

BOUND TO PLEASE



ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT

**WITH KIM BITTNER
AND NANCY PETERS**

**ALSO IN THIS ISSUE
CYNTHIA HALSTEAD
LOIS PARTON
SOPHIA MORGAN
BRENDA TAYLOR
VERONICA BRIGGS
TRICIA ALLEN**

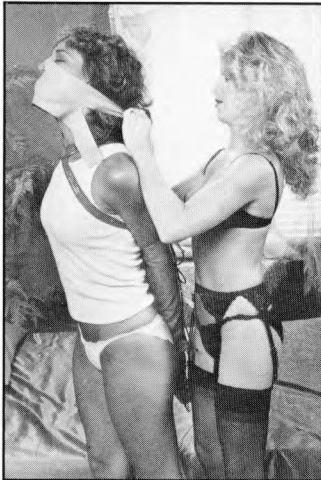
**VIDEO REVIEW
MISTY AND HER MASTER**

**LOU KAGAN & F. E. CAMPBELL'S
THE SLAVE GIRL AND THE LASH**



BOUND TO PLEASE

AN HOM PUBLICATION • VOLUME 3 NUMBER 12



5

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Kim Bittner
Nancy Peters



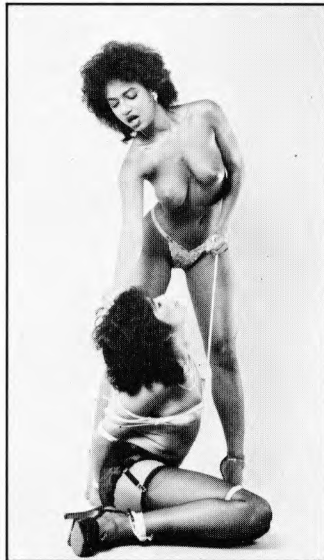
15

ANXIOUS

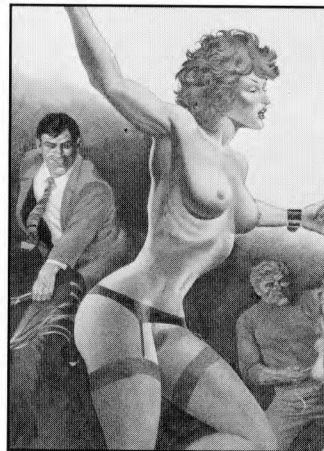
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Lois Parton

REVENGE
Sophia Morgan
Brenda Taylor

23



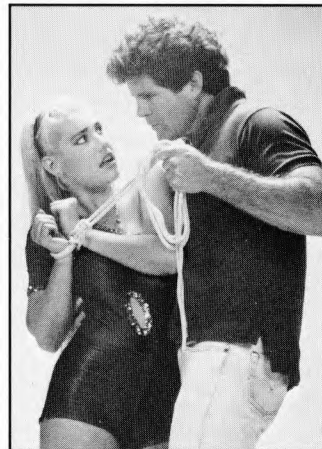
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PUBLIC RELATIONS



28

THE SLAVE AND THE LASH

by F. E. Campbell
and Lou Kagan



33

FIGHT NIGHT

Veronica Briggs
Joe Morgan

**MISTY AND
HER MASTER**
Video Review

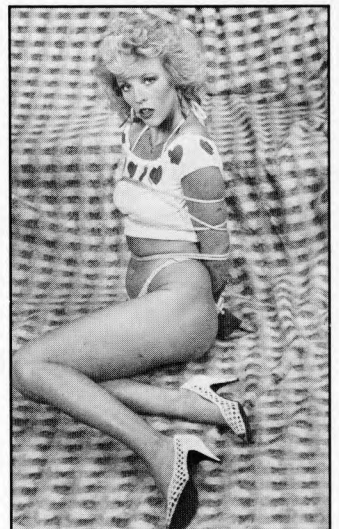
40



8 O'CLOCK SHARP

Tricia Allen

44



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ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT

Kim Bittner
Nancy Peters

The single glove is wonderful for girls. It not only makes them helpless, but has a truly remarkable mental effect upon their libido. Little tigresses have walked in her, ranting and raving, before I have them subdued. But once I get the glove in place and tightly laced with the straps criss-crossing her shoulders, I have yet to see a young woman who is not deeply affected emotionally. They lose their imprudence and become open to reason.

It was that way with Alice. Fortunately, I am adept at karate. Without this skill, I could never cope with the delinquent maidens my friends send for my attention. Alice put up quite an excellent battle, but was defeated within the space of minutes. The first thing with naughty girls is to tie their hand behind their back.







"Who told you to do this!" Alice demanded belligerently, tugging and twisting against my cunning cords.

"You wouldn't be here if you hadn't wanted to be. You know perfectly well what I do with girls like you."

"No, I don't!"

Alice is being difficult. They often go through this phase as some sort of self-assertion.

"No one told you to tie my hands, and what's that awful looking thing you're bringing out of the drawer? I don't want it!"

"That's the reason you're going to get it, Alice."

One has to be very patient with these girls, so I explain, "I would call the single glove a humane restraint. You'll love it."



"No, I won't. I hate it already. Take it away!"

"It does so much for your figure, Alice. It straightens your shoulders and sticks out your tits. Wearing a single glove for a week does wonders for your posture."

"A week! Don't be silly. I refuse to wear it at all. You know what you can do with your humane restraint. It belongs in a hospital for screwballs."

"You're a screwball, Alice. Now hold still!"

It's at about this point that they surprise you. You're expecting a battle, but suddenly they go limp. Alice was no exception. I think this comes from curiosity and from the sensuality of the soft leather as it creeps upward on their arms. The little darlings can't really believe what's happening and what will be the final effect. Subconsciously, they long to find out.







It's a heart-throbbing period of minutes as I tug the lovely leather higher and higher until it extends the full length of Alice's arms. I then begin to tighten the laces one by one. It's delightful to watch the young bare shoulders strain back more and more under the stress of the glove, and to watch the lovely young breasts take a new form and prominence as the elbows meet. By this time, Alice's pulse is racing, and so is mine!





From some deep dark well of feminine sensation, Alice gasps, "Darling, how long—how long does it last?"

"I won't tell you," I say mischievously. "The last girl who wore the glove wore it for two whole weeks."



The silence is pregnant. I pick up poor Alice's vibrations, which bombard me with wave after wave of apprehension and also of feminine ecstasy. The glove has this effect. The glove changes a girl totally. Alice is surveying the two weeks I have promised. She is living in advance every vibrant moment I have promised. She envisions also the things I will do to her while she has no arms and hands. She is seeing the things I will compel her to do to me, those gorgeous heated things for which a girl needs neither hands nor arms, but only her lips and tongue. But I am expecting a flood of protests about the interminable sentence. It does not come. Alice is living in a world of dreams, an erotic world of sensation engendered by the tight lacings on her flesh and the supple straps controlling her shoulders. □



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ANXIOUS

Cynthia Halstead
Lois Parton





"Please tie me up, Pamela. I've always wanted to be tied up, and you won't ever do it." Barbara's dark eyes searched me pleadingly. "I don't care what you do. I've told you that before."

"You'll be sorry, darling."

"You always say that. But we can't be sure until we've tried. You think I'm just a kid in these things, but I've got a body the same as you, and it's lovely just like yours. I've got all the curves in the right places. The ropes and cords and whatever you use will nestle into me beautifully." Once more Barbara's eyes were hot with dark desire. "If it doesn't work, we need not do it another time. Please, please—I do so want to know!"

"Why not!"





To refuse would be like a hungry man turning down a Christmas dinner. I've loved Barbara so long, and perhaps it was time. I suspect that very few girls are so anxious to have their wrists tied behind their backs. When Barbara turned and offered her arms for my cords, it was beautiful enough to stop the heart. I bound them tighter than need be. If Barbara was to change her mind, it had best be now. But even though I heard her gasp when the cords sank into her flesh, she made no demur. I asked myself why I had waited so long to make this lovely creature mine.







"Darling, you will gag and blindfold me, won't you?" Barbara asked with sweet innocence.

"Of course I will, you little idiot. We've gone this far, so now you get the works. Now's the time to beg."

Barbara did not beg. She stood pliant and exquisite without resisting any of my tugs and pulls as I made her more and more helpless. If she guessed my intent, she uttered no word, and quite soon she could say nothing because of the gag I tied tightly in her mouth. Her breasts were rising and falling tumultuously.

"I suppose you realize I'm going to whip you, don't you?" I asked casually.

She nodded her head and made sounds through her gag. Her nostrils flared and her breasts rose. She seemed anxious for me to get on with it. I'm beginning to wonder if there's anything dear little Barbara doesn't know! □





REVENGE

Sophia Morgan
Brenda Taylor



It had been more than a year—a long horrible year of serving the white woman, warming her 'guests' beds, and other duties too terrible to mention. To her credit, Margaret Murray had kept her little slave in good physical condition, making sure the smooth black skin, lustrous black hair, and ample chest were left unmarked. Her only mistake was thinking that Sondra Umboto had been totally demoralized by her captivity.

Not so. Not even close. From the very first day, the lush black girl had decided she would escape. Then all she did was bide her tortured time until the right moment.





Tonight was the night. After a particularly tiring day, Mistress Margaret had left Sondra untied in her cell, little knowing that the girl had already bribed the keyholder with the only thing she had left.

Meanwhile, Mistress Margaret stripped down to her garter belt, hose, and heels, thinking that the delivery man was waiting for her—as he did every month—little knowing that Sondra had bribed him as well. Given a choice between the thin, small-breasted white woman and the buxom black slave was no choice at all.

So it was Sondra who awaited her mistress in Margaret Murray's yellow room. And it was Sondra who tied the unsuspecting woman's wrists, then her knees, elbows, and, as Mistress Margaret had done to her, her breasts.



"I—I'll give you money!" the mistress stammered.

"Yes, you will," Sondra agreed.

"I'll give you anything you want," Margaret begged.

"Yes, you will," Sondra repeated, strapping on the thick collar.

"I'll give you—mmmph!" she bleated back as the cheek-crushing gag went on.

"You'll give me all that and more. And, in return, I'll give you something."





Sondra Umboto gave Margaret Murray a rope leash. With it, she led the former mistress into her new life as the delivery man's slave.

They say that Sondra still lives in the Murray house, and every night there is a party for the local villagers. □



Story by
F. E. CAMPBELL • Art by
LOU KAGAN

The SLAVE and the Lash

Helplessly, I stood and watched the weals spring up and become scarlet on the innocent scented flesh I adored. Yolanda stood still for the first few, but soon she was writhing and moaning with each lash.





I WATCHED, AMAZED, THE THING JAMES DID NEXT. EXTRACTING A SLIP OF PAPER FROM HIS WALLET, HE USED A THUMB TACK TO AFFIX IT TO A WHIPPING POST BEFORE THE EYES OF THE GIRL WHO WAS ITS CAPTIVE. IT WAS A ROLAND BOLLING CHEQUE FOR ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS IN FAVOUR OF YOLANDA HARDING.

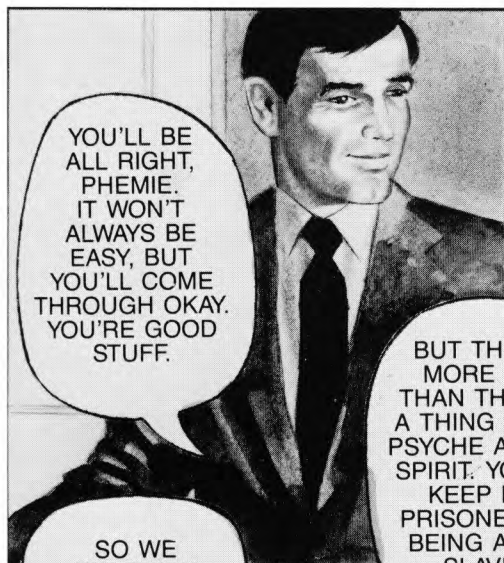
WHETHER SHE LIKED IT OT NOT, I WAS PAID FOR.







THE DETAILS
NEED NOT
CONCERN
YOU, PHEMIE.



YOU'LL BE
ALL RIGHT,
PHEMIE.
IT WON'T
ALWAYS BE
EASY, BUT
YOU'LL COME
THROUGH OKAY.
YOU'RE GOOD
STUFF.

SO WE
KEEP YOU
HANDCUFFED



WE GIVE
YOU HELP,
MISS CARSTAIRS.
WE CANE YOUR
BOTTOM AND WE
WHIP YOUR
BACK. . . .

BUT THERE'S
MORE TO IT
THAN THAT. IT'S
A THING OF THE
PSYCHE AND THE
SPIRIT. YOU CAN
KEEP ME A
PRISONER, BUT
BEING A TRUE
SLAVE IS
SOMETHING
ELSE.



WHY ME,
MR. GYORKOS?
COULDN'T YOU SEND
ME BACK TO CASTLE GLYNT
AND GET SOME . . . LOCAL GIRL
WHO WANTS TO MAKE SOME
SPARE CASH?

I MEAN,
WHAT'S SO
SPECIAL
ABOUT
ME?

YOU ARE
FOR MOST SPECIAL
EMPLOYMENT, MISS
CARSTAIRS.

YOU
ARE A
SLAVE.

BUT ONLY
TO YOLANDA HARDING!
SHE AND I LOVE EACH
OTHER. BUT I DON'T
WANT TO BE A SLAVE
TO ANYONE
ELSE.



AND THERE
ARE OTHER
THINGS.

For an update on previous episodes of "The Slave and the Lash" write to Lou Kagan
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to be continued

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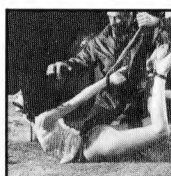
207: Suspended in Chains. Entering the forbidden room she finds the steel collar, the chain, the ball gag. And he uses them all—on her!



206: Three for the Money. Lila goes to a bondage master, who does what her boyfriend is afraid to do: bind and discipline her.



205: Ticked Torment. Sara and Kim tie and tickle each other into a frenzy, each taking the dominant role in their erotic game.



203: Terms of Sale. The unusual terms of the contract included being locked in a barrel, tied hand and foot, and being gagged.



201: The Spy's Mistake. Bad little girls get punished for spying, and Mary was bound, lashed, and punished severely for her snooping.



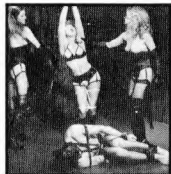
200: Bondage High. Tired of waiting for him, she begins masturbating. He shows up, goes to work, keeping her on a high for hours.



197: Force Fed. Angry at Lana's advances toward her boyfriend, Jackie caresses her roommate with both hands and whip!



196: Red Hot Captive. Marti Kaye stars in this red hot bondage film, captive to an expert rope master who really has her in a bind.



194: The Novice's Mistake. Tina's first customer turns out to be a dominant in disguise, and she has to be rescued.



191: The Pledge. The vibrator sings its song as the new initiate, bound and helpless, submits to the bizarre rites of the sorority.



190: The Cure. She just couldn't masturbate for him! But he teases her until she needs the bottle inside her! It's only inches away!



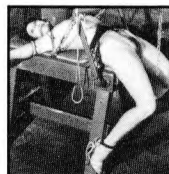
189: Sweet Frustration. Caught in the basement with a dildo, she is tied tightly and teased in position after position.



186: The Secret. Jennifer discovers her interest in B&D is shared by her roommate. The surprised duo soon dance to the whip.



185: Bondage Reward. Krissy is caught in the basement playing with her sex toys. The intruder ropes and teases her.



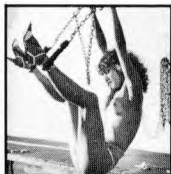
184: Trouble for Suzie. Curiosity leads Suzie to search the new neighbors' apartment, only to find herself in stringent bondage.



183: Nightmare. Jana falls asleep and dreams of a beautiful dominatrix putting her through stringent bondage positions.



182: Bound, Gagged & Punished. Waiting for her bondage partner, she falls asleep, dreaming of a bigger, more powerful man.



180: Nina Never Knew. Nina's self-bondage is interrupted by a stranger who fulfills her wildest sexual fantasies.



179: Hard Hat Trouble. Janet the supervisor orders Jack around once too often, and the bossy bitch finds herself in a bind.



177: Submission! The lovely slave Carolyn couldn't wait to show off all of her submissive charms, including her new nipple rings.



174: The Switch. A slave is delivered to a demanding mistress and punished, but the slave manages to turn the tables on the dominatrix.



173: Rude Arousal. Darlene, the little town flirt, is taught a lesson in B&D by the local girls that she will never forget.



172: Code of Honor. Alice cheats on her husband, and her brother-in-law whips her cruelly to uphold the family honor.



171: Sorority Pledge. Anne learns that being a member of the sorority isn't easy. She is taken to a bondage master for a heavy hazing!



170: Slave Training. Real SM people show how it's supposed to be done with the riding crop on bare thighs and ass.



169: The Bondage Master. San Francisco's Mark Chester binds SM devotee Ami Simon in his Oriental style bondage.



168: Ellen's Training. You won't want to miss the loving SM as Master Jim binds and hangs padlocks from Ellen's nipple rings!



167: The Rope Department. A beautiful bound blonde starts this film which features five different bound beauties.



162: Hot to be Bound. Jeannie's bondage wish comes true—naked, writhing and spread wide, full of excitement and passion.



161: Turned Tables. The paid punisher gets so carried away in his tied torment of Patty that he forgets he's only doing a job.



160: Sore Winner. This flaunting tennis champ finds herself bound and whipped on the ass with her own tennis racket.



159: Double-cross. Maria tries to leave with the money, but Jerry discovers her and teaches her a painful lesson!



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☐ R **197** Force Fed
☐ R **196** Red Hot Captive
☐ R **194** The Novice's Mistake
☐ R **191** The Pledge
☐ R **190** The Cure

☐ R **189** Sweet Frustration
☐ R **186** The Secret
☐ R **185** Bondage Reward
☐ R **184** Trouble for Suzie
☐ R **183** Nightmare
☐ R **182** Bound, Gagged & Pun.
☐ R **180** Nina Never Knew
☐ R **179** Hard Hat Trouble
☐ R **177** Submission!
☐ R **174** The Switch
☐ R **173** Rude Arousal
☐ R **172** Code of Honor
☐ R **171** Sorority Pledge
☐ R **170** Slave Training
☐ R **169** The Bondage Master
☐ R **168** Ellen's Training
☐ R **167** The Rope Department
☐ R **162** Hot to be Bound

☐ R **161** Turned Tables
☐ R **160** Sore Winner
☐ R **159** Doublecross

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☐ R **44** Fit to be Tied
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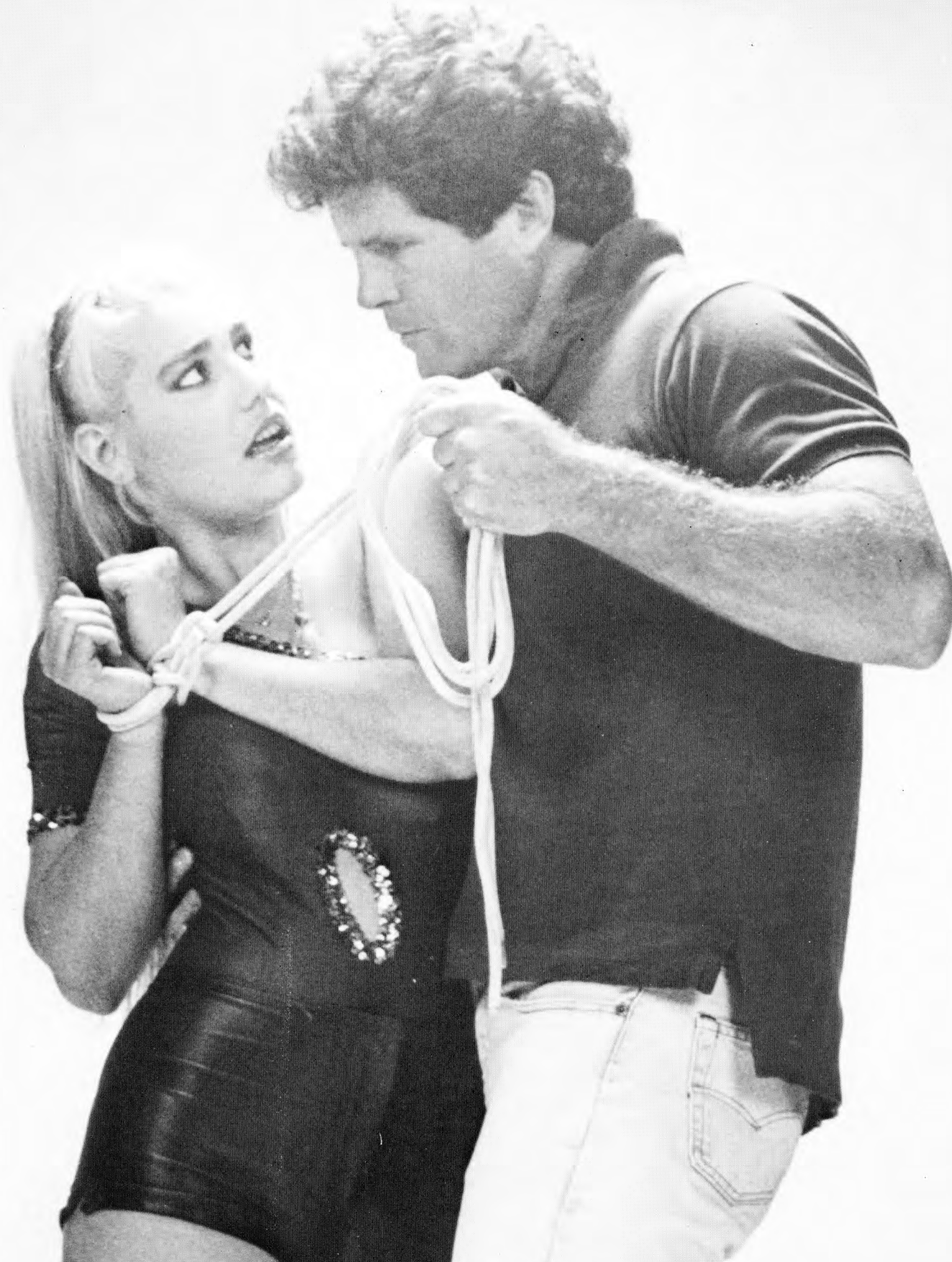
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FIGHT NIGHT

Veronica Briggs • Joe Morgan



"Would you stop doing that?" he raged.
"Doing what?" she asked, confused.
He sputtered for a couple of seconds
before he came up with anything.
"Standing there!"
"What?" she asked, innocently perplexed.
"Standing there!" he repeated, his
gnarled, muscular hands waving up and
down. "With those tits, and those legs, and
that hair!" His voice petered out as he
stared, glassy-eyed, at her.
"Oh, no!" she cried, backing away from
him. "Now calm down, Steve! You *know*
you have that big fight tomorrow, and your
trainer said you couldn't have sex tonight!"







"But, baby!" he shouted. "You know you drive me crazy! Your lovin' arms, you lovin' legs!"

"I know," she moaned. "I know! And I wanna hug you and kiss you and love you too, but I can't! I just can't!"

"We gotta do something about this," he seethed.

"My arms wanna hug you, honey!" she cried. "Stop me!"

He quickly wrapped the ropes around her wrists.

"I gotta protect you from me," he maintained, wrapping her legs with the hemp as well. "I can't help myself. Kiss me, baby!"



"No!" she yelled. "No, Steve, control yourself! You've got an important fight tomorrow. I don't want you hurt, darling. I don't want you to lose."

They rolled around on the floor that way for awhile.

"Gag me, Steve!" she begged. "Cover my lips so you won't be tempted."

He did. And they slept apart that night. The next day Steve had so much pent-up frustration and rage that he knocked his opponent clear out of the ring. □

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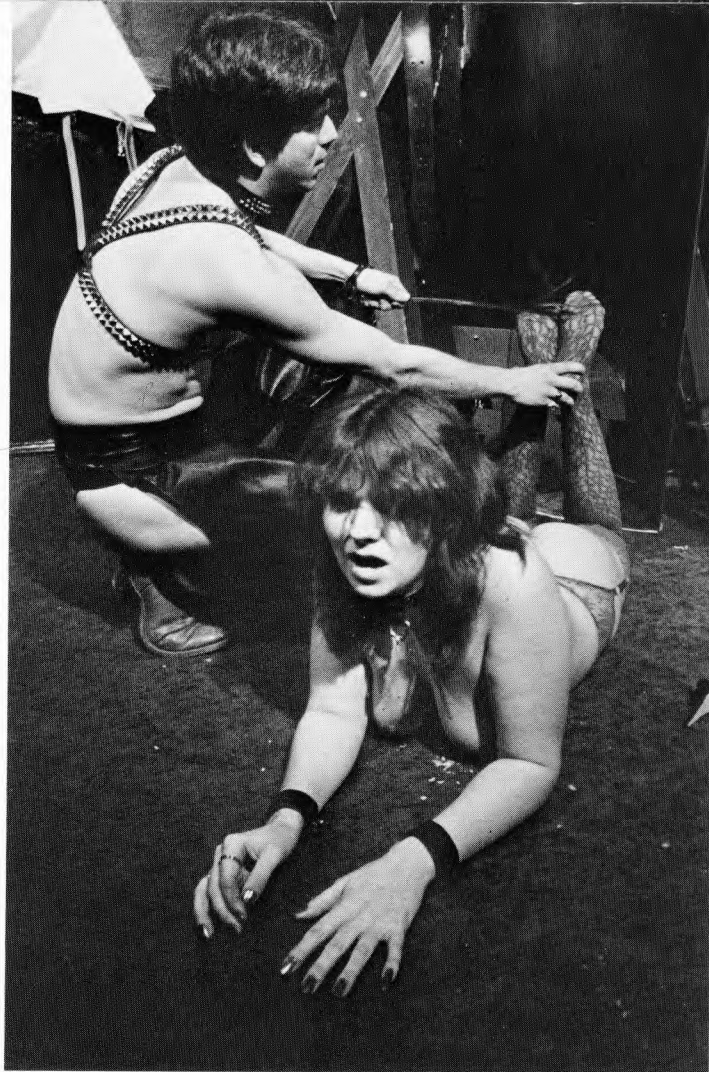
AN **HOM** VIDEO REVIEW **MISTY AND HER MASTER**

A man, a girl, and deep passion. Mix them together with a leavening of a maiden's love and you have a potent brew. In this short story of a man and his maid, we are privileged to witness a most graphic hour which owes nothing to either acting or simulation. It is all very, very real. What we do here is pull back a curtain to witness the erotic fulfillment of two people. In the games Misty and her master play, they pull no punches. When Misty squeals, she does so from pure pain. With Misty, the pain is not a thing from which to flee, but is instead the quiteness of what she offers to the man.

There is no part of the girl named Misty which is not both beautiful and vulnerable. Her master treasures each swelling curve and crevice he punishes so cleverly. With an insight into the maiden's response to the snapping whip, the leather cracks its vibrant sound on the resonance of Misty's flesh. From her master's palm, and with extraordinary clarity, comes the sounds of impact at which we share a girl's wince. Misty's breasts are whipped, and the modest lips between her thighs receive their share of the anguish as clothespins bite. The fact that much of her acquiescence—her willingness to submit—is entirely voluntary and without threat or coercion is in itself remarkable. Misty bears pain without bonds with an insouciance which could only be born of love.

This story of Misty and her master begins in the living room of their home. Misty mischievously and demandingly insists on attention from her master, who is deeply immersed in a book. Finally, exasperated by her demands, he takes his slave girl across his lap and begins the spanking of her bottom which culminates in their entry into the dungeon itself. Yes, there is indeed a dungeon, and in it are instruments by which Misty's erotic hunger may be adequately appeased.

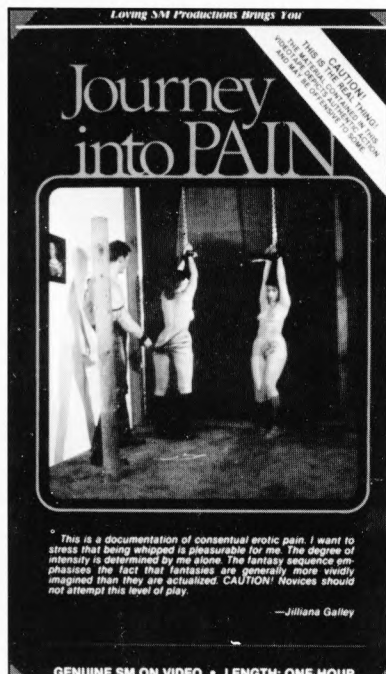
But no matter what Misty suffers her cry is forever the same, a litany of anguished adoration: "More, more, more . . . !"





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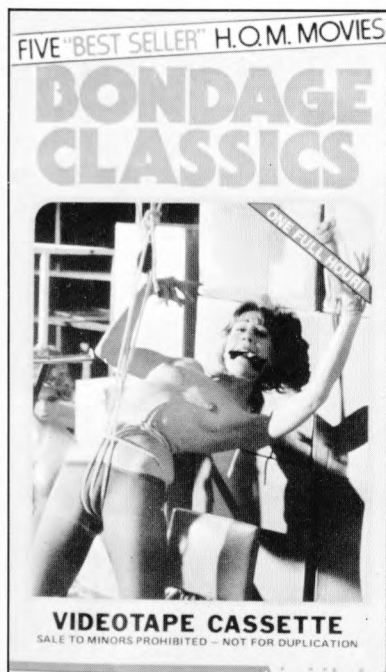
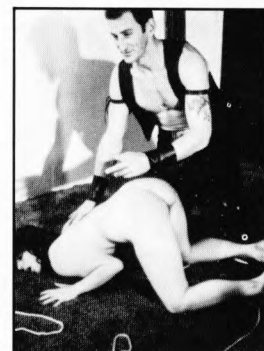
Journey into Pain

The blindfold closes over Jillanna's eyes. Our camera moves into her fantasy world as she listens to Jim and Ellen's SM play.

"I trust you," she moans as Jim removes the clothes from her trembling body. She dances on tiptoes at the end of his rope through her cunt and nipple rings. Ellen, bound and gagged, looks on as her lover's ass is whipped.

The cat whistles through the air, embedding its strands into Ellen's and Jillanna's flesh, leaving crimson marks. "Yes, yes, I'm your hot bitch," moans Jillanna through her haze of pain.

Though the action seems violent, almost brutal at times, the cast's genuine love for one another shines through.



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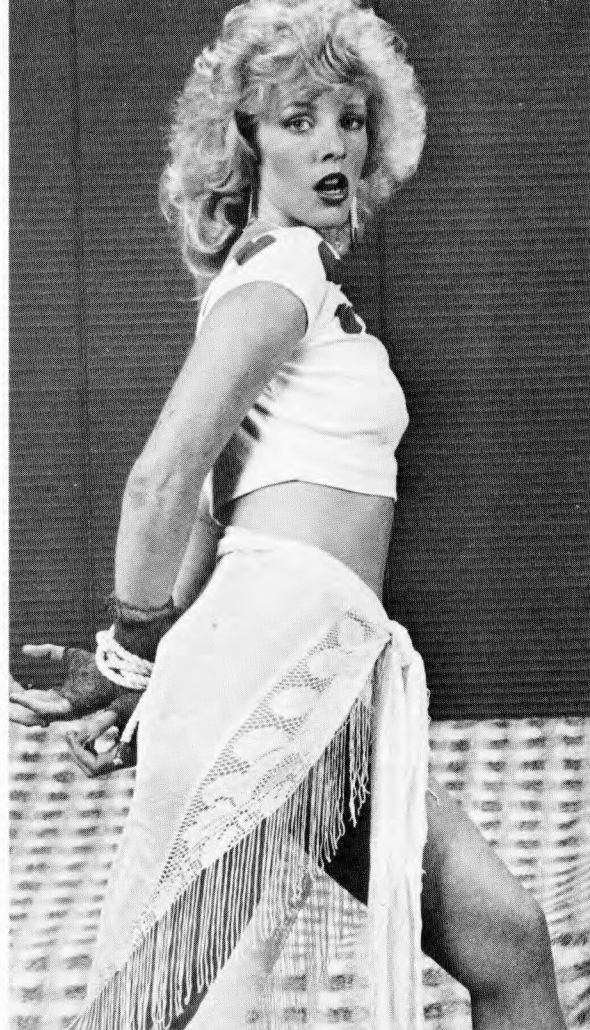
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EIGHT O'CLOCK SHARP

Tricia Allen

The doorbell chime almost threw me into a state of shock. There it was exactly at eight. I told Millie last night that it was this or nothing, and from her indignant air, as she spun around and marched into her apartment, I was positive that she had chosen nothing. But, just in case, my ropes were ready, as well as my almost perpetual state of excitement while thinking about her and ropes together. But her teasing had finally gotten the better of me, and all of her psyching it out and blaming in on fear—fear of becoming pregnant, of doing something and being discovered, and of fear itself—didn't help my state of affairs in the least. I told her then and there that I would straighten all of her fears out—my way—at eight o'clock sharp on Saturday night, and, sure enough, here she is.

I have to admit that it couldn't have been an easy decision for her. As my first rope loops itself around her wrists, I notice that her eyes are slightly dark, probably from lack of sleep. She is such a dear, but she doesn't take things lightly. However, her lack of sleep didn't do any damage whatsoever to her perfect body. The way she stands, throwing her hips out, drives me crazy.

Slowly, my cords wind around her, embedding themselves in her tanned beauty. As I stand next to her, I can feel her quickened breath on me—her slight sighs and her wide, expectant eyes pleading for me to be gentle. As she becomes more and more helpless, I am more and more gentle, loving, and excited. The prospect of her bare skin against mine, unable to rebel, drives me on. □





