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WAS HER IDEA!

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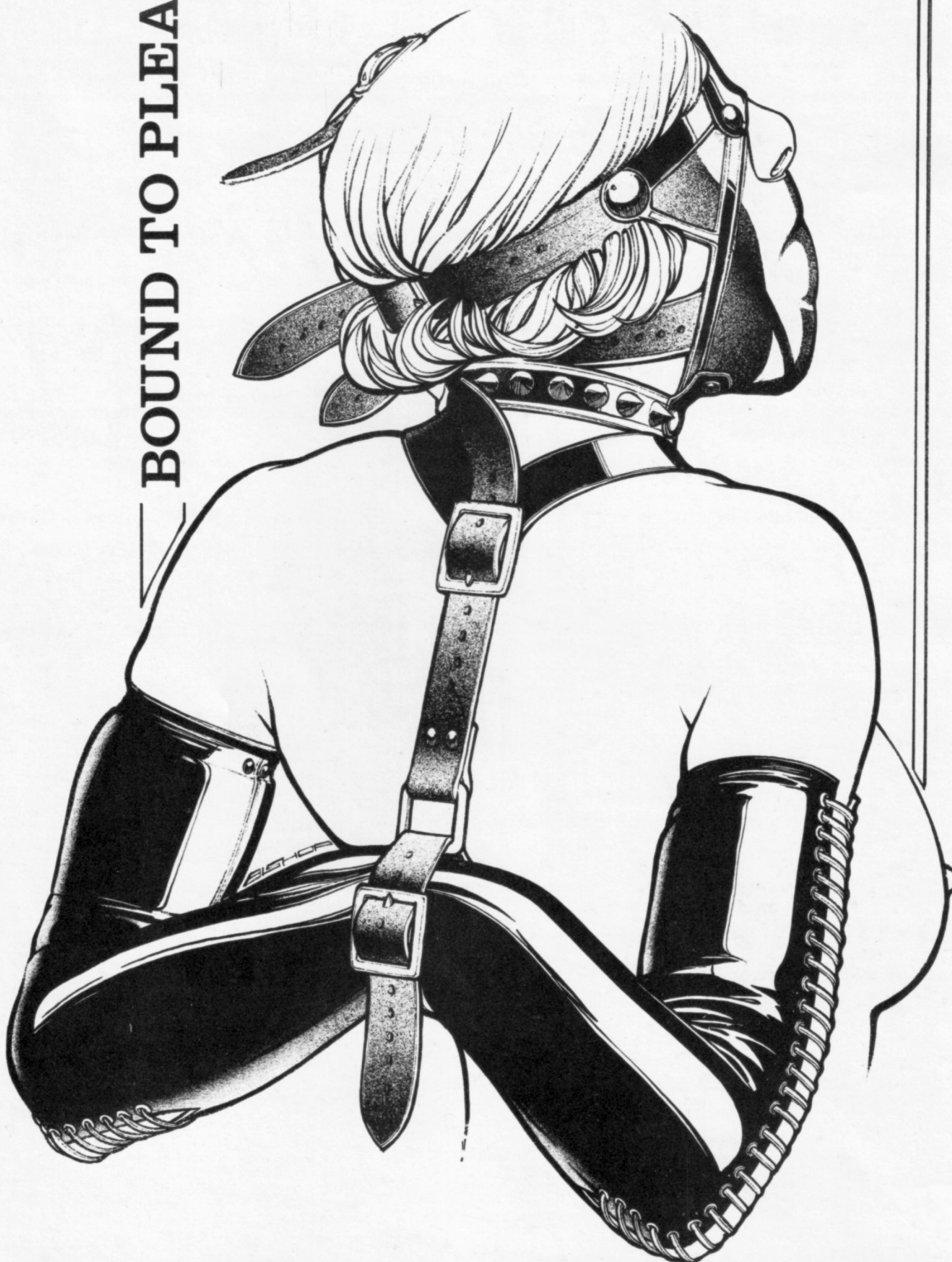
THE JOY OF BONDAGE

ONE MAN'S OPINION ON THE DEVELOPMENT AND STATUS OF B&D TODAY!

ADULTS
ONLY



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CREATIVE SELF-EXPRESSION

The key to successful enjoyment of bondage without aftereffects or morbid recriminations is simply to treat it as a joyful game in which variations are left to the participants, depending on their instincts, thresholds of arousal, inventiveness and, most vital of all, willingness to explore the labyrinth of hitherto unknown pleasures which lead to ultimate gratification in communal lovemaking.

Naturally, this is not to say that each act of lovemaking should be preceded by bondage. If you care to use the metaphor, bondage is a kind of rich apertif which prepares the sexual appetite for the naturally satisfying, nutritious "steak and potatoes" diet of coitus. One does not overeat apertifs, for that causes indisposition and distaste. Also, with lovemaking, the repetition of a certain coital pose and technique inevitably leads to indifference on the part of both partners, since they come to anticipate each other's responses and manifestations.

The average imaginative man has a "harem or slave complex" and most women, conversely, are capable of imagining themselves as slaves to a cleverly dominant — but never brutal — male. If the female can be led to understand just how bondage enables her to achieve a different kind of desirability, personality and ethos, so as to render her infinitely more alluring to her male partner, and the choice is left to her, she is far more likely to accept this kind of amorous experimentation. Yet the male must be capable of gratifying her emotional and carnal needs once he has brought her to this imaginative pitch through bondage. Then, and only then, will he glean — for her as for himself — the true fulfillment which this joyous, inventive "game" provides to the person willing to bring creativity to the bed of love.

This, then, is the credo of the bondage devotee; it is a creed of generous and unselfish sharing if it is to justify bondage as a means of self-expression. This is the most vital thing to remember about the practice of bondage: that it must have the cooperation of both the male and female, without the need for brutalizing, unimaginative coercion. Certainly physical coercion exists in bondage, and is one of its most delicious facets, but inwardly the female knows that her male partner expresses through his use of bondage on her a credo and a dedication of love, which has its unselfish side and which permits her ultimately to share in all the complexities of desire and delight. As such, it holds for the wise, tolerant and imaginative a new world of creative self-expression. For most of us sexual creativity is the only way we can prove we differ from the beasts in the field. In an age of hate, bondage must be considered, if used wisely, as a pristine and inventive act of love.



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A QUESTION OF POSSESSION

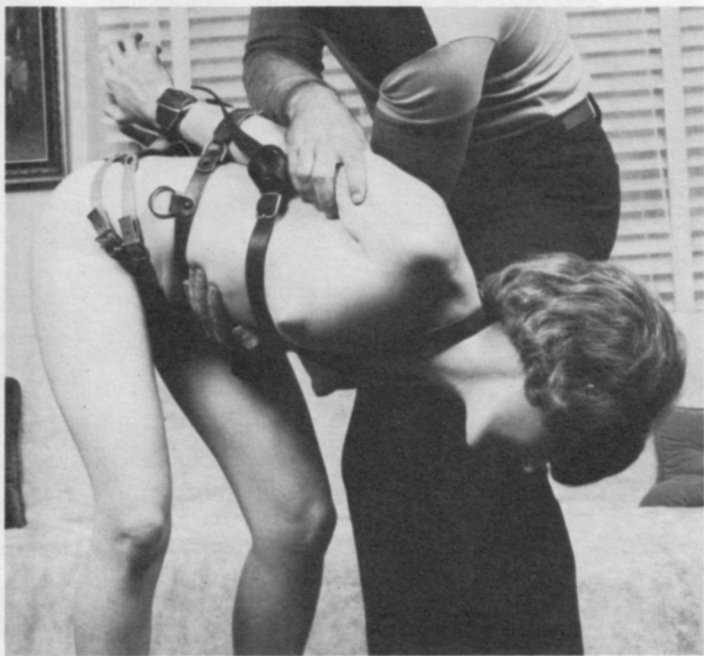
Slaves have to be kept under control at all times. I was starting to have trouble with Janice. She was walking around my apartment in a leather bikini, her tits hanging out, and giving me that — wouldn't you like to get a piece of nooky look.

I had been good to her, only tying her hands behind her back when I wanted some tail or letting her run around in handcuffs. Now she was getting back to the way we had started when we first started shacking up. Next thing she'd be nagging me like a wife.

When she planted her ass in my magazine I had all I would take. I grabbed her and fettered her wrists behind her with a wide strap from a collection I had just purchased . . . actually for an anniversary present. She had been my slave for three months this coming Friday.







"Brad," she protested, "Let me go."

I grinned, cinching her arms with another strap. This was getting to be fun. You know, for a while she had been working me to where I might have even considered marriage but this reminded me that what I need is a vibrant, soft female body that I can entrammel and control. I used the whole set of straps on her. One drew her waist in like an old-fashioned corset, accenting the smooth curves of her hips. She's a gorgeous woman, I thought to myself. I could rent her out for five hundred a week-end. I've had offers. After I had her wrapped in



the straps I bent her over and gave her a couple of good spansks on her bare ass. I don't go in for spanking much, but it's one way to get a slave into line.

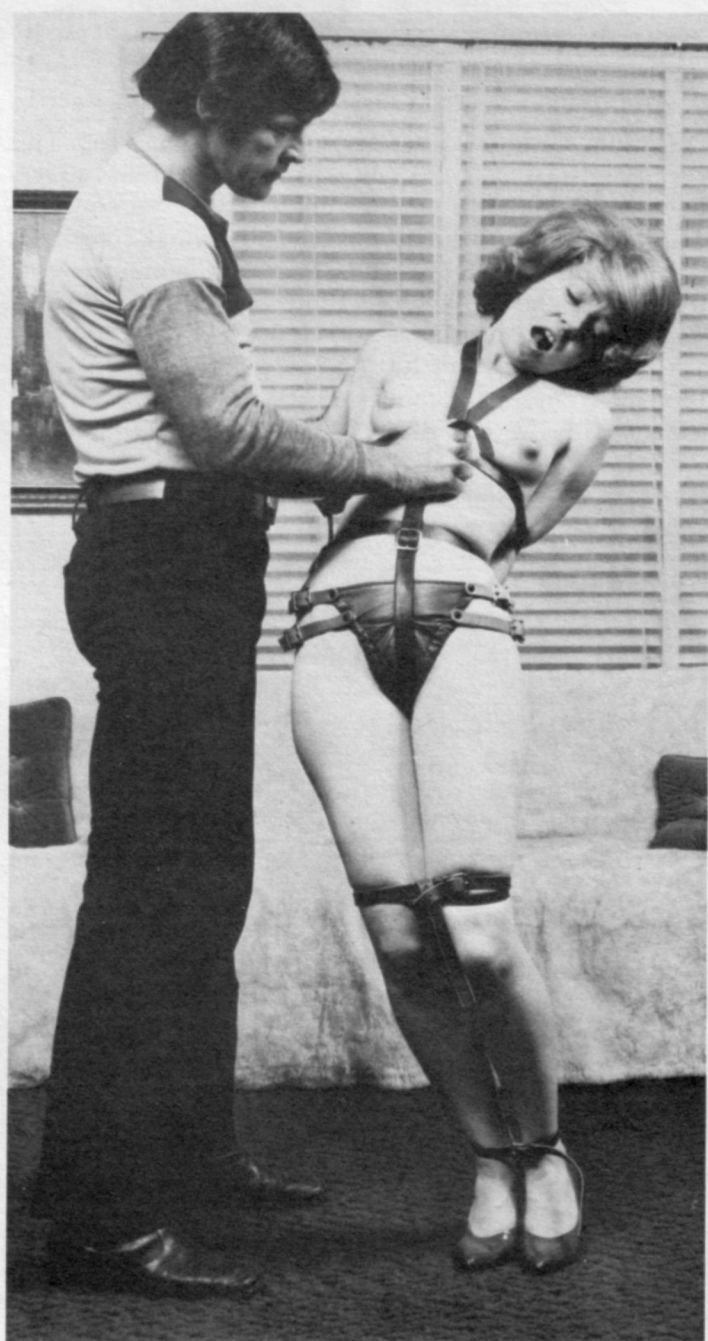
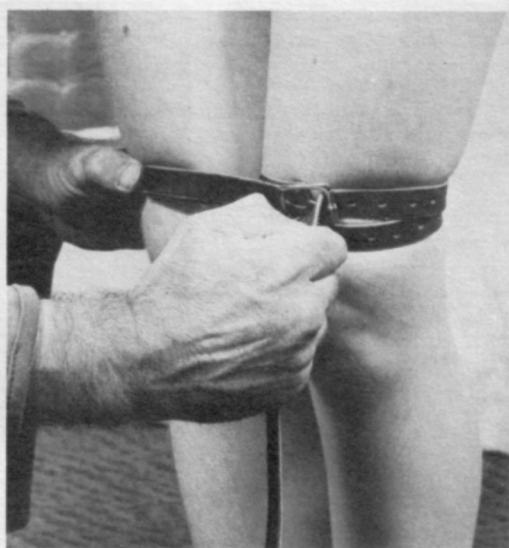
Down on her knees, I made her repeat after me.

"I am your slave. I will do your bidding. I will grovel before you. I will fuck you when you want it. My pussy is yours to do with what you will."

"And don't spit it out like that!" I roared, grabbing her hair and throwing her down on the rug. Now you'll be punished in the only way you understand!"

"Not that, Brad," she cried looking over at the corner she knew I was going to put her nose into.



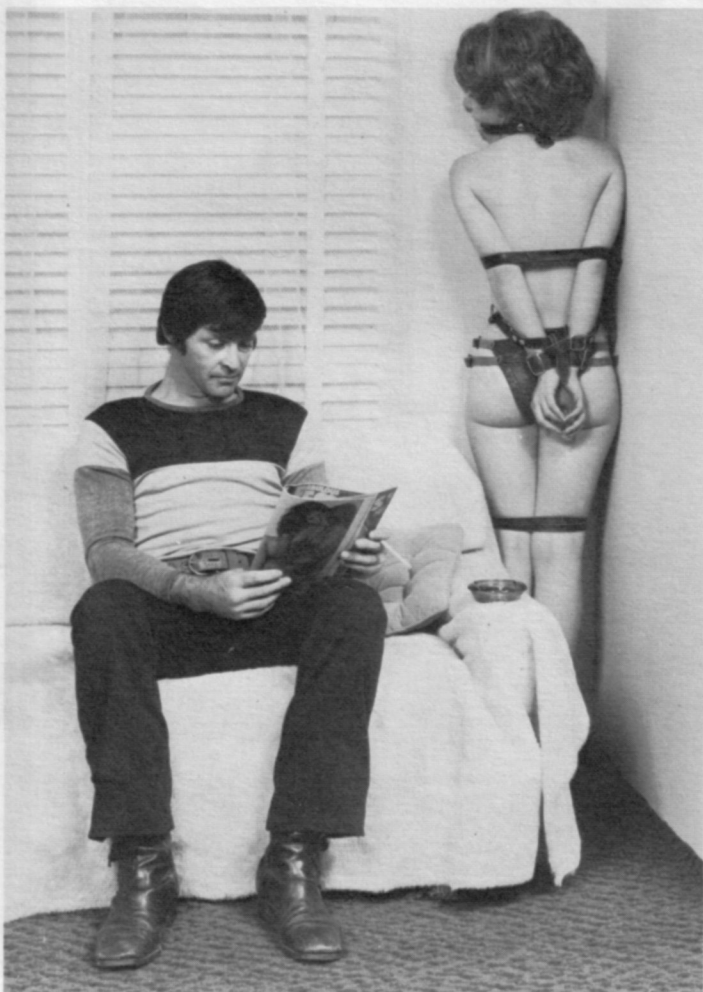
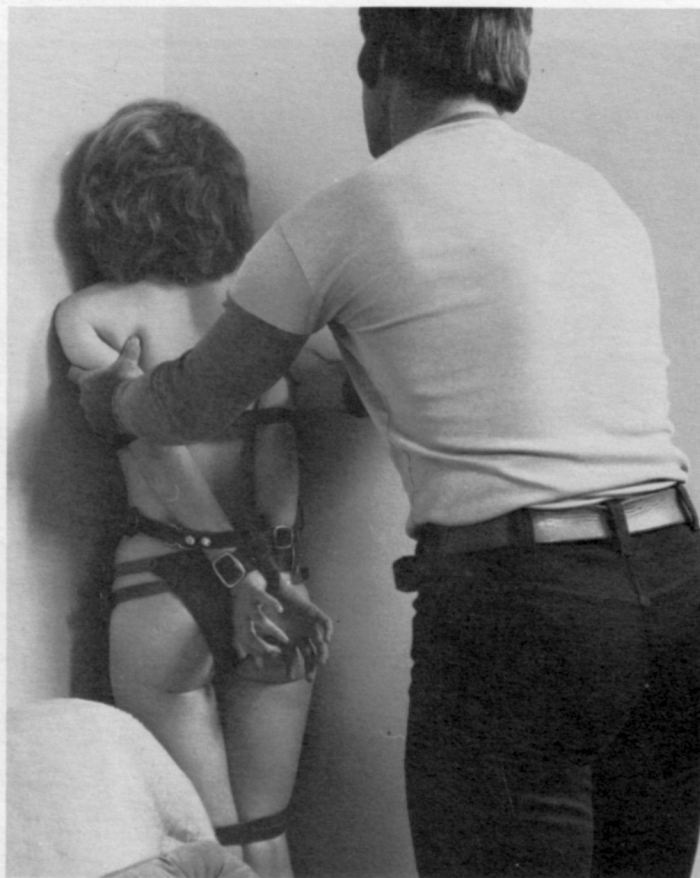




While she was pleading I was strapping her ankles and knees. "Now shuffle to your corner," I ordered. She struggled to obey, but started to cry. If there's one thing I can't stand it's a crying dame. I shut her up fast with a ball gag and shoved her into her corner. She knew better than to try falling down. She stood there like a good slave while I finished my story.







"This is a good looking broad in this picture," I remarked looking down at the magazine. "She even looks a little like Gladys Dalhart. I wonder what ole Gladys is doing? I think I'll get her over here and lay her. She might be a better lay than you," I continued to taunt her.

Janice was sobbing. I could hear it through her gag. I knew she was sorry. I relented. I let her sit on the couch while I read her a story about screwing. Sometimes I'm just soft-hearted. In fact that idea she had earlier wasn't all that bad. She just has to learn it only counts when it's my idea!



LEATHER LACED

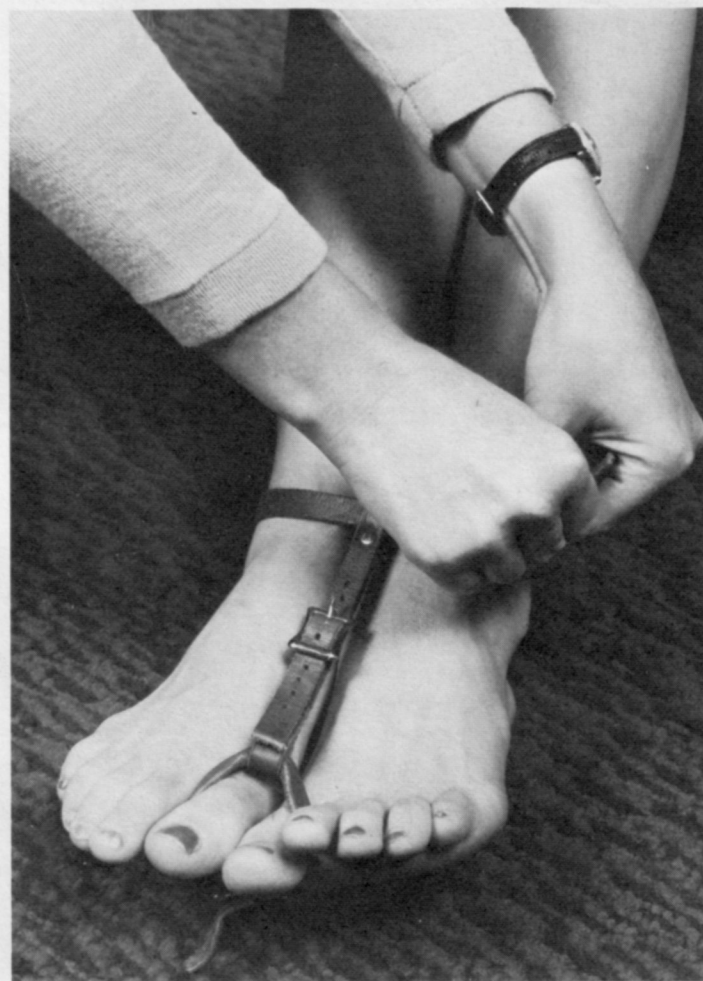
Women's Lib goes both ways, I guess. I thought when I answered Martha's ad for a roommate that we might be friends, but that we could go about leading our own lives. Not so. Martha was a Women's Libber. She not only defied men, she tried to replace them. That's where my troubles started.





I had just gotten out of the shower in preparation for a date when Martha came out of her room, wearing her customary uniform of loose-fitting sweater, long denim skirt and flat-heeled shoes. This time she carried some leather things. One was a kind of bikini, only made of leather.

"Put it on!" she commanded, handing it to me. I was shaken and intimidated, so I did. I felt even more naked than nude with that wet-feeling leather against my ass and my cunt.





"That's better!" she snorted and slipped my arms into some long leather sleeves. I thought it was a stole, but there were no ends. My hands groped for a way out. Meanwhile she pulled a strap just above my boobs which fastened the sleeves to my arms. In spite of my efforts, the buckled straps attached to the end of the sleeves, making me helpless with my arms fastened behind my back.

"What are you doing?" I demanded, trying desperately to break free.

"I'm making you my love slave," she said, calmly, still fastening straps on me, "You won't have to go to work anymore. You can stay here and take care of the apartment and serve me and my friends.

"No!" I protested. "I have a good job. I have a boyfriend. I have a date tonight!"





"You *had* a job. I called up and quit for you. As for your boyfriend, I can do more for you than *any* man can. Perhaps, if you want an occasional fling at a penis, I will loan you to some of my discriminating male friends, just so I can watch them make utter fools of themselves humping against your body.

She trapped my knees and ankles. As a final gesture, she harnessed my big toes to an ankle strap. Something about that particular confinement gave me the strangest sensations.

"When you have gotten over your silly idea of being free, I will lead you to the next phase of your subjugation," she told me. "Now I have to lead a protest march. But before I go, here's something to help keep you quiet." She got a dirty kitchen sponge, which she forced into my mouth and fastened in place with another leather strap.

At first I lay on the rug not believing that it was I, Pauline Miller, fully conquered. I learned to roll around in the confinement and even managed to get up on my knees. Escape was hopeless. As the hours passed I began to enjoy the sensations that flooded over me. Martha Trent was a wonderful woman and I was her slave . . . abject . . . submissive . . . mastered . . . servile . . . and I was coming gloriously!



THE JOY OF BONDAGE

(BOUND TO PLEASE welcomes ideas and opinions from our readers. Take your turn to "sound off" in "One Man's Opinion" by sending yours in NOW!)

Slowly he comes toward her, his naked muscular body in a menacing crouch, several lengths of clothesline rope dangling from his left hand. She backs away, dodging behind a chintz covered chair, then to the side of the canopied four-poster bed, until her bare buttocks are pressed against the mirrored door to the bathroom.

"Please," she begs, holding her hands up in defense.

He grins and whips a loop of the cord around her upper arms, securing it just above her elbows to pin her arms to her sides. He knots the line in the deep valley between her large heaving breasts. His fingers stray to test the softness of her curves. With his victim partly helpless, he presses her forearms behind her back until her wrists are crossed. With a quick motion, another rope is wrapped around her wrists and snubbed tight. Her hands are tightly bound.

This could be the beginning of a rape scene or an abduction, but it is only typical of bondage foreplay enjoyed by thousands, possibly even millions, of couples who have found an ideal release for their sexual energies. The recent relaxation of our sex mores is bringing out these natural instincts which had been subdued for many decades because any action other than the standard Position One had been regarded as a perversion or worse.

Bondage is hardly a new practice. It was the basis of marriage in prehistoric times, contributing to the genetic strength of the human race and to the development of our present social system. The art has been used as a narrative stimulant by Shakespeare, the producers of movie and television shows and by writers of fiction.

Many of our marriage customs stem from prehistoric times when marriage was done by capture and rape. A few thousand years of recorded history make very little difference against the millions of years of human development. The basic urges and instincts that guided our primitive ancestors are close to the surface.

Bondage contributed to the change in the social system of the genus homosapiens from a herd form where the Old Man ruled the tribe to the present individual incentive system. It also stabilized the race by introducing cross-breeding, which tends to minimize genetic weaknesses and brings in varieties of new genes.

In the primitive days when a young man saw a desirable woman, lack of communication and an understandable suspicion of strangers kept him from exercising any version of courtship that we could recognize. Therefore, accompanied by a faithful friend, he went in the dead of night to her cave, camp, or tree, seized her and took off with his captive.

When she struggled, the two primitive men tied her hands and gagged her. If she managed to arouse her tribe, those unwilling future in-laws went in pursuit, whereupon the faithful friend fought a rearguard action, often at the cost of his life.

The bridegroom, if he escaped with his bride, took her to a secluded place he had prepared and there made his pitch. Since the lady had not been consulted, she probably wished to continue her resistance. That resulted in a struggle leading to sexual arousal and the consummation of the marriage with the bride bundled up in vines or other suitable bonds.

When an understanding had been reached between the two, he brought her to his tribe, because the prehistoric jungles were

too hostile for any two humans to survive by themselves, especially when one was likely to be burdened with pregnancy and childbirth.

Now we can see the origins of present-day marriage customs. The position of the best friend became the best man, who backs up the groom. The custom of throwing shoes and rice comes from an earlier flinging of more substantial confetti. The shake-down period in the secluded hideaway became the honeymoon, while the crude bonds that enthralled the bride have been consolidated into a wedding ring.

Many changes in human society resulted because of the necessity for the young man to bring his new wife to his tribe. Early man was a herd animal, like the bison, the moose, the seal and many others. The tribe was ruled by an elder male who claimed everything as his. The homosapiens tribal chief ruled the same way, proclaiming proprietorship over all the women, food and weapons.

Naturally, when Junior had snagged his beloved from her family, tied her up and dragged her off to his love bower, there to satiate his urgent desires, he was not about to give her to the Old Man.

Social changes are accompanied by conflict, so it is highly probable that the Old Man claimed Junior's new spouse and Junior resisted. After a number of fatal disagreements of that kind, subsequent surviving Old Men realized it was better to have the young couple join the tribe in the hope of keeping up the family strength, and possibly getting a little on the side when Junior was out hunting.

What started as an uneasy truce has become our incentive form of society.

THE ABIDING FETISH

The preoccupation with bondage has existed all through history. It shows up in the playful tussling of young couples as a sexual foreplay. That is a kind of bondage without actual use of restraining equipment. Bondage has been the dramatic writer's suspense tool since Shakespeare included a bondage scene in "The Taming of the Shrew," where Pertruccio ties Katherine's hands. The recent "Man From LaMancha" carried a provocative scene where Aldonza is tied and gagged and raped on the stage. "The Perils of Pauline" depended for its suspense on tying scenes. The "heavy" lashed her to the railroad tracks

and, while the audience cheered for the train, the hero galloped to the rescue, because Pauline had to be spared for future harrowing experiences.

If bondage footage in movies was spliced end to end somebody would have several feature films as long as "Gone with the Wind." Just to name a few, in the "Black Swan" Maureen O'Sullivan was tastefully tied to the pirate captain's bunk, working her bonds enticingly while Tyrone Power fought for her on the deck above. For the male bondage enthusiasts the same feature has some good scenes of Power in ropes. A girl named Dawn Adams played much of a picture called "Treasure" with her hands tied behind her back.

Television series shows have also carried some explicit tying episodes. Robert Wagner in "It Takes a Thief" gets to subdue some charming females and occasionally finds himself in restrictions. "Mission Impossible" had most of a segment devoted to a girl whose wrists were secured behind her back and her ankles bound. She had to send a telephone message for help. The scene had clear details of her restraints while she made her call. Being gagged, too, she sent the message by tapping Morse Code on the phone.

BONDAGE AND THE PSYCHO COUCH

There is some of the bondage enthusiast in every one of us, but the sport has been sullied by counterproductive company. It has been assumed to be a part of the sado-masochist scene. While there is a general, easily misunderstood association, since it might be handy to tie a girl before beating her, pure bondage is a fetish in its own right.

The excitement of bondage is, to the binder, the act of securing the loved one's limbs, much as the caveman tethered his bride. The bound one exults in being a captive. Although tightness of the lashings is essential, pain is not part of the fetish.

Time is an important factor. Just tying a woman is not enough. She has to soak in the sensations of being conquered until the feeling of helplessness penetrates to her deepest nerve fibers. A woman must be fettered thoroughly, so the restraints cover much of her body like the tireless embraces of an ardent lover, because her erotic sensitivities are distributed throughout her body. Bondage increases her awareness of her many erotic areas. The longer her captivity, the more intense are her emotions.

The male gets his charge from rendering the female helpless and, therefore, subject to his attentions. His excitement is heightened with every movement of her struggles. He has no intentions of harming or even really frightening her. Since the entire experience is role-playing, the mood could dissolve instantly at the intrusion of reality, such as inflicting serious pain.

The object of bondage is to intensify orgasm during intercourse. Many who have taken their coitus while entrained report the sensations are far more intense than those reached after the more common forms of foreplay.

Bondage enthusiasts are happily beginning to realize that they are not, as many of them have believed for years, weird and dangerous perverts. They are sensitive humans, honestly responding to those primitive feelings that stir in the back of everyone's mind.

It is worthwhile to note that psychological textbooks have almost nothing about bondage. Even the Kinsey reports had nothing on the subject except some fairly ordinary sado-masochism. Bondage is hard to find in the indexes and, if it is mentioned, the references generally lead to a minor phase of S&M.

The inference of the omission is that bondage people, despite their own suspicions about themselves, are normal.

HOW DO YOU GET IT?

The new sexual freedom has given bondage devotees a wonderful feeling of belonging to the human race. Where they once collected pulp detective magazine covers, they now can find magazines featuring all kinds of tying techniques. The response to these publications indicates the large degree of interest in the fetish. Bookstores report that bondage magazines are always in demand. The distribution truck is often awaited by a delegation of buyers who snap up the issues as soon as they reach the stands. Even crude pictures and poor printing can find a market.

Live bondage is becoming more available. Specialty houses are beginning to cater to the devotees, although the operators have much to learn. Massage parlors dabble in rope and strap work to supplement their regular trade. Some free lancers offer bondage, which is legally much safer than out-right prostitution, as there is no bargaining for actual intercourse.

It is now possible for anyone in a major city such as New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles to wrestle with a nude girl (a form of bondage); tie up a submissive girl and spank her; get bound by a dominant male or female who will also chastise and insult him or her if that is what they want. In Southern California, outcall services will furnish a submissive girl, a dominant woman who will tie up the customer, or men who are dominant or submissive. The milder bondage enthusiast can find any number of modelling studios where girls are available for tying either as ostensible photo models or for bound rap sessions.

Prices quoted in the above markets range from about \$8.00 for a fifteen minute no-balling discussion with a girl bound to one's choice, to \$100.00 for an all-out pro session in which the customer can tie the hooker's hands and put the boots to her. Outcall prices are \$100.00 an hour for a woman, dominant or submissive, and \$80.00 for a man who will go either way. This reads like a kind of reverse chauvinism, but that's the way the market is going.

However, as in all businesses, the customer cannot always believe the advertising. The dominance dungeon with the lurid commercial in the underground press might turn out to be a dingy, unswept bedroom in a converted apartment and the dominant mistress could be an unemployed girl who can't tie a granny knot. Again, a sexy voice on the phone may promise that her house has girls who can be bound and screwed for \$20.00, but at the door nobody knows anything about bondage or the price for that is double, plus tips to the girl.

The concepts of bondage are so different, also, that a house might be conscientiously trying to accommodate its clientele without having the knowledge and experience, nor a clear understanding of what the customer wants. True bondage is the tying, or being tied in itself. While to most devotees the act is a high-voltage foreplay, others go right on over into a perversion. Anyone trying to meet the demands of that kind of market has to miss some of the time.

The advantages of going to a professional service for bondage is that you can get a statement of the terms, even if some details might be misunderstood or shaded. The person providing the service has no recourse, and the buyer can have a good idea of what to expect.

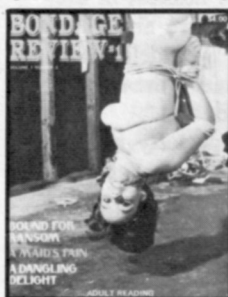
Playing around for bondage is risky in all kinds of ways. It is obvious that a girl can't date a guy and say, the first time out, "I want you to tie me up." the way she can hint at a good-night kiss. At the same time, a guy would be afraid of landing in the slammer if he suggested to his date that she try out some of his clothesline or straps. The two have to know each other pretty well before they can really get into bondage.

(Continued on page 22)

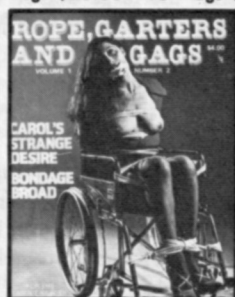
HOUSE OF MILAN EXPO!

THE BONDAGE REPORT

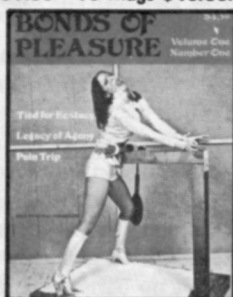
SAVE OVER 10%! - 6 Mags \$23.00 - 10 Mags \$35.00 - 15 Mags \$45.00.



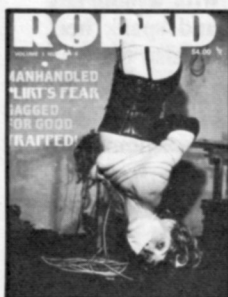
Bond.Rev. 1/3 \$4.00



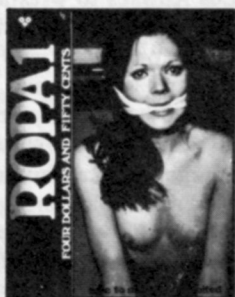
R.G.&G. 1/2 \$4.00



Bond.Ple. 1/1 \$4.50



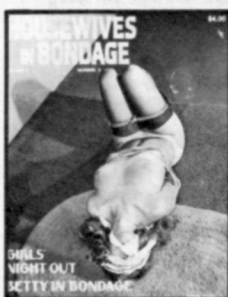
Roped 1/4 \$4.00



Ropa 1 \$4.50



Bonda 1 \$4.50



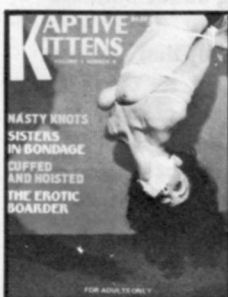
House.Bond.1/3 \$4.00



Mod.Bond. 1/1 \$4.50



Bond.Dig. 1/1 \$4.50



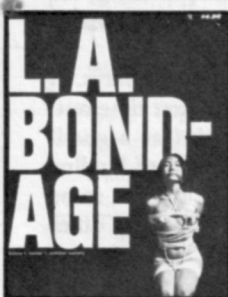
Kap.Kitt. 1/4 \$4.00



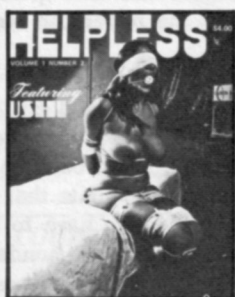
Kap.Beau. 1/4 \$4.00



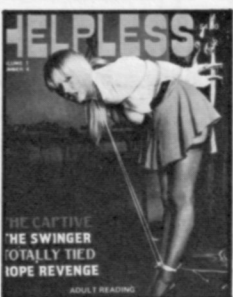
Bond.Kap. 1/3 \$4.00



L.A.Bond.1/1 \$4.50

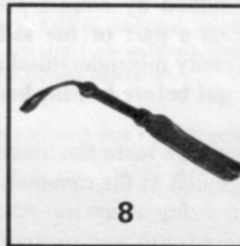
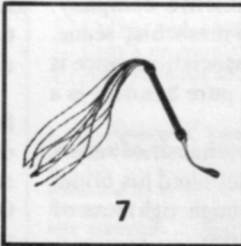
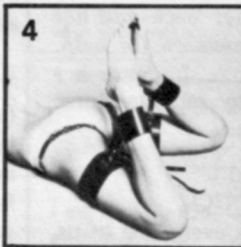
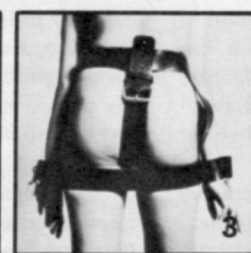
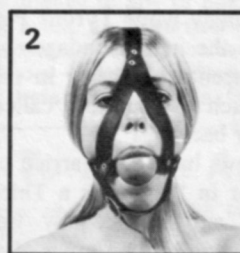


Helpless 1/2 \$4.00

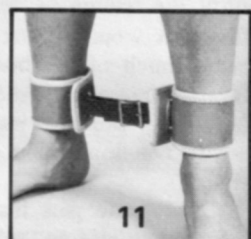


Helpless 1/4 \$4.00

THE LEATHER REPORT



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- 7 **CAT-O-NINE TAILS** - Custom handcrafted leather whip with sturdy handle and three feet of classic tails. \$24.95.
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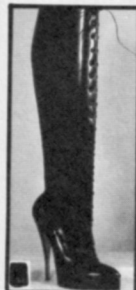
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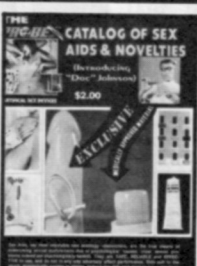
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LITERALLY BOUND

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Editor:

As a frequent purchaser of your magazines, I'd like to say a few things. First I'd like to congratulate you on the fine photography and lovely models.

I would like to see more barefoot bondage. An emphasis on toe bondage would go good with this. There are those who say toe bondage is not necessary. To the contrary, toe bondage is that much more important because it is not necessary. It adds to the humiliation so let's see some more.

Also, jeans and pants are out. Shorts, panties and short skirts are suitable. Gags are a must. Women should always be gagged.

Finally, how about some stuff on foot spanking and plenty of shots of bare soles.

Keep up the good work and keep the girls bound, gagged and barefoot!

Sincerely,

A Fan
Texas

Dear Sir:

I read your magazines regularly and am always pleased by them.

In particular, I enjoy girls tied and gagged with nylons, pantyhose, and other lingerie which I rarely see in your publications. Let's have some more of the girl on the cover of BTP 2/5. She looks particularly fetching with the tight knotted cloth gag between her teeth.

Keep up the good work and publish more often!
Sincerely,

A.S.
NYC

Dear Barbara Behr:

I wish to express my appreciation to the House of Milan for the excellent work done on your three publications Bound To Please, Hogtie and Knotty. From this woman's point of view each issue is tops and I can barely wait until the latest issue arrives. My particular interests are bare feet, big toe bondage and the tickling of the feet. Perhaps it is selfish but could I ask for more coverage of these areas. Even more comments from other readers plus photos like that in Knotty 2/12 page 39 would be most welcome.

I am quite submissive and love to be bound tightly and then teased until I go wild. The most wonderful times are when my boyfriend ties me tightly so I cannot move and then tickles the soles of my feet for protracted periods of time. Even though my feet are extremely ticklish and his tickling of the soles makes me laugh and squeal, it sends me into sheer ecstasy.

I know from my own experience and from the literature that the tickling of the soles of the feet can be very pleasant when the subject is sexually stimulated. This may explain why bondage-tickling is so wonderful. A tightly bound woman is easily so stimulated. As a suggestion to other readers interested in experimenting with sole tickling — make certain that the female victim is tightly bound and sexually aroused. Then, and only then, should the bare soles be tickled.

Also I have learned that after a number of foot tickling sessions any tickling of my feet arouses my desire for bondage and sex. I am a nurse and am on my feet a lot. When I return home, my boyfriend removes my shoes and massages my tired feet. This affords him many opportunities for tickling my feet and usually after a few minutes I am giggling and laughing. This, of course, leads immediately to a delightful bondage session.

So to those readers who have not tried the tickling of bare soles, why not give it a whirl along the lines I have suggested. Try it — you may be missing one of the most exciting and rewarding aspects of the bondage experience.

And please, House of Milan, help those of us old and new in this adventure with more coverage of tickling and bondage.

Sincerely,
H.R.
No. California

THE JOY OF BONDAGE (Continued from page 19)

Injury is another constant danger of doing bondage without enough experience. Loose tying, to a bondage enthusiast, is like dry humping to a swinger; it provides some release without real satisfaction. On the other hand, overly tight bindings can cut off circulation; some positions can cause muscular strains and even hernias; fastenings of the neck and tight gags can cause suffocation. It is also possible that the fettered party might seek legal recourse for injuries, even if the bondage was done with permission.

Despite the hazards, most of which are known to the adherents, bondage continues to be a leading indoor sport of couples, married and single, boy-boy and girl-girl combinations. To them there is no greater thrill than to feel the restraints tighten around the wrists while the fingers wiggle helplessly. They understand better than any other group the meaning of the phrase: "It matters not if you win or lose, it's how you play the game."

* end *

OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THIS ARTICLE ARE NOT NECESSARILY THOSE OF THE PUBLISHERS OF 'BOUND TO PLEASE'.

Dear Barbara:

Your comment that you're working on an all-nude bondage magazine was the most heartening development since that delicious shot of Fanni Hall gagged, cuffed, and frontally au naturel back in Chapter 4. So, even before I see the first issue, let me congratulate you on it. I hope to see the House of Milan move further into what I consider the main-stream — that is, bondage practiced on the barest of skin. As other readers have suggested, bondage and humiliation go hand in hand, and nudity represents the very essence of humiliation.

I'm not totally optimistic about your new publishing venture, however, because of what I see as a wide variance in the quality of some of your recent magazines. They seem to break down into two distinct categories:

(1) The "big three" of Hogtie, Bound To Please, and Knotty closely followed by spinoffs like Tied, Cinch and Binder. These are generally characterized by high standards of photography and reproduction, pretty models, and (especially in Hogtie) imaginative bondage techniques, but are mired in a rut of artificial modesty exemplified by the old uniform of heels and hose, panties and bra.

(2) The "woods and warehouse" magazines — Bondage Classics, Captured, Roped and Raped, etc. These feature some good qualities: out-of-the-way locales coupled with a dark, sinister look to the action, like an old Republic serial; and occasional nudity, albeit often negated by artfully-draped rope or scrap of cloth (the modesty factor again). On the minus side, the photography in these magazines is not always the best; the color reproduction is at times off register and some of the shots actually seem to be out of focus.

So much do your magazines differ, in fact, that it's obvious that the people working on Hogtie, for example, have very little to do with those working on Bondage Classics.

If I'm leading up to anything, I suppose it's this: Make your new magazine a good one. I'm happy to see you add another title (especially if it means, at long last, a magazine of trussed-up damsels minus even their panties), but not if it means the House of Milan is spreading itself too thin to maintain its once-high standards.

So, regardless of whether your new publication falls into category 1 or 2, please try to give it those qualities that distinguish your magazines at their best: female beauty and tight, imaginative bonds and gags. If you do, we true believers will indeed be happy.

By the way, Naked Bondage sounds a bit heavy-handed and humorless. May I suggest some alternate titles? Bared and Bound . . . Nudes in Knots . . . Skin Tied.

I wish you continued success,

C.M.

Dear C.M.:

I think the first thing we have established is that not only are you an intelligent man but an intelligent man that is also paying attention. You have properly separated our publications into their own little niches and even pulled out a common denominator — 'false modesty'. Very good! We appreciate the thorough investigation, even though we don't wholly agree with all of the conclusions. Maybe if I back all of this up about ten years you will see what has happened and more importantly why.

In the beginning (of House of Milan), if we can remember back that far, not only was bondage verboten it was even unthinkable. Yogi and I were in Chicago burning the midnight oil trying to word ads that could be de-coded by an enthusiast to mean bondage. Nine out of ten of our attempts were declined by the newspapers as 'unacceptable'. Our sphere of influence was exotic B&D toys and apparel to be used by mutually consenting adults playing grown-up games. Then going into the seventies, after the move to California, things began to let up. The word bondage became 'acceptable'. The time seemed right for a good publication on the subject so Hogtie was born. Hogtie encompassed our own interests — the erotic apparel, the high heel shoes, the custom made bondage straps, single gloves, The Bishop Gag, exotic restraints, etc. Elaborate camera systems were purchased to pick up every loop, every cinch, each drop of perspiration, every gleam of enjoyment or pained agony on the model's face.

Then it started! "Gee, I like it," wrote our readers, "but why not . . ." We asked for their opinions and got them; more clothes, less clothes, rope, steel, handcuffs, stocks. On and on. So the big (1) of Hogtie was quickly followed by Knotty and Bound to Please, each seeking to satisfy a particular element in the bondage and discipline game. So we had the big three that you mentioned, but we also had an ever-widening but still small area of freedom from censorship — first imposed by the law of the land and secondly imposed by ourselves.

Moving on, expanding our interests to include those of our customers, we found there was a tremendous segment of the bondage enthusiasts that really didn't want our magnified view of the action. Instead of being 'turned on' by our super in-focus photographs of each cinch and each bead of perspiration, they were actually 'turned off' by the studio quality of it all. Here, as you might suppose, is where the "woods and warehouse" publications come in. Leaving our elaborate system of cameras, etc., behind we pick up a regular camera, take along a beautiful girl and go on location. Tying the young lady up in sometimes unbelievably strenuous positions, we take our photographs without all the fuss. Again, satisfying the demand.

Now as the demands swing to fewer clothes - or no clothes for that matter - instead of changing our entire line of publications from the big three to the woods and warehouse, we prefer to publish this in a separate magazine such as Naked Bondage or 'Bared and Bound' (I like that one!), with only some 'over-flow' into our regular magazines. We still have to adhere to previous company policies in order to comply with the censorship in the communities across the country (remember community standards!). What this means is simply that our Bared and Bound will be done tastefully. Our own in-house censorship demands that we do not publish anything that is vulgar or that will offend! I'm sure you're all for this!

We've come a long way since back there in the sixties. It's been a lot of work bringing all of you what you want without 'spreading ourselves too thin'. Occasionally we come close — such as when we were also putting out Binder, Cinch and Tied. In case the word isn't out, we have discontinued those three. That was too much of an addition to keep the quality up!

Thanks for noticing C.M., thanks for thinking and above all thanks for sharing your views with all of us! Sincerely,

Barbara

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BONDAGE SHORTS No. 2 - Ropes, STOCKS, plasticuffs, and shiny rubber are in store for FOUR SEXPOT MODELS!
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BONDAGE SHORTS No. 4 - Claire, Candy, Tina, Ruthie & Linda all beg one thing - to ESCAPE - but they can't!
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KIDNAPED! - Her panties in her mouth, her CROTCH SPLIT by ropes - A play-doll played with like never before.
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TAMED BITCH - This foxy witch thought she'd tame the delivery boy - but in turn she's attacked BEYOND BELIEF!
Reg. 8mm 170'



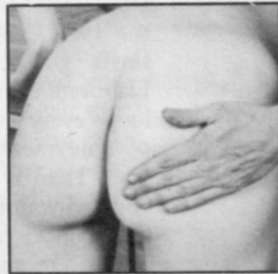
SPANKING CHERRY ON THE BARE - He pulverizes her tasty red ass, and brings her to a BLISTERING CLIMAX!
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LOVE BOUND - Leather, latex, chains, straps, ropes, and of course, four luscious beauties in WILD action bondage!
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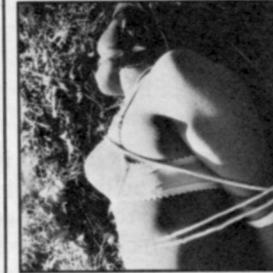
FANTASY BOND. VOYAGE. Bound, suspended and naked, she becomes the feline of oily, MASSAGED DELIGHTS!
Reg. 8mm 145'



LEATHER BOUND SLAVE-GIRL - Lesbians - slave and master - servitude and ecstasy - BONDAGE & DISCIPLINE!
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KITCHEN THRALL - Patty's stupid clumsiness leads her to a full day of BONDAGE TORTURES.
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CAPTURED - PART 2 - A masked intruder strips, gags, & suspends this baby doll, and FORCES her to DANCE!
Reg. 8mm 170'

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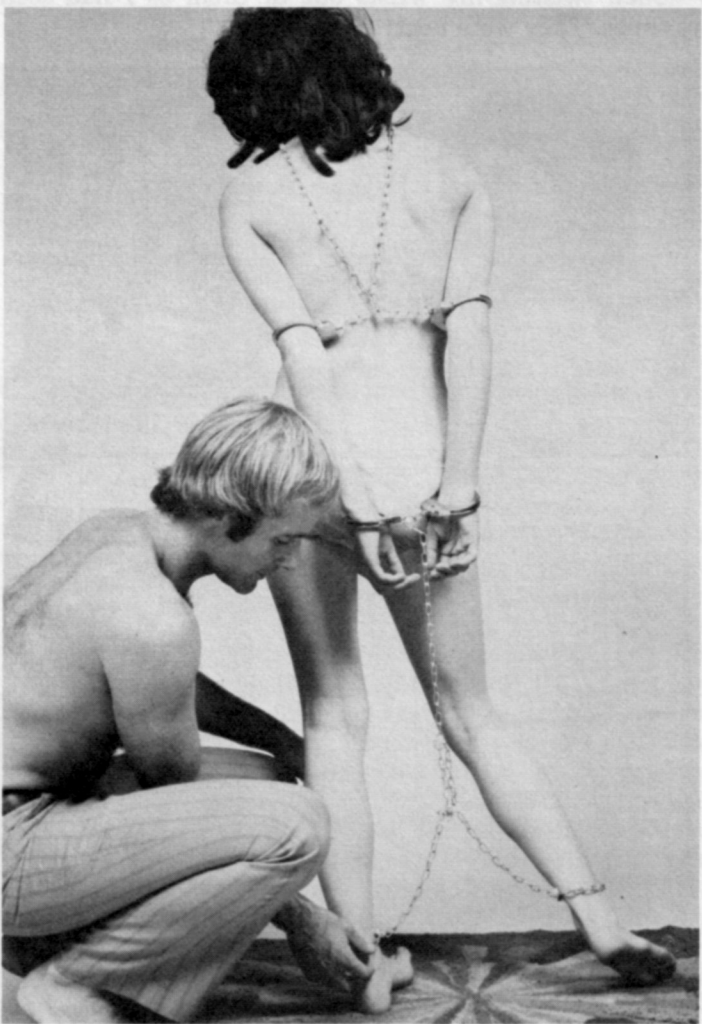


STEEL TREAT FOR CURIOSITY'S CAPTIVE

I live with my uncle Leo who is an amateur escape artist, so he has lots of handcuffs and shackles around. I like to play with them, wondering how it feels to be all trussed up and then manage to get out. Of course, he doesn't like me to monkey around with his equipment and when I was a little girl he gave me the worse spanking of my life when he caught me playing with his irons.

He went away on vacation with Aunt Marie this night, so I was alone and just for fun, I opened up his bag of tricks. I had just taken a shower and all I had on was a pair of bikinis. I was thrilled by the cold hardness of the steel. They made me tingle when I felt that steel against my skin. First I tried a pair of handcuffs. It was hard to get them on behind my back, but I managed to close the rachets, exulting in the metallic r-r-r-r as they tightened in place. I envisioned twisting my wrists out of them as I had seen Uncle Leo do so many times. They were neat!



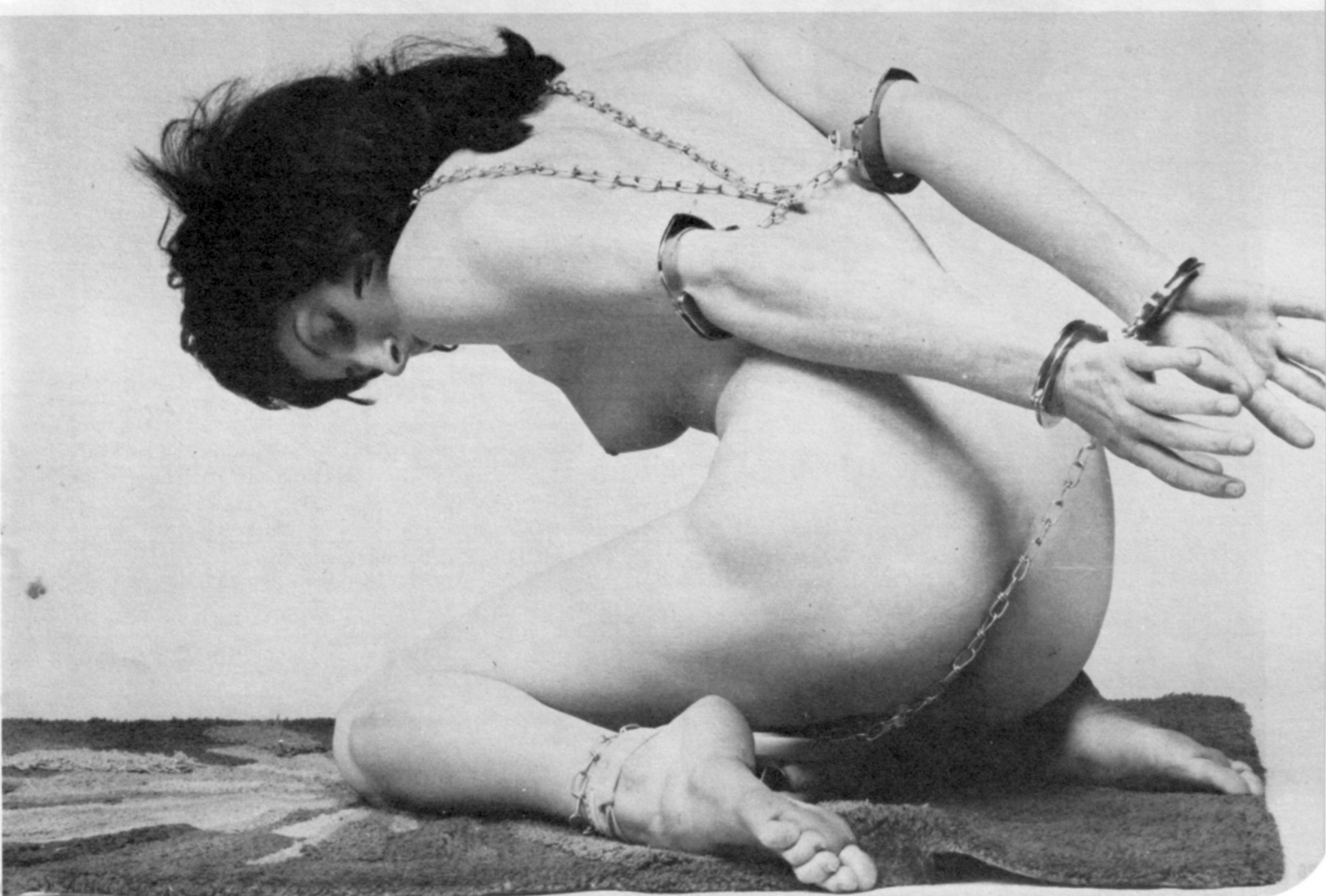


But when I wanted to stop the games and go to bed, I couldn't get out! Awkwardly I dumped the rest of the manacles out of the bag and searched for the key. There was none! I had trapped myself. Those damned irons would not come loose and I couldn't squeeze out! I stamped my feet, which, luckily I hadn't chained. No, I thought, this is no time to panic. Then I remembered Eddie. He lived next door and used to help Uncle Leo with the tricks. I knew he was at home because his car was in the driveway. Quickly I gathered up the scattered irons and placed them back in the bag. He might need some of this stuff to help me, I thought as I went out through the kitchen and knocked at his back door.

"Hey, Lilly!" he gasped seeing me there naked except for my panties, "What are you in for?"

"Never mind the remarks," I said, "Get me out of these."

"Now wait a minute," he replied, leading me inside and closing the door, "You got yourself in — so get yourself out!"



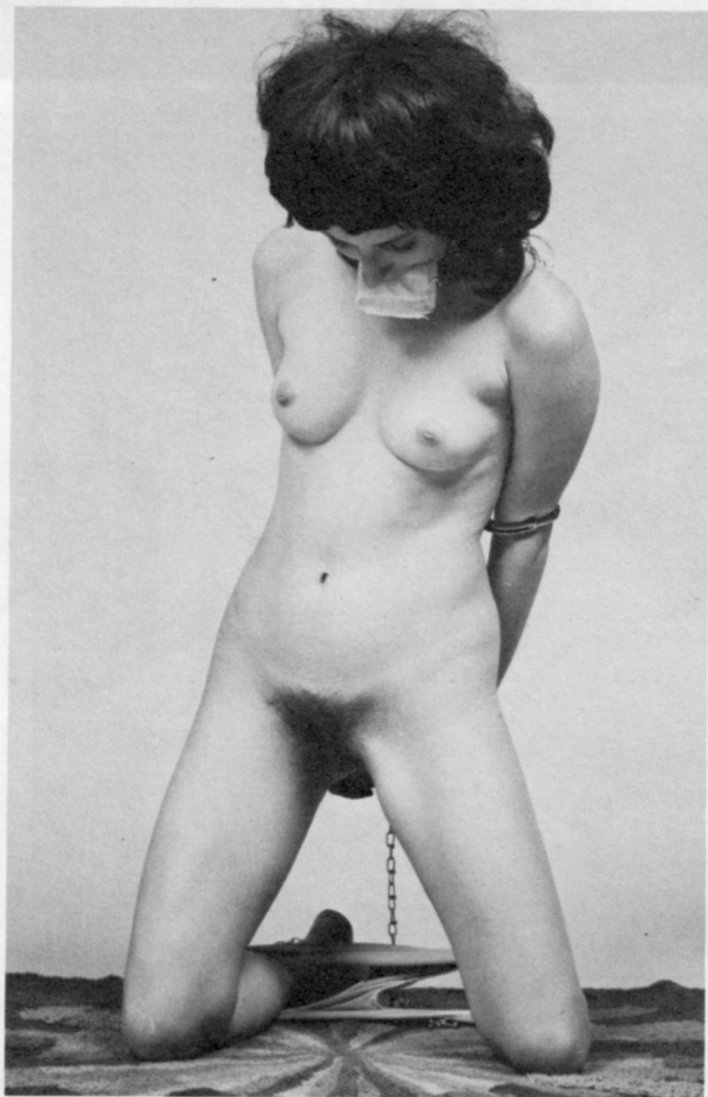


"Do you have a key?" I demanded.

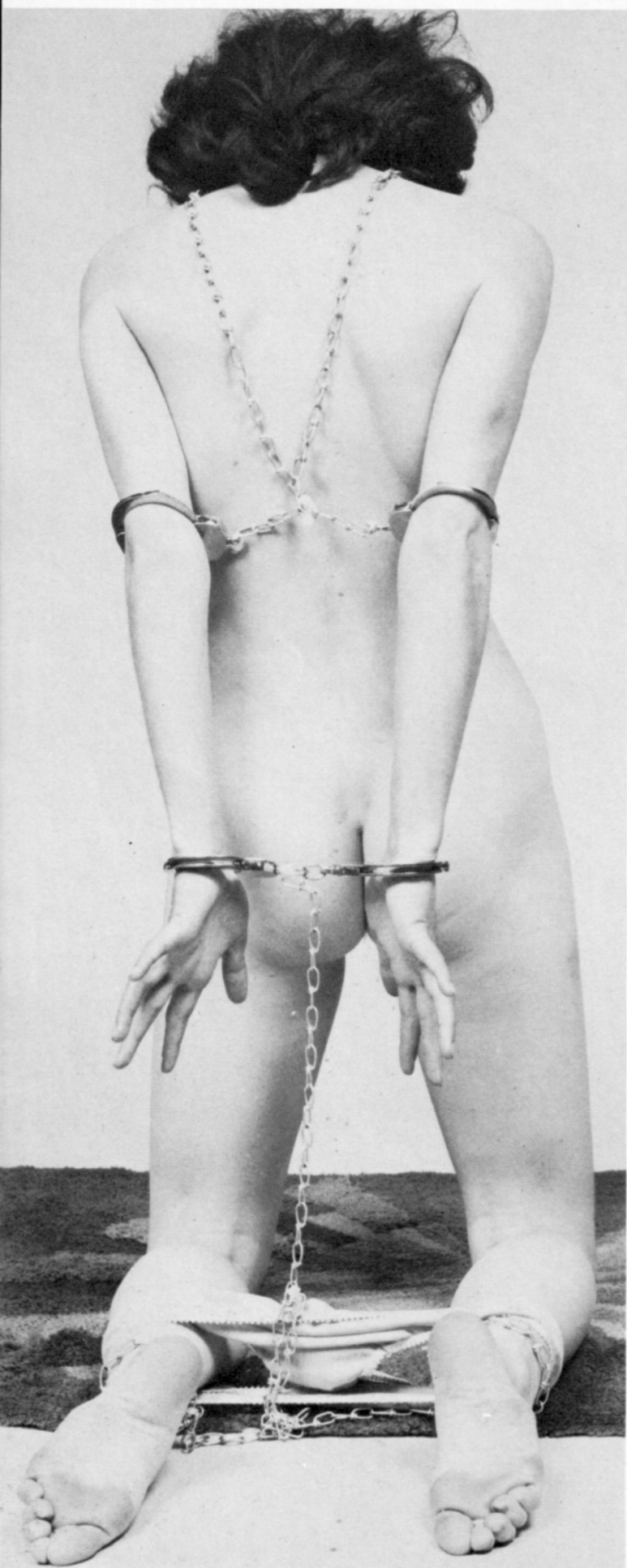
"That I have," he replied coldly, "But it'll cost you." Slowly he surveyed my body as he spoke.

"Anything, Eddie," I sobbed knowing he was calling the shots. I knew I couldn't stay like this for a week until my aunt and uncle came home.

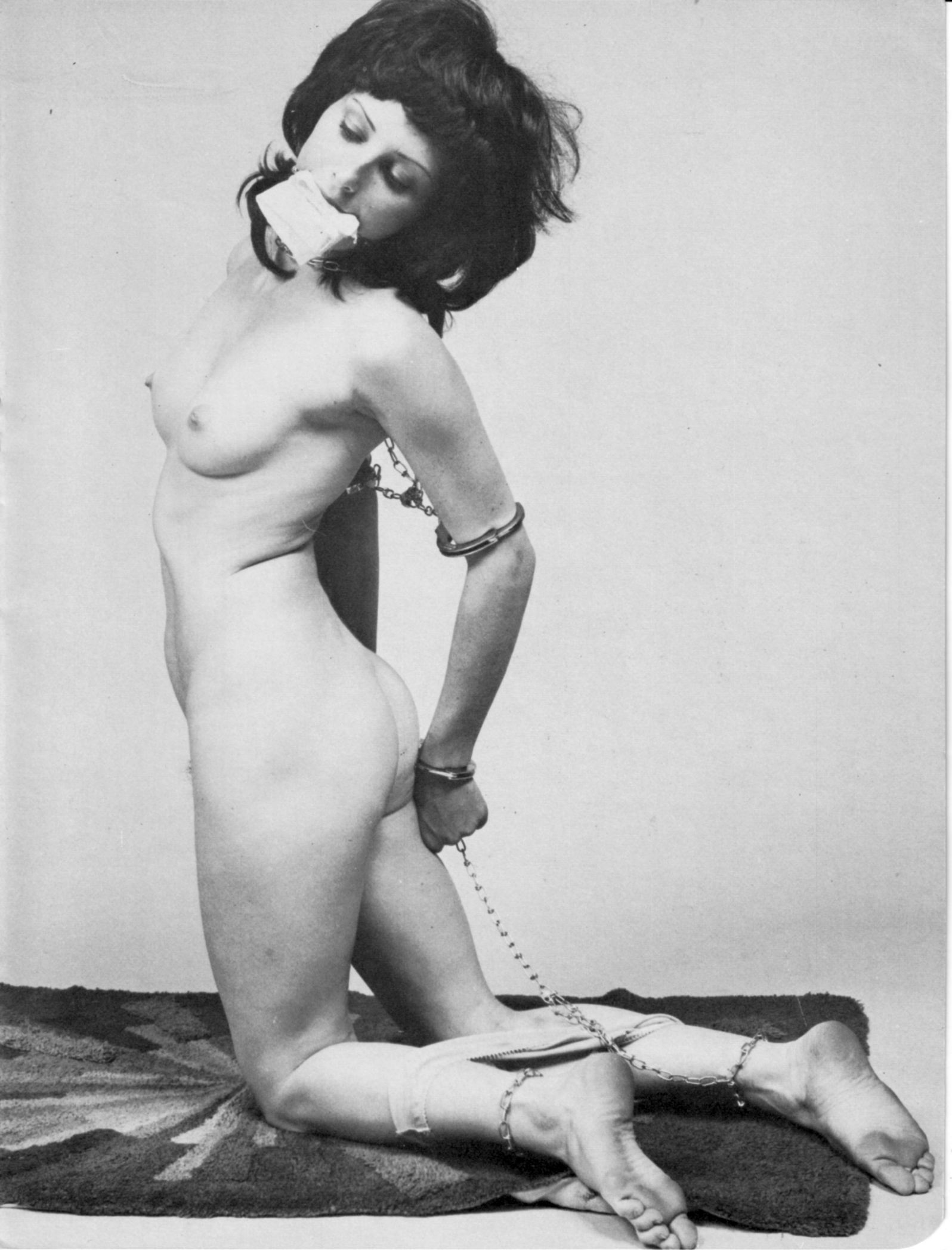
Eddie led me into a back room in the house which seemed to be set up for photography and there against the wall was a complete array of handcuffs, legcuffs, chains, more than I'd ever seen before.







I spent the rest of the night in chains, and I ended up loving it. Eddie was The Expert to end all experts on the use of chains. He posed me in all kinds of submissive positions and he took pictures. He has his own darkroom, so I was sure only he and I would see the pictures.







A GENTLE ART WITH PASSIONS ENTWINED

"I promise I won't hurt you," Larry urged, sprawling across half of the bed in his Newport Beach apartment. I was very scared at the idea he had suggested of tying me up before we had sex. At the same time, something about it excited me.

"Haven't I always been gentle with you?" he insisted. I had to agree. He had always been a perfect gentleman plus he not only was a super date but a good stud as well.

"Be careful." I pleaded, putting my arms around him while he slipped my skirt off. He helped me off with my clothes until I was entwined in his strong arms — completely nude!

He was so strong and virile! But always gentle. He brought my arms up against the small of my back. My elbows were out wide and my wrists were pressed together. What a trip! He coiled a soft rope around my wrists and tied them behind my back. I had a moment of panic when I tested my bonds and realized that I was *really* tied! I was helpless to his whims now!

"Freida!" he breathed my name softly while he held me . . . again rope wrapped around me. This time across my shoulders, the ends forming a sling that brought my bound wrists to the middle of my back.

"This is a version of the rape tie," he remarked, "It makes your ass reachable and keeps you from hurting your hands when you get pounded."

"Thanks a lot." I exclaimed.





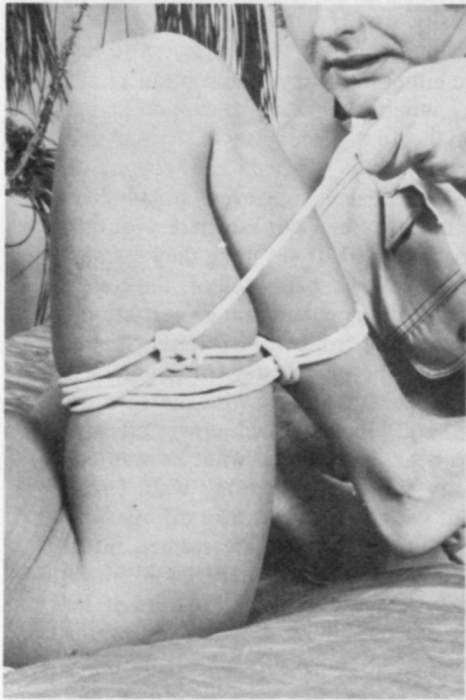
He snickered while trimming the ropes, then he turned me around and kissed me. Electricity raced through me. I had been kissed before, but this was special. The feeling of being his prisoner just set me afire!











His mouth released mine and moved down my body, taking possession of my breasts while his hands dug into my ass. Being tied up made everything he did more exciting. I worked my arms as far as I could to heighten the erotic effects. After checking my ropes because I had been wiggling so, he gave my ass his full attention, kissing, tasting, nibbling until I was laughing with passion. I had never felt anything so incredibly erotic before.

Stopping momentarily, he attached my ankles to their thighs, so there I was, on my back, lashed hand

and foot, as the saying goes, but available! Wow! Was I available! I tingled from my tits to my pussy, so I worked my legs as hard as I could to keep the feelings going.

"Larry!" I begged, spreading my fettered knees, "Please!"

"One more thing," he said, thrusting a sponge rubber ball into my mouth and sealing it with one of my stockings. He let me soak in my entwined raptures while he undressed leisurely, then he came to me. And I came . . . and I came . . .



Dear Miss Behr:

Some of the more flamboyant "Letters To The Editor" are a bit difficult to believe. The enthusiast with a fully equipped dungeon is rare. Initiating a beginner in one of the dungeons, even rarer. And if it ever does happen, to my way of thinking, it is wrong. Why, the first time out, you could frighten a poor girl to death. She might never indulge again. No, both experience and reason tell me that most people need to go slow. They need time to get comfortable with the idea themselves, and to find suitable partners, while keeping their activities reasonably discreet. After all bondage is not yet packaged by Parker Bros. as a parlor game.

The summer I turned seventeen, there was a tie-up game being played by the kids in the neighborhood. The main instigators were three boys about fourteen and fifteen. They practiced on each other, the other neighborhood kids — anyone who would hold still long enough. One rainy Saturday afternoon, when there was little else to do, I was visiting my girl friends. One of them was the sister of the boy who was the ringleader, and he and his friends were playing the game. We watched, of course, and they kept pestering us to join in. After awhile, when it seemed that they had run out of things to try on themselves, I did. With my friends there everything stayed on the up and up, but I did have to wiggle a bit to get loose. No big deal, but it was kinda fun. My friends took turns also, but didn't seem to have as much fun. I assumed it was because neither could get free.

About a month later, just as I was arriving home early from what had been a rather frustrating date, one of the boys, the ringleader, showed up. That was not unusual as he and his friends roamed the neighborhood at all hours, looking for mischief. They would often stop by to talk, show-off and snack, particularly when the parents were not around, like that evening. Well, after he had been there awhile, he suddenly suggested I let him tie me again. My first reaction was to tell him he was crazier than a loon, and I did. But he kept talking and pestering and daring me. To make a long story short, I must have been on a high or a low from my date. The idea of being tied seemed to fit my mood, so I gave in. I did make him promise to let me go as soon as I wanted. Tie me he did! Looking back on it that little bastard must have been reading the predecessors to your magazines.

He tied my wrists, ankles and knees. Then he tied my elbows as close together as they would go, adding a clever little hitch which ran from the elbow ropes under my arms and across the back of my neck. Finally he tied my wrists to my waist. There was no way I was going to get out of that mess of ropes by myself. I did wiggle and pull for a bit but as I suspected, it was futile. I must admit that it kind of gave me a funny, not altogether unpleasant feeling to be helpless like that. I told him I couldn't get free, that I couldn't move like I needed to with my skirt on. He thought a minute, then with a grin, said that if my skirt was in the way he would be glad to take it off for me. That did it! I exploded. I told him that I wasn't about to put on a sex show for his benefit (those were my exact words . . . "sex show" ! and that he was to untie me immediately. The trouble was he didn't. Instead, he informed me that getting loose was my problem. And he said that to make it more interesting, if I didn't do it pretty quick, he would take off all my clothes. I was furious. I said I would scream if he didn't untie me. I called him a pervert, and threatened to tell his parents. I didn't

really think he would make good his threat, but on the other hand I wasn't really sure. I certainly couldn't stop him in my condition should he start to strip me. And my threat to expose him to either his or my parents didn't hold much water either as I would then have to explain how I came to be tied up in the first place. Anyway it had the desired effect. I struggled, and wiggled and fought. I threatened and pleaded and called him every unlady-like name I had in my vocabulary. But I got nowhere. Not one knot gave, not one rope loosened. If anything they seemed to get tighter. And he was having a ball. I fell off the couch and thrashed about on the floor, putting on a pretty good leg show, to say nothing of the front of my blouse coming half open. Thank God it was before the days of the bra-less look. Finally I got tired. And lying there with my skirt up around my waist and my blouse pulled down off one shoulder, I knew I was beat. I wondered what he wanted. Would he really take my clothes off? I didn't wait. I told him that if he would let me go, he could take off my skirt and blouse and I wouldn't tell anyone. He seemed interested, but didn't say anything. I was scared! I told him I would take off all my clothes except my panties if he would let me go. That did something. He started towards me. I wasn't sure whether he intended to work on my ropes or my clothes. I started to beg, but just then the phone rang downstairs. It was probably my parents checking to see if I was home yet, and it scared the hell out of both of us — him more than me.

His attitude changed immediately. Quickly he untied my arms and disappeared into the night. By the time I got completely free, I was shaking like a leaf. It was hours before I could sleep and many nights after I wondered what would have happened had not the phone rung.

What's the point of all of this? Why do I remember it so well. I remember it, because for me it was the beginning of bondage and the point is that, although I thought about it, I didn't get into it for nearly another six years. That too was no big dungeon scene. I was invited over to a fellow worker's house one evening after work. We got to horsing around and wrestling and he ended up tying me to his bed with neckties. When I didn't go bananas, he started messing around, teasing me, taking off my clothes and finally we made love. (In case you haven't figured it out, the only way you can tie someone to a bed with neckties and make love, is spread-eagled — and it ruins the ties). That guy really wasn't into bondage so it never happened again.

My present boyfriend is! Recently we did take a step in the direction of the dungeon scene. He's a male nurse at a sanitarium, and brought home some restraint cuffs like those you advertise. They are super — comfortable, but hold like iron. We use three pairs, one for the wrists, one for above the elbows and one for the ankles. Once in place, padlock the right wrist to the left elbow and vice versa. As for the ankles, use your imagination. Barbara, if you really want a thrill, someday have someone take you for a walk in the park, fixed like that and dressed in nothing but shoes, hose, a garter belt and a knit shaw that comes to mid-thigh. It's not what happens, but what could! Some day, I'd like to find another couple who is into bondage also. I am working on my roommate, but she's not real sure she likes the idea. Maybe some day . . . but it just takes time. In the meantime you keep up the good work on the magazines.

Very Truly Yours,

Caroline McG.

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No. 202 - Every luscious curve of this cellophane wrapped babe invites her glossy seduction.



No. 203 - Leather, Leather, LEATHER! And this sexy little fox knows how to wear it!



No. 204 - Laura discovers the deep meaning behind The Bishop's creative leather bondage!



No. 205 - This delicious blonde finds that suspension from crotch-ropes can be even better!



No. 206 - This horny nurse could not get it in the hospital, but she sure found it in the woods!



No. 207 - Captured, nude, sweaty, bitchy and coming in her ropes - this babe doesn't fool around!



No. 208 - A deserted cabin makes a perfect place to tie up this twisting beauty!



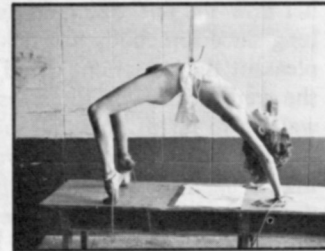
No. 209 - He dragged her to the basement, stripped & ripped away every thread for a royal rape!



No. 212 - How can you possibly resist this wide-spread, tightly-bound invitation?



No. 214 - A suspended orgy of bondage delights - satisfies her every need!



No. 215 - Vulnerability reaches a climax as "Miss Insolence" learns a long lasting lesson!



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No. 211 - Suspended from pulleys - she's merely a bound and naked plaything!



No. 213 - Strapped in leather cuffs, she's forced to take on all comers!



No. 216 - Sashi wishes to present her erotic movements of the Oriental Art of Bondage!

Dear Barbara:

It is with a great deal of interest that I have read the growing number of letters to you dealing with the subject of bare-sole tickling. I must tell you that I too share this passion for tickling and have greatly enjoyed the pictures you've published concerning tickling. To me there is nothing more erotic and arousing than brandishing a feather across the helplessly bound soles of a pretty woman and watching as the inevitable fits of giggling follow.

I would also like to tell you that I have been extremely lucky in finding a number of women with whom I can indulge my passion for tickling. Having had ample opportunity to indulge in prolonged teasing and tickling, I can tell you that the most enjoyable part of it is the predictability of the results. Whether it's the feet, or the stomach or the knees or the armpits, there is always one spot that will cause the hysteria to begin (and finding that spot is half the fun). And age doesn't seem to matter. Recently I had the rare opportunity of tickling the 44 year old mother of one of the girls I've been dating. It all came about when we were sitting and talking one day about a date I'd had with her daughter and I happened to mention our previous night's tickling bout. She was kind of shocked but I assured her it was all in fun and said her daughter had really enjoyed it. She said it sort of sounded like fun and I wholeheartedly agreed. I started to drop it when she said she'd like to try it sometime, and I said there's no time like the present. Jokingly she agreed and as we headed for her bedroom I gave her a playful tickle in the ribs which told me what I wanted to know. She surprised me by stripping to her bra and panties but I showed no alarm and quickly fastened her arms and legs to the bedposts. Slowly I withdrew my ever-handy feather from my coat, and then began to rub it across her big breasts to excite her. When she was aroused, I let the feather drop to her navel and slowly drew some circles on her stomach. As the feather waved across her stomach she began to giggle uncontrollably and in a few minutes she was screaming with laughter. When I stopped she regained her composure and I asked her how she felt. She mentioned to me that it had been so long since somebody had tickled her she had forgotten how pleasant the sensations could be. Encouraged, I asked her if she were ticklish on the soles of her feet which I had been waiting to ravish. She said she thought she was and I quickly removed her shoes to reveal her bare soles. It was then that I decided to use a technique that provides some of the most exquisite tickling sensations ever. As she watched I poured some honey over her bare soles and called her pet cat in the bedroom. He began to lick off her feet and as he did she began to scream with laughter. At this point I was embarrassed to find that her daughter had come home and was standing in the doorway. She watched with me as her mother was overcome by the tickling. When the cat was finished and her mother had recovered, I decided it would be a lot of fun to continue the tickling on Jane and her mother heartily agreed. So we spent another half hour exploring Jane's ticklish areas (of which there are many) and afterward we all went to dinner. A thoroughly enjoyable afternoon.

Although I've been side-tracked by the story, my real reason for writing is to encourage you to publish more stories and articles on tickling in your magazines. You'd be amazed at the number of people who really enjoy bondage and tickling.

I would just love to see some of your great pictures portraying those helplessly bound females screaming with

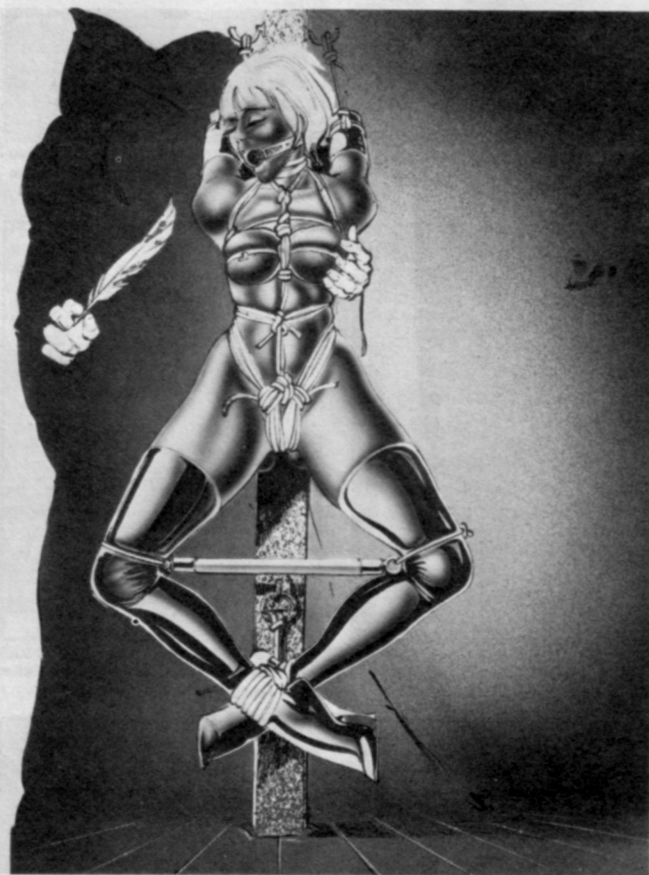
laughter as the tickler does his work.

Believe me there are a tremendous number of men and women who would love to share their experiences and read your articles on tickling.

Sincerely,

Jack

P.S. I would love to see you feature an article with lots of pictures involving a cat licking honey off a pretty young girl's feet. Tie up one of your models and surprise her with the cat and the honey. Ten to one she'll die laughing. Jane's mother said the tickling sensations she experienced from this tickling method were absolutely devastating!



People:

I've been meaning to write you for some time now. My interest goes back to when I was a child and played Cowboys and Indians. I still enjoy bondage but no longer do I participate with childish ideas.

I bought my first bondage magazine (Bound To Please 1/7) on my birthday three years ago. Since then the publication of good bondage magazines has really expanded.

Your movies are getting better with each new release. Your latest (The Collaborator) is the best bondage movie I've ever seen.

I enjoy reading the letters to the editor in your magazines about personal experiences from bondage enthusiasts. Especially the letter from PKB on page 20 of Bound To Please 1/11. When I have more time I'll send in some of my experiences of back when we played those Cowboys and Indians!

J.B.

Tulsa, Okla.

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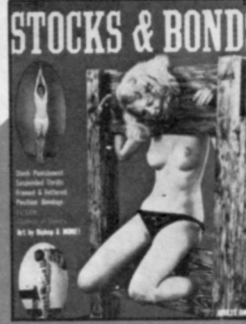
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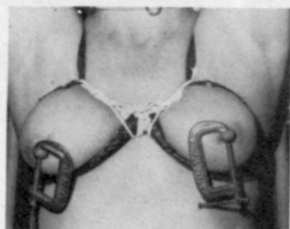
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PLEASURE BOUND PERSONALS



No. 5227C, HOLLYWOOD, FLA.: Couple, she passive, he dominant, wishes to contact passive females, couples considered. Bondage & photography, correspondence & photo exchange. See photo.

No. 5631M, ILLINOIS: Young male, 22, seeks an attractive young woman who enjoys bondage accompanied by tickling torment. Would like to find a young woman interested in dating with the possibility of permanent relationship. Photo would be appreciated.

No. 5647M, NORTHERN VIRGINIA: Dominant white male, 43 and well educated, interested in meeting with submissive females and couples of any age who seek B&D, mild S&M and humiliation. Willing to train slaves for inexperienced masters. I have a complete set of restraint and discipline equipment. Will answer all who include phone number, revealing photo and a description of interests. Discretion and confidentiality absolutely assured and expected.



No. 5319F, OHIO: Sexy young spitfire loves being fully bound, tightly gagged, spanked and erotically enslaved. Also enjoy taming and teasing guys and other gals. Will pose for, correspond with, or meet B&D fans for exciting bondage scenes. My tight B&D photos available to sincere collectors. Your SASE a must.

No. 5119M, CALIFORNIA: Rich, handsome, tall, powerfully strong, white male master, 33, seeks beautiful slim submissive girl, 18-30, to completely dominate and enslave.

No. 5659M, CLEVELAND, OHIO: Single white handsome male seeks attractive submissive female whose interests include spanking, strict discipline, French, tight bondage & restraints, effective gags, erotic attire, and loves to be erotically enslaved and totally submissive. I am of a very understanding and good nature and prefer the same. Interested in long-lasting relationship or consideration of marriage with desired female. Will reply ONLY to those with photo and sincere letter describing B&D interests. Discretion assured.



No. 5741F, CALIF.: Couple seeks correspondence and photo exchanges everywhere. Voyeur mate enjoys watching submissive wife please dominant bi gals, men and couples. Available for hand spankings, golden showers and all cultures, especially owners of similar slaves. Any age, race or location. Men send SASE. Others send photo. Answer all. See Photo.

No. 5505M, AUSTRALIA: Dominant male wishes to correspond regularly with other dominant men and women together with truly submissive females, either by letter or tape. I would like to discuss all forms of B&D, training, and erotic humiliation. All correspondence to be explicit and slaves to detail their experiences. Also wish to buy good uninhibited B&D photos, professional or home-made 8MM movies, second hand magazines or books illustrating or dealing with all forms of B&D, S&M, plus all associated activities relating to the more bizarre treatment of female slaves. This is a sincere request for other devotees to contact me and establish an interesting association. I am most anxious to obtain material to replace my extensive library that was destroyed by fire. All letters answered by airmail; tapes will be supplied free; all postage costs for lists, catalogs, etc., refunded.



No. 5555C, NEW JERSEY: We are a sincere young couple who enjoy bondage in both leather or rubber. She is passive and loves high heels, lingerie & tight bondage. He is dominant and has a large collection of equipment to ensure the latter. We would like to share our interests with other couples. All answered with photo of her in tight bondage. See Photo.

No. 5791C, LOS ANGELES: My husband ties me up because he likes the way it looks and I like the way it feels. He forces me to meet with any submissive/dominant couples or girls. We can be passive or dominant as the situation requires. Letter of interest with photo will be met with the same.

No. 5526F, SAN FRANCISCO: Southern suburbs. Super attractive young wife shares husband's enjoyment in bondage for pleasure. Exotic lingerie and heels, prolonged sexual manipulation, alternating penetration and oral teasing to spontaneous orgasm. Would love to exchange climax-action polaroids with bi-girls, similar couples and enormously endowed males as a prelude to meetings. Husband will watch, participate or take pictures if no objection. We're new, but very eager.



No. 5694C, PENNSYLVANIA: Young attractive couple, he dominant, she ultra submissive, enjoys bondage, French culture, Greek, breast discipline, water sports, etc. Will meet with and correspond with others with similar interests. Also have B/D photos custom made in our own darkroom. This is a sincere ad with a reply guaranteed. See Photo.

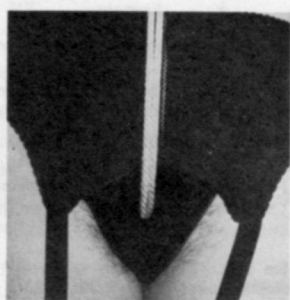


No. 5974C, EASTERN PA.: Couple in 20's interested in B&D, light humiliation, erotic clothing, everything except enemas. He can be dominant or passive, she passive. See Photo.

No. 5670M, NORTH CAROLINA: Very attractive and interesting young man seeks same type of young lady to share bondage interests. I am new to the game, but very serious and seek a young woman who also would like to learn or is already into Bondage. The young lady I seek must be (18-30) and attractive, very interested in Bondage, but also interested in a relationship outside of Bondage. The right young lady will get much, much more than just a Bondage Partner.



No. 5949C, LOS ANGELES: Please, use me! Sexy, tall, young bi-fox and safe, handsome master require other couples and single gals. I'm 22, 6'3", submissive (or dominant with other foxes). Master is 38, 6', 170 and dynamite! We're into friends and lovers, restraint sex fantasy pleasures and most cultures. Write with photo(s) and interests. See Photo.



No. 5979C, CHICAGO: She, 24, very bi, passive to B&D and Spanking. Would like to explore: shaving, piercing, tattoo, F.F. and enema fun. Will meet discreet guys, TV's, gals, couples. Will trade photo with discreet people anywhere. He, 39, very bi, dominant in the above. See Photo.

No. 5444F, OHIO: Submissive miss wishes to contact males, females and couples. Train me as your slave. No limits. Photo please and phone if possible.

No. 5379TV, PARIS, FRANCE: Self-tied male slave, 22 years old, would like to meet the right mistress to serve at her feet. Ready to learn everything: B&D, water sports, sexual humiliation, petticoat punishment, and anything you like... Free to travel everywhere in Europe; planning a trip to Detroit this summer via New York. Please send a picture of you and a self addressed envelope.



No. 5983F, N. CALIF.: Gal, who enjoys lingerie, high heels, garters, and sexy outfits, ready to learn love from another girl, white, 25-45, who will teach me slow, but work into bondage and discipline which can be shared by both. Desires a threesome now with boyfriend, and moreso later with right couples, with French and B&D. Send photo, letters and SASE for guaranteed reply. Can travel or entertain. See Photo.



No. 5579C, DETROIT, MI. & WESTERN SUBURBS: Beautiful young swinger looking to train males and females now. 40-30-40 red-head. Especially like to participate in bondage type action. Am looking for someone to French us. I am very talented. I love French. Send photo, phone and SASE. Male assistant available. See Photo.

No. 5542M, NORTHERN VIRGINIA: Experienced, dominant, male, age 43, white professional, very discreet, in good physical shape, sensual and loves erotic games. I would like to meet with submissive females and couples, up to age 50, who are interested in B&D with moderate S&M and other sexual activities, including French and Greek. Interest revealing photos, name, address and phone number required with first letter. Lasting relationship desired.



No. 5945C, NASHVILLE, Beautiful young couple would like to correspond and meet with other couples or girls who can inform us about the arts of B&D. We are sincere, educated and highly discreet. She is 29, 5'4", 113 lbs., can be submissive or dominant with the proper instructions. He is 30, safe, and dominant. We don't care for pain just acting out our fantasies. Love stockings, heels and hose. P.O. Boxes O.K. Photo a must for reply. See Photo.



No. 5960C, LOS ANGELES: Attractive couple seeking other couples, single girls or feminine TV's for any activity not involving more than mild discipline. We are both either dominant or submissive and both can be bi. We are experienced but also willing to learn anything new. See Photo.

No. 5732M, ILLINOIS: Discreet 26-year old photographer with rope, leather and iron seeks attractive, 20-30 yr. old females for bondage models and dates.

No. 5615F, ENGLAND: I want to correspond with single girls who are interested in bondage, torture, spanking, etc. All letters answered with photo—if you send one too.

How To Answer An Ad

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

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

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

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

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

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

BTP 2 - 7

I am forwarding letters: ☐ Subscriber's rate.
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☐ **SPECIAL SAVINGS.**

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

Signature _____ Date _____

(Please Print)

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

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

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

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

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F - Female TV - Transvestite

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Signature _____ **BTP 2 - 7**

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No. 5762C, NEW YORK CITY: Couple, early 30's, he dominant, she bi, can be dominant or submissive, seeks female submissives for training in servitude, mild B&D, sexual humiliation. Send photo and phone. See Photo.

No. 5683M, NEW YORK: Sincere girl, 18-30, wanted for "tie-up" games with professional man, 40. High heels and nylons also appreciated. No cruelty. Dates and possible relationship. Detailed letters with photo for fast reply. Will travel.

No. 5340M, UPLAND, CA.: Mature white male, 32, seeking submissive females interested in bondage, fun and games - no rough stuff, I promise. Looking for sincere relationship with right women, guarantee full satisfaction and enjoyment. Have huge collection of bondage photos and drawings to exchange. Photo and phone number will get immediate reply.

No. 5592C, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: I am "O" slave to Renee. As I have been instructed, my mouth and legs are open to dominant people of all sexes and colors who wish to own and use me. I am experienced in bondage, discipline, torture, humiliation. My master is presently teaching me Greek. He also wants you to be experienced at ownership—no amateurs. My master is also seeking submissive females for his pleasure. Hurry with your photo and phone, for I want to please my master.



No. 5975TV, PHILA., PA. AREA: Happiness is being dressed as a woman, secure bondage makes it thrilling. I would like to publish a book of TV Bondage Photos and Stories, fact or fantasy. Please send me your own stories and photos so that they can be enjoyed by many. See Photo.

No. 5475F, GEORGIA: Petite female, bisexual and submissive, new to the swinging scene, wishes to learn and experience more about B/D, erotic breast discipline, forced sex, and the occult. I invite all interested partners to correspond and exchange photos. Meetings possible. Versatile male available. Can do Polaroids and copy work. Will answer all.

No. 5822M, NEW YORK CITY: Attractive white male executive, 26, needs man/woman/couple to administer the tightest possible leather bondage from head to toe, if possible. Love leather masks, gags, straight-jackets, corsets, etc. Do you have the equipment and know-how to bind me in prolonged leather restraint?

No. 5602C, WISCONSIN: Attractive couple, mid 20's, beginners in the art of B&D (he dominant or submissive, she passive but interested in learning the finer points of the influencing role) desire to correspond, exchange photos and meet with others who enjoy the enticing pleasures bondage with discipline have to offer.



No. 5225C, TENNESSEE: Dominant pilot with passive wife/slave, into advanced B & D, some S&M, with dungeon playroom. Want to correspond with couples for future meetings. Exchange ideas, material and photo. Single dominant males with restraint equipment & paraphernalia considered. See Photo.

No. 5890C, GERMANY: Young couple, 24 & 30, groove on bondage & discipline. We wish to correspond and exchange personal bondage photos and movies. Bondage photo of her a must for reply.

No. 5826F, SO. CALIF.: Young married lady, 24, loves bondage and bondage photography. Would love to hear from all interested in bondage. SASE answered first, with letter of interests.

No. 5552M, CANADA: Dominant male, 22, white, pro musician, seeking submissive females for bondage fun. Would like it to become a lasting relationship. Photo a must for reply.

No. 5607C, AUSTRALIA: Couple mid 30's both bondage lovers wish to correspond and later meet with girls or couples anywhere who have genuine interests in bondage and discipline dominants and passives. Please reply as we want to hear Planning trip to Europe, USA, Japan, so can meet later. Recent photos and descriptive letters get fast reply. All letters answered.



No. 4924C, DENVER: Young couple, 27 years old, seeks couples and single girls only, interested in bondage and swinging. He 6'3", 190 lbs. and dominant, she 5'3", 120 lbs. and passive, can be bi with right gal. Denver based, traveling California and West in September 1974. Letter of interests and photo a must. Come teach me the ropes.

No. 5821M, SAN FRANCISCO, BAY AREA: Slave girl wanted! Must be slim, attractive, single and under 27. If you enjoy being securely bound, gagged and erotically enslaved, answer this ad now for fun and games with this white, dominant, handsome male age 27. I prefer a live-in slave, but I will accept occasional meetings. Don't be shy for I will advance your training on a moderate scale. Photo please.

No. 5534M, NORTH VIRGINIA: Upper-middle income male with post graduate degrees, ex-athlete (still in shape) 42, 6 ft., 225 lbs., very strong and very dominant, desires to meet submissive females or couples. Interested in B&D and S&M (up to tolerance) and English, Greek and French cultures. Would like to help inexperienced husbands train their wives. Revealing photos with information, name, address & phone number a must for immediate reply. Only the brave live.



TICKLISH CON GAME

"I don't know," Laurette shook her blonde head, "I never tied anybody up before."

"You'll love it," Yvonne insisted, "and you're the dominant type."

The blonde's head nodded.

"Here, I'll start it for you."

The dark haired girl expertly wrapped some cotton clothesline around one of her own wrists.





"Maybe I'm getting it," Laurette said, cutting off a couple of feet of the line and looping it around a post on the brass bed in Yvonne's room. "Let me try it myself." She removed the line and rebound her friend's wrist to the post, then fastened Yvonne's other wrist and her ankles, spread-eagling the girl on the bed.

"What now?" Laurette asked.

"Watch a TV show or do some homework. Let me struggle and get the real feel of being tied."







Laurette grew restless watching the tube. A macaw feather Yvonne had found at Lion Country Safari was lying on the table so she took it into the bedroom and touched her friend's body with it, getting squeals of delight.

"Is it time now?" she asked, working the feather over

the bound girl's breasts and under her chin. "You're getting me horny!" Quickly she gagged her captive and got out of her gown. Yvonne's eyes widened at the sight of her friend's boobs. They were pert and upstanding with wide areolas and impudent big nipples. She strained at her bonds for real. What a pair of knockers! But Laurette was not through. That busy feather worked up and down the insides of her thighs until the tickling had her almost in an orgasm.





"This is way out!" the blonde commented, switching the feather for an ostrich boa out of the closet, "I love to watch you squirm! Do it some more!"

Yvonne was luxuriating in the succession of exotic sensations that worked through her flesh in response to the rapturous tickling of the feathers. Each time she twisted her body her movements pressed and kneaded her twat until she had a sudden spasm and a gush of lubricating juice dampened her panties. She rolled her hips to get the full impact of her erotic excitement.







Laurette found herself quaking with a kind of sexual stimulation she had never known. Those thrashing hips and legs intoxicated her, making her move the feathers in a frenzy. A sweet, warm tremor started between her legs and inflamed her body to her breasts, turning them a deep pink and making them stand up proudly.



Then with a devious look on her face, Laurette announced matter-of-factly, "Remember when I told you I have an older brother?"

Yvonne could only hum back her answer through the gag but Laurette knew she remembered.

"I know I told you I never tied anyone up before, she continued, but I was only kidding. Robbie always gives me five bucks to do this to my girlfriends. I mean get them ready and all. He says as long as they're over sixteen and really hot and bothered he'll give me the money. I think I qualify tonight." With that she walked over to the phone leaving Yvonne panting and terrified on the bed.



FIENDLY PERSUASION



"I know I'm going to have to tie you up," Steve warned me when we started making out in his house. We had been dating for a few weeks, sometimes pretty heavy, but I couldn't go the whole route with him. Not that I was a virgin. I just didn't get a big enough thrill out of it to do it with just anyone because he was nice or he took me to dinner or something.

"You know you want it, but one bad experience is holding you back," he tried to convince me. "Let's forget that and do a little necking," he grinned, reaching for me. We rolled around on the daybed, laughing, tickling each other and pulling at each other's clothes until before I realized it, he had snatched me bare. I was absolutely nude! He still had his pants on.





"Now, Steve," I said through my giggles as he tickled my rib cage, "this has gone far enough. I need some clothes!"

"Here, wear this," he offered me some kind of leather jacket.

"Okay," I agreed quickly before he changed his mind, "slip it on." He did! Then I found out what it was — not a leather jacket but a sleeve restraint. My arms were pinned behind me. It felt cool and wet against my skin. I was too shocked to speak! Then, while I was still dazed he tied my ankles together! My knees were next, the fetters pressing my thighs together. Oddly, the pressure made my pussy itch but I knew it was safe tied like this!







"This is what you need to get past your mental block," he told me.

"I suppose you're a doctor!" I retorted, twisting my body away from him and his prying eyes.

"I've got a good home remedy for what's wrong with you," he countered, placing me down on the daybed.

I expected to be raped right then. Instead he leaned over and kissed me very tenderly. Not even sexy. Just a nice kiss. His hands began wandering over my body, taking possession, pressing, kneading, stimulating, trailing fire and electricity. My instincts told me to fight, but how could I? I was still out of breath from being tickled and now I was tied up and could hardly move. I had the greatest excuse to "lie back and enjoy it" and I did.









I had never allowed a man to feel my body the way Steve did that night, not even the rat who got in me when I was seventeen. Being helpless to prevent it gave me some additional thrill I can't even explain. Maybe it was my latent desire to be absolutely subjugated, to be flagrantly submissive without giving consent, if you know what I mean.

When his finger invaded my vagina I couldn't suppress a chortle of pure pleasure! Such a wonderful sensation the way that stern digit moved in and toyed with my clitoris.

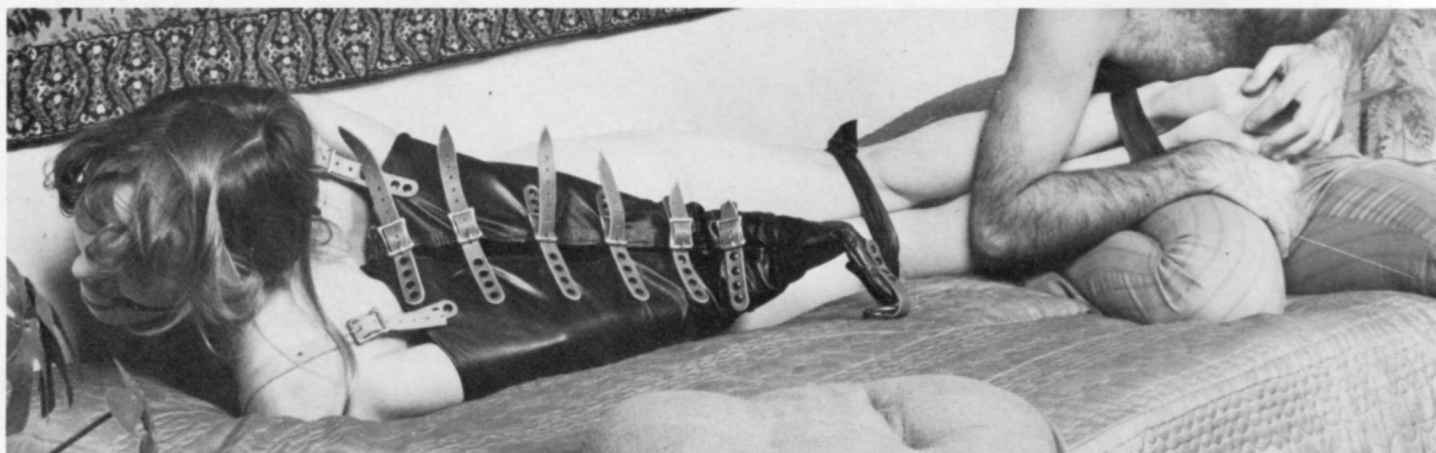
"You like it, don't you?" he whispered and snapped me back to myself.

"No!" I denied it, "You're brutal and mean!"

"I knew you'd say that," he teased, picking up my bound feet and tickling them ruthlessly. I began laughing uncontrollably and straining at my bonds.

"Now I'll have to gag you," he sighed. The ball made my cheek muscles ache and it was impossible to swallow but I got a new excitement from the pain. I knew that I had mentally given in to him already.

He didn't disappoint me. Untying my legs, he spread them and his penis invaded my body. I wrapped my legs around him to show him I really cared.







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