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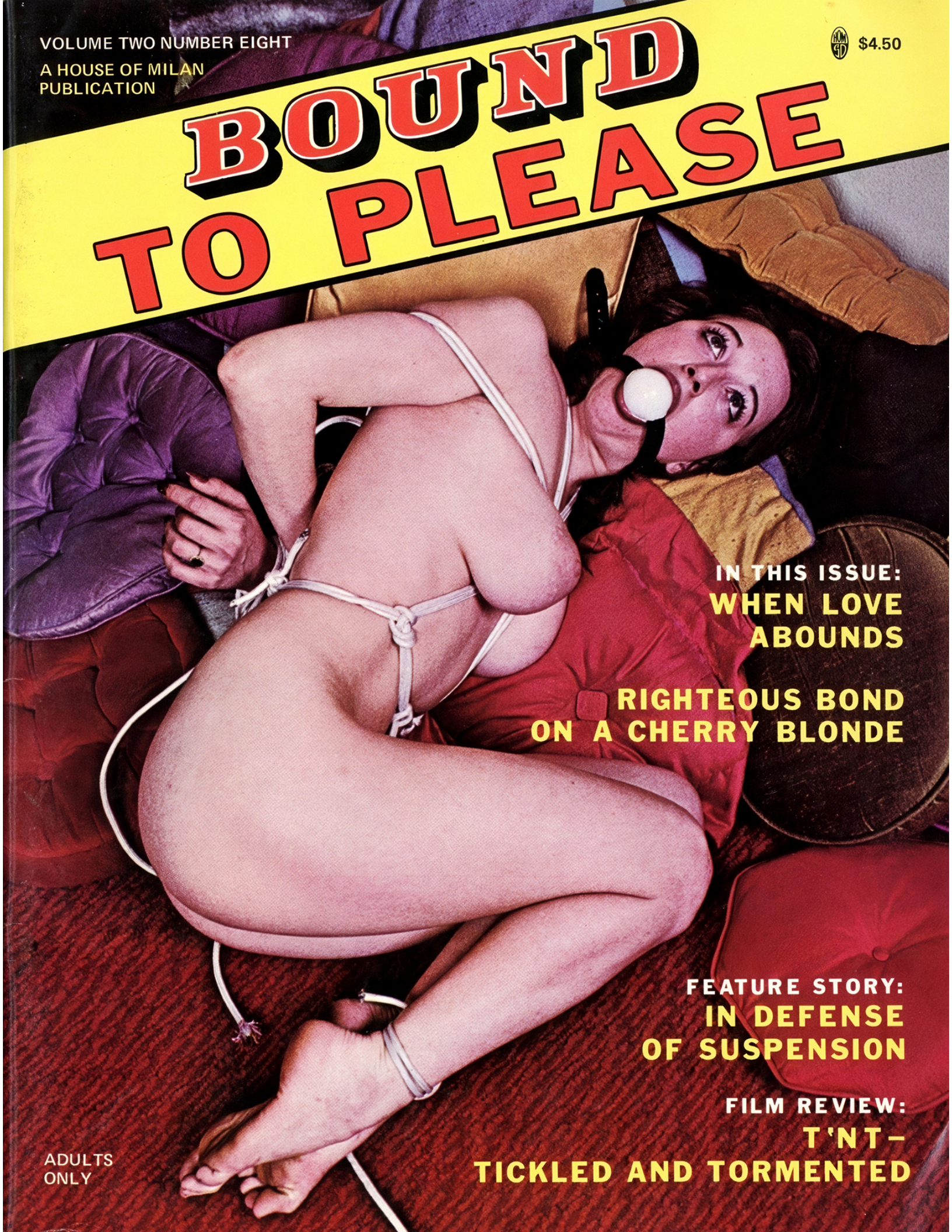
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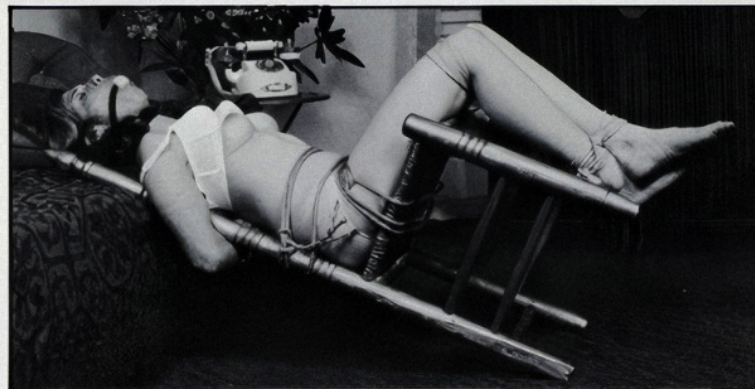
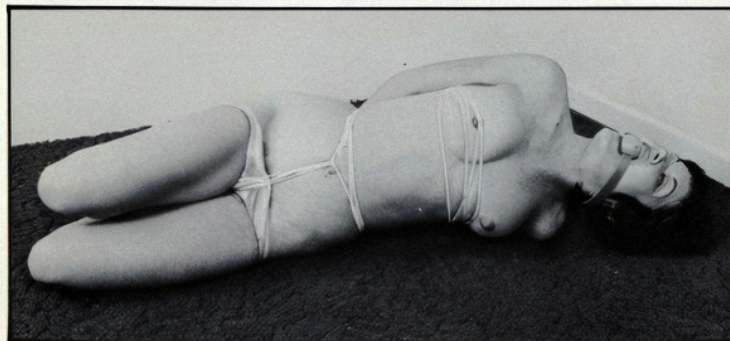
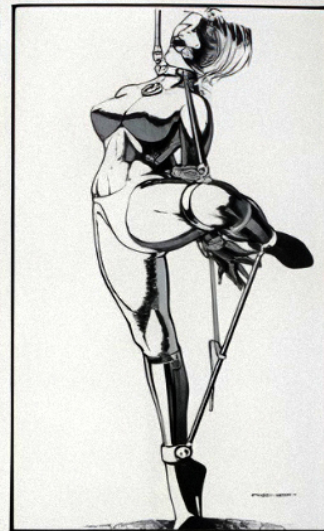


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EDITORIAL:

We have found, over the past years, that although 'great' change may come from violent upheavals, much more 'satisfying' change comes more slowly like a cocoon gently inching its way into a beautiful butterfly. B&D fans know, from their patient waiting, that THEY are coming into their own. Slowly the change is taking place, where they no longer need to keep secret their practice of this satisfying indoor sport. Loving couples who cherish one another and would not nor could not bring themselves to hurt each other, are finally being understood — not as sexual deviates but as enlightened and aware people! We are excited that we could be a part of this change — that we exist during this particular social and political climate that allows 'our' people to be recognized for what they really are. It is only sad that some of our greats could not be here to enjoy what is now happening, such as John Willie!

This magazine is designed for — and dedicated to — all the people who waited patiently and who understand the true role of bondage in a sincere, loving relationship — that is a very satisfying means of adding even greater pleasure to an already satisfying encounter. It wraps around a relationship adding spice and interest. We present, on these pages, pseudo relationships, events that con't and won't happen to you. The roommate — the boy next door — the boss and the secretary — are all fiction put together for you and your friends to enjoy, not to duplicate. With our artistic license, we only have happy endings. We are convinced that the way for you to have a 'happy' ending is to start with a happy beginning. As with many, many other things, a good bondage relationship can only work when the good relationship is established first!



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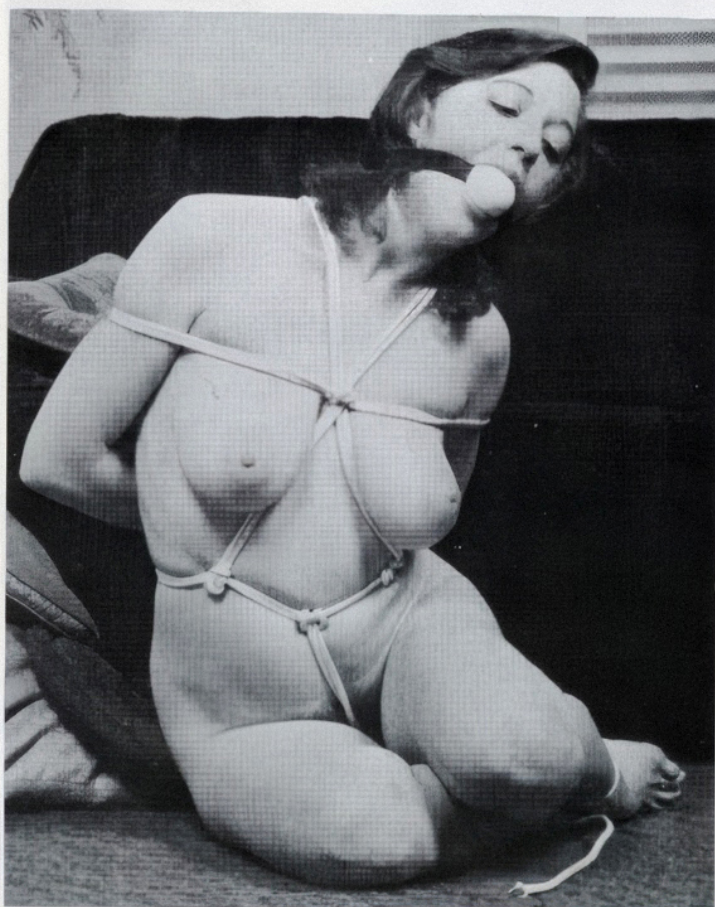
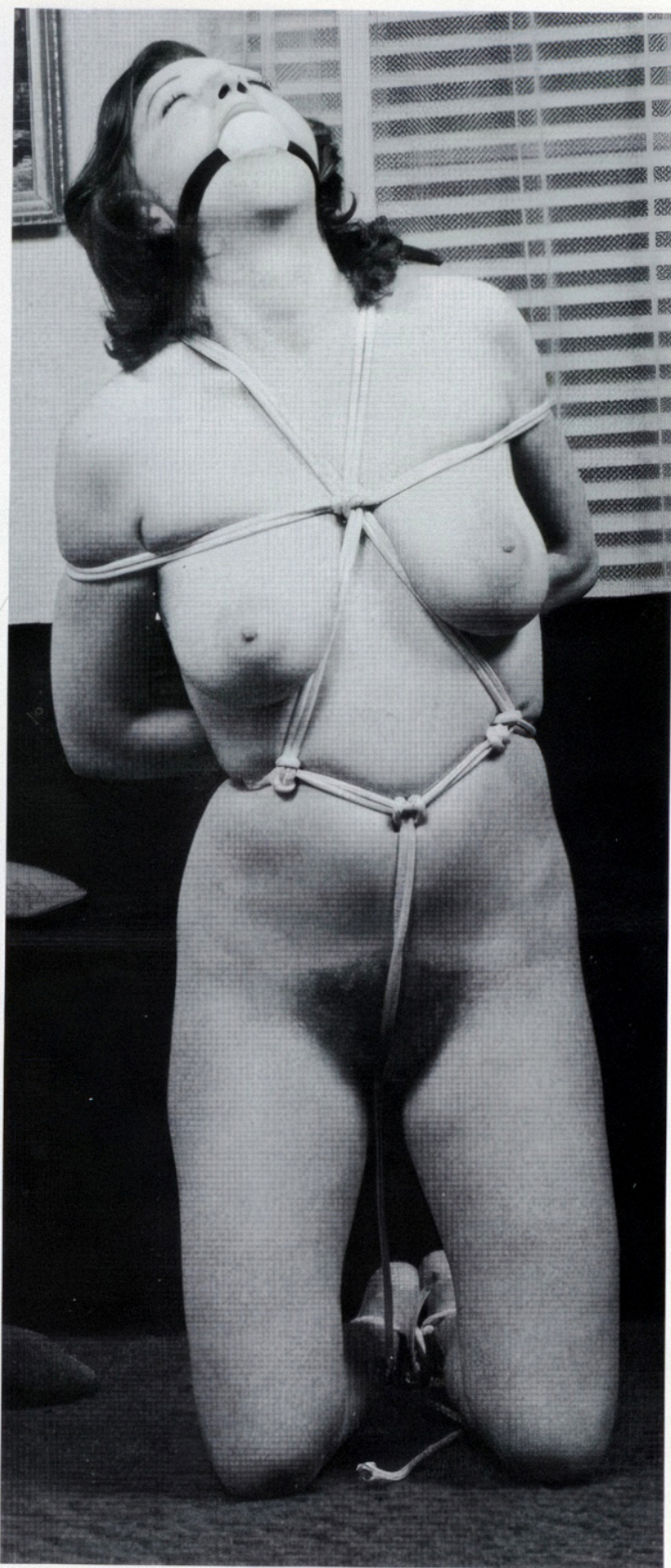


HARNESSED HARASSMENT

The door closed with finality. She knelt on the carpet, feeling foolish. She felt also a great anger and another sensation she could not yet define. Behind these was fear. She tugged at the strap about her wrists. It held firm.

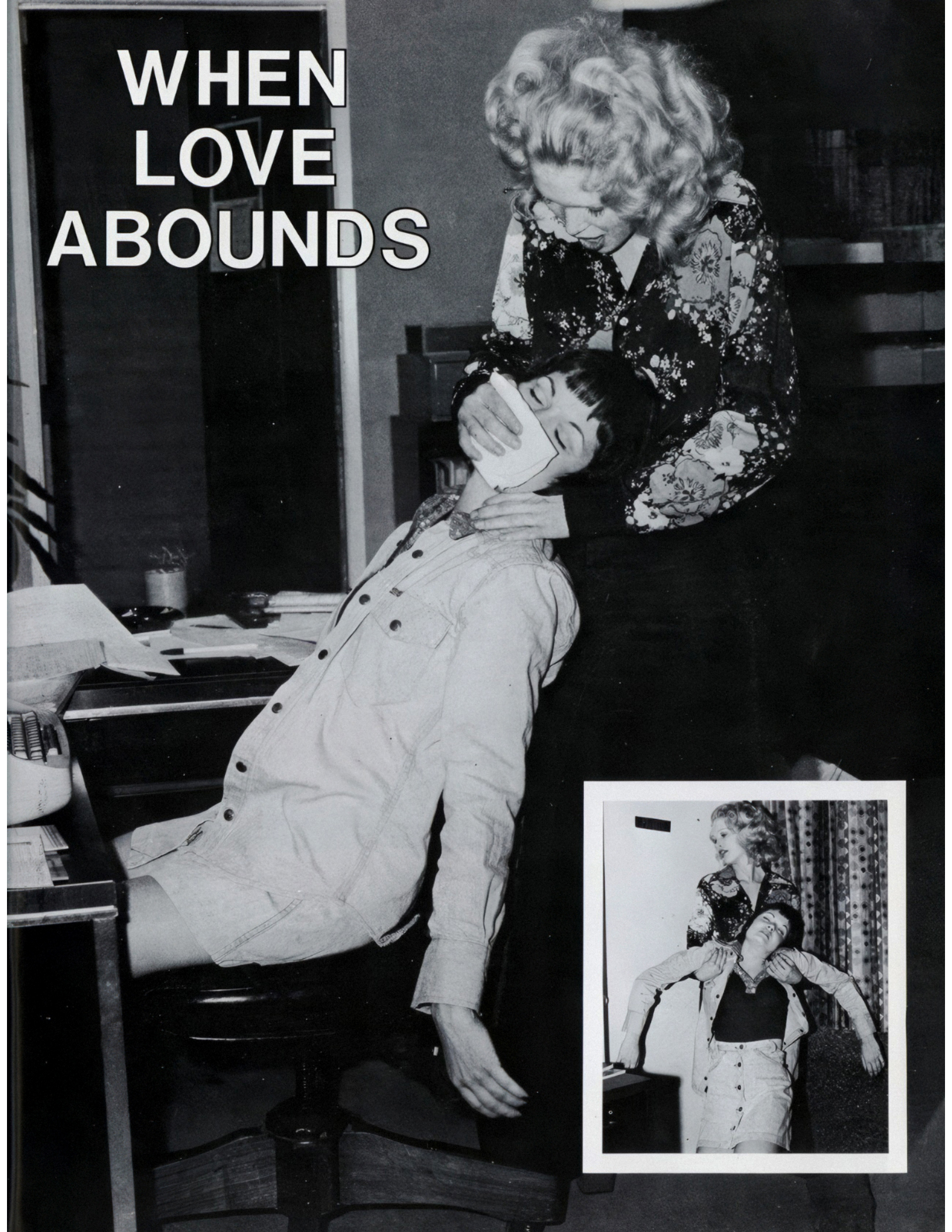
She was furious with herself. Fun! - he had called it. How sweetly intimate that moment had been when she had felt the soft leather circle and prison her wrists. There had been a glow, a oneness between them. But even more blushing secret had been the moment when he had fitted the halter snugly upon her breasts, tugging and adjusting until she quivered in response. When he tightened the buckle she had gasped and trembled and watched, fascinated as her breasts had blossomed into full distended cones of prominence capped with nipples she scarcely recognized as her own. He had tightened it upon her, oh so slowly! It had been one delicious constriction after another. Constantly she had been on the verge of protest, but her lips had uttered nothing but the increasing sibilance of her breath. Her heart pounded against the harness of which she suddenly felt proud.





He picked me up to watch me tussle again. It was a sweet agony now. My pulse was running like a steam engine. I no longer wanted to be free. I loved those ropes that caressed my body. I loved the man who had put them on me. I dropped onto the pillows, watching, fascinated, while he undid my feet, then the crotch line then I moaned my passion while he drove into me.

WHEN LOVE ABOUNDS





I tugged at her briefs, that last defense of a woman's most sacred spot. How we cherish that place within the junction of our legs! What bliss we find there. Yet, at the last moment, I desisted. I would let her keep this flimsy thing. It would tantalize her. She would wonder why. She would wake bound and naked, knowing my intent. Yet her loins would bear their shield. How I was going to love that last breach. I would feast my eyes on her final realization that she was at last to be a woman; my woman! I kissed her lips and fondled the face I loved. For moments I rested her head upon my knees. I longed to hold her thus. It felt so good! But the darling girl must be bound. There might be little time.

Have you ever tied the wrists of a girl! I think at that moment I was happier than I have ever been. I was literally drooling. But with the lust there was a tremendous awareness of beauty. A reverence. A knowledge of blessedness. A tremendously relaxing sense of peace. Julie was coming home. How I loved bringing the limp arms up and crossing the passive wrists. A girl is never more beautiful. How tightly I bound them! Julie must hurt a little, know herself captive, suffer pain when she struggled against the bonds I had placed upon her flesh...soft female flesh I would

make my own. I would love her watching the things I would do. Watching but helpless.

My own senses responded when I tied the band about her narrow waist. But the best was the strands of cord I brought down between her legs. Those strands made her no more helpless, but they would keep her in an agony of longing. She could make no movement by which they would not tell her of my love. From that same band of Eros I took a cord to her ankles and bound them tight. Tight, tight, tight! My Julie must not run! Other cords I wound upon her breasts. I even made sure at least one of them would confine a nipple. That, too, would tell her constantly who she was...and why she was. They were exquisite. It was then she regained consciousness.

How beautiful a moment! All my longings fulfilled as I saw her eyes widen, first in dismay, then in comprehension. She knew. She knew almost instantly! I expect she had always known, even when she withheld that which was mine by right of being woman. I was ready for her words of protest. Oh, so beautifully ready! The ball slipped past her lips before the first word emerged. A moment later I was busy buckling the strap behind her neck. Julie was mine! I owned a naked girl!





RIGHTEOUS BOND ON A CHERRY BLONDE

"I think we can use you as a lingerie model," Miss Dorsett, the agency manager, said.

Tina's heart jumped. "Wow!" she exulted. "When can I start?"

"We need somebody right now," the manager said, getting up. Tina noticed that Miss Dorsett wore very high platform shoes, but thought little of it because they were in fashion. She was led into another office.

"Get into these and I'll have the photographer do some shots here in a natural setting," the manager said, handing Tina a white bra and panties set. The girl changed right there, but failed to notice the possessive look the older woman was giving. Miss Dorsett was eating up that young flesh with her eyes.

"Come on over here on the chair," Tina was told. She complied willingly enough, but something seemed to displease the manager, who barked: "Quit trying to look like a model. You're just a kid!" She slapped Tina so hard that the girl's head rocked with the blow. "There's one more thing that will make you an appealing picture," the woman said, stretching a piece of rope in her hands.





Before Tina realized what was happening to her, she felt her arms being pulled behind the chair and rope twining around her wrists. Soon her arms were fastened to the top rung of the chair back. Her palpitating legs were tied together at the knees and ankles, after which her captor forced a ball gag into her mouth and strapped it behind her head.





"You do have a nice pair of tits," the woman commented, pulling Tina's bra upward to expose the firm globes. The young captive began to wriggle so much, Miss Dorsett tied her ass into the chair before continuing.









"Wassa matta, Baby," he grinned. "Is your bra too tight?" He stripped it from her body, giving his hands access to the twin bulges of delight which he rummaged freely while she went from groans of protest to squeals of erotic excitement. But when his hands strayed down to her crotch, she shook her head violently and mumbled some unintelligible protests.

"Sure, Baby, I understand," he said. "I want you to enjoy it, too, but you're gonna stay tied."

She relaxed as a sign of acquiescence so he unfastened her limbs and took off the gag. She tried to fight when her arms were free, but the period of confinement had already caused some atrophy of her muscles and he easily overpowered her, tying her wrists in front of her.

This was a crowning defeat for her. She could see as well as feel the restraints that made her his captive to do whatever he wanted.











He left her to fight her restraints while he went to her kitchen for a beer. She turned herself on the bed and managed to get up on her knees, but there was no way out of her predicament. He came back briefly to hogtie her with another piece of chain.

When she looked around, her eyes widened because she was gazing at the glans of the biggest penis she had ever seen.

"This is known in salesmanship as a convincer," he said, unfastening her crotch strap.

