

VOLUME THREE NUMBER TWO  
A HOUSE OF MILAN  
PUBLICATION

\$5.00

# BOUND TO PLEASE

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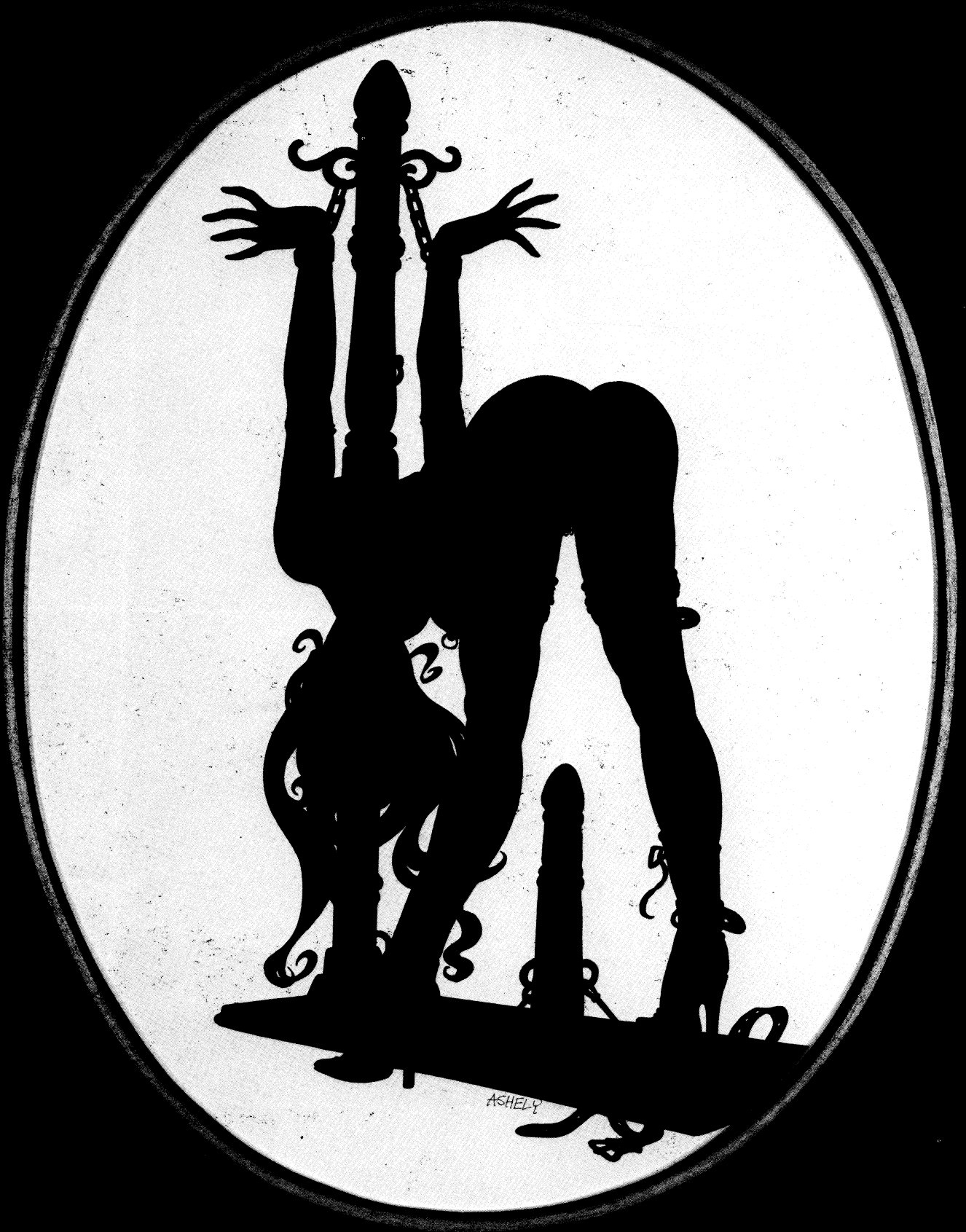
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# *Bound to Please*



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# AN EDITORIAL

One of the strange anomalies of bondage is the fact that couples blissfully marry without knowing, asking or seemingly caring about the other's tastes, needs or desires. It is profitless to speculate about marriage. For centuries people have made unhappy or unsatisfying unions for no other reason than a failure to ask honest questions or give honest answers. Marriage with bondage, for a bondage devotee, offers such infinite possibilities of happiness for both parties that one curls up in horror at the vast numbers of couples wherein one will and one won't.

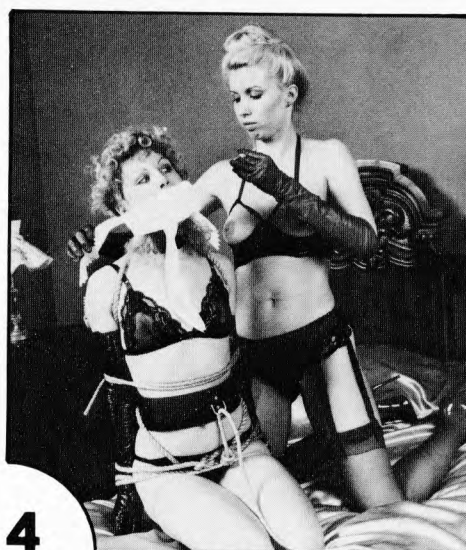
We hear much of sex education. Obviously it is well intentioned. But is apt to deal more with the physical than with the spiritual or emotional. In fact, all three are of utmost importance.

So many people are adamant in their belief that others should do that which they cannot do themselves, and delete from their mind and personality faiths and needs that can no more be excised than can their right arm. For an irritable spouse to suggest that their partner put bondage 'Out of their mind' is about as reasonable as suggesting you delete from your consciousness the knowledge that you are an American or a Chinaman. Something that 'IS' cannot be dismissed.

But bondage has one tremendous strength. Being a part of us it is a part of our mind. In the kingdom of our mind we reign supreme. The hearthside explorer who will never go to the North Pole in fact may do so very easily by virtue of a book. The spouse who can find no fulfillment within his or her home may find it easily within the boundless imagery of H.O.M. Often a book can tell you more and show you more than being right there. This is a lesson many travellers have learned.

Our task then is to learn from you the many lands to which you wish to go, and to take you to them with all the ingenuity at our command. With us as a travelling companion you may find worlds of unsuspected wonder and delight.

Barbara



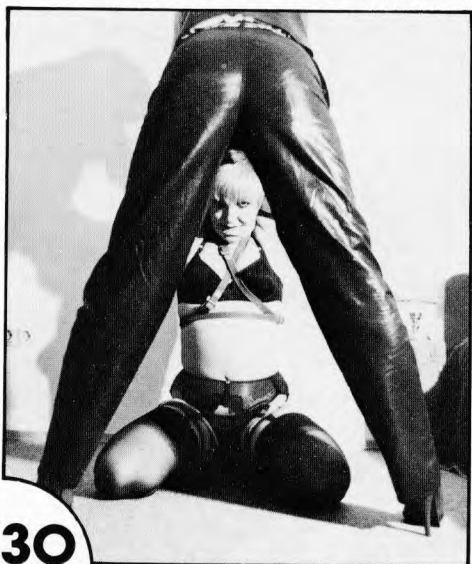
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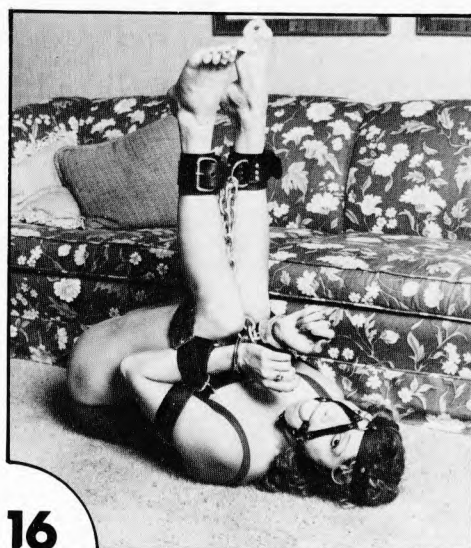
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GIBNEY'S SLAVEGIRL



# A SEVERE SENTENCE







Mara sighed in happiness. Blond Angie was such a marvellous Mistress! Wonderful, beautiful, severe. And when Mara behaved herself, Angie was so very loving. Mara saw herself as the most fortunate of slavegirls.

"You've been the best girl ever — the whole night through," Angie said with affection.

"I had to be, Mistress," Mara grinned impishly. "I was tied up tight. Oh, Angie, you're so clever with the rope."

"Perhaps a small intermission for a good girl like you, Mara."

"Oh, how wonderful! But I'm being punished, remember? You sentenced me to three days and three nights."

"And you've been tied one night, you little fox. But you've been sweet about it and not even batted an eye, so I'm giving you a small intermission. But not for long!"

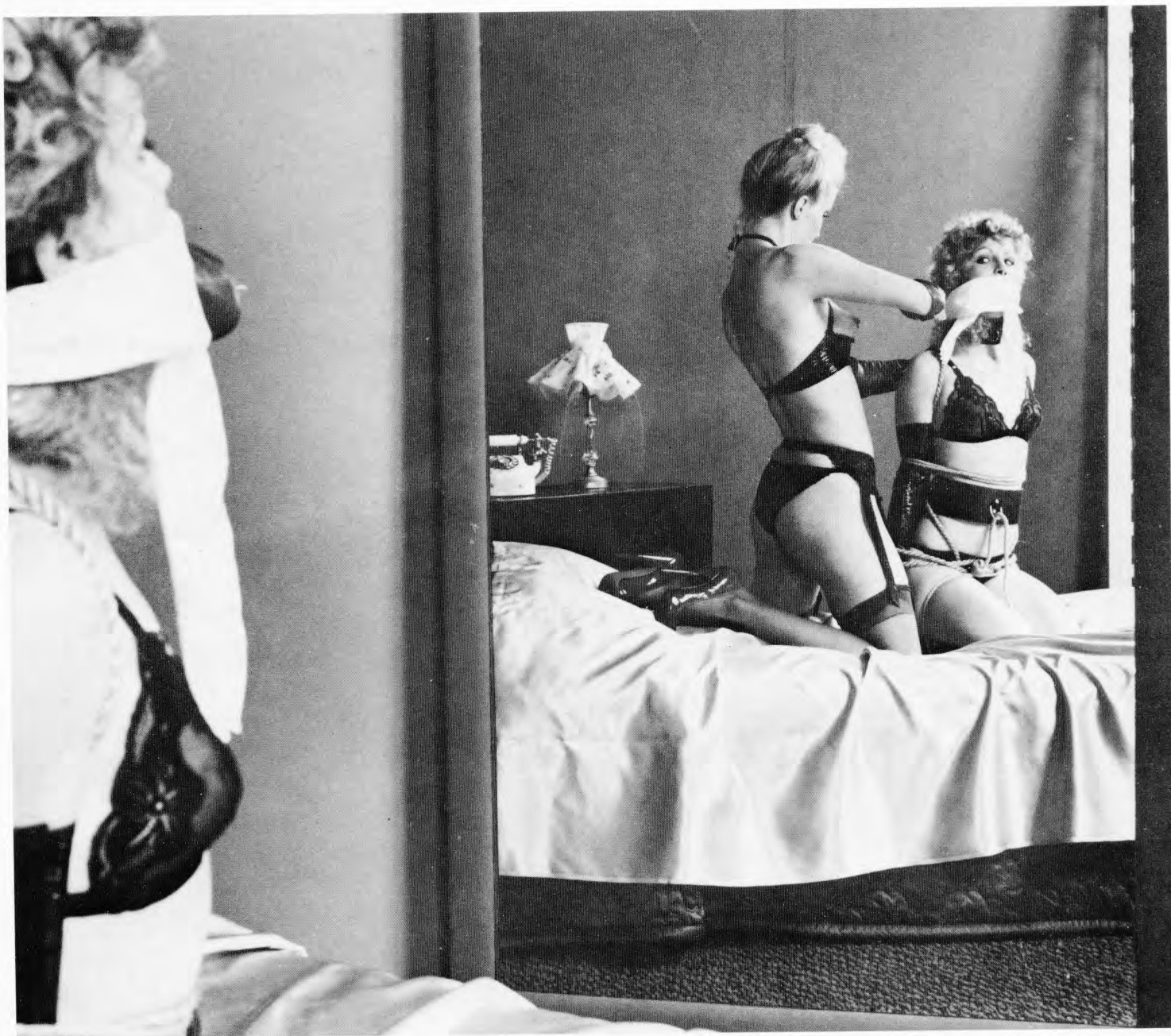
"Darling Mistress, I love you!"

"Promise to stand still when I'm ready to tie you up again? Even if you feel like being free?"

"Oh Mistress! Yes, oh yes!"









Angie sighed in a happiness of her own as her darling Mara moaned in the pleasure of her release. As the ropes fell away from the young and ardent flesh, Mara stretched and wallowed in the luxury of an unexpected freedom. Forgetting all demands of cramped muscles the slavegirl flung two young arms about the neck of her lovely Mistress and kissed Angie again and again, while whispering her oath of love.

The Mistress laughed and patted a vibrant bottom. "Run along to the bathroom," she admonished. "Hurry while there's still time."











It was not an easy punishment. Both girls were aware of the tax of three days and nights in full bondage. Angie had insisted on the elbow gloves and the knee boots. Slave girls were precious and must be cared for, even in their punishments. The Mistress knew that often in the many hours to come she would weep for her slave and be tempted . . . tempted by dewey, trusting eyes and wealed flesh to a leniency she must never permit. Mara must serve her sentence. It was their Law.

"Darling, don't be kind to me. I was so bad."

Slavegirl Mara knelt upon the bed in sweet submission as Angie's ropes snared her for the new day. A day of lying bound upon a bed, a time of to think of slavegirl sins and lovely Mistresses. Mara sighed again. This time it was the melancholy knowledge that bad slavegirls being punished could not feed upon their Mistress and would not themselves be nibbled by the lips she loved. The ropes were bad, but to Mara the deprivation of her loved one's loins was worse.

"I am always kind to you, little fox." Angie looked down at her bound captive with amusement. "Gag time, precious."

Mara tried to roll. Mara tried to twist within her bondage for the day. She found she could do neither. Her eyes implored as did her lips. Her Mistress pushed in the wad and smoothed the bandage across the full red lips. When she had tightened it firmly across the youthful mouth, she kissed the hidden lips in gentle mockery.

"Day number one, little fox. But now you get tie number two." Angie savoured her small captive's impotence. "But I think no gag. This gag spoils you. I'll think of something else. Right now I want your little chin up. This gorgeous collar . . ."

Mara gulped. The collar was indeed quite a beauty. Its clasp was that of loving hands . . . accentuating helplessness.







Angie the Mistress! Mara shivered with delicious delight. Strong Mistress hands pulled tighter the broad belt around the tiny waist. Loving fingers made the neck-band even more snug than it had been. Her shiningly sheathed arms were as powerless as they were beautiful bound behind her

sweetly freckled, petite back.

"Three days, Mara."

"Yes, three days, my Mistress."

Each girl knew the potency of the thought. To both came the same reaction. Angie's searching hand confirmed the proof. Mara smiled.











The gag Angie decided on was both strange and scary to Mara. It reminded her of a hangman's noose. Angie had braided it for her little fox's lips. She bound it between them with firm tenderness.

"No more talk, precious little prisoner."

Mara writhed in pure sensuous exploration of her bonds. Deliberately she twisted against the shoulder ropes to make them bite deeper into her youthful body. Her breasts were taut in rebellion.

Angie was happy. In her possession of the shivering beauty on the bed she had found all her heart desired. When her small darling had expiated her sin in solitude with the clutch of rope, they would retire together to their bed. On Mara's ankle there would be a chain.

"Suppose I whip you, little fox?"

The small bound woman tautened, her eyes widened, her flesh strained against her cords. But above the brutal gag her eyes twinkled. She nodded vehemently. The Mistress Angie's content was total. She owned the perfect slave.







Address correspondence to:  
**HOUSE OF MILAN**  
 P. O. Box 24080  
 Los Angeles, Calif. 90024

Dear Ms. Behr:

Although new to B&D and related games, I have become an avid fan of yours and HOM publications in a very short period of time. Twelve months ago, I'd never heard of HOM, fifteen months ago, B&D was a pastime I'd heard little about and knew less of. Considering that I'm in my late twenties, I have to admit to a terrible degree of naivete. I also, however, should claim some credit for being a fast learner, a fact I owe to both you, HOM and my man, Bill.

I've been reading all of the HOM publications I can find, since my 'rebirth' to learn more about what has become more than just a fad with me. I especially enjoy the "Literally Bound" section, as it reflects real people's activities more so than the photo-stories which I realize are merely fantasies to help enhance readers' own wishes and desires.

I've been considering writing to you for some time but have not as I've felt both silly for my naive upbringing and perhaps felt you'd doubt my experiences because of the degree I've grown in my thinking in a very short time. A recent issue of *Bound to Please* with a letter from Slave B of Virginia, made me realize that however extreme, however new, etc. there is a value in trading experiences and HOM has been of more help to me in this way than anyone else—proving that there are others out there who feel as I do. Perhaps my

story will help others as stories from other readers have helped me.

Bill is about five years younger than I, we met at a party about a year and a half ago and hit it off almost at once. We dated, etc. as usual and got to be closer little by little (not exactly love at first sight, but rather a slower but pleasant relationship that got better and better). As I said, I've always been very naive, sex was not such a hurdle, but some of the variations, (oral/anal) were a bit difficult for me to get used to. On one occasion, Bill wanted me to give him head. I was not particularly in the mood and held back. Whatever mood Bill was in I don't know, but to "persuade me" he grabbed each of my nipples between his finger tips and began to squeeze and pinch, at the same time pulling me down to a more convenient position. I don't know what came over me, but I no longer held back. I now "wanted to". The feel of his fingers on my nipples was painful, but it wasn't the pain that convinced me, there was a sudden sensuality that I felt. All at once I felt very sexy, I *wanted* to suck him off!

Nothing further was said that night about the incident, but the next day I did a lot of thinking in order to understand the change that had come over me. In words, actual thoughts, etc. I couldn't come up with an explanation, even to myself.

My nipples were still sensitive to my touch, or at least they felt as though they were. I ran my fingers over the tips several times and felt a strange sensation, the same sort of sexiness I'd felt the night before. A little bit of light pinching and probing on my own increased the feeling until I was so horny it scared me. I couldn't understand how I was being turned on, but there was no doubt about the fact of it.

Several weeks passed and I all but let my mind forget the two incidents, until another date in which Bill again let his hands and fingers convince me, through my nipples, to do something I ordinarily would not have done. This time I didn't let it pass as lightly and encouraged him to continue the pressure, pressing his hands to my breasts, tightly, when he started to withdraw. I know my actions surprised him but he didn't complain. Later he only asked what had turned me on so much, a question I couldn't yet answer. Even to myself.

The next week Bill was away and I was home by myself a lot. This at least allowed me to do some more thinking without interruptions. Again I experimented in teasing and pinching at my breasts and nipples. I found that the pain I'd caused seemed to go straight through me, right down into my thighs. The pain was not so much *real* pain, but rather like a stimulus. It was an action that caused a reaction.

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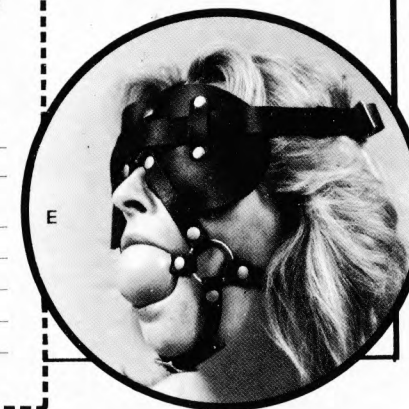
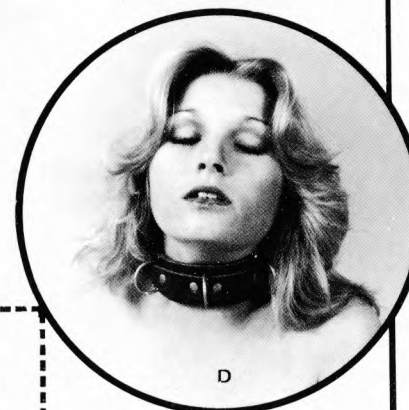
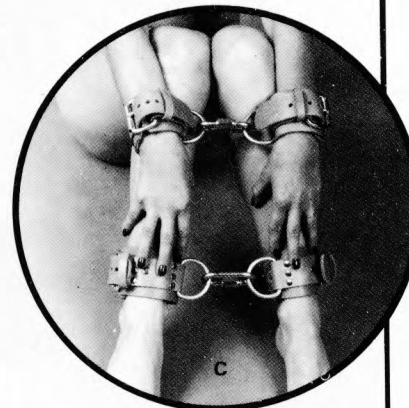
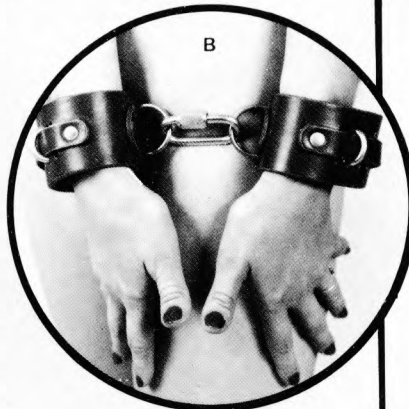
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HOUSE OF MILAN CORP., P. O. BOX 24080,  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90024, USA

The next night I decided to go to a movie to take my mind off of things. As I looked through the movie ads in the paper, my eyes kept going to one of the ads for adult movies. One had to do with Pain & Pleasure. My previous good intentions about getting my mind off of things went out the window little by little. I'd never had any feelings or thoughts about going to a porno movie, but the title and small photo from the movie ad was like a magnet. I had to go, to see what it was about.

The movie as such wasn't anything worthwhile, but a few of the scenes made it hard for me to breathe.

Two months prior to that night I knew the meaning of the words "masochist" and "sadist", just as I knew the meanings of a thousand other words, but had no feelings about them as they didn't relate to me any more than did the word "horticulturist". Now I began to think freshly and even looked up the words to be sure I understood the meanings. Now they had new relativity. I wondered just where I fit in. Certainly not as a Sadist, but then I couldn't believe myself being a masochist either. The movie scenes stayed with me, coming as flashes when I wanted to think of other things. The overriding scenes were concentrated on the sight of the girls being tightly tied and especially on the tortures they were forced into. One scene that kept coming back with brilliant clarity was the sight of the spring clips on the one girl's nipples. Little by little, my previous experiences, my turn-on with specific movie scenes and the dictionary definition of critical words got through to me, or at least the significance of the total did. I might not be a full-fledged masochist, but I certainly had tendencies toward it. There could be little doubt about it. I took a couple of sleeping pills and fell asleep before more unanswered thoughts could come up.

The next night I was almost back into a totally confused state again. The movie still bothered me as well as many of the thoughts I'd had the night before. Too often during the day as well as the night, home, alone, I'd visualized myself as one of the girls from the movie. My face and voice and feelings had now replaced theirs. My hands and ankles were tied and I was being tortured. The only difference was that I was not objecting and that Bill was the only man in the picture. I'd find myself thinking of my own custom version of the movie and desperately grabbing and squeezing at my breasts to add realism to my fantasies. Several times during the day I found myself completely in another world while sitting at my desk. Fortunately there are few people in our office, otherwise I'm sure

CONTINUED ON PAGE 38









They say I'm a sweet woman, the 'girl next door' type. This may be so, but all I know is that I'm very submissive, beautifully obedient. These are the adjectives I think of when I am describing myself. So it should come as no surprise that I'm bound much of the time. Monte takes care of that end. It's taken several months, but he's trained me to be his "Little Miss Docile Wench." By the way, my name is Dina.

Right now I'm on the living room rug, not an unusual place for me, I've spent a lot of time on this rug. Monte says I'm part of the decor, and I suppose in a way he's right. Of course Monte's always right, I never argue, if I do, he whips my bottom terribly.

Today it's straps. There is also handcuffs and a bit of chain. The handcuffs are a safety measure in case the rest fails. I just can't wiggle out of handcuffs. I tell Monte handcuffs aren't really fair to a girl. But he just ignores my words.



# STRAPPED CAT IN HEAT















A friend of Monte has made the most bizarre gag affair. It's actually more like a helmet or a bridle that a gag. When it's all buckled, the ball touches my tonsils and makes me look as though I ought to "neigh" just like a horse . . . that is if I could make any noise at all. I sure hope Monte doesn't mean it when he says I'll have to wear it all day just for being too gabby!

Monte's left my bathing suit on today. I wonder why? I know for sure my pussy hair is sticking way out behind. Monte says I'm indecent the way it pouts in back there. But I'm sure it can't possibly wink the way he says it does.





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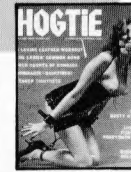
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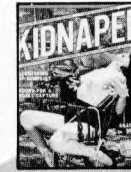
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"We've never done it before with this intent," Allie breathed.

"High time," Ralph said happily. "Keep still, you."

"But I'm going to be still for so long, Ralph!"

"O.K. I'll permit wriggles of ecstasy while you're being tied."

"Ralph darling, I'm trusting you. It won't be too long. I mean, you're not going overboard?"

"All damsels in distress have been tossed overboard, beloved."

"Oh my! Do you think it should be so tight when it's for so long?"

"What do you think, sweetheart?"

Well, alright. I guess I'm just being feminine."

"You can be feminine of two exposures, Allie. That mirror's an inspiration."

"Ralph stop! I'm trembling."



# AN EMBARRASSING BIND







"And damp too, I'll wager. Here, let me have a feel."

"Oh, Ralph! You don't deserve it. Mmmmm!"

"You don't deserve it either, you little hussy. You've been bad."

"You love an excuse. Anything will

"Let's forget about the gag, darling. It's for so long and I really hate -"

"The gag's for sure! I wouldn't have done it if you'd said you'd love to be gagged, but you didn't."

"Ralph! You're making my pussy do gymnastics!"

"Great! I'll cross and tie your ankles so you'll find relief difficult. Thinking and throbbing will build character."

"Ralph! Please! I'll sit in wet panties!"

"You always sit in wet panties! Here, I'm cinching your tummy in good and tight to the chair. Give you that nice, secure feeling."

"Ralph, don't you sometimes feel a little sorry for poor, sweet little Allie?"

"Never! Look! I'm crossing your ankles like this and cinching them in between. No games."

"Monster!"

"You'll enjoy me all the more as a reward after."

"I keep thinking about that 'after' part. When does it happen? Tell me, please. How long will I - ?"

"I thought we'd already agreed on ten days?"

"Ralph!!!"

"Or was it less?" Ralph looked up from his labor of love in puzzlement. "Oh, of course, now I remember. It was an even two weeks."

"Ralph! I can't handle much more of this. If you keep that up I'll climax from simple fear."

"That's an interesting reaction, Allie love. I'll ensure a satisfying orgasm by making it three weeks."

"Ralph, damn it, will you stop! You're really scaring me! Besides, how can you keep a girl tied in a chair for three weeks?"

"No problem. You carry her to the bathroom two or three times a day. You feed her by hand. Whatever else seems necessary. Tell me, do you really find sitting still all that onerous?"

"I could, I could!"

"And you'll be gagged. You'll be absolved from complaints."

"No, Ralph. Be sensible. How long am I tied like this for?"

"Let's see. Your sister's coming next week . . ."

"Ralph! No! Absolutely no! Mona can't possibly see me like this."

"I don't see why not? You look most appealing."





"She would just die! And so would I."

"Well, we have another chair? Do you think she might - ?"

"Omigod! Ralph, no! No, no, NO! If you tie Mona up like this I'll just die."

"Oh, no you won't. Neither will Mona. Enough dramatics, Allie."

"But she doesn't know. She'll be shocked."

"Mona won't be shocked, she already knows. What do you think we did on her last visit while you went to the dentist?"

"Ralph, you didn't?"

"Yes, we did, In fact that's the reason she's coming to visit. She asked to be sure and have you safely tied upon her arrival."

"I just can't believe this. Not a word."

"Fine! Wondering will give you something juicy to think about while you're tied in sad and sopping solitude."

"I think you're horrible."

"A girl never says that unless she's delighted."

"Look Ralph, not Mona, ok? Just that one thing. Can't we make a deal? Hang me up by my thumbs or something awful, but Mona will giggle and make fun of me."

"Yes, maybe she will, dear."

"But Ralph, what if she takes pictures? You know how good she is with the camera. And she'll make me say things, and she'll use my things, and she'll try and seduce you!"

"A delightful prospect. And you'll sit here peacefully through it all."

"Ralph, please don't gag me while she's here!! I couldn't bear her doing all the talking."

"A marvelous lesson in fortitude, Allie my love."

"Ralph, I'll never speak to you again."

"Of course you will, darling. But not for a while, . . not while you're gagged. Now, open your mouth."

"Just one week, Ralph dear, please?"

"At least two, Allie beloved."

"Glug."





# SUITABLE FOR FRAMING





"I don't want to have to stand on that contraption," said Diane.

"You don't have anything to say about it. I got a deal on the dolly base and I added the frame. Beautiful," I told her with sincerity.

"It will be like a sentry box. Oh Bart!"

"Such a lovely sentry! C'mon, hands in back."

"Oh Bart — handcuffs!"

She's a sweet girl, Diane. But her conversation is mostly exclamations. "What's wrong with handcuffs?" I inquire blandly.

"Oh, Bart, must I?"

She knows she must, and she knows why. But she has to do this every time. The shy innocence betrayed sort of thing. She looks back over one shoulder in a charming fashion of her own as the click, click of the cuffs announce her loss of hands. She does her little tugs to make sure she's really fixed, then moves on to the next complaint.

"But, standing up! I'll get so tired."

"Good. Back up a bit. There's this chain . . ."

"Oh, Bart, 'round my tummy?"

"Where else would you prefer?"

"Oh alright, you needn't be snarkey. But I won't be able to sit down. Have I really been this bad?"

"You're getting off lightly. And besides, you make a charming picture."

"I ought to. I'm nearly naked. Bart, really!"

"You're absurdly overdressed. Boots, bra, and a triangle. Get your feet apart."

"Bart, not my feet! Look, darling, there's no need to tie my feet. I can't possibly leave."

"Up against the frame with them. Now!"

"I think you're over reacting. Bart, be nice to me. What I did wasn't all that terrible."

"Are you spreading the legs or not?"

"Oh alright, if you want to be so hard. There! Go ahead and tie them and I hope you're satisfied."

Diane is doing fine. She yields her freedom inch by inch, protesting deliciously all the way. I wouldn't enjoy it half as much if she just kept quiet.

"Oh, Bart, stop! Don't do that. I don't want to have to stand with my hands up. I get so tired."

"Penitent too, I hope."

"I'm penitent now, darling. I'm wonderfully penitent. This exercise is a waste of time."

"We'll do it anyway."

"Oh alright! But I'm not going to like you one bit for the longest time. You're being awfully unkind today."











"Nonsense. All you have to do is stand still. Here, up with the hands."

"But I don't want to! In fact, I won't. So there!"

I recognize this one. She wishes to be manhandled. It makes it valid for her and gives her an excuse to pout, which she does so well. Then I lift her hands, one to each side and chain them tight. She looks too cute for words, and she knows it. You might say the preliminaries have been dealt with.

"You'll have to let me loose in time to get ready for our dinner out, darling." Her voice is faintly uncertain.

"I've cancelled the table."

"Bart! How could you!"

"It was easy. I just phoned."

"You know what I mean! You're being beastly! Aren't we going out to dinner at all?"

"Yes, after you've been punished properly."

"Well, don't make it tomorrow. There's the Pearsons' engagement."

"No Pearsons either. I cancelled that too. And our bookings the day after that."

"Bart, you can't mean it! You're not going to keep me like this! Three days! You just couldn't!"

"Yes, I can. I'll chain you to the bed at night. Nothing to it."

"But there is! It's awful. I can't possibly."

"Yes, you can. And anyway, what can you do about it?"

"You always say that! Bart, this is awful! Please! Please?"

"You're a lucky girl. You know perfectly well this punishment is very mild, and you deserve something worse."



"I'll stand here and droop away."

"You'll stand there and look erotic as hell."

"And I hope you have a constant erection. It will serve you right. I'm certainly not going to give you anything for the longest time after this treatment."

"I forgot to mention — you'll be spreadeagled on the bed each night."

"Bart, that's not fair! A girl ought to be able to close her legs after what you're doing to me."

"Sorry. Legs wide apart. Free entry."

"Don't talk as though I charge you. That's horrible. And if I can't get back at you that way, I'll ask Mother to visit. So there!"

"In that case, you can stay the way you are until you change your mind about Mother."

"Oh, alright then! I've already changed it. Wait Bart! What are you doing? Not the gag, oh please no!"

"Too late, Diane, too late."





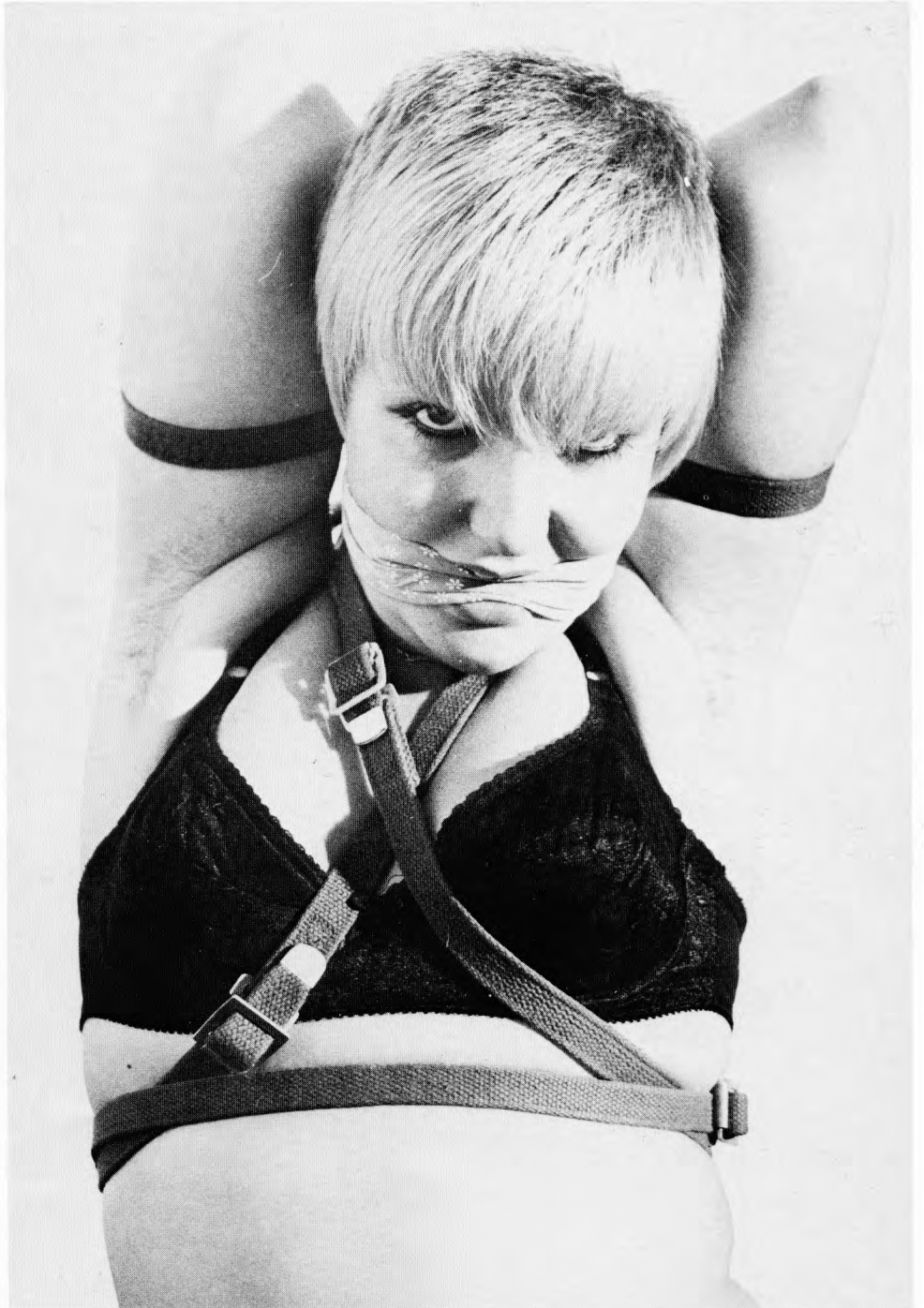


# Our Bondage Game

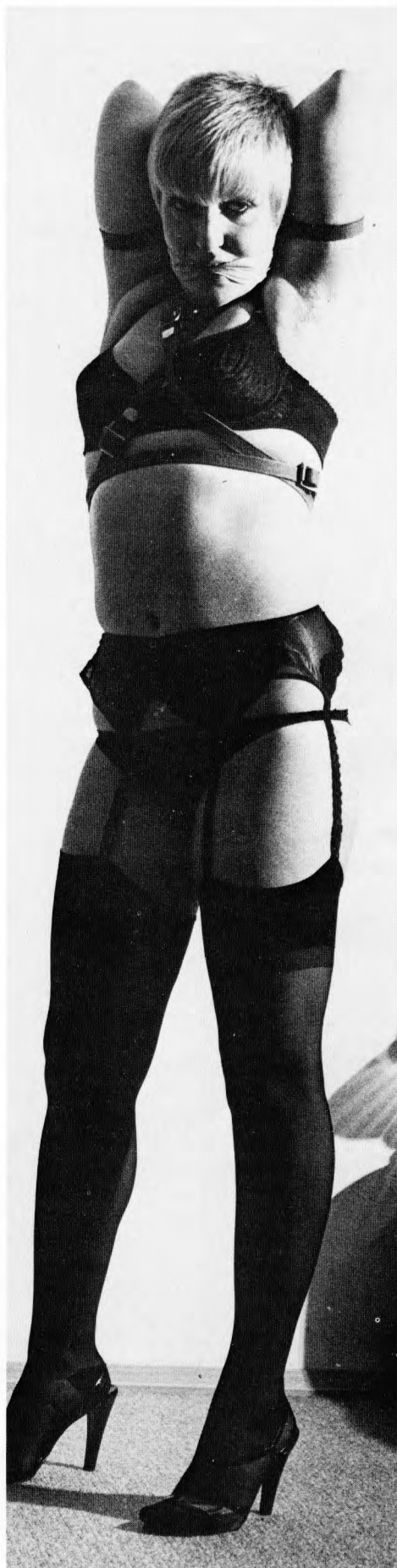
We are all different. Dawn and I like to be screwed by our husbands, but we want the freedom to tie each other up. For us it's a tremendous turn-on to be tied or strapped tight by another woman. Wow! So I tie her on Tuesdays and she ties me on Thursdays. Whoever is in bondage is left that way until her husband gets home from work. Pretty kinky way to find your wife after a hard day at the office!

Sometimes for the man whose had a tiring day coming home to find the little woman naked and bound doesn't always thrill them. One time Mike looked at me in an absent sort of way, went straight to bed, and acted surprised when I was still there in the morning!

Another great happening in our bondage episodes was when Dawn's ol' man came in with a long contract to read. He sat down beside her on the bed where I'd left her tied beautifully spreadeagled and ready to be balled. He read his contract for hours and all he did was moisten his finger in her puss every time he had to turn a page!











It's a delightful game with the nicest hazards. Like the time the door wasn't locked and in walked the electrician with all his tools and such.

"Do this for fun, lady?" he inquired politely.

"Well, sort of." I was blushing but hot with anticipation of what he could do.

"You don't mind if I screw you?"

See what I mean! He was really a super good lay and a great person too. I don't suppose we could have gotten it on any other way. He had to untie my ankles so as to get my legs apart, and he was quite nice about it. Then afterwards he tied me ever so carefully so no one could tell I'd been loose. He was a real friendly guy and he believed everybody was entitled to do their own thing. When we got to talking, I found out he'd known an uncle of mine, so





I suggested we have some coffee together. We laughed about whether he should untie me so I could hold the cup or whether he should hold it to my lips while holding me up. We ended up deciding not to bother except for my legs, since we were both in the mood to ball again. It was even better than the first time! He came around a couple of more Thursdays, and I decided a girl doesn't have to tell her husband everything . . . .

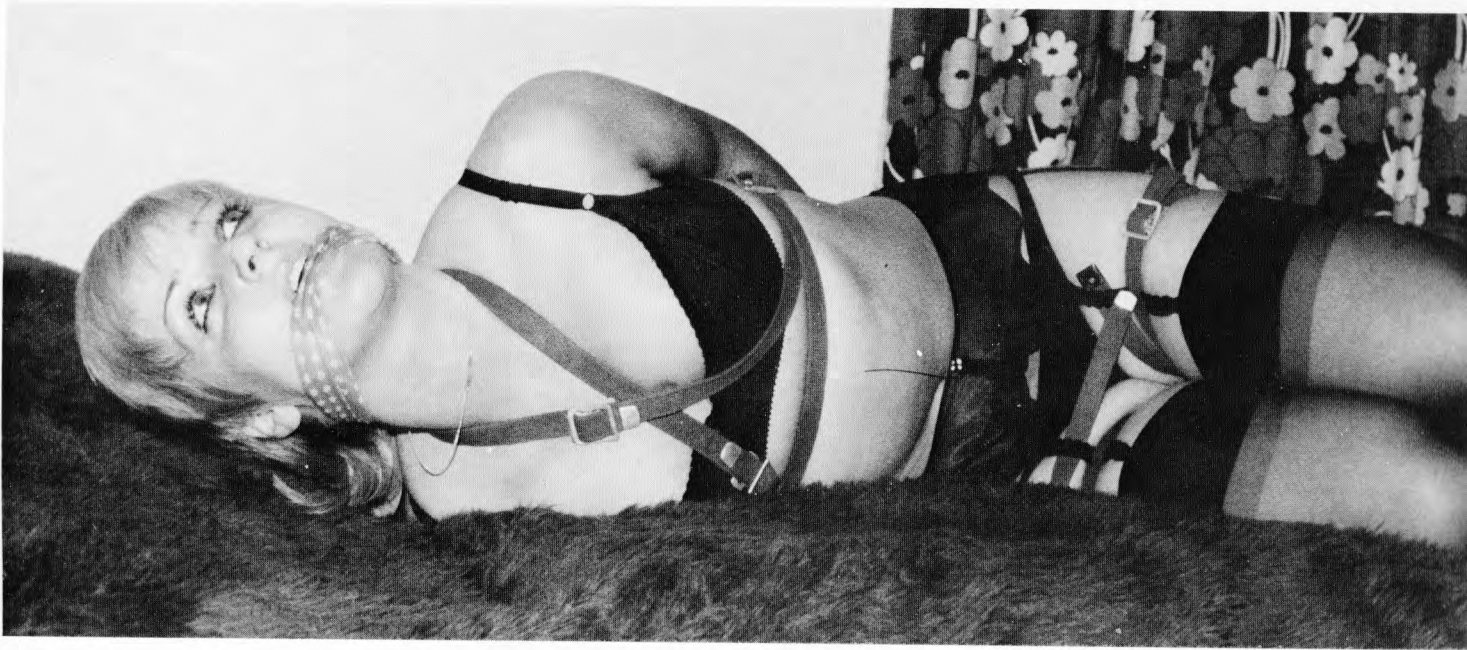






Dawn pretended she didn't mind, but was she ever burned up about it! She asked for the name of the company he was from and like a fool I told her. I'll just bet that she phoned him up and that's why he hasn't shown up lately. She's very careful to lock the doors now after I'm fixed, and she made me promise to do the same for her. Now I wish I'd given her the wrong name. But that's the deal with Dawn, she has to have her own way. Besides she doesn't think she's interfering, just protecting me for my own good. I say hogwash! He was a good lay and a heck of a lot of fun. But like I said Dawn has to have her own way, or else she won't play. And I won't give up our great bondage games for any electrician. No way!





Of course things don't always turn out perfectly. There was that time with the twins from two doors down (and I'm absolutely sure Daisy put them up to it). They're two boys about eleven years old who know too damn much for their age, and their hands were worse than if they'd been grown. I couldn't move because Dawn had strapped me extra tight to the bed that day. The two of these raucous, rambunctious boys each took one tit and I thought I was going to pass out by the time they got through chewing. They wouldn't untie me and I was talked about as though I was their new toy, a sort of big, warm Barbie doll! I'm sure they wanted to tie me differently so they could get to my bottom, but they were secretly scared to loosen anything in case they couldn't handle me. I imagine Dawn had warned them about taking too many liberties, and she had at least had sense enough to tie my legs real tightly together. I was sure glad of that!

Not that any of these reveries make a bit of difference to me right now. I can't move. I can't get loose. My pussy positively palpitates with wonder about what he'll do to me. You'd think maybe he'd just let me loose, but oh no, it doesn't usually happen like that. Dawn told me she has orgasms just thinking about what just might happen when her man gets home. As for me, I've got hours and hours to go yet, and even when he comes home there's no telling. There's no use trying to bribe him with a good offer, because he can take anything he wants anyway, and he can make me do things his way. I'm in no position to argue.

Besides, why split hairs!









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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

someone would have seen me in embarrassing situations.

At home, alone, I stripped down and continued to fantasize, now not being worried about anyone else. My mind went to the scene in which the girl had clamps attached to her nipples. I thought about the spring clothespins I had in the kitchen. My hands were trembling as I took two of them and very carefully attached them to my own nipples. In the first few seconds there was not too much discomfort but the pressure continued and a throbbing ache went through my body, again straight down to my thighs. In a few minutes a wave came over me and everything was forgotten. It was as strong as I'd ever experienced and it was several minutes before I could get myself up off the floor where I'd wound up. The clothespins now hurt and there was no direct link with my thighs anymore. I weekly took them off, slipping once with sweaty fingers, letting the pin snap back in place, painfully, real pain. I fell asleep almost immediately, although it was only 9:00.

The next day was almost like the previous one, except my nipples were rather tender. It was all I could do to prevent a recurrence of the previous day, trying to keep my hands off of myself, whether to just brush over my breasts softly or to try to squeeze them. It was like I'd become possessed by another person. The feelings were so strong I couldn't resist them, yet my mind would tell me that I was crazy, that this wasn't me. I had to agree with my mind, but still could not resist the feeling.

That night I again tried the clothespins. This time the pain was sharp from the beginning, a result of my nipples still being tender from the previous night. Although the connection with my thighs was working, the pain from the pins' pressure was sharp enough to come through. I had a feeling of "having to do it" but the pins hurt so much I couldn't stand them for more than a few seconds, not long enough to let me get into my thing and really fantasize. My repeated tries finally got me off, but with nothing like the night before. I felt cheated and frustrated. I wanted to do it again but I was too sore and my hands were trembling too much. It was then that I thought about being tied down. The girls in the movie had no choice about their fates, they were tied helplessly. I'd have to see if there was anything that could also keep me from removing the pins on my next attempt. Yes, I knew that I'd try again.

The next day, during my lunch, I went shopping and bought two sets of handcuffs from a novelty shop near the office. All afternoon I fought the temptation to go to the ladies' room to "see how they fit".

It was an awfully hard feeling to fight. I realized that I was getting deeper into something that was basically strange to me. It was frightening as well as stimulating. Something like going on a roller coaster for the first time. Quitting time seemed like it would never come.

I couldn't eat, I rushed straight to my apartment and locked the door behind me. The first thing I did was to open the bag and remove the two small boxes with the handcuffs. Laying the shiny steel cuffs on the bed, I went to the kitchen and again took a pair of clothespins from the drawer; these went on the bed next to the cuffs. I know that my heart was racing as I took off my clothes and thought about what I was going to do.

I tried the cuffs a few times with the keys, as well as trying them on my wrists and ankles. They were a tight fit at my ankles but closed after some pressure. I realized that it would be very difficult to move around very much with them on. Difficult but not impossible. By struggling a bit I knew I could maneuver the keys into position with my wrists behind my back. It would be a bit difficult but all the better to add to my fantasy, just as long as I didn't get into a position that I found impossible to get out of. This thought scared me a bit, since it was the first time I'd ever gotten into something like this. A preliminary test told me the wrists were not a big problem.

To add just a little suspense to my project, I decided to place the keys in the kitchen, on the table, where it would be impossible to get them "easily". I wanted to find out the total experience, or at least as much as possible, under the circumstances.

I placed the cuffs on my ankles, squeezing an extra "click" out of them as they pressed into my ankles. They were so tight it was almost difficult to move my feet as they restricted the muscles. I placed one cuff on my left wrist and placed the clothespins quickly on the tip of each nipple. The pain was almost instantaneous, but I managed to snap the other cuff on my right wrist, behind my back, before it was so overpowering that I couldn't take the pain. It hurt, I will not deny that. For the first few seconds it hurt so much that I almost panicked at not being able to get my hands back to take them off. Then the connection between my nipples and thighs got stronger and overcame all else. I saw bright lights and flashes and stars and all but passed out with the climax. When the feeling passed, a seemingly few minutes later, the pain was now back at my breasts. Now they really hurt, tears came to my eyes. The pain/pleasure connection was broken and all of the pressure remained in my nipples. I struggled to get to the kit-



chen to the keys. My feet would not hold me because of the tightness of the cuffs and also from my being a bit weaker. I had to lie on my back and push myself with my feet a few inches at a time to the kitchen. Half way there, the connection came back and in a matter of seconds a second orgasm came over me, even more powerful than the first. When I'd recovered from that one the pain was intense, almost overpowering, but I finally managed to get to the keys and balancing against the table got the cuffs off of one wrist so I could get the pins off of my breasts.

That night was frightening and exciting at the same time. I'd realized that there was something about being bound and helpless during sexual stimulation. Also that, in me, sexual stimulation could be in the form of pain. Even after the second orgasm, I'd realized, I'd probably have been quite capable of having another. What if I'd had no choice, what if Bill had tied me, and gagged me so I couldn't beg? Would I have been able to have more and more?

I managed with much effort to be a "good" girl for the next two days, when I was going to see Bill. My nipples were very sore and there was a lot of thinking I had to do. At times I felt as if I were crazy, but I had to somehow get Bill involved, to see if it was all it seemed to be.

On Sunday, I phoned Bill and asked if he'd like to go to a movie that night. He was agreeable and I asked him to meet me downtown, on a corner near the porno place. Before I left to meet him, I set out a bottle of wine and glasses, the handcuffs, clothespins, a scarf (if he wanted a gag), and some clothesline I'd bought the day before. I planned to have him come up to the apartment after the show. If he had any feelings about the movie, the things I'd left around in open sight would give him the full story.

Bill was very surprised at my wanting to go to a porno film and the type further surprised him. I just asked him to watch it anyway, I told him I'd heard that one of the girls I used to work with was supposed to be in it. That seemed to appease him, although he kept asking who it was, as he knew several of my friends himself.

He stopped asking questions when the film started. The sex was enough to distract his thoughts. The same scenes I'd seen earlier in the week flashed across the screen. Somehow they didn't seem as exciting to me now, some of the thrill had slipped away. But when the particular scenes with the whipping and spring clamps came on, it was back. The sight of the bound women being tormented was as exciting as when I first saw it. Bill was not disinterested. If he got especially excited, it wasn't obvious, but he didn't miss a bit of the action. It

took more than a little effort on my part to keep track of him as I was more than a little bit interested myself.

When it was over, Bill asked me how I liked the film and if I'd seen my girl friend in it. I turned the question around on him and asked if he'd been turned on by the movie. His answer was hesitant and I knew that he'd gotten something out of it too. I had to find out what and how much. All the way back to my apartment our conversation was a mixed lot. It wandered from what I'd been doing all week back to the movie and on to other things, but always again back to the movie.

When we got back, I asked Bill to make some coffee. A few minutes later I'd finished stripping and called him into the bedroom. I'd placed myself on my knees, just outside the door, head bowed toward the floor. The handcuffs and other things were on the night table next to the bed. He couldn't miss seeing them.

He was surprised when he saw me naked, not that it was the first time, just that he hadn't expected it. He was more astonished when he realized that the cuffs and rope, etc. were next to me. From the movie to this, he needed no further explanations.

The coffee boiled over and onto the stove but neither of us paid any attention to it. Bill had taken over and I spent the rest of the night either in the handcuffs or the rope. It was wonderful for both of us. We later discussed the evening and I also confessed my feelings and activities of the nights he'd been gone. Our mutual confessions revealed that he'd been interested in B&D but never gotten into it and had always been afraid to suggest it to me. The times that he'd squeezed my nipples had been unintentional as far as torture was concerned, it had been simply that he'd gotten carried away. From that day until now we've expanded our experiences and as I've said at the beginning of this letter, this is where HOM has helped me (and us).

Bill and I were into something that while stimulating and exciting, was also very much over our heads. We knew only that we liked our rope games, not why and definitely not how the games should be played. There were several nights where it was almost ruined for us through self-recriminations and guilt, and I was too sore to move. I didn't blame him, in fact there was no thought of blame, he'd done what I wanted. It was only after the fact of our fantasizing that the realities came to light. Too often he'd think about them and then hesitate at the outset of another session. I've loved him all the more for his concern, but at the same time have come to accept the statement that I am what I am. I've gotten to love being tied and tormented, whether through the whip or clamps or

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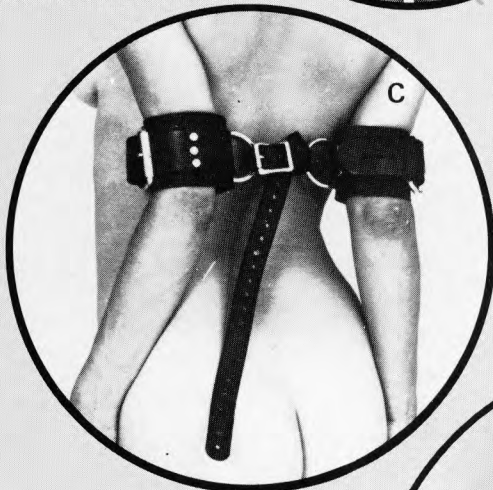
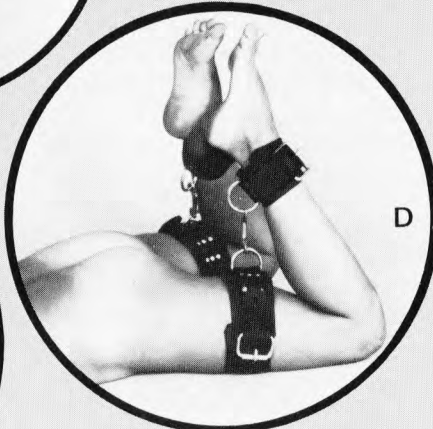
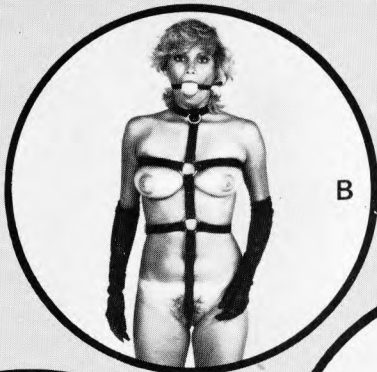
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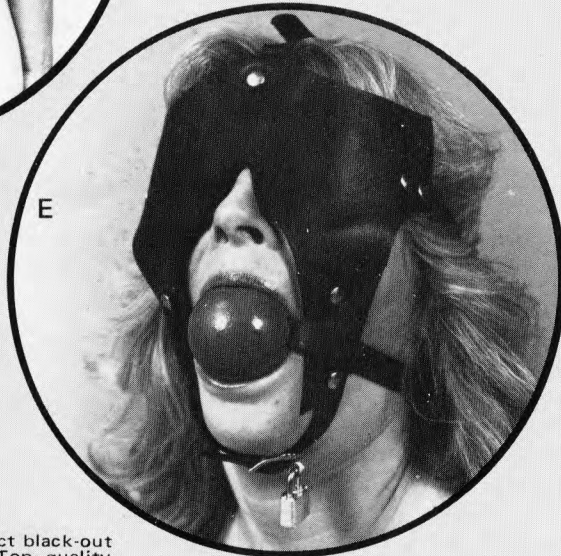
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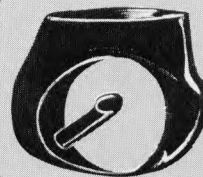
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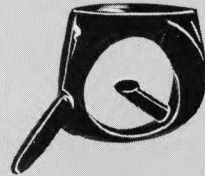
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whatever, and I know that Bill likes it as much as I do.

In the earlier sessions however, there was no knowledge of how this worked on a person and the guilt feelings worried him too much. That was when, fortunately, we came upon your magazines.

Being new to our game, we felt that we were strange, that we were different than most other people. Society does not exactly condone bondage and torment, whatever the motives of the participants. When we came across several magazines concerning bondage (HOM among them) we were astounded. It was our first visit to an adult bookstore (mine anyway). It was apparent from the selection that there were many people involved in B&D. There had to be to warrant the publications of so many variations on the subject. We shot our combined week's allowances buying as many books as we could. The clerk was happy but I'm sure astonished also at the books we selected.

It took us quite a while to go through all of the books: first looking at the pictures, then reading the texts, then reading every last line, down to every ad in each book. Of all the books, HOM's appeared to have the best combination of photos and text. Especially the *Letters* section, where

real people, like us, wrote in with questions and comments on their experiences and you, also a real person (and a woman) answered them. It was like finding another world after learning that we didn't belong to the one we were in. Suddenly the darkness that we'd both been feeling began to lift as we realized that we were not alone in our fantasies. The letters told us that there were many others out there who felt as we do and manage to enjoy it rather than feel guilty about it. When we looked through a copy of your *Latent Image* and saw the huge numbers of others who not only enjoyed their pastimes, but offered to share their experiences with others both experienced and new to the game, it was a revelation. I could go on telling you, in about six thousand more words, how we felt, relieved, happy, excited, etc. But I've taken too much of your time already. I'd just like to say thanks. Thanks to HOM, thanks to Ms. Behr, for a new lease on a way of life we wondered about.

That was twelve or so months ago. We've come a long way since then. At times I think it must have been longer, but I know it hasn't been.

We've moved into one apartment now, one that we share, although we both still work. We've bought many items to help

our sessions along. Some of the more elaborate equipment types are fun to use but we still rely heavily on the basic and fundamental methods, using rope, handcuffs, etc. Perhaps a single modification is our more frequent use of leather straps and cuffs. Although I (and Bill) prefer rope, the leather cuffs offer the advantage of not as frequently having to hide rope marks from fellow workers through long sweaters, etc.—a decided advantage on hot summer days where long sleeves and slacks are not as comfy.

To get back to an earlier thought, I mentioned that the letter from Slave B. of Virginia gave me some incentive to write. In a very remote way, her story has some similarities to my own that were of interest.

I envy her, her cinder block cell and whipping post, and wish that there were more California homes that had basements or even attics that were usable. In our case we have a large walk-in closet that, while not providing the atmosphere of a real and cold dungeon type cell, does have quite a few advantages, other than being able to store a lot of clothing. Bill has fixed the doors so that they block out all possible light when closed. There is a single small light bulb in the center of the ceiling, operated by a switch outside the door. He's

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46

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# PLEASURE BOUND PERSONALS



**No. 9137, OHIO:** Intelligent, innovative, attractive B&D couple, 25 & 29, male dominant, female submissive, seek other similar couples and submissive bi singles for mutually enjoyable fun & games. Phone, photo, and SASE gets our immediate response. Discretion assured and limits respected. See Photo.

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



**No. 9257C, W. GERMANY:** Swiss girl, very submissive, bondage slave wants to correspond and exchange photos with girls with the same enthusiasm for being bound with other couples, where she is submissive. No single men. Dominant husband will also make me fulfill orders. It must be great to exchange experiences. All detailed letters with photo answered. See Photo.

**No. 7361C, ILLINOIS:** My beautiful master/husband has commanded me to seek out and bring to him other bi-female slaves to serve him and to satisfy his and my every desire. Please send photo with letter.



**No. 7253, OHIO:** 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. 9273M, NO. CHICAGO:** White male 22, 6', 180 lbs, very dominant. I am seeking passive females of any race, preferably of Spanish or American heritage for B&D games or anything you like. Prefer females from 21 to 45 yrs. Limited travel possible. SASE, phone and photo please. Will answer all.

**No. 8964M, COLUMBUS, OH:** Dominant male, wants to meet submissive females and couples. My interests include B&D and humiliation; live-in situation for right single female slave, for training as "O". I will meet with couples where both are submissive; will also assist other dominant males and/or dominant females to further the training of his/her slave.

**No. 9293M, KANSAS CITY, MO. AREA:** White male, 29, intelligent, looking for girls interested in strict B&D with some S/M. You must be ready for sexual bondage. State your needs and your limits. Those with photo & phone answered first.

**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. 9121M, CENTRAL, OH.:** Young, attractive, imaginative, dominant professional man, intelligent, college degrees, divorced with interest in B&D and S/M seeks young, attractive, well-built, female slaves for "deep probing" psychological/physical relationship. All you aspiring young "O's" with long nurtured fantasies of a life of total/absolute slavery and submission as a love-slave to a demanding sensuous, virile male Master, send explicit photograph, address, phone and lengthy letter detailing fantasies. If you fulfill requirements in terms of youth, appearance and absolute obedience, long-term relationship, including marriage possible. Insincere and timid, don't waste my time. Only those with an abiding commitment or experience who desire to present themselves and accept any orders without reservation sought. While I believe that psychological bondage and torment is more effective as training, physical discipline is not excluded. I am interested in meeting and exploring, not correspondence. Now is your chance of a lifetime. Will correspond with other dominants.



**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. 8059M, NEW YORK & WOODSTOCK:** Handsome, dominant, artist, single, white, age 30, seeks submissive White, Oriental, or Latin females 21-30 for creative sexual encounter. Must be eager for B&D, mild S/M, prolonged stimulation, oral servitude, sex. Prefer educated, sensitive, pretty. Will do things at your own pace. Recent, full front nude photo and phone gets same day reply. Discretion required and assured.

**No. 8939M, NO. INDIANA & SURROUNDING AREA:** Dominant, single, 27 yr old, white male, 170 lbs, widely traveled, and well educated would like to meet with submissive females, single or married, alone or with another female, (who could be your Mistress), but with no other males present; for B&D or S/M, you state the limits, as this is for our mutual satisfaction. Especially interested in breasts bondage, from mild to wild, big or small I love them all. Have some equipment and my own home. Beginners welcome. Sex during bondage only with your consent. Can help with traveling expenses. Complete discretion assured and required. No fees, I am not interested in buying photos, or writing letters. May become my love slave. Send photo (which can be returned) and phone (if you wish) and let me know your particular interests and how we can get together for an evening, weekend or daytime meeting.



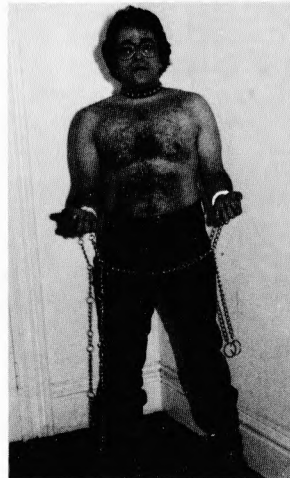
**No. 8402M, ILLINOIS:** 28 yr old single, white male, 5'8", 155 lbs., resides in No. Central Illinois and works in Chicago area is interested in meeting women who are interested in bondage and varied forms of restraint. I am not a sadist. Would also be interested in small groups of interested persons or forming such a group in Chicago and vicinity area if no such groups presently exist. All interested persons or groups are welcomed. See Photo.

**No. 9269M, TAMPA, FLA.:** Male photographer, 30, white, straight, seeking single females or couples for bondage photo sessions.

**No. 9275M, MONTREAL:** Young dominant male is looking for a submissive girl to share bondage games. The purpose is mutual pleasure, not pain. Able to travel, to find the right person. Please include phone number in your answer.

**No. 9194M, NEW YORK:** Single white male, 42, novice looking for submissive females who enjoy bondage. If also novices we can explore and enjoy interests together. Please send photo and phone number. Will answer all.

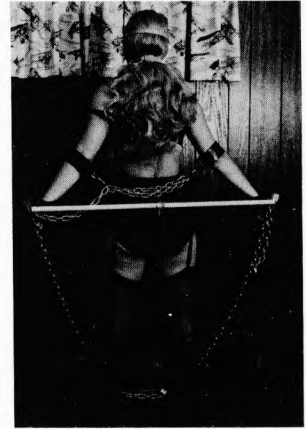
**No. 8865M, N. CALIFORNIA:** Experienced white male, 30, 6'1", 190 lbs., would like to meet dominant or submissive females into B&D and all related subjects. Can entertain in my well-equipped home, or can travel. Permanent relationship possible.



**No. 8484M, BOSTON AREA:** Bondage and discipline has been a fantastic erotic turn-on for me during the past ten years. I am 31 sensuous, sensitive, creative, patient and fun to be with. I'm looking to expand my circle of B&D friends among single women (novices are O.K.) and amongst experienced couples. I can enjoy either the dominant or submissive role. Respondents who include a photo will be answered first. Discretion expected and assured. See Photo.

**No. 8868M, SO. CALIF:** White male, age 26 seeks submissive females age 18-45 for fun and games. Am into B&D, and mild S&M, spanking, anal sex, and anything else related. I am sincere and honest. All will be treated confidentially and answered. P.O. Box's ok, and All will be answered quickly.

**No. 9299M, NEW JERSEY:** White male 37 years old seeking submissive females for B&D, S/M. Must be able to endure long periods of tight bondage and gags. Mild to heavy S/M. Your limitations will be respected. Age and color not important but must be a true submissive. Will consider a newcomer, if you can comply with the above. Also like to sexually tease with French and Greek while you are bound and helpless. Send photo and phone for fast reply. All will be answered.

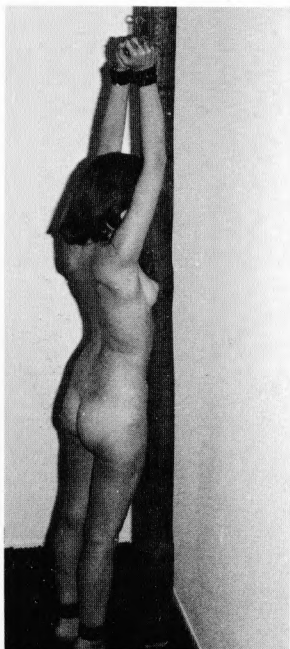


**No. 9209C, NO. ILLINOIS:** Selective and discreet married couple wish to meet with other young and educated couples or single gals. Have airplane to travel or can entertain. Also have photos available. Photo, phone and SASE will get immediate response. See Photo.

**No. 8409M, LOS ANGELES:** Handsome, athletic man, 33, seeks women 25-40 for bondage, light discipline, and sex. I am interested in bondage photography and make my own B&D photos. Like hi heels, garters, etc. I love to bind and gag a submissive woman, photograph her, and force her to obey me. Send phone or SASE.

**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. 7260F, HOUSTON, TEXAS:** Attractive, ultra submissive, petite slave tormented and mildly tortured in specially equipped playroom and whipped by demanding master, seeks couples and single girls interested in oral servitude, tight bondage, spanking and all forms of discipline. We are both educated, clean, discreet and primarily interested in correspondence to exchange ideas and photos with a view toward possible meetings. Please send photo for immediate reply. See Photo.

**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. 9198M, MASS.:** Love -- first, foremost, and forever! Looking for a woman with the desire to be loved and the capacity to love, and with the desire to reach higher sexual fulfillment and pleasure in lovemaking. Interested in mild B&D and fantasies. I'm 32, 6' tall, good-looking, educated, and professionally employed. Please write.

**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. 8744M, TORONTO, ONT:** Submissive young male, 5'9", 170 lbs. needs attractive dominant girl who enjoys dominating males. My interests are B&D, foot worship, golden showers, anal worship, humiliation, French and Greek. Please send photo, will answer all.

**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. 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. 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. 8985M, LONDON:** Single young man, 25, I'm looking for submissive females who love to be totally bound and gagged. I would like to hear from anyone interested in bondage. Please send bondage photo. Let me put you through the ropes.

**No. 7065C, ATLANTA, GA.:** Something new for you -- an honest submissive couple. We want to meet dominant women, married or single. She is bi, enjoys bondage, and other cultures too, but no heavy pain. She can also reverse roles. His pain threshold somewhat higher, but not extremes. Are there any sincere people out there who want some fun? Pics and phone a must. All sincere get same day response. No men.

**No. 9230C, MIDWEST:** Very sincere professional couple enjoy all aspects of B&D activities. Desire to meet like couples to explore any and all fantasy scenes. Be our slaves in our private country setting. Or will submissively serve dominants in most any situation, your place or ours. Beginners most welcome and treated with utmost understanding. Single males considered only if they are bi, experienced and very submissive. Travel or entertain. Answer all with photo, phone, etc.

**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. 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. 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.

## \$ COUPON POWER!! \$

Non-subscribers can now forward letters for only a small fraction of the regular rate by using forwarding coupons.

One coupon will forward one letter.

EIGHT COUPONS . . . . . ONLY \$5.00

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

I certify that I am 21 years of age or older and not an actual or de facto agent or employee of the postal service.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

Name (Print) \_\_\_\_\_

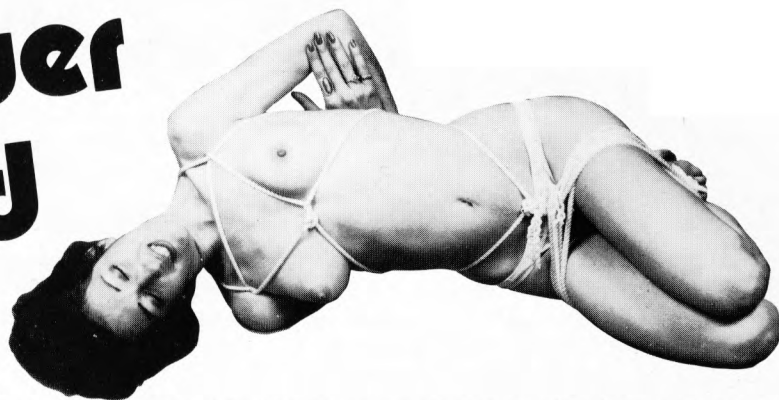
Address \_\_\_\_\_

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

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



# how to answer a personal 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. **DO NOT STAMP ENVELOPE.**
2. Write the code number of the person that you wish to contact on the lower right hand corner of the envelope.
3. All forwarding must be accompanied by the coupon below, completed and properly signed. If you prefer you can copy the statement on a separate sheet of paper, sign it and mail to us in place of the aforementioned coupon.
4. **FORWARDING FEES:** Non-subscribers send \$2.00 for the first letter and \$1.00 for each additional letter being forwarded at the same time. Subscribers pay \$1.00 for the first letter and fifty cents for each additional letter forwarded at the same time. Enclose one loose stamp per each letter to be forwarded.
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".

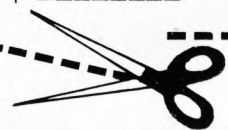
6. Do not send ANY money to any of our advertisers with your initial letter. In the event an advertiser offers something for sale, such as photos, etc. you must not send the cash with your initial letter through our Forwarding Dept. Wait until you have established contact before you decide to purchase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

I am ☐ non-subscriber, ☐ subscriber to your magazine \_\_\_\_\_.  
Enclosed is \$ \_\_\_\_\_. Please forward the attached \_\_\_\_\_  
letters. I certify that I am 21 years of age or older and that I am not  
an actual or de facto agent or employee of the postal service. 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 \_\_\_\_\_ **BTP 3-2**  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_



# 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 (non-subscriber's rate) or \$3.00 for our subscribers. 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, F - Female, M - Male, TV - Transvestite, G - Group

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

## CHECK ONE OF THE FOLLOWING:

- ☐ Lady's and couple's **FREE** personal ad accompanied by photo of female or couple.
- ☐ Lady's or couple's personal ad without photo. \$5.00 per insertion (non-subscriber's rate).
- ☐ Male personal ad. \$5.00 per insertion (non-subscriber's rate).
- ☐ Personal ad from our subscribers. \$3.00 per insertion.

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

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 for which they are intended: the friendly correspondence between discriminating adults.

Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_ **BTP 3-2**  
Name (print) \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

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



taken all the shelves out and made it into an almost bare, small room, with only one piece of furniture: a wooden bench long enough for me to sleep on or be tied down to, when desired. The ceiling is high (it's an older building) and suspension from rings he's fastened in place is very exciting just from the height I can be raised to. The walls and floor, as in Slave B's cell also have rings attached. There is almost no variation that I haven't been bound into through the use of the various connections. One nicety that it has, that I am both for and against (depending on the weather) is that it is connected into the building's air conditioning.

On this last weekend I spent almost forty hours in the closet/cell. It was very hot and still outside and the temperature in our cell would have been unbearable. I was semi-suspended (feet just touching the floor) with my ankles spreadeagled to the side walls. Bill visited me often for brief sessions but the periods of time in between visits seemed like eternities. It's not that I or Bill want to "soften" the effects of our cell, it's more that we both realize that a degree of comfort, under those circumstances adds to the effect when we're together. If I'm washed out, my hair falling into my face and I'm smelly with perspiration, Bill's apt to get turned off. If I'm fresh (or relatively so anyway) from a reasonable temperature, it's better for both of us. So much for the single creature comfort I can enjoy.

We've contracted, but not yet met, some of the advertisers in *L.I.* We're expecting to have a couple from Denver visit us in September and are looking forward to it very much. Although we haven't yet gotten into a session with others, we've corresponded with them for quite a while now, exchanging letters and photos. The woman is "slave" of the pair as I am and it appears that we have much in common. As I said, we're very much looking forward to the experience.

Ms. Behr, I've taken up so much of your time now. I want to thank you for your patience. I hope you can understand, I feel as though I am still in a different world. There is no one except Bill to talk to or tell of my feelings. I know that he understands and I'm sure that I'll have much to talk about with our visitors, but I feel as though you're my friend and I know I've gotten much from your publications. As I said before, it was your magazines that allowed us to realize that our feelings and desires were not all that strange. Thanks again.

Sincerely,  
D.

Dear Barbara,

If asked to state my preferences, I come down very heavily on the side of your Australian reader who wants to see your models dressed as cheerleaders or wearing tennis clothing.

Now we're talking! I too love to see a pretty girl wearing a tight sweater and short skirt. Sox and white sneakers too so long as the legs are good enough to take it. Your coverage of "The Cheerleaders" in *BTP* 2/12 was excellent, and really very generous in terms of space. Thanks for that.

One thing I've noticed is that the 'true life' bondage situations shown in *Bondage Classics* never seem to depart from certain repeated ideas very often. Always heels, for instance, which is great for the glamor angle (and probably suit most models after all), but is short on variety perhaps. Not a cheerleader or a pair of white sneakers among them! After seeing how very sexy your models appeared in "The Cheerleaders" (especially the victim) there surely can be few arguments against such departures from the norm. I'd be interested in knowing what sort of response you've had on that particular movie and subject. All my male friends who have seen both the *HOM* movie and the *BTP* coverage agree that they were pleasantly surprised. Apparently that theme had an unexpected impact.

When I was living on the East Coast about ten years, I was dating a girl named Cindy who had been a cheerleader at College. Both Cindy and her flat-mate, Angela, knew about my fascination for girls in gym wear, and they decided to dress up in some of their old gear for a stir. I called one weekend to find both of them sitting watching television, as casual as could be, in form-fitting sweaters and delightfully short white skirts. They weren't complete cheerleader outfits, you understand, but at least they had on those oh so tiny skirts and those pointed-toed white sneakers that used to be in fashion around then, with long white sox. Their hair was up in pigtails for the occasion, and they wore the most cheeky expressions I have ever seen on two women.

I went straight on to 'automatic' (I can't think of a better word for it), grabbed Cindy, lifted her bodily, and raced off with her to the bedroom. Angie just sat there laughing. But all I did was lock Cindy in a closet while I grabbed whatever scarves and stockings I could find, even two bras that were hanging in the bathroom, and went back to attend to Angela.

I grabbed her from behind, got her down on the floor, and started tying her

up with stockings. When I had her hands and feet tied, I took great pleasure in gagging her with one of her own bras, after first stuffing a scarf in her mouth. Unfortunately, it didn't occur to me then to use her panties for a gag. It was a nice touch just the same. Then I went and got Cindy from the closet, made her lay face down on the bed while I tied her hands with stockings, then gagged her with a scarf and bra as I had Angie. I made her walk in to her friend then, got her down on the floor and tied her feet.

We all have our favorite fantasies, and here was mine, brought to life in full living color, so incredibly real that my head spun just trying to take it all in. Two women that I knew both bound and gagged as cheerleaders, in those cheeky little skirts, high white sox, and those super-feminine tapered white sneakers on their feet. Your film brought all this back!

Being on automatic, I was fully determined to take both of them, but after freeing Cindy's feet and getting off with her then and there, I guess it took it out of me. My one consolation was that Angela was forced to lie there tied up next to us through the whole thing.

Looking back on it, the whole episode seems quite amazing and certainly was not appreciated enough at the time. It happened too quickly. Regrettably, I have never been able to engineer another situation quite as spontaneous and exciting as that one.

Incidentally, I should add for the benefit of your other sneaker-lover in *BTP* 2/11 that part of the foreplay in the above session involved me kissing both girls' bound feet. Though I am not consciously a foot fetishist, I have vivid recollections of raising both victims' white sneaker-clad feet to my lips, inserting the pointed toes actually into my mouth, and then kissing and licking the thick rubber soles while the girls lay there watching me.

This whole adventure was brought back to me last summer when I moved over here. Everyone knows the cover shot of Barbra Streisand's 'Superman' album, showing Miss S. in gym togs. Well, in a repair shop here in LA where I was having my car looked at, I noticed that cover pinned to the workshop wall, but added to in a very interesting fashion. Someone had taken a black marker pen and applied ropes to Barbra's arms, hands and feet. A neatly cut piece of masking tape covered her mouth. Go take a look at the album cover for yourself. The pose is just right for it! Bye for now, and thanks for the memories.

J.V.L.



# GIBNEY'S SLAVEGIRL

I disassociate myself from Gibney. I should have known better at the time. Gibney's sense of humor is not mine.

"Ain't she sweet?" Gibney asked, with what I suspect was a false innocence.

I was embarrassed. The marital status of Gibney and the young lady was unknown to me. Perhaps there was no status. I was placed at a further disadvantage by the fact of her hands being tied behind







her back and sundry ropes knotted tightly around her upper torso.

"I always keep her tied," said Gibney.

"Don't mind him," said the girl. "He thinks it's funny."

"Her name is Sweet Gwendoline," said Gibney blithely.

"My name's Penny," said the girl, with equal insouciance. "Don't pay any attention to him. I'd get you supper, but I can't."

"She's all tied up," Gibney explained.

"So I noticed," I said acidly. "I believe there are laws --"

"Pay no heed to laws," said Gibney. "She loves it. You do love it, don't you, Penny?"

"I love it," said Penny.

You can appreciate my position. It was invidious. I turned to leave.

"Don't go," Penny pleaded. "Gibney wants you to stay and watch him torture me. It's part of my punishment. The shame, I mean someone looking while I scream and writhe."

"The girl is addicted to hyperbole," Gibney interpolated.

"Hyperbole is inadequate for such a monster," said the girl cheerfully as Gibney bound her to a chair.

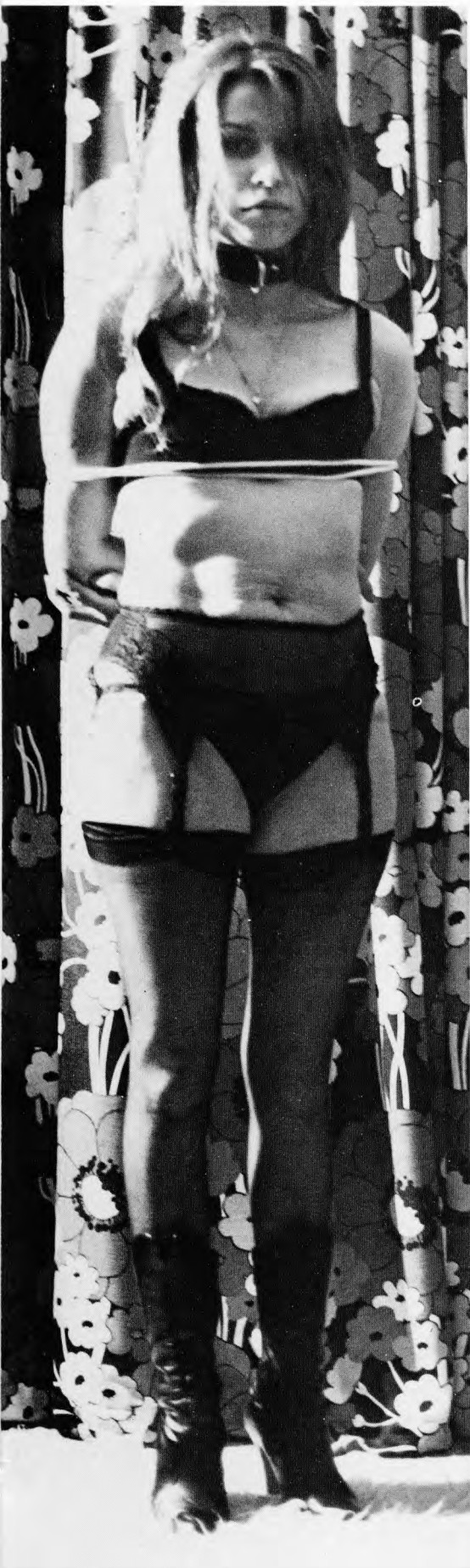
"Silence, wench," Gibney ordered. He turned to me. "Women talk too much. I'll apply the cure. Watch."











I watched, appalled. I fear Gibney's upbringing must have been deplorable. Despite my earnest adjurement to chivalry, he thrust something umentionalbe into the girl's mouth and secured it there with a broad black band. "The thing now is to tie her tits," Gibney explained with his usual lack of subtlety. "Lean forward, Gwendoline."

My instincts as a gentleman were disarmed by the broad wink the damsel bestowed in my direction before obeying the order. I must admit to a strange sense of something aesthetic now in the unpardonable liberties Gibney proceeded to take with the helpless slip of femininity so incomprehensibly in his power. I had no idea that girls were so flexible.

"Got an erection yet, Horace?"

I have found it best to ignore Gibney's vulgarities.

"I'll let you screw her later. No charge."





I was chagrined that Penny should see me blush. The unfortunate girl, despite the outrage of Gibney's inflictions, was taking a lively interest in the proceedings. No doubt it was my imagination, but it seemed her eyes had a speculative glint when contemplating my obvious embarrassment at Gibney's oafish behavior.

"You'd like Horace to feel you up a bit, wouldn't you, Gwendoline?"



I am forced to attribute Penny's affirmative, and most emphatic nods to some form of coercion Gibney imposed. I maintained a dignified aloofness as Gibney continued to inflict his bizarre configurations up this hapless damsel who, in some peculiar manner, was now minus her dress. "Fine ass. Lovely boobs," said Gibney with proprietary pride.

I rejected the impulse to turn and face the wall. To turn my back on beauty in distress would be churlish. Between the bound and gagged Penny and myself, there now existed an odd rapport—as though we shared a secret. I felt certain she shared and sympathized with my disapproval of

Gibney's insensitivities. I felt, too, that this was indeed a rare opportunity to acquaint myself with the curves and postures of the other sex. I must admit to some astonishment!

"Lots of rope," Gibney affirmed as he busily knotted and tugged his nubile prey into even more revealing exposures. "And she does a lovely blow job too."

I was yet unfamiliar with the term, and deemed it unwise to ask. Gibney's elucidations are usually uncouth. Penny was shamed enough. The fact that a smile was discernable in her eyes may be attributed to her wish to ease my most evident vexation.







"We should try the ball gag," said Gibney. "Makes for quite a different effect. Besides, it gives the sweet little darling a chance to scream."

"I do hope you're enjoying me. Are you Horace?" Penny asked.















I was still groping for an appropriate reply when Gibney thrust a gaily painted rubber sphere into his victim's willing, open mouth and strapped it firmly in place. "Gibney," I said firmly. "Mr. Ramsworthy, our Manager, would never approve of this behavior."

"Really couldn't say. I've never tied old Ramsworthy up."

Such insouciance is vintage Gibney and merits no response. I found myself making a clinical examination of that portion of Penny's person which begins at the small of the back and curves around and down into the thighs. Gibney's ropes had protruded it in a manner I would not have supposed possible. "Her cunt's in there," said Gibney.

"Gibney, really!"

I was aware of the inadequacy of my protest. The four letter word never employed by gentleman left me stunned. That it should be uttered in the presence of this charming young woman!

"I'm going to make coffee," said Gibney. "She's all yours."

I mean really!!







PRINTED IN U.S.A.