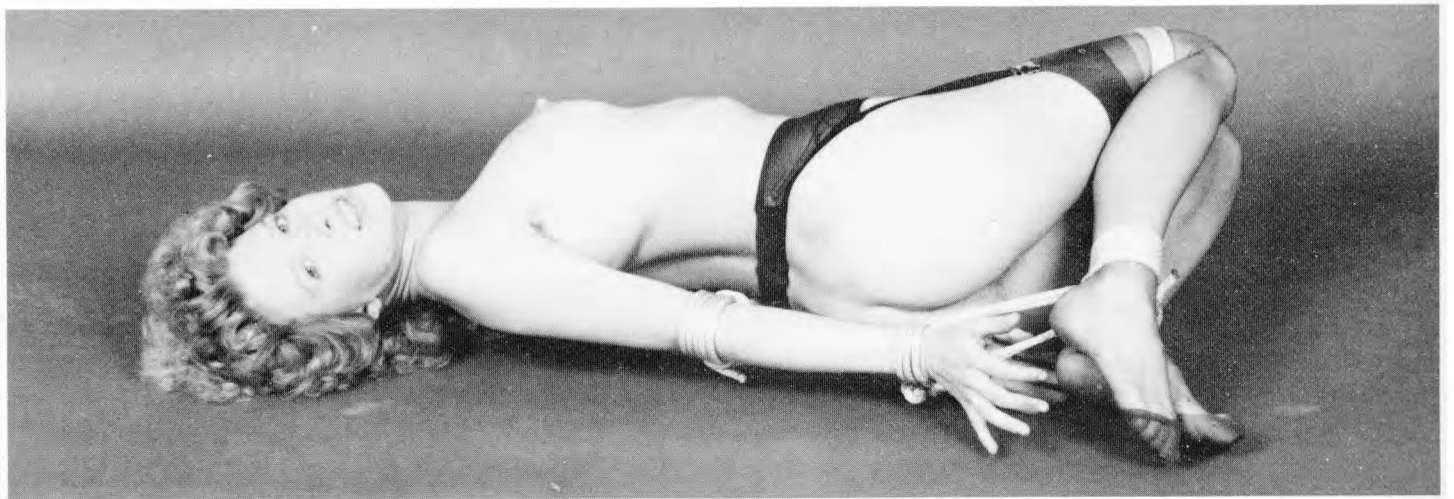


Now he tied my knees. He gave the same intent attention to detail as with my ankles and my elbows. "It has to be tight and neat, eh?" I ventured.

"Right!" He approved. "That's the first essential. We're talking about beauty. Have to keep that in mind always."















"How'd you like to take the rope off my elbows?" I asked. "It's hurting bad."

"Good!" He laughed at my dismay. "I don't mean I'm glad you hurt. But the pain will influence your motions. It shows. When we do this in front of the camera you're going to be breathtaking."

I took a deep breath. I wanted that rope off bad. But antagonizing him wasn't going to do it. Again I got that wave of sensation: I was powerless, I was his . . . resolutely I posed some more. I found that every motion I took was to the impossible end of freeing myself. Try as I would, it always ended up that way. I began to get a faint glimmer of what he was seeing in this naked girl writhing against the bondage of the male. He'd hit on



something basic, elemental.

"Do many men enjoy this?" I asked, arching my body up and down over my bound arms.

"At least half of 'em," He chuckled. "With the right girl the other half too."

"What about girls?" I rolled on my tummy and he suddenly called, "Hold it!"

"You're a natural," he exclaimed happily.

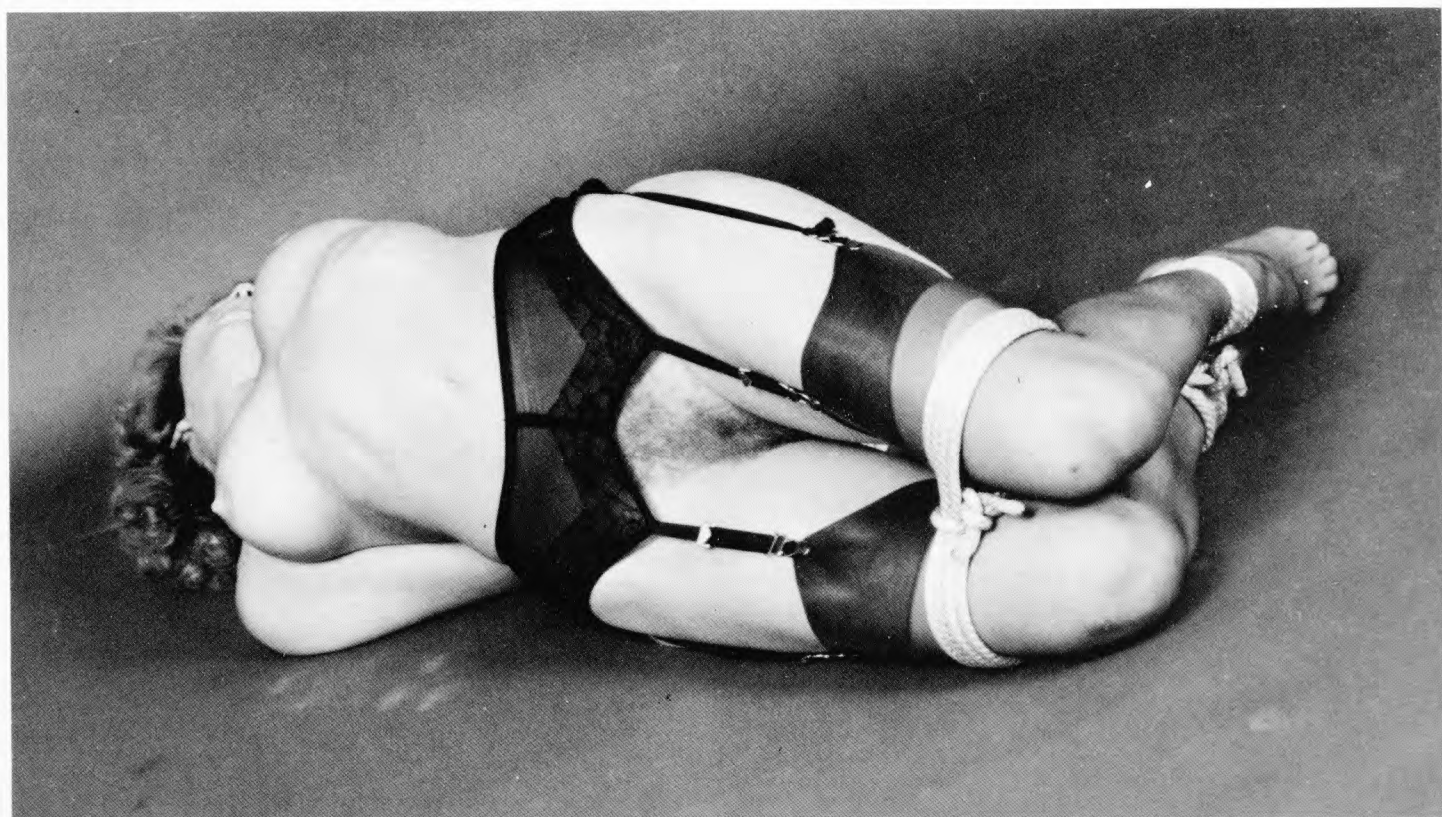
"And this is my reward?" I wailed as he tied my feet to my hands so I was bent back in a bow. I'm not a girl who goes around rubbing her pussy against anything handy, but all that weight of mine mostly on my nipples and my fur . . . I may not do it for cash, but I am flesh and blood.

"Does sort of inhibit you a bit," he conceded. "But keep trying, that's essential. And you were asking about girls . . . sure, they love it, but they'll never tell you so. Have to tie 'em up first. Creates a mood. Feel anything?"

"I'm afraid I do."

"Don't be afraid. It's lovely."

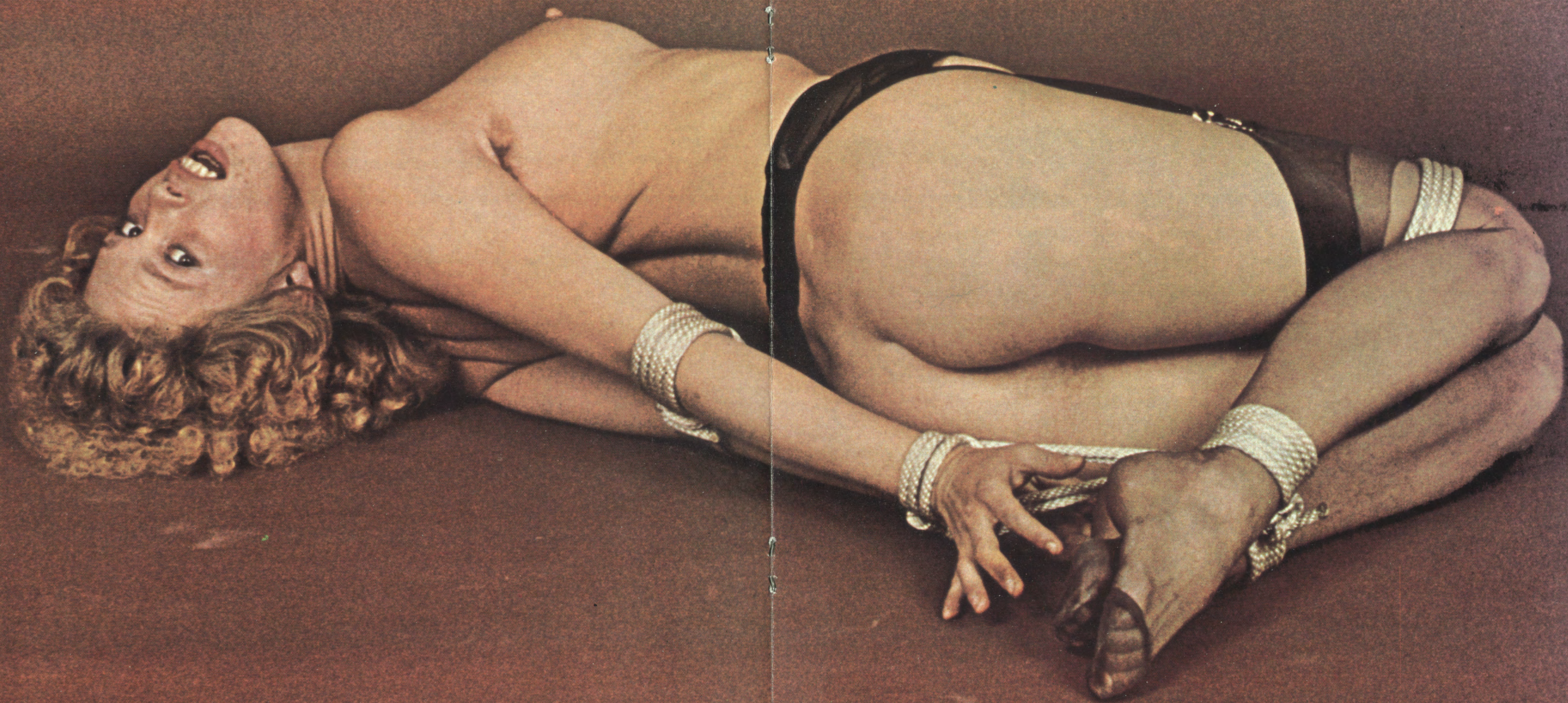
He was quite right. It was!















# CLOTHES LINE OR HOT LINE?



You know the song: "I'll never say never, say never again." That's the way it is with me and Roy. I'm weak . . . but then, I like it. Being tied, I mean. Have you tried it? You should! Half the time I curse the easy way I get myself into the jackpots Roy creates, but the other half . . . mmmm! It can be very yummy indeed.

He springs it on me at the start. This time he yanked my ankles and the first thing I knew I was sitting flat on the floor. I'm never quite sure: could be his idea of a bit of fun. When he reached down, smiling, he might have been going to lift me up again. He might . . .

But it wasn't. This was IT again. Little Fran had been elected.

"Let's go to the movies," I suggested a bit late.

"You haven't been tied for a week, Honey."

"Do I have to be?"

"Of course! The only reason you're quibbling is to give me time to tie your hands as though it was all my idea."

It fascinates me. Honest! I can't help it. I suppose it's having him do it to me . . . do it to me! Get the connotation. I can't be sure I'd get the same charge out of someone else. Roy's nice!

So I watch. It's tremendously thrilling to see the white cord go round my wrists and have his strong fingers pull it tight. It tells me a lot of things, among them that I'm loved and wanted.





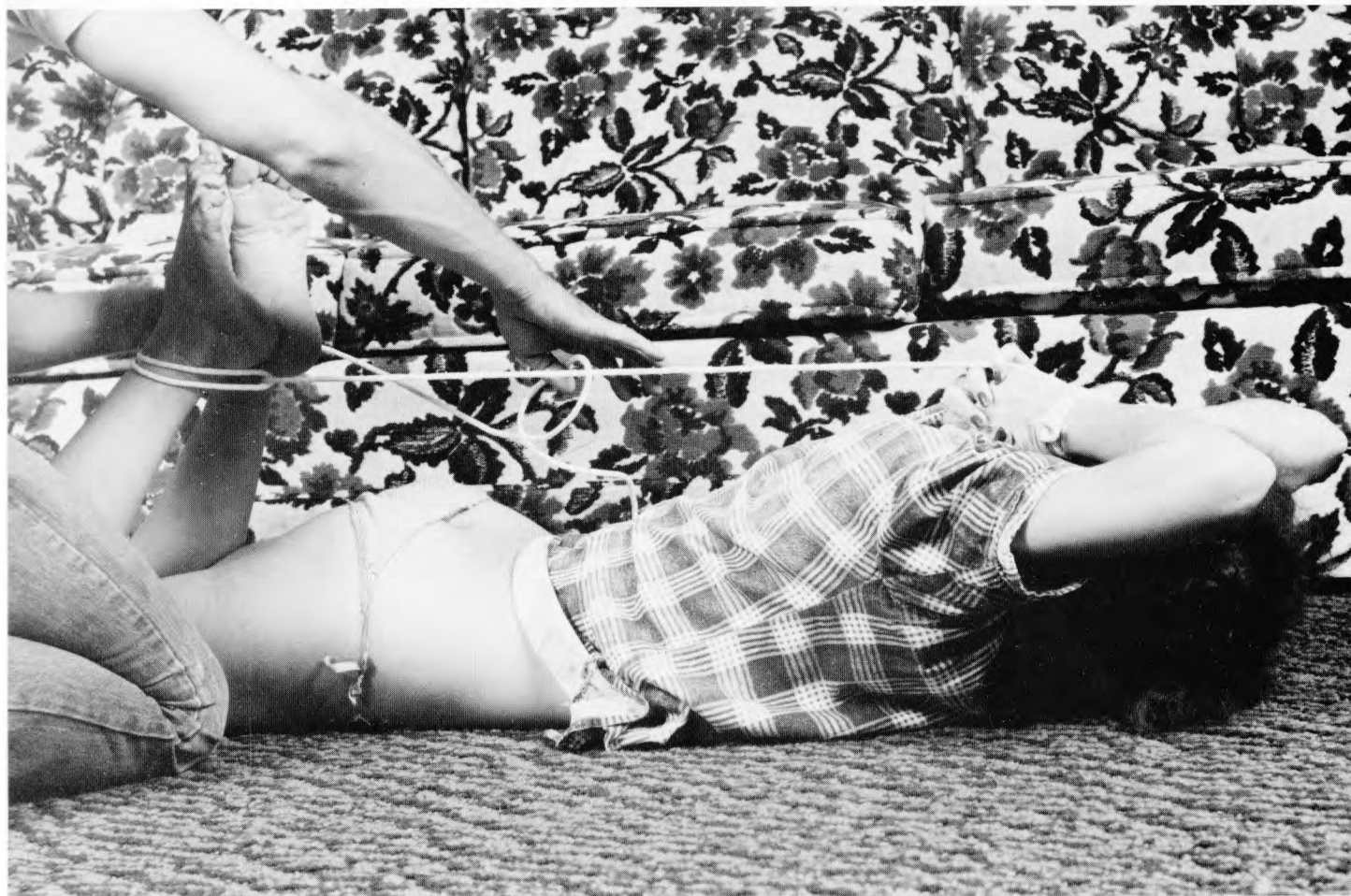
Roy does it beautifully. I'd hate it if it was untidy, but with him it's so neat, so symmetrical, so suited to the female that's me. You want to feel female! Get your guy to tie you . . . or get Roy! My wrists were so close to my face as he bound them I had no trouble in leaning forward and kissing his hand. Doglike, you say! Hell no! Just pure gratitude. I held up my tied wrists and admired them. They were lovely. I started to get that feeling.

While I was still admiring myself in bondage, Roy yanked off

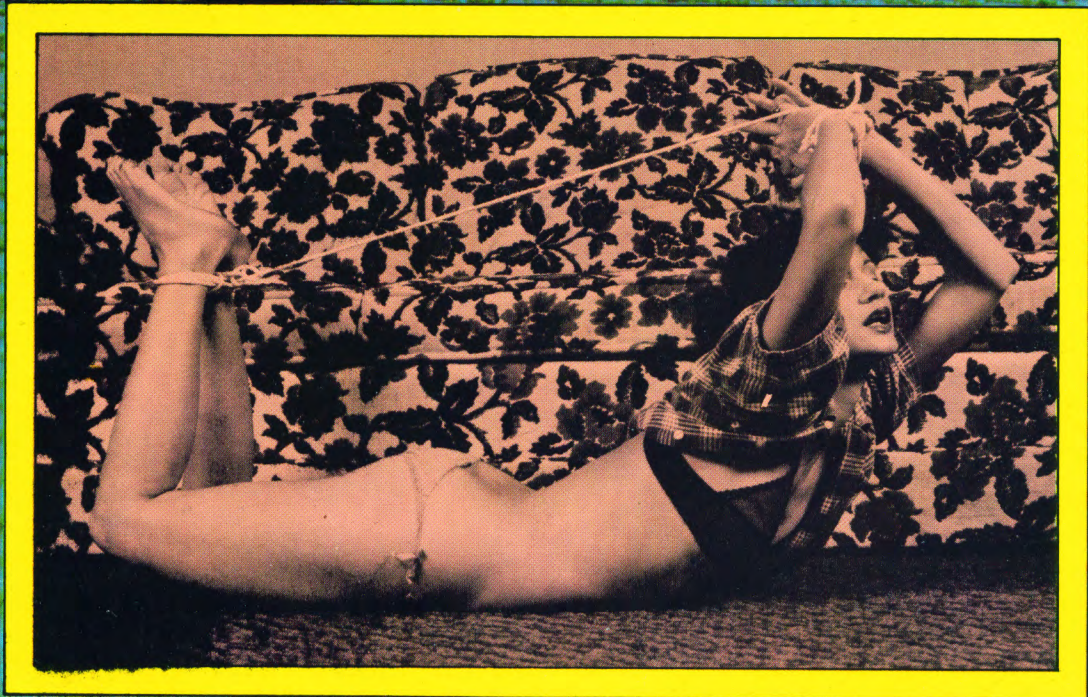
my skirt. You can always take that for granted. I may not always be naked, but he'll have some bits of me out in the air always. Half and half is good. A girl's never quite sure. Little bits of her tend to pop out. Mostly you can't put 'em back.

He teased by tugging at my bra! But he let me keep that for now.

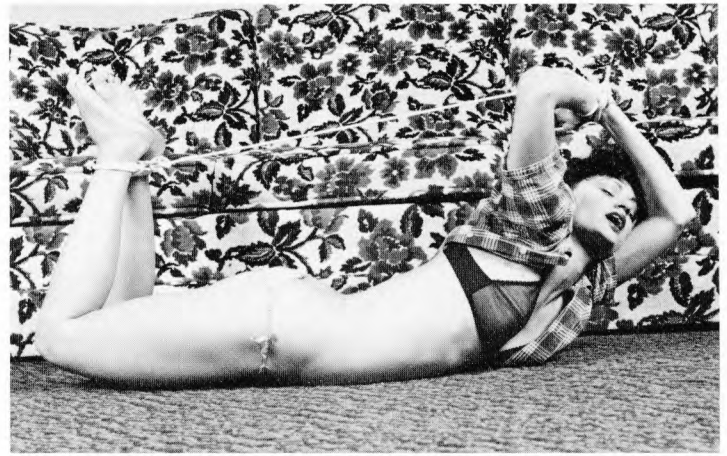
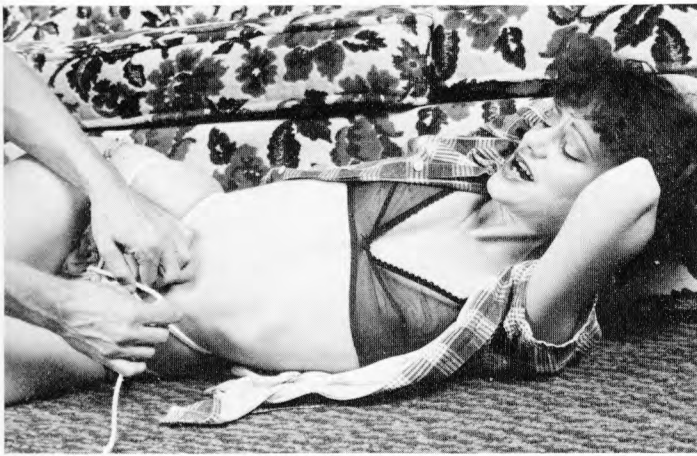
"Can't I stay tied like this?" I asked innocently. "It's fun with just my hands joined together. I might even make you coffee."











"You know better than that," he admonished. "So right off you lose those pretty little flippers. Put 'em in back of your neck."

I have to obey. It's awful if I don't. So I wriggle my poor bound little wrists up over my hair. They hurt a bit, but that's part of the deal. Roy makes quite sure I'll keep them there by tying them down to my feet. He bends my legs at the knees so I can't get any slack. I'm now lying on the things Roy likes most, so I'm not surprised when he turns me on my side. In fact it was just as well. In that bowed position my furry spot was frictioning the rug. I didn't want to get too much that way too soon. It's damn easy.

Now Roy got down to the bad bit. Or is it the good bit . . . ? Amazing how points of view differ. For me it was good. But I

could see it was going to get wicked. Round and round my waist. I've got a nice trim waist, so I don't mind. But, regardless of that, it gets well cinched. Thing is, the cords are over the rope that connects my hands and feet. I'm not going to get loose, and I am going to behave. I'm still watching all I can. Watching gets more difficult all the time as I get tied more and more. But, like I said, I get a shockingly lovely charge out of it.

This particular stage is always a question mark. Will he or won't he! This time he did. I gasp and stick my tongue out at him as the cords go under me from back to front. It's awful! It's wonderful! It's explosive! It also firmly pushes my pants into my sex and the cord follows. This means that from now on I'm going to be in agony . . . two different kinds. One of 'em's gorgeous. If you haven't tried 'em, you should.



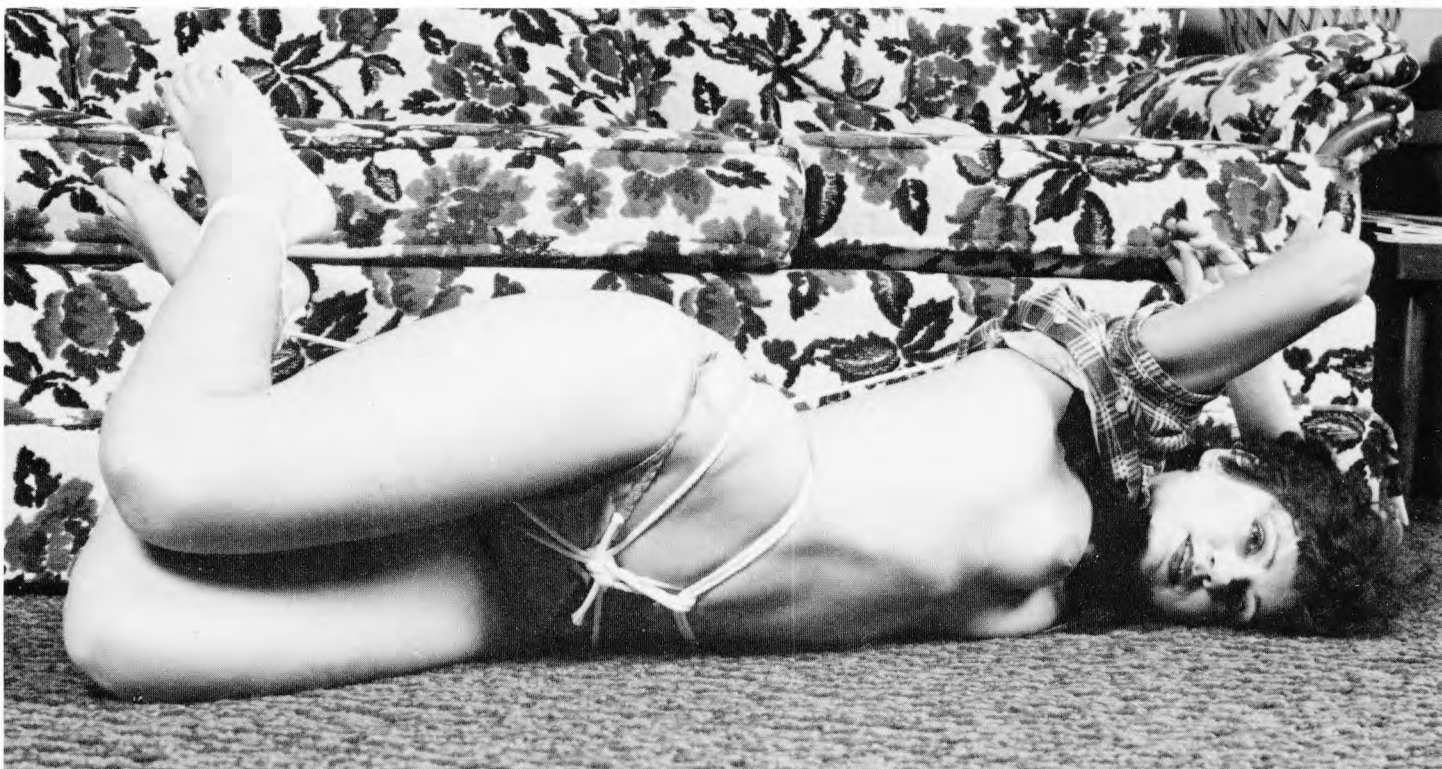












I have to wriggle now to try and get loose. I'm sure I can't, but that doesn't matter. It's orders. My Master's orders. If I don't make a good try he fetches a leather belt. So I try . . . it means I'll end up naked, my clothes go every which way and Roy gets excited as blazes. It's at this point I always hope he'll want me so bad he'll let me free. He never does, but I coax and he refuses. Honour satisfied, I roll and writhe and moan. The moans are real. My little thing gets a lot of friction.

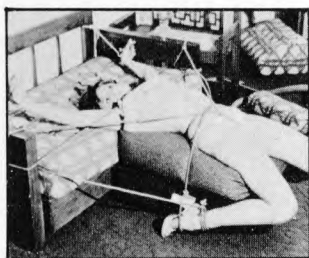
The motion and tugging loosens things. So now Roy takes up all the slack and ties me tighter than ever. That's the time I really know he has me, really know I'm tied, really know he can do what he likes to me. When my breasts come into view I sort of surrender. My nipples seem to stick out a foot. I'm almost scared to writhe anymore. I want to keep the explosion for Roy. I'm trying hard . . . trying . . . trying. But Ohhh! Oooooo! Now he'll leave me tied all afternoon.



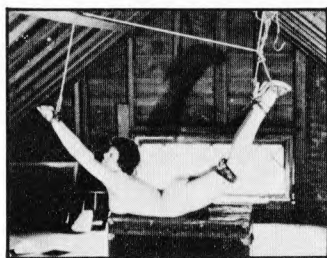


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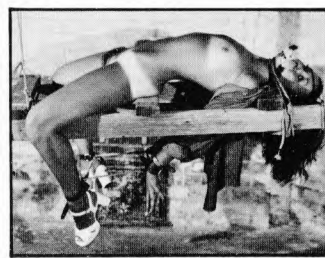
No. 7600 - The lady of the house becomes the bondage victim of a ruthless intruder!



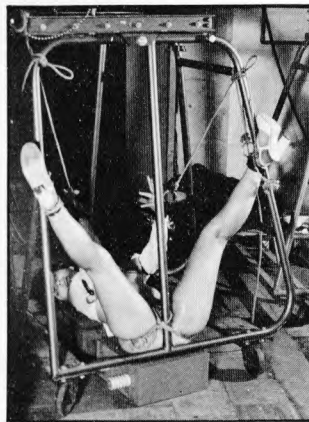
No. 7601 - It's up to the attic for a day of stringent suspension and wild, spread eagled fun!



No. 7602 - This sexy, buxom, bound, black beauty will light your fire for sure!



No. 7603 - She's tied & shackled to a rack, and you won't believe the positions!



No. 7604 - Soaked with oil, she writhes in her bonds with the passion we all love.



No. 7605 - She's horny, she wants more rope, more strap, tighter . . . and she gets what she wants!



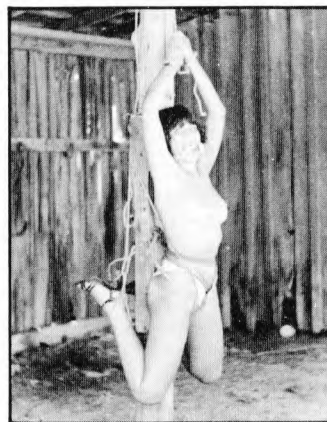
No. 7606 - Brilliant use of his bookcase, lots of rope and of course, his trophy.



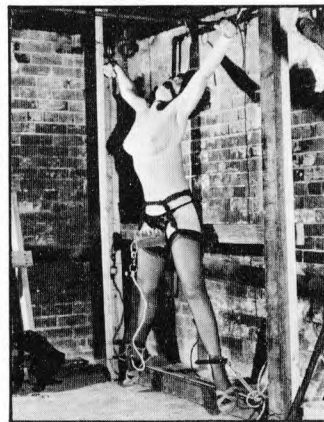
No. 7607 - Superb, stringent bondage in the woods with crotch ropes tighter than ever!



No. 7608 - Down in his workshop, her luscious body is the project being worked on.



No. 7609 - Her feet rarely touch the ground as the ropes keep her entire body firmly in place.



No. 7610 - Note the saw tooth board her crotch rests on, well there's much more than that!



No. 7611 - Stripped naked, royally bound and strenuously positioned for her captor.



No. 7612 - A luscious pulsating oriental body needs certain rope to show an even better value.



No. 7613 - Bondage, teasing, spanking and a lusty body well worth taking it all.



No. 7614 - The strict use of rope on a ravaged and bewildered young lady is the message.



No. 7615 - Schoolgirls can be teasing little bad girls . . . so what should we do . . . ?

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# PLEASURE BOUND PERSONALS

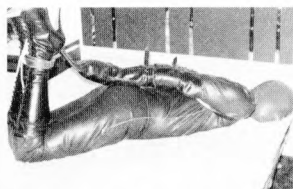


**No. 7561F, NASHVILLE, TN.:** Passionate redhead. I would love to be your slave or can be dominant. Like Greek, French and all other arts. I would love to explore the fantasy of bondage with single men, women and couples. Please send photo and phone. See photo.

**No. 5499C, NEW MEXICO:** Would like to hear from others interested in B&D. We are interested but inexperienced. Care to teach us? Or learn together? If possible, photo please.

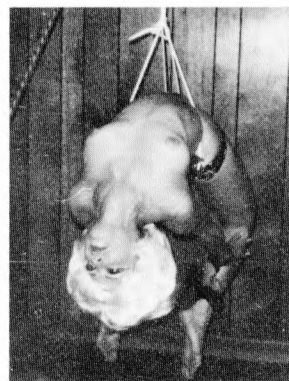
**No. 5536F, PENNSYLVANIA:** Submissive woman who is ready to make your B&D fantasies come true, would like to meet inventive female for exchange and execution of ideas. Will answer those with photo, phone & SASE only.

**No. 7362F, NEW YORK:** Submissive gal, 22, likes to be spanked. Can be submissive in all ways. Will meet anytime - anywhere. My submissive photos tell it all. Write for information, include stamp.



**No. 7442M, NO. W.VA., S.W. PA.:** Rubber loving male, 30, 6'1", 175 lbs., seeks all others, especially females, for good times encased in rubber, helmets and boots. Very interested in painless bondage, teasing photography, etc., while in custom fitted rubber suits, heels, and tight leather and rubber masks. I have a very large rubber wardrobe and many leather restraints in addition to a collection of discipline helmets. I also enjoy water sports while encased in my latex restraint bag. I am a very considerate, gentle and discreet person who is looking for similar people. I enjoy music, theatre, traveling and most sports, especially skiing and tennis. I am a professional man and seek a permanent or temporary relationship with the right girl. Am willing to outfit you in your own custom fitting black latex wardrobe. Photo and phone appreciated but not necessary. Also want to meet with similar couples or males. See photo.

**No. 5287C, CLEVELAND, OHIO AREA:** Couple would like to meet other couples and females interested in B/D, water sports and photography. Photo & phone for early meeting. Must be discreet.



**No. 7639F, FLORIDA:** Young, submissive girl, 24, loves bondage and discipline. My husband enjoys watching me twist and jerk in my bonds. We would like to meet and correspond with attractive females or couples who know what real bondage is. Please send photo if possible. Will answer all. See photo.

**No. 7431C, WESTERN PA.:** Couple desires photo exchange or will pose wife to order. Like super tight tape bondage (adhesive or black electrical tape) or super tight rope bondage? Do you crave photos or a truly gagged female? Do you desire bondage photos with the slave bound & gagged with high heels or sandals her only clothing? If you do, send a photo of your slave bound and gagged and I will reciprocate.

**No. 7434M, IDAHO:** Dominant white male, single, mid 30's, reasonably attractive, would like to meet a submissive woman, age 25-35, for B&D sessions. Nothing harsh; discretion required and assured. Can travel. Priority will be given to letters with photos and phone numbers.

**No. 5997F, PHILA., PA. AREA:** Dom/Sub. bi-gal mid 20's, very anxious to meet and explore pleasures of sexual & sensual girl to girl relationship. Love sexciting bondage and fantasy with exotic lingerie & make-up. Can travel or entertain. Explicit letter & phone a must or no reply. I'm very real and want quick meeting. Pen pals or phonies needn't bother.

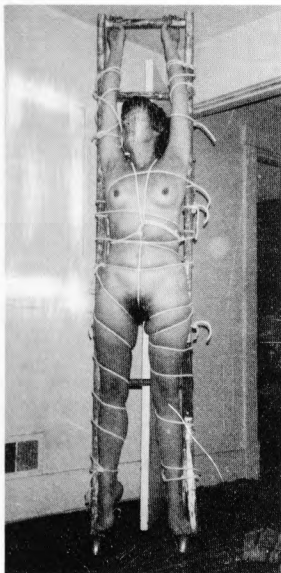


**No. 7512C, TEXAS:** Couple interested in all forms of bondage and restraint. Also like leather equipment, corsets, heels, boots, hose and exotic dress, etc., or you suggest it and if we like it, we'll try it. Would like to correspond, exchange photos and ideas, and meet with other couples or single females. No single males. We are discreet, honest and sincere people looking for the same as contacts for fun and enjoyment. All answered, guaranteed! See photo.

**No. 7608M, CHICAGO, ILL.:** Handsome, dominant, white male, 27, new to Chicago, wishes to correspond with and meet a female who digs bondage - no pain. Will answer all - no phonies, please. Singles or couples, write. Enjoy life the kinky way. Can travel.

**No. 7549M, CONNECTICUT:** Love being dominated, completely bound and helpless? If you do, then you're the one I'm looking for. I am a white male, 23, very dominant and possessive. I am looking for an attractive fun-loving female who wants to be bound helpless and be completely dominated. The only requirement I have is that you are single, have a good figure and are between 18-30 years old. Experienced female welcomed but I will accept inexperienced female willing to learn. If you think you fit the bill, send a SASE with a photo and tell me a little about yourself. If your qualifications meet with my approval, it could make for a lasting relationship.





**No. 7643C, PITTSBURGH, PA.:** Attractive clean couple interested in B/D-S/M. He is dominant, she submissive and when properly stimulated has a very high pain tolerance. Interested in meeting with single girls and couples. Will consider qualified single males who can entertain in the Pittsburgh area only. Photo, phone & SASE a must. Discretion assured. See photo.

**No. 7374M, FAR EAST:** European gentleman, refined dominator, planning to visit the Far East in 1977/78, would like to get in touch with people with B/D and S/M interests. Personal meeting on tour appreciated. I am also looking for private clubs dealing with bondage, etc. Absolutely reliable and discreet. Correspondence in English, French, German or Italian. All answered.

**No. 4942C, ENGLAND:** Young couple wishes to correspond and trade photos with young couples and single girls who are into bondage. Wife (26) turns on to all erotic restraint and humiliation, with mild flagellation, roles often reversed. Bondage photos of female partner essential for us to establish if you are genuine (all photos returned if you desire). Large B/D photo collection. All sincere letters with photo answered.



**No. 7642F, TEXAS:** Novice, submissive, blue-eyed blond student, 22, 39D-26-38, 5'5", interested in teasing, spanking, rape games, bondage, sexual torments, mild discipline and slavery, wants to correspond with and maybe meet with young men and couples. First ad. All answered. (SASE answered first.) See photo.

**No. 7417M, NEW YORK CITY:** Single white male (age 24) seeks white submissive female (to age 25) to pose for bondage photographs. Girl must be single, attractive, willing, and sincerely enjoy being bound and gagged. No pain or torture will be inflicted, nor will bizarre devices be used. Strictly "rope and cloth gag" bondage. I am an amateur photographer, therefore any photos I take are solely for my private collection and will not be published or sold for profit. Would also like to establish personal relationship, depending on the girl. Please include photo, name and address with reply. If you live in New York City area, please include phone number.

**No. 7386F, SWITZERLAND:** Very submissive young female is gagged and handcuffed most of her life. I enjoy all restraints and discipline that makes me really helpless. I love leather, ropes, chains and always the gag. Is anybody able to tie me up and give me a hard gag in? Will answer all - females preferred - who send descriptive letters and PHOTO of my new positions. P.O. boxes O.K.



**No. 7644F, LOS ANGELES:** Young, submissive female with a TV friend, seeks singles, couples, and other TV's with same interests. My special duties are French, English and threesomes. Will answer all sending picture, and for those too far away, will correspond and exchange pics. Have no prejudices and, if needed, mate to join in my submission to all. See photo.

**No. 7581M, FT. LAUDERDALE, FL.:** Male, 33, white, seeking single female bondage model for fun and/or profit. Photo needed.

**No. 7221F, FLORIDA:** I am a 24 year old slave who desperately needs a strict, demanding mistress to help my master dominate me. Trained in all aspects including spanking, bondage, verbal and sexual humiliation, Greek, French, water sports and toilet slavery. I will do anything on command. You will not be disappointed. Please write and send photo - phone for early meeting. No males please.

**No. 7216C, SOUTHERN NEW MEXICO:** Average looking, above average submissive female slave urgently needs dominant males, females, couples, or singles of either sex to help husband further my training. French, Greek, B&D, bi-humiliation, enemas, and all unusual desires welcome. We are not novices, but welcome anyone interested. Photo and phone preferred but not necessary. P.O. boxes O.K.



**No. 7253C, OHIO:** First ad anywhere. Married couple, early 30's, considerate and discreet. Husband is Caucasian, wife is Oriental. We wish to correspond, swap pics, and meet with real people anywhere who keenly enjoy all forms of BONDAGE for mutual pleasure, bondage modeling, leatherwear, high boots, nylons, harnesses, etc. We both equally enjoy being dominant or submissive. We are not interested in real pain, no racial barriers if clean and sensible. Prefer couples but select singles considered. Letters with bondage photo and phone answered first, but will try to answer all. We are seeking close, lasting friendships. See Photo.

**No. 7359C, NEW YORK CITY AREA:** We are a sincere young couple, early 30's, who enjoy bondage in leather and rubber. She is passive and loves high heels and tight bondage. We are real people trying to find friends with similar interests. We are discreet and will answer all.

**No. 5843C, WISCONSIN:** (First ad) Discreet young couple, submissive beautiful wife, dominant husband, wishes to correspond and exchange photos with other young couples and single girls who are into bondage, humiliation, and spanking. Discretion assured and expected. All sincere letters with photo answered.



## How To Answer An Ad

1. Write your letter and enclose it in an unsealed envelope. This envelope should have your correct address printed or typed on the upper left hand corner and a loose postage stamp enclosed in the envelope. If you want your letter airmailed, be sure to enclose an airmail stamp and write Airmail on the envelope.

2. Write the code number of the person that you wish to contact on the lower right hand corner of the envelope. We will then properly address the envelope and mail it for you.

3. All forwarding must be accompanied by the coupon below, completed and properly signed, unless you have a permanent disclaimer card on file with House of Milan. In that case, simply write your customer code number above your name and address in the upper left hand corner of the envelope with each letter to be forwarded. A permanent disclaimer card is available from our Forwarding Department and will be sent to you upon request.

4. Non-subscribers send two dollars for the first letter and one dollar for each additional letter being forwarded at the same time. **Subscribers** pay one dollar for the first letter and fifty cents for each additional forwarded at the same time. Please note special savings for non-subscribers on coupon below.

**SPECIAL SAVINGS:** Non-subscribers can NOW forward letters for only a small fraction of the regular rate by using forwarding coupons.

EIGHT coupons \$5.00 FIFTEEN coupons \$8.00

I am enclosing \$\_\_\_\_\_ please forward the attached \_\_\_\_\_ letters and send the remaining coupons to me for future use.

**BTP - 2/10**

I am forwarding letters:

- ☐ Subscriber's rate.  
☐ Non-subscriber's rate.  
☐ SPECIAL SAVINGS.

I will obey ALL local, state and federal regulations that pertain to my correspondence and meetings by and through this correspondence club and its members.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

(Please Print)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

5. If it is no longer possible to forward your letter due to the advertiser moving or becoming inactive, your letter will be destroyed and your envelope with proper credits returned to you. Your letter will be returned only if you state on the outside of the envelope "Return All Contents".

6. Do not send ANY money to any of our advertisers with your initial letter. In the event an advertiser offers something for sale, such as photos, etc. you must not send the cash with your initial letter through our Forwarding Dept. Wait until you have established contact before you decide to purchase anything.

## How To Place An Ad

Personal ads from ladies and couples (with photo of the female) are accepted free of charge. Ads from ladies and couples without an accompanying photo and any male ad, with or without a photo, must pay \$5.00 per insertion. Every advertisement must be submitted along with the coupon below, completed and properly signed.

CIRCLE ONE. Letter will follow code number in ad:

C - Couple M - Male G - Group  
F - Female TV - Transvestite

List under the state, city or town of: \_\_\_\_\_

I am enclosing my ad on a separate sheet of paper with my name and address printed.

- ☐ Lady's and couple's FREE personal ad accompanied by photo.  
☐ Lady's or couple's personal ad without photo. \$5.00 per insertion.  
☐ Male personal ad. \$5.00 per insertion.

I, the undersigned, hereby represent that I am 21 years of age or older, that the photograph sent to you is in fact an actual photo of myself and that I compiled the data for the ad sent in to you. I hereby give you my consent to publish my photo and ad in this or any other publication connected with you or the promotion thereof. It is expressly understood that you may edit or re-write my ad at your sole discretion. I understand that no proofs of photos or ads will be supplied for my approval and I waive all claims respecting accuracy or reproduction of either due to mistake or technical failures. I understand that my ad(s) and/or photo(s) will not be returned to me. I also understand that the HOUSE OF MILAN CORP. is in no way responsible for any transactions between myself and any person or persons I contact through its publications. I shall not use this or any of HOUSE OF MILAN CORP'S publications for any purpose other than that for which they are intended: the friendly correspondence between discriminating adults.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ **BTP - 2/10**

## STAY INFORMED!

HOUSE OF MILAN is into 'everything' that you want. We have hundreds of products, many more magazines, great movies, etc. We will tell you all about them, PLUS keep you up to date with mailings when new things happen.

## SAVE SOME STEPS

To the right you will find our disclaimer form that you may sign and return to us, so that we will be able to notify you of new product announcements, movies and magazine releases as soon as they become available.

We *even* have SALES!

So . . . please fill out the form right now, and get it in the mail to us today!! We're here to keep you informed.

Do Not Write  
In This Space

I, the undersigned, hereby direct House of Milan Corp. to mail to me all brochures, catalogues, magazines, merchandise, and related promotional material for their product lines and social activities. I realize that these items, brochures, etc. may be considered sexually oriented and DO NOT want 'sexually oriented material' or other identification written on the envelope or package mailed to me. I am an adult, 21 years of age or older. In the event that I no longer wish this material coming to me in the future I will notify House of Milan Corp. in writing and allow up to four weeks for the deletion to become final (due to mailings in preparation when notification is received).

Signed \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Upon receipt of this form we will mail to you your 'customer number' that may be used in all correspondence to us. It will be especially helpful in forwarding replies to our advertisers, requesting that your name be removed from our list and prompt tracing of orders.

**MAIL ALL COUPONS TO: HOUSE OF MILAN CORP., P.O. BOX 24080, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90024**





**No. 7394C, ENGLAND:**

Young couple, she bi-sexual, 35-23-36, would like to correspond and exchange photos with other couples and girls, whether bi, submissive or dominant. She loves to pose for others being humiliated in tight bondage. We will answer all sincere letters with photos enclosed in confidence. See photo.

**No. 5724M, LOUISIANA:**

Young executive with time and money would like to be in service of beautiful ladies and couples. Can travel or entertain. Phone, photo and detailed letter please. This is a serious ad; if you are for real, respond.

**No. 7341F, NEW YORK:**

Submissive bi female seeks dominant female to teach and help with new training methods. Interests include B&D, leather, French, fem fun, TV, and all related areas of erotica. Have submissive male available that we both can train and tame. Equipment available. Sincerity assured. Answer all.



**No. 7640C, LOS ANGELES, ORANGE COUNTY:**

My husband forces me to meet with dominant/submissive couples or girls (20-35) who are interested in bondage, discipline, torture and humiliation. Will answer those with photos of slave in tight bondage as well as phone so your master and mine may discuss arrangements for meetings. See photo.

**No. 7171C, CALIFORNIA:**

Couple would like to correspond or meet with couples, singles - for activities mentioned in this magazine. He's 36 and good looking; she's 28 and Spanish-American (38-24-36). Both like French, nylons, garter belts and boots. B/D and water sports are great. Send photo and descriptive letter. Female will meet guys alone. Send SASE. Send photos for trade also.

**No. 7114C, MINNEAPOLIS, MN.:** We are an attractive young couple seeking select dominant couples and single females. Our interests include bondage, humiliation and exotic dress. We ask that you send honest letter and photo. We are sincere and discreet and ask that you be the same. B&D games should be for fun-loving people, not weirdos. Please write today so that we can meet soon. All answered with SASE and phone. We are real people, not phonies or pros.

**No. 7638C, ENGLAND:** Exciting couple, can be both submissive or dominant, with large collection of bondage equipment, would appreciate the opportunity of exchanging correspondence, photos, ideas with other couples or single girls who enjoy bondage. She also loves leather. Would like to meet and entertain visitors to England and an opportunity to visit enthusiasts in the U.S.A., a country we visit frequently. Let's hear too from readers of H.of M. mags in England. All letters will be answered and those with photo will receive one of her in tight bondage.

**No. 5220F, D.C.-MARYLAND-VIRGINIA:**

Young, extremely passive and oral Caucasian girl, 30, with young Caucasian boyfriend, 23, who is very boyish and bashful. Would very much like to hear from an aggressive couple that is not brutal for friendly get-togethers and possible swapping. I love to be forced to take it the Greek way, and he is very gentle and affectionate. Response guaranteed. Absolutely any age or race.

**No. 7377M, HARTFORD, CT.:**

Single male who believes bondage can be exquisite fun and not humiliation or whips and chains. Females only need apply and perhaps we can connect...

**No. 7618M, DENVER, CO.:** White male, 28, 175 lbs., 6", good looking, seeking women or good-looking very well groomed TV's who are innovative thinkers and doers in the bondage field. I am sincere, discreet and quite versatile in whatever roles you might wish me to play. I can travel within Colorado and would appreciate a phone number and photo.

**No. 7537M, DENMARK:**

Accountant, 30 years old, seeks female(s) or couples desiring exciting bondage fantasy games. Also love leather, rubber, tight gags and spike heels. Hope to get together or to correspond and exchange photos with those sharing my interests. Will reply to those first who enclose bondage photo(s) but all answered.

**No. 5854C, CLEVELAND-AKRON:**

Couple, mid 30's, educated, discreet, considerate - bored with present routine. We would like to meet new people with the goal of developing lasting friendships. Also, we enjoy light bondage and would like to learn more about it through correspondence and meetings with submissive and dominant females. We are interested in obtaining quality bondage photos. Please enclose photo and phone for our reply.

**No. 5647M, NORTHERN VIRGINIA:**

Dominant white male, 43 and well educated, interested in meeting with submissive females and couples of any age who seek B&D, mild S&M & humiliation. Willing to train slaves for inexperienced masters. I have a complete set of restraint and discipline equipment. Will answer all who include phone number, revealing photo and a description of interests. Discretion and confidentiality absolutely assured and expected.

# **MORE THAN A CATALOG!**

For the FIRST time in America - a catalog so seductive and exciting, a visual display of hundreds of intimate rubber garments modeled by Hollywood beauties (many in full color!).



# **ULTRA LATEX**

**\$350**  
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SLIMWEAR OF AMERICA, INC.  
Dept. - P. O. BOX 24937  
Los Angeles, Calif. 90024, USA



# HARNESSED HOUSEWIFE

"Want to learn to stay home the hard way?" I made my voice as indifferent as I could. I'd about had it with Sunny, she'd stopped giving me any breaks at all.

She gave me her crafty look, assessing my temper. "What are you talking about? More of that male crap?"

"I'm talking about a wife I hardly ever get to see," I told her firmly. "I'm wondering if you'd like a bit of help in staying home?"

"I'm home now." Her voice was petulant.

"For how long? The phone will ring anytime, and away you'll go."

"D'you ever do anything to try and keep me?" she flashed.

"That's what I had in mind. I'll show you a way to keep you or we can get a divorce. Which d'you want?"

I had her worried, but curious, Sunny's a real female. "Some lousy trick?"

"Take off your dress, stand still, and I'll show you."

She turned in fury. "You got any ideas 'bout beating . . . ?"

"Hell no!" I waved her fear away. It was a damn good idea, but after all . . . !

She knew we had to do something, she had to do something. She took off her dress. I could tell it was more from curiosity than any wish to placate me. She even stood still and said nothing while I strapped her wrists behind her back.

"That's step number one," I told her. Actually I was damn glad it was done. I'd made up my mind not to use force, she could take it this way or else.

"Hardly original!" She was good at scoffing.







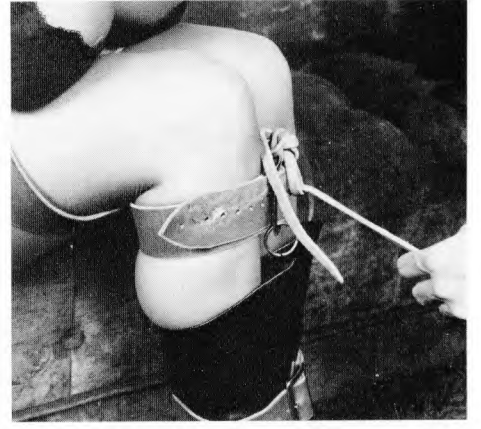
Her temper held while I put on the broader strap that went under her breasts and clamped her elbows. I knew it didn't hurt, she was still making no protest. Even if she did rebel now, I'd made up my mind. Sunny was in for it! I'd take it as it came. I sat her on the couch and used the really long one that passed all the way round from under her thighs and over her elbows. It kept her bent forward, humble and attentive. I wanted Sunny attentive. I had things to say.

I used latigo laces to cinch everything tight. It's when it's

tight the little dear began to get the whole idea. I could feel her eyes burning into me, darling Sunny was doing a lot of thinking. She wasn't a bit scared of the straps. She had in mind a battle of wits. I think she regarded the buckles as a minor item. Something to humor me with while she brought up the heavy artillery. I strapped her knees and then her ankles. Once again I cinched the leather with the laces. This makes a really snug job, leaves a girl no room for getting a bit of slack. Sunny was beginning to look pensive as though just noticing what was being done to her.











"Did you really want a divorce?" she queried doubtfully.

"No. We don't have to have one."

"Tying me up like this won't do a lick of good, y'know. You have to let me loose sometime. What then?"

"Two things, little darling, firstly I don't have to let you loose sometime or anytime at all, secondly I can always tie you again. Anytime I see that light in your eye I'll just get out these straps and you have a nice quiet evening at home. Simple."

"You'd have to use force." Her eyes searched mine enigmatically.

"I'd thought of that. I can. I didn't today for a reason. You have to enter this of your own will. When and if you agree I'll

take over."

"You mean you'd do this . . . this tying business against my will?"

"Yes, you're my wife. If you want to stay my wife, that's the way it has to be." I looked her straight in the eye. "After the way you've acted I don't know any other way."

Sunny struggled fretfully against the straps, but she knew they were too tight and too strong. In a sweetly pathetic gesture she bent into a crouch so that I could not see her face. I knew she was thinking. When she straightened up as best she could and sought my face, she said wearily: "Do what you want. I can't stop you now, obviously. So just please yourself."







She took the gag without demur. I almost weakened. She was doing better than I'd hoped. No angry denunciations or dirty names. Her complaisance still seemed like curiosity . . . seeing how far I'd go.

"It doesn't have to hurt. Being kept at home, I mean!" I was watching her reactions. She couldn't speak, but her face . . . "I had in mind a pair of handcuffs," I suggested.

"They're handy and cheap and very secure. You could stay

home with a minimum of discomfort and trouble. One cuff on your wrist, the other on the plumbing."

She listened, looking up, waiting. I held firm. "You're like this for the evening. You understand?"

She nodded, then, again, bent down so that I could not watch the flickers of expression that might betray her. "This will be the first time, but not the last. Sunny? You know what I'm saying?"

She nodded mutely. She did not shake her head.



# Cinema Showcase

*This is your best home entertainment value! Superb Bondage, Female Domination, Spanking, Rubber . . . Choose your favorite films from House of Milan's fabulous collection. Explosive regular 8mm color for \$25.00 each or ANY THREE for ONLY \$60.00. BUY NOW & SAVE!! (Please add 60c per each film ordered for postage & handling)*



**A PIG IN A POKE** - Female Domination at its FINEST! A demanding dominant beauty COMMANDS & RECEIVES!

Reg. 8mm 185'



**IT TOOK A THIEF** - She steals her sisters cash - and pays it back as a BOUND in leather CAPTIVE!

Reg. 8mm 170'



**BONDAGE SHORTS No. 2** - Ropes, STOCKS, plasticuffs, and shiny rubber are in store for FOUR SEXPOT MODELS!

Reg. 8mm 165'



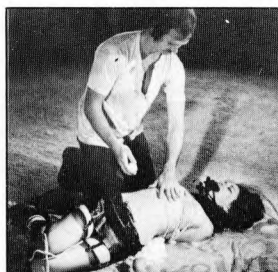
**BONDAGE SHORTS No. 4** - Claire, Candy, Tina, Ruthie & Linda all beg one thing - to ESCAPE - but they can't!

Reg. 8mm 160'



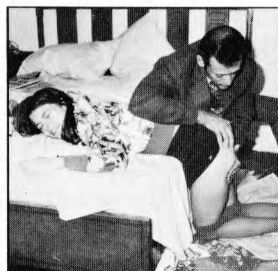
**KIDNAPED!** - Her panties in her mouth, her CROTCH SPLIT by ropes - A play-doll played with like never before.

Reg. 8mm 205'



**TAMED BITCH** - This foxy witch thought she'd tame the delivery boy - but in turn she's attacked BEYOND BELIEF!

Reg. 8mm 170'



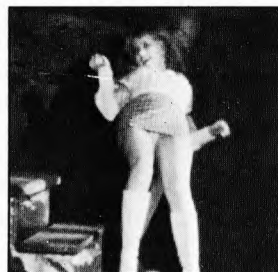
**SPANKING CHERRY ON THE BARE** - He pulverizes her tasty red ass, and brings her to a BLISTERING CLIMAX!

Reg. 8mm 170'



**BONDAGE VIGNETTES 1** - Moaning, groaning skirt raising adventures for 5 damsels in SEXUAL DISTRESS!

Reg. 8mm 165'



**CAPTURED - PART 1** - An erotic dancer tries her best to escape his PERVERTED MIND and STRONG ROPES!

Reg. 8mm 210' Super 8 235'



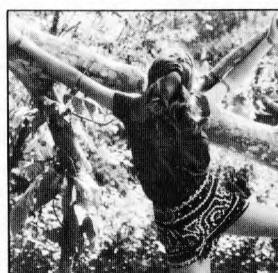
**SPANKING PUNISHMENT** - Kneading and POUNDING her voluptuous ass like meat - he winds up the ritual with ropes!

Reg. 8mm 150'



**ESCAPE INTO RUBBER** - Loving each other in the squirming suction of latex! Flowing soothing, WET and WILD!

Reg. 8mm 200'



**BOUND BABE IN THE WOODS** - Trapped, captured & SPREAD EAGLED, she discovers the sexy side of nature!

Reg. 8mm 165'



**LOVE BOUND** - Leather, latex, chains, straps, ropes, and of course, four luscious beauties in WILD action bondage!

Reg. 8mm 165'



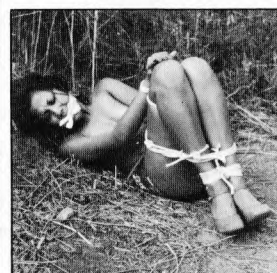
**FANTASY BOND. VOYAGE.** Bound, suspended and naked, she becomes the feline of oily, MASSAGED DELIGHTS!

Reg. 8mm 145'



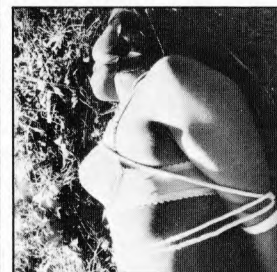
**LEATHER BOUND SLAVE-GIRL** ; Lesbians - slave and master - servitude and ecstasy - BONDAGE & DISCIPLINE!

Reg. 8mm 160'



**POLYNESIAN SLAVEGIRL** - Nikki goes on a picnic with Jim and learns that she is the intended appetizer! - BOUND!

Reg. 8mm 160'



**THE PHOTOGRAPHER** - This is one cameraman that more than enjoys his craft! And his bound model CAN'T escape!

Reg. 8mm 180'



**KITCHEN THRALL** - Patty's stupid clumsiness leads her to a full day of BONDAGE TORTURES.

Reg. 8mm 205'



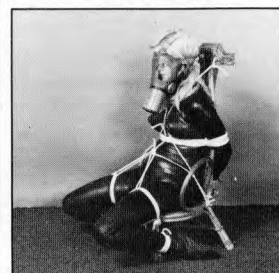
**BONDAGE SHORTS No. 1** - Six wonderfully seductive, squirming women in stringent bondage of ALL variations!

Reg. 8mm 165'



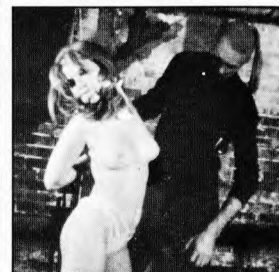
**BONDAGE SHORTS No. 3** - Captured in the woods, tied to a cross, you name it, you'll find it with 5 luscious victims!

Reg. 8mm 160'



**BONDAGE SHORTS No. 5** - Hot bondage and bizarre techniques drag these three ladies into total submission!

Reg. 8mm 165'



**CAPTURED - PART 2** - A masked intruder strips, gags, & suspends this baby doll, and FORCES her to DANCE!

Reg. 8mm 170'



(Continued)

Bondage would come to have duality. We have rodeos in which the cowpoke rides a bucking horse for fun. But the following day he may be going through exactly the same set of motions with the most serious intent of training a horse into ways of usefulness. We have a parallel. Don't stop the fun, but make it pay.

Window shopping of an afternoon sends wifey-dear home tired and discontented. Obviate the hazard by joining her feet with a neat set of ankle shackles before you leave for work. If even this fails to deter her from too many koffee klatches with the neighboring girls, you can always have a longer chain trailing to a ring set in the floor. It's all very practical.

Absurd, you say, it could never happen! It could, y'know. You could make it happen, and very easily too. Since you, in this New Order, would now be head of the house you would be called upon to provide preventive bondage and punitive bondage. The first stops the dear girl from getting into trouble, the second teaches her a lesson when she manages to do it anyway. You come home to find she has ransacked your desk to find your tickets for Saturday's game and has given them to her cousin who's in town for the weekend from Gopher Burrow, Wyoming. Obviously she has busy little hands that could do with an object lesson, so you tie them behind her back for the evening—after she has done the dishes, of course. Simple, humane, and damned attractive!

What an industry would burgeon! Handcuffs would be of silver, and cords of silk. Shackles would be works of art. The girls would watch to ensure their chains shone no less brightly than the lady's next door. And as for that snippity cousin Florence with her new collar from Paris . . . well, we'll show her! But don't shudder, boys! This time the money would be well spent. One envisions the GNP rising to all-time highs.

Every well-appointed home would have its pillory. Its location would be worthy of some thought and planning. It does not have to be in the basement. Why not the front lawn! A nice little lesson in humiliation along with her couple of hours with her neck and hands neatly out of mischief. Prominently displayed on the kitchen wall would be the schedule of penalties for her infraction of the household rules. But don't let yourself be governed by it entirely. If you want to put her in the stocks for a couple of hours just for the hell of it, do so. She's your girl and they are your stocks. Never let her forget. That's the essence of the New Age: she's your property. And why not!!! Dammit, she cost enough.

You will have heard the term "The emerging nations." Hard to say what they're emerging from or where they aim to go. But they can teach us a trick or two. I got this info first-hand from a female who has just emigrated on the basis that North American girls have it a lot better than any girls anywhere else. We could have told her that, but it's nice to have our opinion confirmed. Anyway, this charming and highly educated young woman told me of some manners and customs that leave me green with envy. If I could offer counsel to any of these enlightened people I would certainly suggest they go easy on this emerging bit. I'd say they have about done all the emerging they need to do. Any more might be dangerous.

They beat their wives.

Yes, actually! The lucky so-and-so's! They have things in good order in these places. No matter what their social status may be, hubby is boss. The girls know exactly where they stand. The first bit of querulous questioning about "Where were you to four o'clock this morning?" and the girl barely has time to say "Ooops, sorry!" and turn her cheek before the first clout connects. The system works fine.

Now, don't get me wrong. These people are not primitive. I

saw the family album. They have as many clothes and as many cars and the same houses we have here. The only difference is that their little girls know their place and keep it. When they get bored they question their husband's judgment and get soundly thrashed. Everyone is happy.

Mind you, whilst I'm all for this sort of thing, I do feel a bit of caution and finesse is warranted. No sense spoiling her bridge-work or breaking her glasses when nature has provided a most obvious and convenient portion of her person for correction. But what I'm really working up to is the second campaign. Having established dual bondage as a part of the American Dream, we can then move on to the small matter of caning their bottoms if they don't behave. We would then have the perfect State, the envy of all! We might even add something to that inscription on the Statue of Liberty. Something about bending over. . . .

But we want to talk about bondage. The fact is that there isn't all that much to say about it. The logic of keeping a bit of cord and a pair of handcuffs around the house is so obvious that it needs no enlargement. My main motive in putting pen to paper here is to propound my own sentiment that we don't do it enough or for all the reasons that justify its use. Its possibilities are manifold. For instance, why go to the expense of putting feminine wrongdoers in jail. Wouldn't it be better to set the term of their sentence and then make 'em wear handcuffs for the whole time. If they have been very bad girls we can go a step further and make them take short steps with something shining between their ankles. Or for truly awful crimes a nice bronze collar. . . .

Builders would conform. Each room in a house would have a stout ring firmly embedded in the wall or floor. The little girl could be clipped to it in much the same way as cowboys used a hitching post. It would be a wonderful convenience. All the better homes would have a dungeon. No ghosts or water dripping down the walls (though it's a nice thought!), but a grim stone chamber where wife or daughter or girl friend can do a bit of quiet thinking while tethered to the wall. What a marvelous atmosphere for good resolutions. Large cages would be sold in the better pet shops.

And think of weddings! Here indeed would be fertile ground. Most wedding ceremonies are soaked in symbolism. Let's do it right. If the little darling didn't know her place before, then make certain she knows it now. That bit about marching up the aisle on Daddy's arm—it could now have some practical point. She needs a bit of support because her feet are chained. Think what a magnificent accompaniment Mendelssohn's immortal march would make to the clatter of the links as she makes her way to what had always been the greatest female victory.

And don't let's bother with a ring, unless it was through her nose! There can be no doubt as to what will take its place. When the sacred moment comes, the groom will tightly clasp the handcuffs on the proffered wrists, knowing that from now on he'll have at least a fifty-fifty break. He will lead her proudly to the waiting car by a tether to a collar around her neck. The best man need not be entirely redundant, he can carry the keys. The groom's gifts to the bridesmaids could be silver thumbcuffs with which they can practice on each other.

Oh happy day!

Mind you, the poor sap still needs beware through the honeymoon. He is in a vulnerable state of mind which his darling bride will seek to exploit to the full. I can see some practical advantage in relieving little Poppy of her ankle chains, but he should balk at any coaxing about the handcuffs. They stay on! If he takes 'em off, he's lost. Woman's nature does not change. If she can fox you she will. Man is her natural prey. It is up to us to let her know we're hep. This is one of the reasons I look ahead to campaign



(Continued from page 20)

Dear Barbara:

To keep you up on the latest events in our life, John came home the day before yesterday with your latest copy of BOUND TO PLEASE (No. 9). As usual, we both enjoyed it very much. Also, as usual, he got some new ideas from it to try on me.

He especially liked the girl on the cover and the photo of her on page 61 in "Reflections on Power and Pain." His idea actually came out of a small sort of criticism of the photos. He felt that she would be terribly uncomfortable bowed backward as she was but that there was no reason for her to stay in that position because there was nothing to prevent her from simply sitting down on her legs. It was then that he had the "idea" for me.

I saw the look in his eyes and tried to get away but he was too fast and had me pinned in about two minutes. In about one more minute, my clothing had disappeared and I was sitting on the floor, hands wrapped around the leg of the dining room table, cuffed together, while he disappeared to get a "few things."

In a few minutes he came back with an array of cuffs and straps and steel rods which he promptly started to attach to my previously unrestrained legs. Ten minutes later my hands were free of the table leg but refastened with rope behind my back and I was in almost the same position as your model but without her chance at sitting down. I was braced as rigidly as a statue, without even the usual fig leaf.

John had placed cuffs on my ankles and thighs and used the steel spreader bars to connect them to one another as well as criss-crossing from the left ankle to right thigh and right ankle to left thigh. The bars locked my legs so tightly into a fixed position that my knee and hip joints started to ache almost immediately. At that point I could offer little resistance when he unlocked my handcuffs and retied my arms, wrist to elbow tightly, left wrist to right elbow, etc.

Now in a kneeling position he used four more rods and attached one end of each to each of the cuffs and brought all four rods together to a point, something like an Indian teepee frame. With a wide leather collar around my neck he attached the tips of the rods to the collar link and I was bent backward for good. It was frankly an extremely uncomfortable position. The bars were too long to let me sit down on my haunches and too short to actually hold me up, so it was necessary to use my own muscles continuously to remain in a position between kneeling upright and sitting.

Kneeling was easier on my hips and knees than with my legs out straight but as my knees and ankles were spread apart, I was actually in an immovable four-point position. There could have been an earthquake right then and I couldn't have been knocked sideways. John had gagged me when he tied my arms so I couldn't even tell him how awful my muscles were starting to hurt but I'm sure he knew.

It was then just 9 o'clock and my "dear husband" didn't want to miss his favorite show, "Police Woman," so he lifted me up (with some difficulty, I'm happy to say, because of my rigid bondage) and carried me inside to the living room and positioned me on the floor next to his chair. He was "kind" enough to set up a mirror so I could also watch the show although it was upside down to me and he sat down to watch for the FULL HOUR.

Oh, he paid some attention to me as I knelt there; during each commercial his hand wandered down the side of the chair and to my spread-open crotch. As soon as the commercial was over, he'd stop, just about when I wished he'd continue. He can be a SOB sometimes. As for his show, I like it too, but I often wonder if he'd prefer to have me or Angie D. tied up in front of him.

At last when the show was over, he gave me a bit more attention. I, frankly, love to be strapped across my breasts. I don't mean a whipping that cuts and leaves welts for a week, but a good strapping that reddens the flesh and builds up a terrific heat. In the position I was in, my breasts were a perfect target, as was my stomach, crotch and thighs.

He used a broad but light leather strap and must have laid it into me for 10 minutes. I still couldn't speak but my mind was sending out brain waves begging him to stop and take me. I no longer thought about the position I was in; the heat had built up so much inside of me that all I wanted was him.

When he finally took the cuffs and steel rods off of my legs I was flat on my back in a second and he was inside of me in the next second. It was worth waiting for. He never did get to take the ropes off of my arms (until much later) but we had a beautiful night. I don't know if it was me or Angie D. who turned him on so much but I really don't care.

Love,  
Pat

Dear Barbara:

Since I tell you when I am not happy, I want to tell you when I am happy. I am delighted with BTP 2/5. The photo articles, "Mountain of Pleasure" (by the way, aren't they the couple from "Tamed Bitch"?), "Balanced B&D," "Pleasing Melange of Opposites" and "Haughty Latin" were great! Although I haven't been too sold on the plasticuffs, the article, "Plastic Punctuation" was terrific and the model very shapely! The color photo of her on the back cover with those lovely heels, black nylons and garter belt were worth the price. I do hope this is a trend, as I like what I am seeing from H.O.M. recently. The centerfold of the model in black gloves, corselet, nylons, heels, tightly bound and gagged, was out of sight.

I am again beginning to believe that you DO listen to people when they tell you of their likes and dislikes.

Thanks again for listening.

L.W.

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number two. It sort of rounds out the treatment and fills in any bits that bondage misses.

There's the matter of shopping. Need I say more! Even the most delightful damsel can be difficult in a department store. So make her carry a bit of cord in her bag. She might as well, everything else is in there. If she places her hot little hand too lovingly on too many costly items tie her hands behind her back. Doing this bit of domestic authority in public would be a salutary lesson, both for her and for other watching wives. If she then substituted her tongue for her fingers her bag may as well carry a gag as well. A gag will also obviate those interminable animated

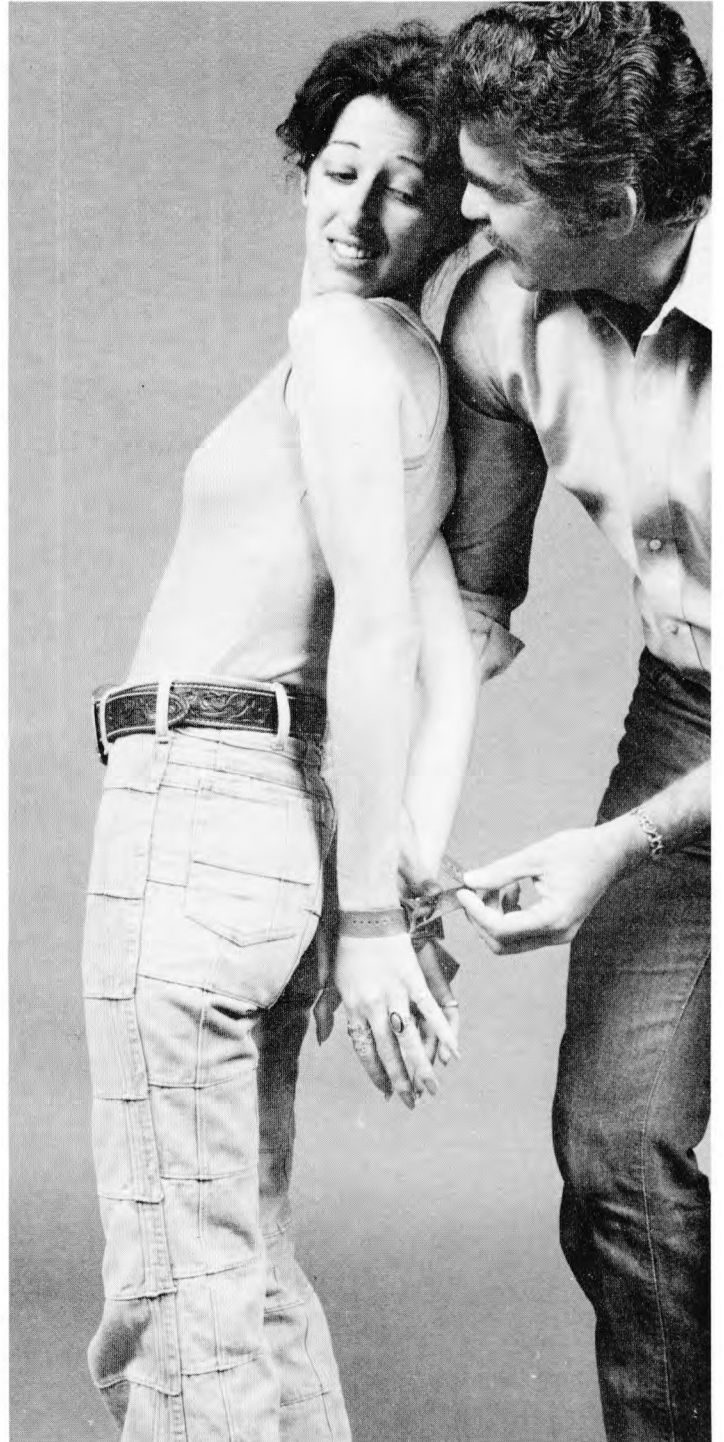
chatterings when she meets someone she knows and you have to stand and look at the foundation garments.

One treats it with humor, or as a clinical study. Perhaps it is not all that easy to come to grips with because it means so much. We would like to impart our knowledge and our dream to those who read or hear. But behind the quips and the notions and the dreams there lies a vision of a land in which the cord and the chain will have their place. A liberated place wherein Man will hold the key and tie the knot and a smiling girl will hold out to him the bonds she longs to bear.

THE END



# SURPRISES IN STRAPS





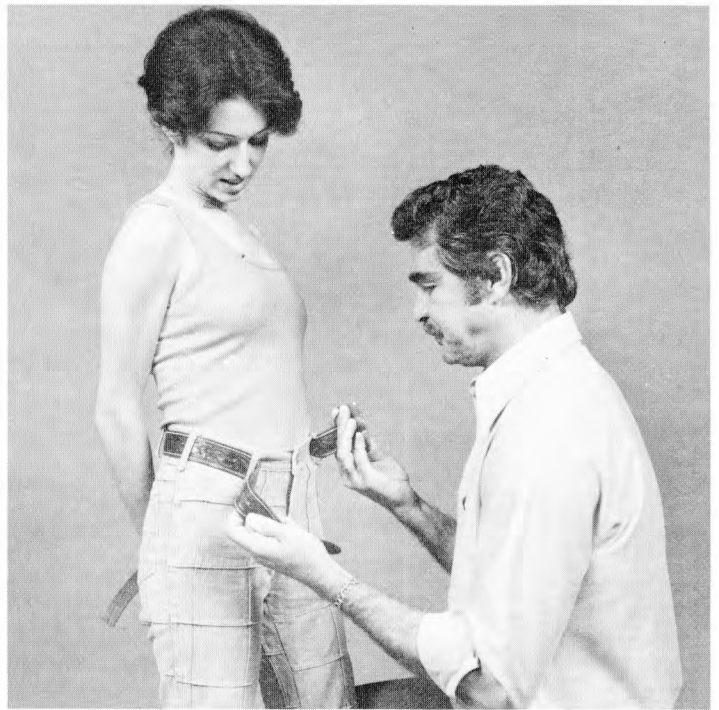


I'm too good natured. Mark takes advantage, he knows I'll do anything for him, so mostly that's the way it ends up' I do anything, anything at all!

I was so glad to be in his arms again. He'd been gone a week. When he phoned about the big surprise I could hardly wait. When he showed me what it was, I'm sure I looked a bit doubtful. A bit of strap! I'm a girl, what do I want with bits of strap?

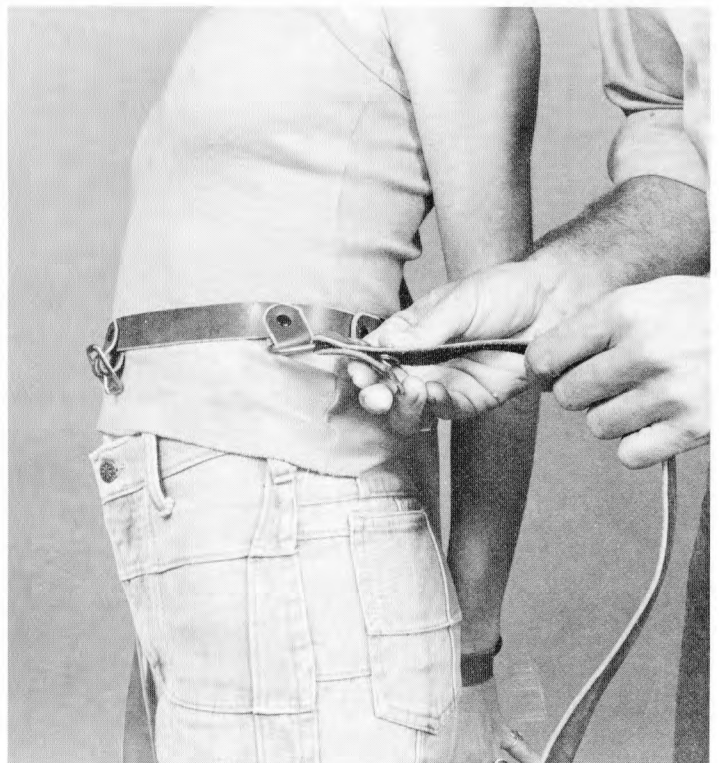
"You're going to love it, Hon."

It didn't seem very probable. Men buy the damndest things for a girl! But Mark's my guy, and if that's what he thought I'd like, I'd let him show me how it worked. I was thinking of

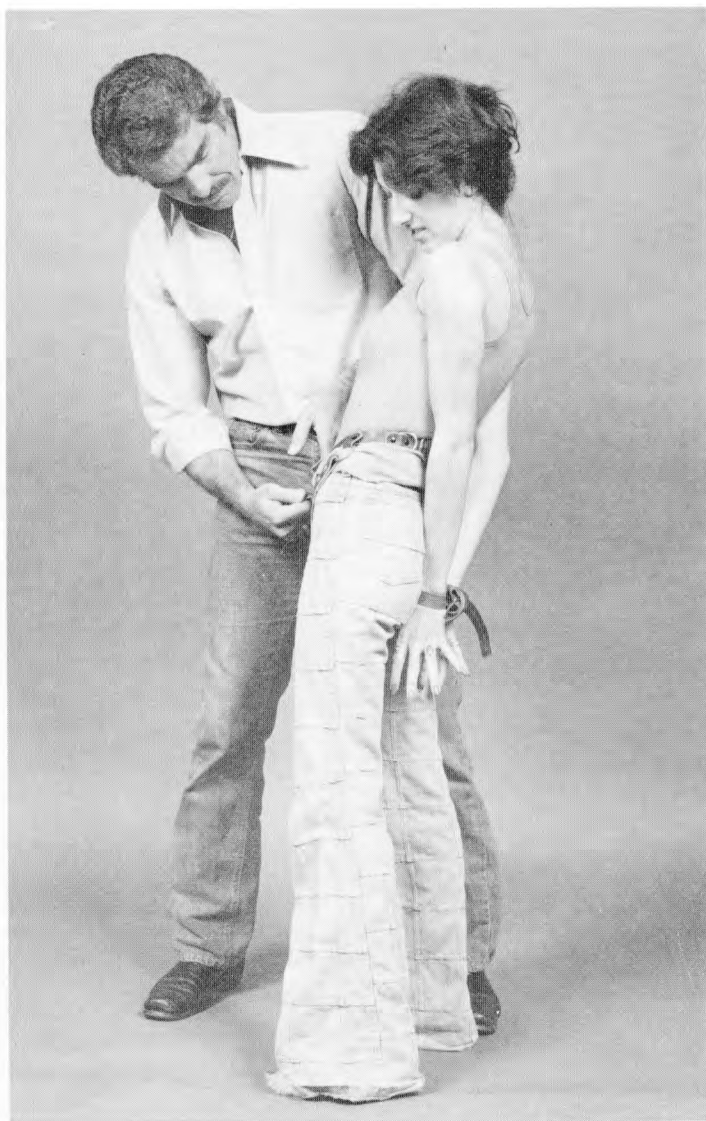


luggage. But it turned out that it was me that was to be the package. Mark turned me round, brought back my hands and strapped my wrists tight together with my 'Present'. "Harry Holloway makes this stuff," He said. "He has the damndest fun." He squeezed my arm and bit the back of my neck. "We will too."

I'm female, I'm curious. It didn't hurt . . . yet! Mark's hands felt good . . . I told you, he can do anything he likes. Now he had one for my waist. Neat and tidy and tight. Not exactly feminine, but not distasteful. There were loops and rings. I sighed happily. Mark was close. It might be fun.

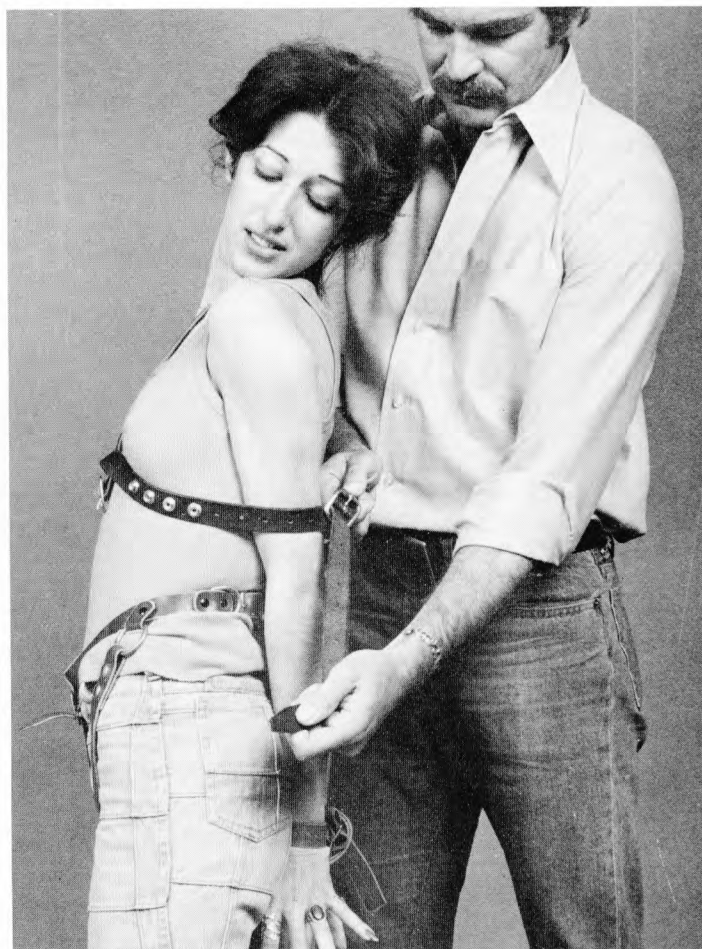






I discovered that things join to each other. A strap here finds another there. A bit like putting a jig-saw puzzle together. The two that went from the belt in front and along the curve of my loins between my legs felt good, intimate, like Mark's hands. When they were fastened to my hands I was bent back with my breasts well out, even walking wouldn't be that easy. It wouldn't exactly hurt, but . . . !

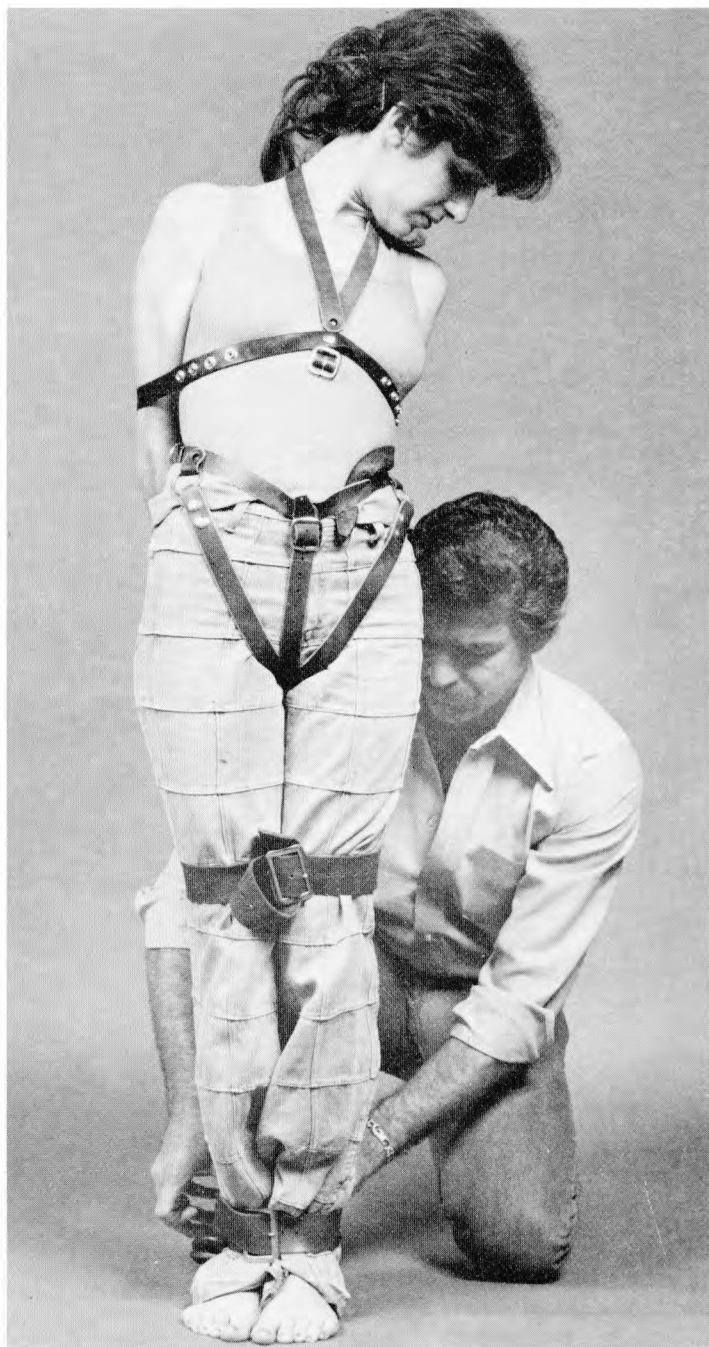
I kept trying to watch. I was collecting soft leather straps all over. There was a cute harness arrangement, a sort of halter, round my neck, under my breasts and over my elbows. I was getting so I couldn't move much.











"What happens at the finish?" I asked innocently.

"Who said there'd be a finish?" Mark gave me that nice warm grin of his. "You're my wife. Don't see why I couldn't keep you like this."

"You'd make your own suppers."

"No I wouldn't. I could let enough of you free to do chores, and then strap you up again. Marvelous idea."

I wasn't so sure. He might actually mean it. But I let him have his fun. Men are really little boys . . . except they're so strong!

"Don't want you running away," Mark said calmly as he found another of his straps and used it on my knees, "you're looking pretty as a picture."

I was glad he said that. I needed it. I was beginning to feel good and strange. I couldn't do much of anything any more. I was getting some sort of thrill I couldn't really understand, but it didn't actually look like much of a fun day. When he strapped





my ankles tight I knew I'd had it for sure. Little Honey wasn't going anyplace. "You sure you want a girl fixed like this?" I was still trying to figure it out.

I'd have complained about the next one if I'd had time. When I saw the gaily colored ball and the strap and buckle I could figure it out, but when I opened my mouth to tell him I didn't want it he pushed the ball inside and strapped it tight. So that was that! Dear Honey wasn't going to do any talking either. I

gave him my most reproachful look and got a pat on my bottom for my pains.

"You didn't really have anything much to say, did you." He was laughing at me; I couldn't laugh back. That was the first thing I learned about a gag, a girl who's gagged can't laugh. It's frustrating. In fact everything about a gag is frustrating. A girl can't speak, she can't swallow, she can't smile. She also feels silly. I think I can add "cheated" to the list too.





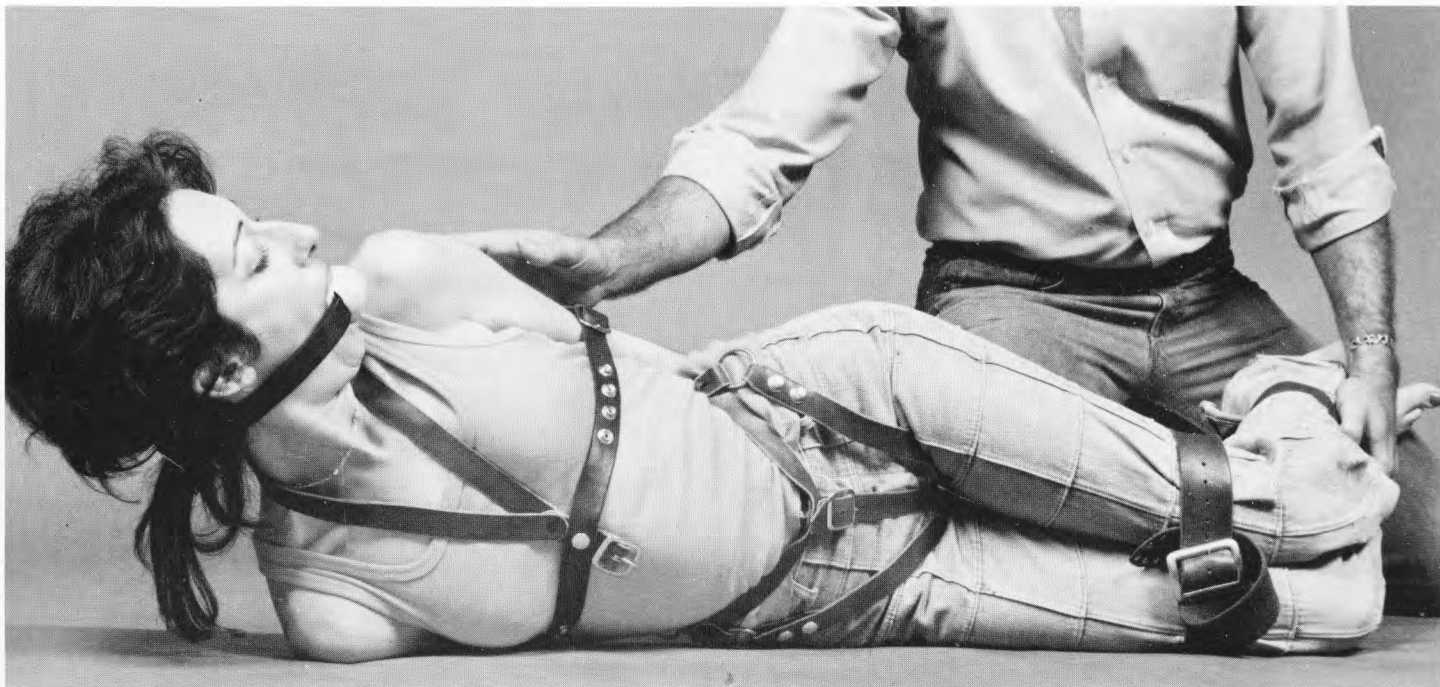
When Mark picked me up and held me as a package I tried to yelp in surprise. Think of it: horizontal in someone's arms and you have no hands, no feet, nothing at all you need. He can drop

you, or stand you up so you teeter. In fact he can dispose you in any way he likes. You have become a package, neatly tied. I thought, ruefully, that the Post Office would probably accept me.









Now Mark tugged at all the straps himself, as though trying to tear them off. This got a bit of slack out of them which he promptly buckled up. Boy, were they tight! I wasn't sure I could even wriggle. He even did the same with my gag. My headshaking protests just made him laugh. He now began the fondling.

I was sure available! I won't pretend I didn't love it. But I

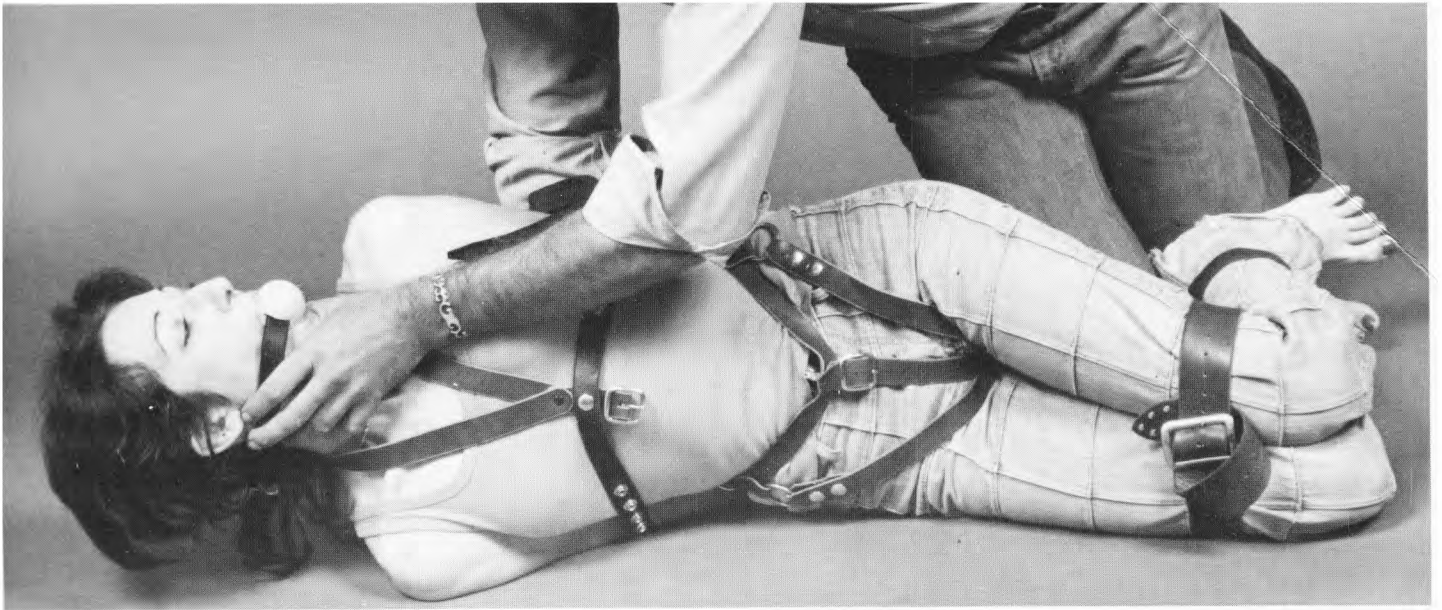
kept thinking of some poor girl fixed like I was and who didn't like it at all. I suppose it could happen. What a spot she'd be in! I wriggled in ecstasy. "There will be a proper reward," Mark assured me.

I looked up in longing. I couldn't answer. "I'll give you your reward in three or four hours, Hon. Hang tight."

He went away and left me.











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