

# Bound to Please

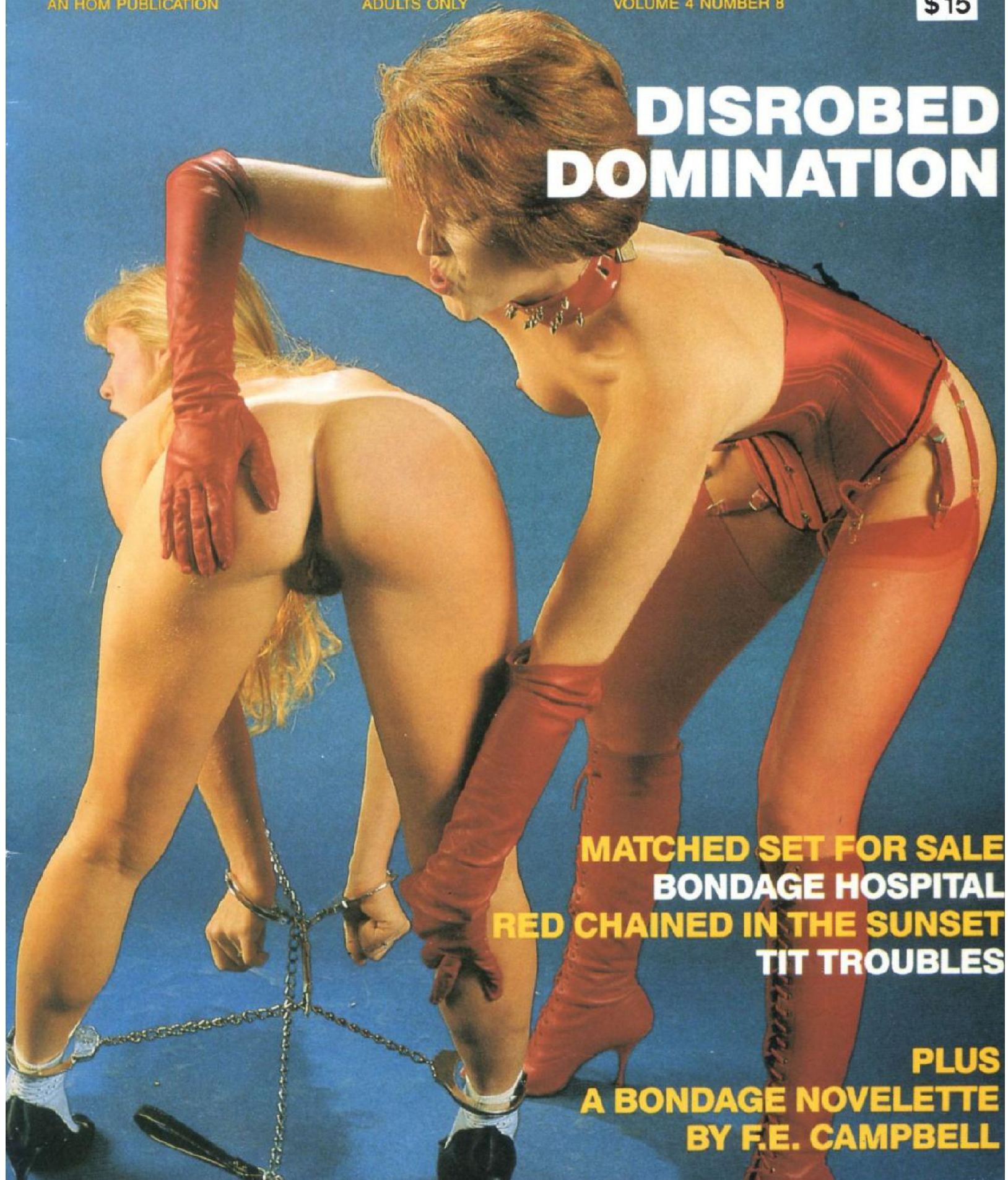
AN HOM PUBLICATION

ADULTS ONLY

VOLUME 4 NUMBER 8

\$15

## DISROBED DOMINATION



**MATCHED SET FOR SALE**  
**BONDAGE HOSPITAL**  
**RED CHAINED IN THE SUNSET**  
**TIT TROUBLES**

**PLUS**  
**A BONDAGE NOVELETTE**  
**BY F.E. CAMPBELL**









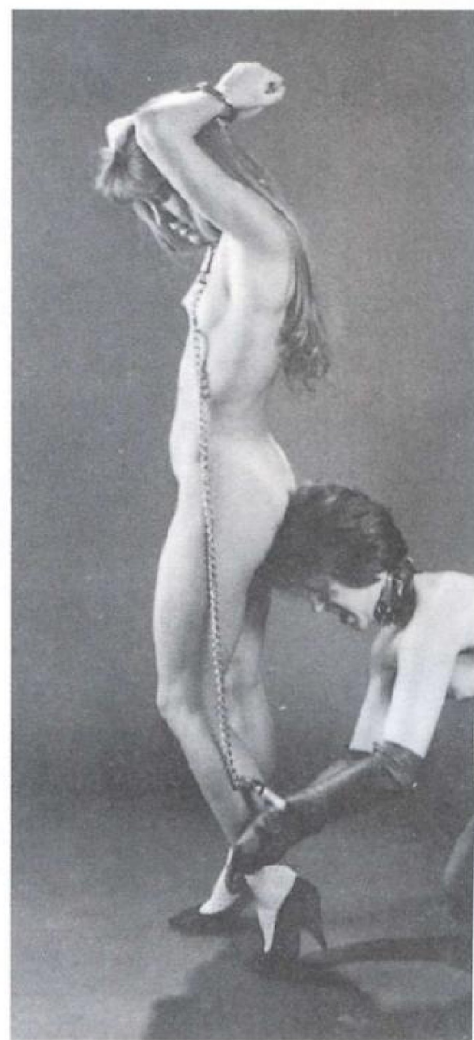
## DISROBED DOMINATION

**W**hen you set out to dominate a cutey like this one, it is not a matter of giving, but rather of taking away. You take away her free will, her self-respect, her uppity attitude, her youthful rebellion, and all those other things that make a young girl bad. But first, you take away her clothes.

I stripped the robe off of Donna quickly, before she could actually get a grasp of what was happening to her. Of course, by the time the first faint fears of its reality were shimmering in her eyes and being voiced, the cuffs had gotten a firm grasp on her wrists and ankles too. Then, I had her. The collar and leash were one more reinforcement, but by that moment in time, she knew she was no longer free.









Next on the agenda was a healthy bit of fondling. Healthy for me, anyhow, even if she did call me "sick" and "evil." Actually, I kind of like the idea of being sick and evil. Goes with the image, don't you think? But complaints from a slavegirl are NOT allowed. I showed her. I gagged her. And she was reduced to mere mumbling from that point onwards.

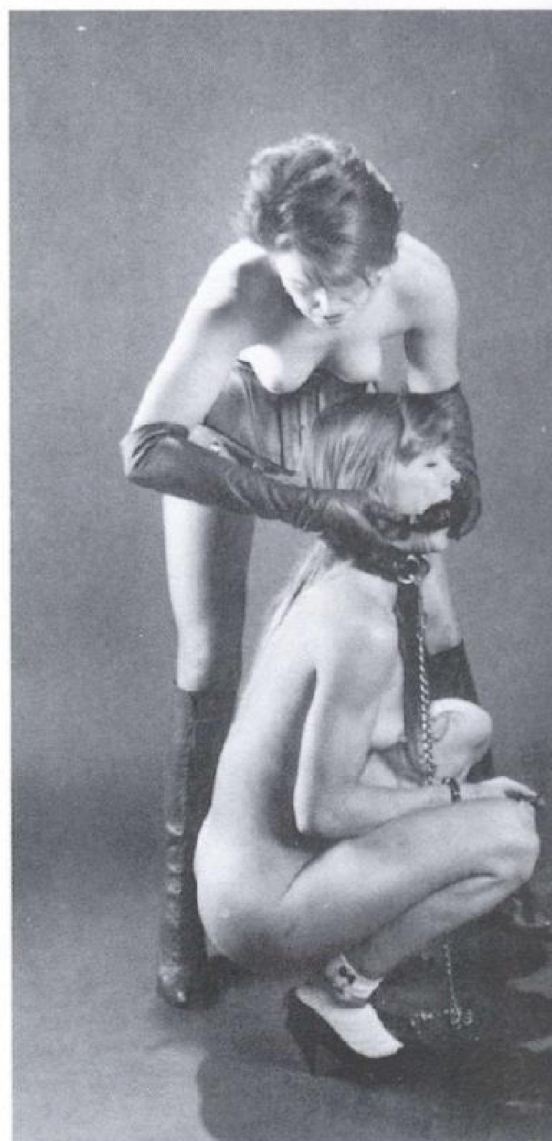
Bending her over with ankles locked to wrists gave me a good shot at a gorgeous ass. I took it. Often. Firm cheeks bring out both the "sick" and the "evil" in me I suppose. At least they make me want to give their firm flesh a firm impact from my firm, red-gloved palm. So I spanked the little trollop, and spanked her hard. The resounding "swak" sound was music to my sick little ears, and the pinkening, and then reddening of her firm flesh seemed to me to be a healthy, if erotic, glow.











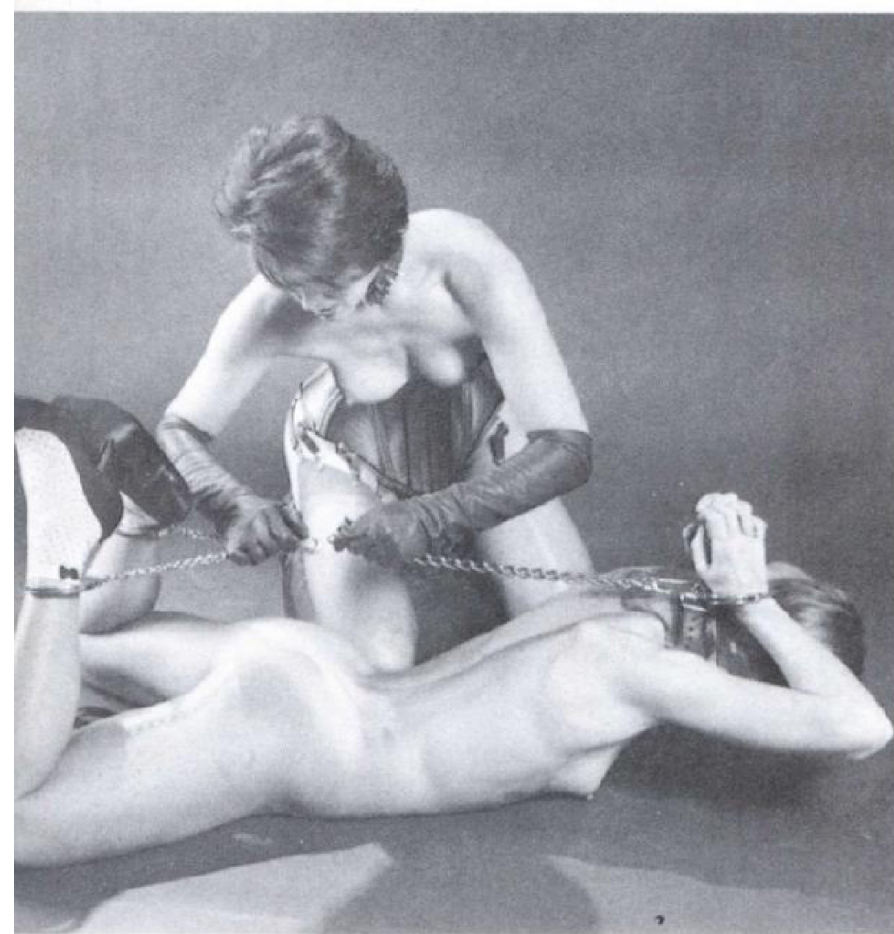




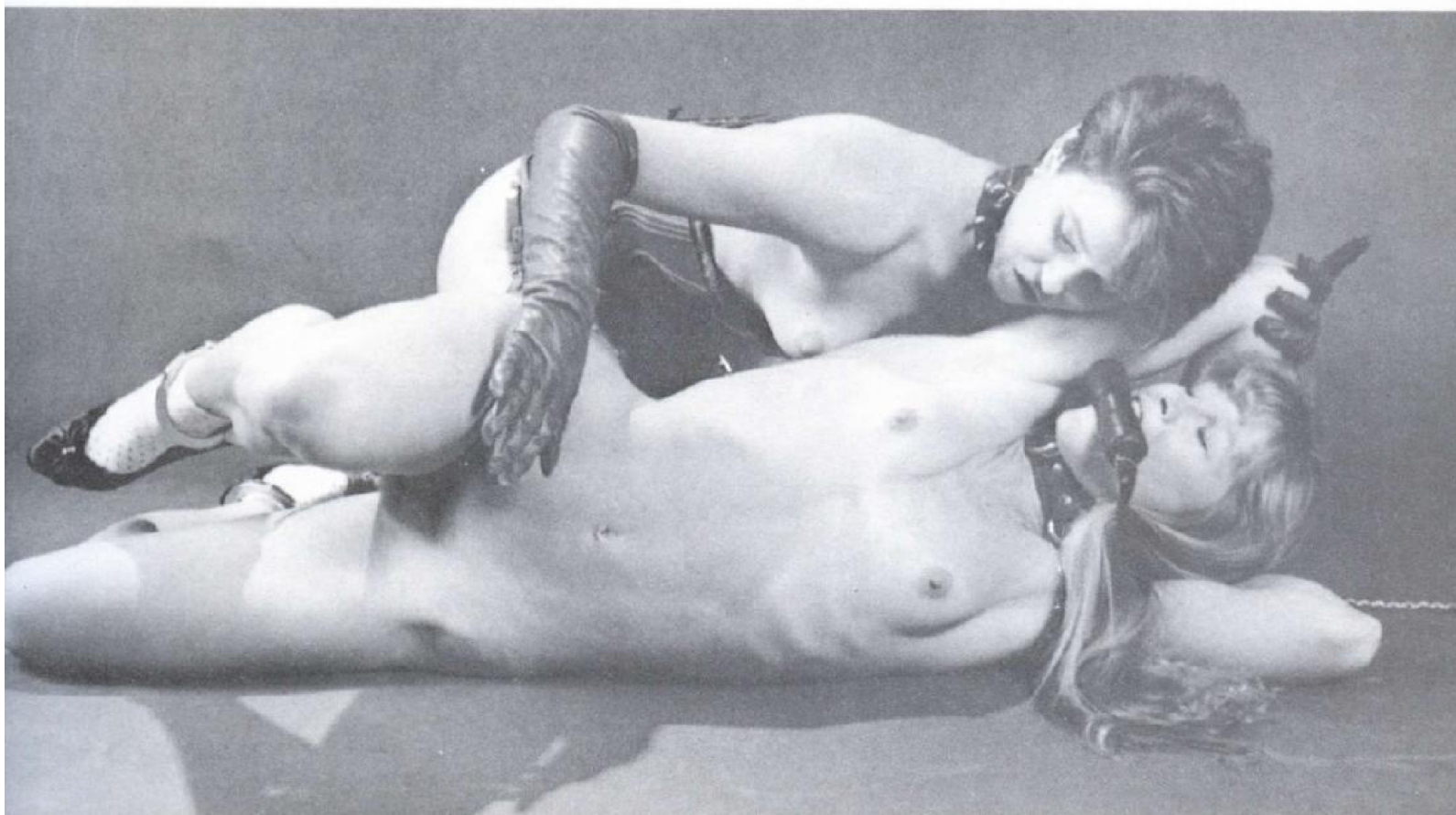
She resisted, of course, so it was onto the floor with her in an improvised chain hogtie. Wrists can be joined to ankles behind a girl's back as well as in the forward, spanking-posed sense, and she soon discovered this fact for herself. I had her on the floor, and after a few trifling whipstrokes to calm her down, there came many tongue lashings from my own pink wiggler to uncalm her altogether.

Nude girls in bondage can be fun, but only when you remember, as you take their clothing and their self-assurance and every vestige of their freedom from them, that you are giving them something too. I give the chance to serve me. I give it freely and generously. I give it healthily and nicely.

And I give it in an offering that they cannot—dare not—refuse! ☐









# COMMUNION

by F. E. Campbell

Paula stood. Her feet were well braced against what might still come. Her bottom was still scalding from the cane. She held her strapped hands in front of her above her crotch. Her chin was lifted in obedience to Helga's command.

"I want you at attention. You will not move."

"Yes, Mistress."

"How's that pretty ass?"

"It hurts . . . a lot."

"So it should. A wrong move or a wrong word, and it will hurt more."

"Yes, Mistress. Thank you."

"I do adore you like that: your pose, that lovely voice saying the right words. I shouldn't tell you, but why not! When I've broken you completely, you'll have learned what pleases me. You'll always please me, won't you, Paula?"

"Yes, Mistress, always."

"You're a lying little bitch. I've heard those words a hundred times. Yet, here again today . . . sulky as hell . . . impertinent."

"I'm sorry, Mistress—really."

"Your little ass said that, not you. There's rebellion in you still."

"Please, Mistress, I'm trying. I don't want to be whipped any more."

"But there's the point: You're trying because you don't want to be whipped. Some way I have to get you to where you try because you adore me."

"But, Mistress, if you didn't whip me so much—"

"That was a protest. Turn around and bend over."

"There! Three strokes on your wealed rump. Any more protests?"

"No, Mistress. I'm sorry. Gee, that hurt!"

"Resume pose. Stand straight, chin up."

"Yes, Mistress."

"You're going to stand there like that the rest of the day. How do you like that for a punishment?"

"I hate it, Mistress—but thank you."

"You'll get tired. You'll be tempted to break the pose. You'll think maybe you can sit for a few minutes while I'm away. The cruelty of what I've designed for you, dear, is the not knowing. I may or may not leave the house. You don't know. But if I peep in here and find you standing any different from as you are now, you know what will happen."

"Yes, Mistress, you'll whip me."

"That's a good start for your day. With a burning bottom, the way yours is right now, you should have no trouble remembering. Now, do you feel any resentment about your punishment?"

"No, Mistress, I'm grateful."

"What on earth for?"

"For not being whipped any more, Mistress."

"You'll hate this worse. It's going to be a hard day. To make it a lot harder and give you something to struggle against, I'm going to fasten your strapped hands at the back of your neck. I'll have your elbows pointing to the ceiling."

"Must I have that too, Mistress? It's hard enough to stand."

"Over you go again! Damn it, girl, I do believe you like getting cut with the crop."

"But, Mistress, I wasn't complaining—honest!"

"What else would you call it? I got the distinct impression you were not grateful for having your hands strapped behind your neck. Right?"

"Well . . . !"

"Yes, I thought so. Petulance. Paula, you're a long way from broken. Or should I say trained? Bend over, dear. Only two strokes this time. I know I'm pushing you a bit hard. There. . . . That one. And now do keep still . . . that one. My, you mark exquisitely."

"Thank you, Mistress. They hurt wonderfully. I'll try and remember. I mean, about complaining." Paula's eyes became limpidly innocent. "Would you like me to put my hands behind my neck now? You've already got the webbing harness on me."

"Adorable! When I've got you fully trained. . . . The first time I saw you, I knew you were the right material—well worth the cost of kidnapping. By the way, how long has it been?"

"Five weeks, Mistress. There, have I got my arms, right? It's so hard with strapped hands. Oops! Oh, Mistress, that wasn't a complaint."

"Okay, no punishment for that one. I'll do the rest for you with the straps. I know it's not easy, and I do want you tight and strained."

"Thank you, Mistress. And that's a lovely idea with a band below my breasts. It keeps my wrists bound both ways. And I will stand still, I promise."

"How do you feel about a gag, dear?"

"A gag! For me? But I won't have anyone to talk to anyway!"

"I know that. I'm just being mean. But it would save you saying the wrong thing in those times I come to visit. Asking to let loose is not allowed, and I know you. You'd probably have to bend over half a dozen times, and your seat's well laced already."

"I promise I'll try and keep quiet. But, of course, if you really want to gag me, if it would give you pleasure—"

"Yes, dear?"

"Well, then I'd love to be gagged."

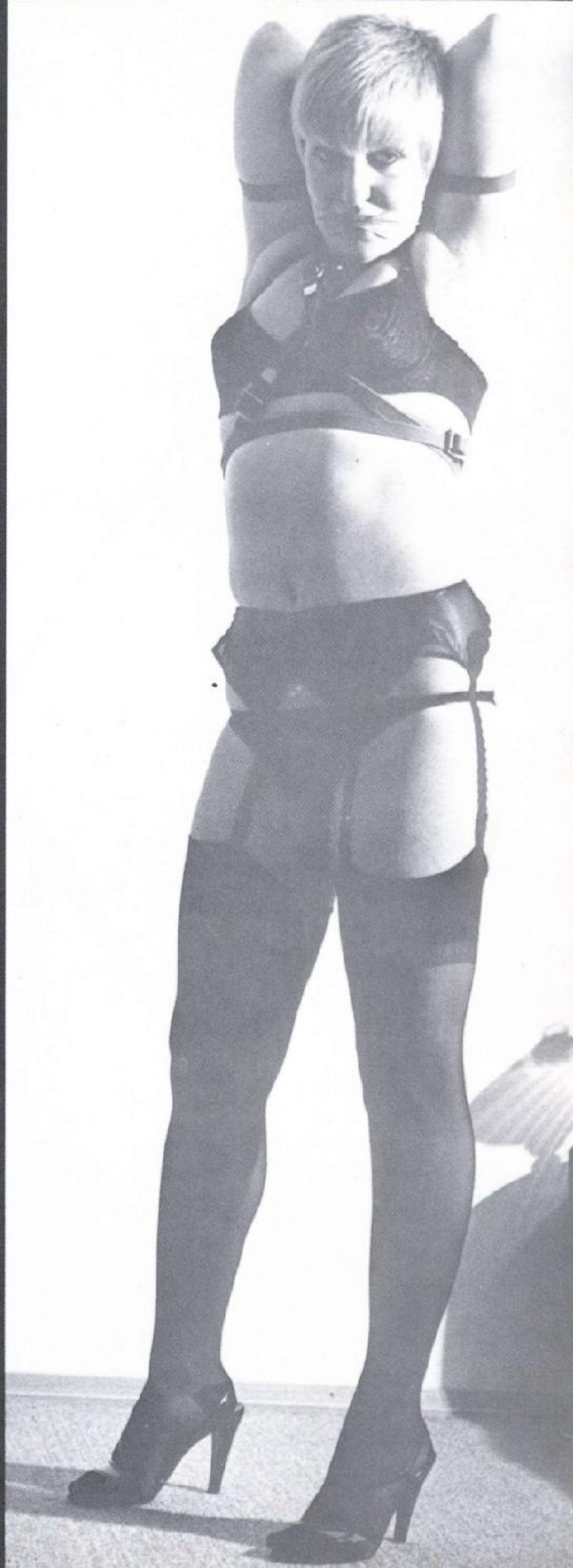
"That was the right answer. You're starting your day well, Paula. But I do believe I ought to gag you—for protection against your own tongue. You're going to feel sorry for yourself after the first hour."

"I'm sure I deserve it, Mistress."

"Hmmm . . . !"

□









# TIT TROUBLES

**P**oor little Lila. She tried to control her pushy little butt. She tried to rein in her loud, sassy mouth. She tried so very, very hard to keep her flashing eyes and her swinging hips and her firm stockinged legs and her pretty little puss out of people's way, and especially out of mine.

But her tits always got her into trouble, so it was her tits I decided to punish, and punish well.

She's a flirt, my Lila. She winks and swings and swivels and gasps at just about anything with pants on, male or female, and all of it even though she knows that she belongs to me and only me.

When I say "belong," I do not mean a vague term of affectionate attachment. I mean belong, as in "owned by." I own her. I bought her business when it was folding, her house when I moved into it, and her soul along the way somewhere when I conquered her body with the kind of bondage sex and domination that is the only really potent form of orgasm for a slut like her.











She knows that nobody else can do what I do for her, and she knows better than to make me angry because then its sex to the side and punishment to the forefront and she might just get whipped and whipped alone and not fucked hard afterwards like she likes so very much.

But her damn tits keep getting in the way, pushing into the faces and chests and crotches and other tits of strangers, usually in my sight but sometimes behind my back, and when this happens she must know that punishment is not far behind. Today, since her tits got her into trouble, I decided that they should be the source of her discomfort and shame.



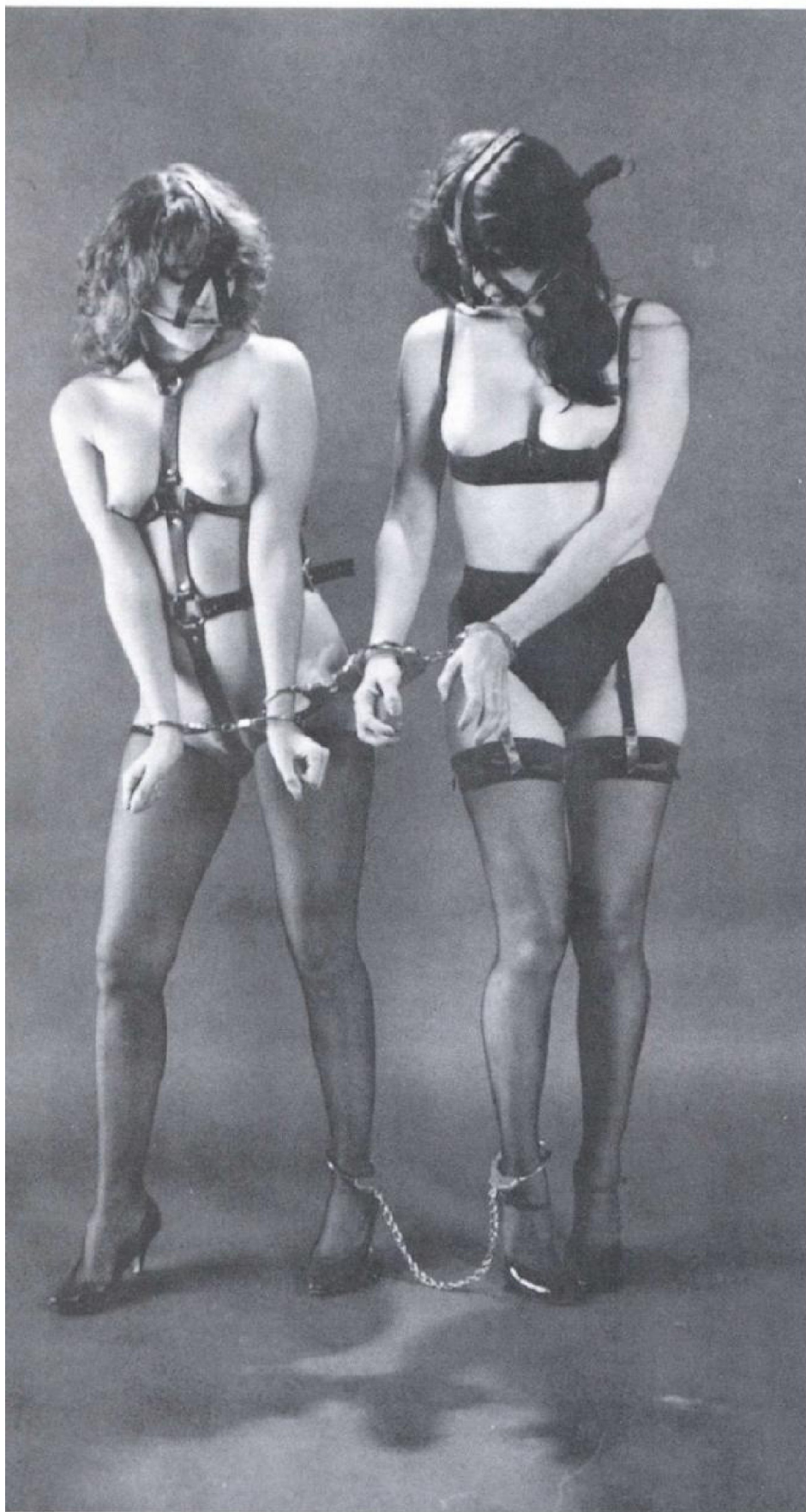












## MATCHED SET FOR SALE

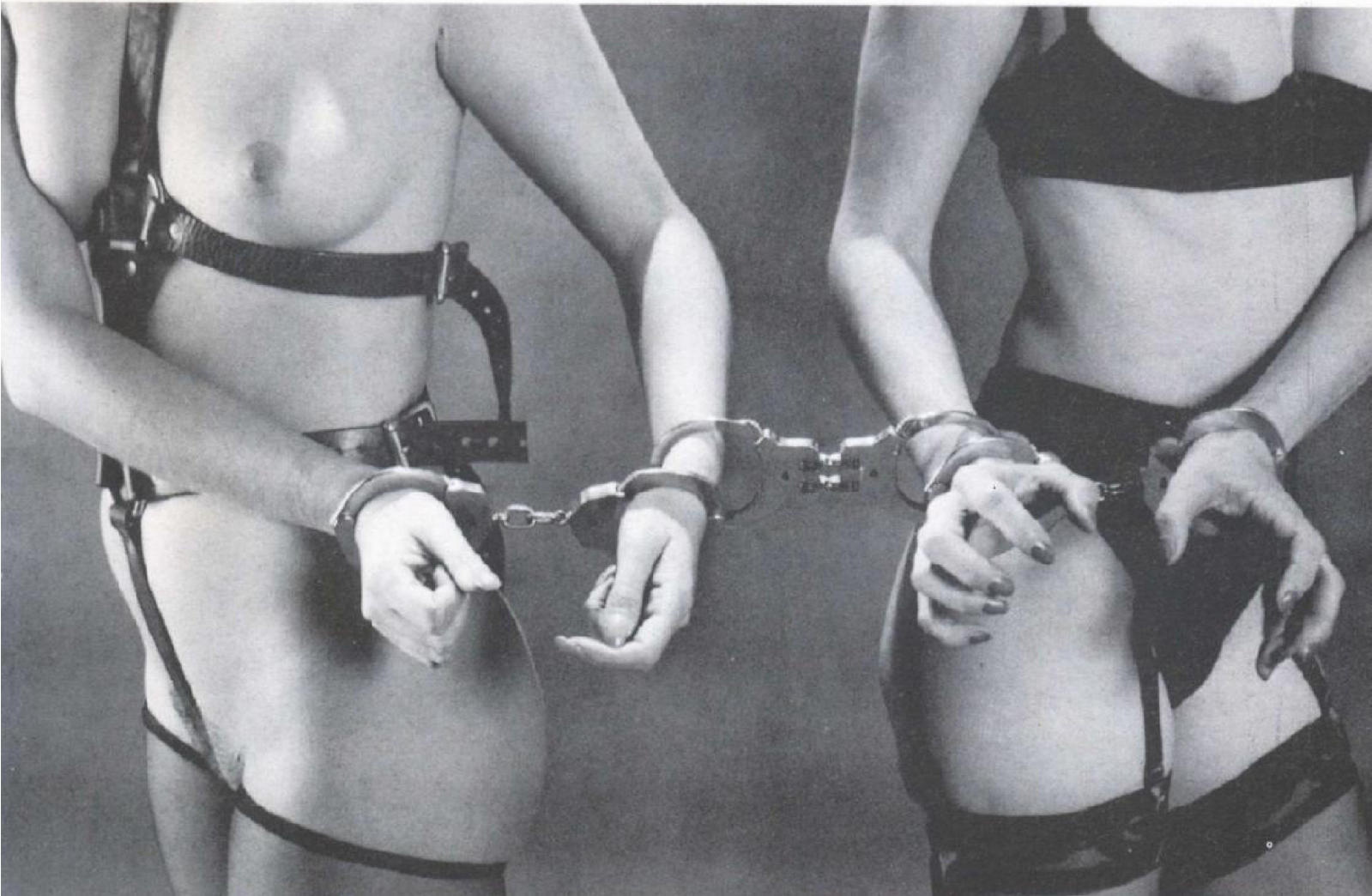
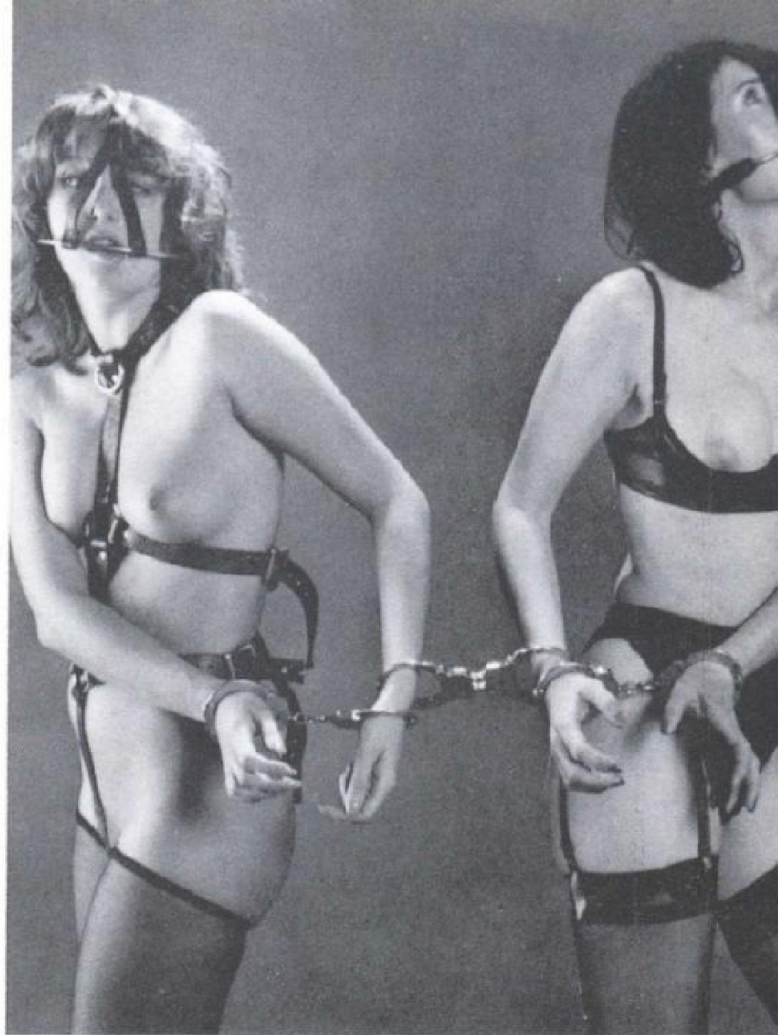
**T**he next item on your auction card, ladies and gentlemen, is a "sister act." Not actually sisters, you understand, but to be sold as a set and as a set only.

We've bound them in unique new slave-training headgear you might notice.

Steel branks in their mouths to keep'em humble, and long handles behind the head to steer those heads to wherever you want them to go. These girls give excellent face, ladies and gents, and the branks do not keep them from using their lips, and anyway, if they displease you and you own them, there's always punishment, isn't there? Of course there is.

We've kept the rest of their bondage simple, showing their atheistic bodies off and also the flexibility of'em too. Imagine these two pushing a wheel, grinding grain perhaps? Or maybe just doing a dual vacuum cleaner act in your dungeon between training sessions? Or, and this is our favorite idea for them, all fitted out as a matched set of pony girls, pulling you and yours in a gig around the estate, responding to the kindness of a lump of sugar when they ride well, or the snap of the buggy whip on their nice round bottoms if they slow down a bit.





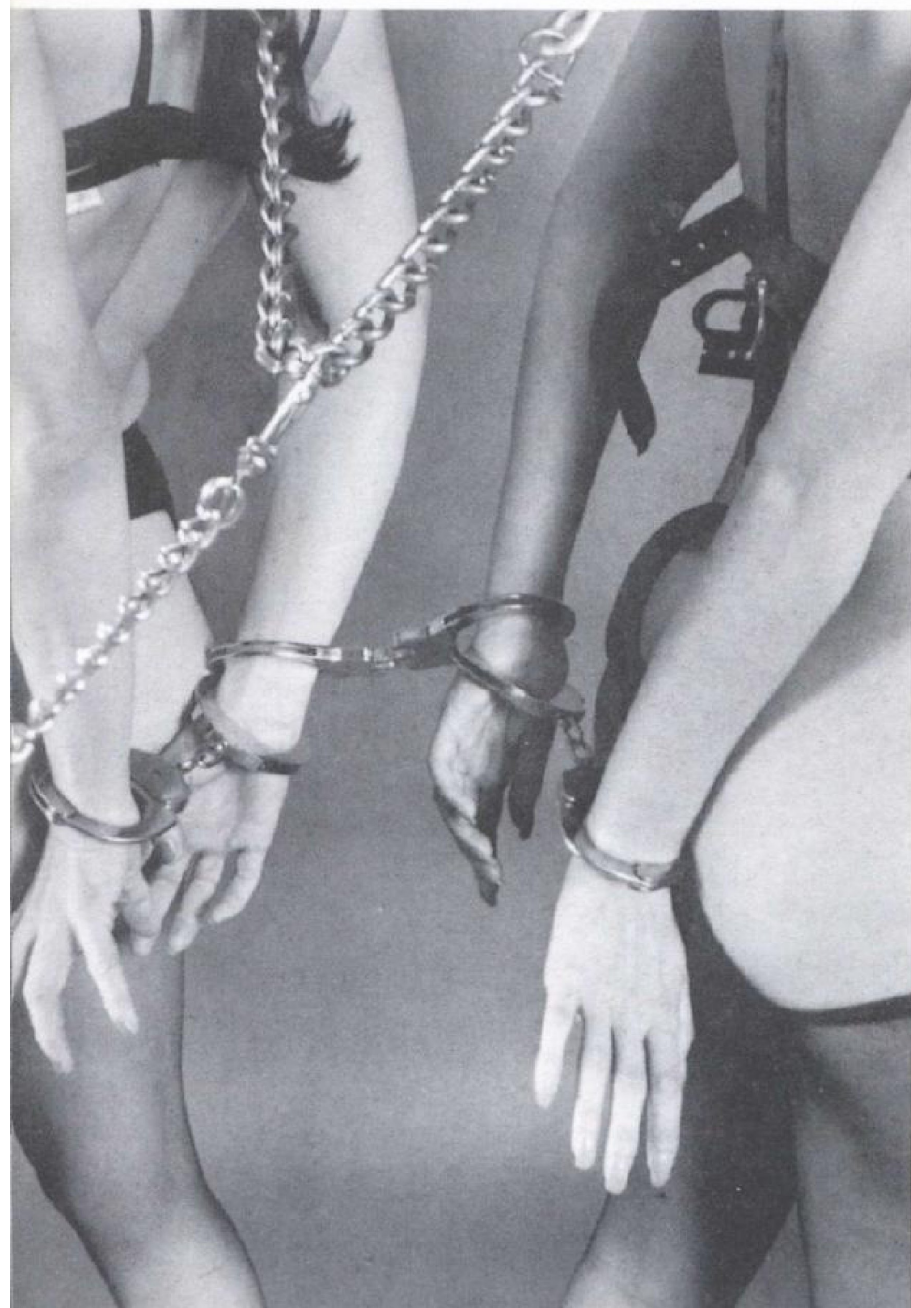












These girls will take a whipping and keep on licking, ladies and gents. Look at those long legs, firm and muscular but shapely too. See how refined they look in black sexy lingerie? No embarrassing farm girls with fat ankles and flat feet from this house of bondage, we assure you. These are ladies, my friends, or at least they once were before we got hold of'em.

Now, of course, they are slaves. They are chattel. They are property. Whose property? Why, yours of course, if the price, as they say, is right.

What am I bid for this team to torment, mesdames et messieurs? Place your bids, please. Place your bids. □





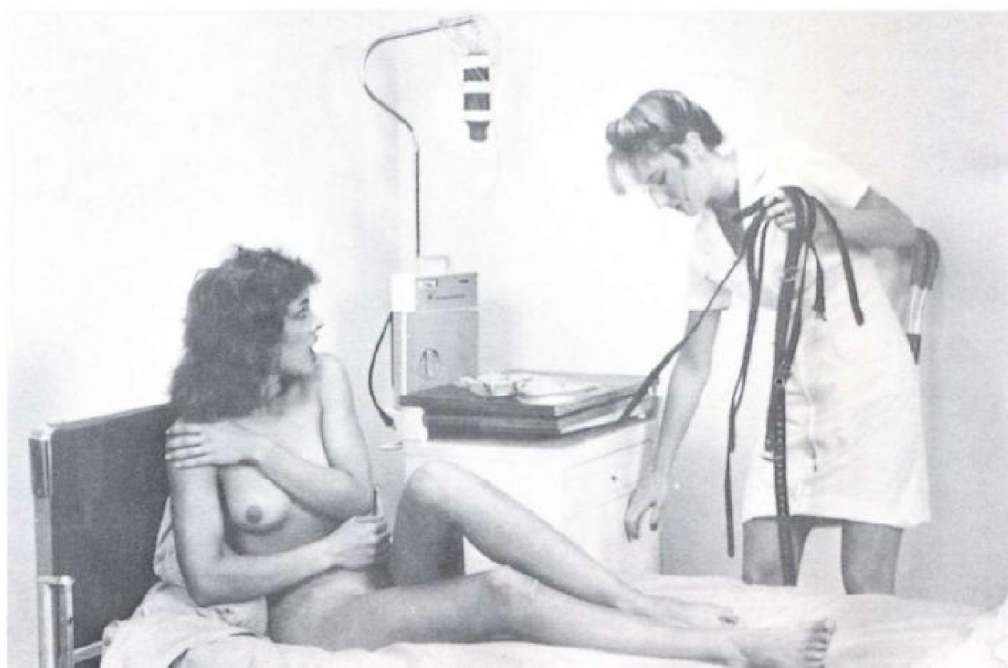


# BONDAGE HOSPITAL

**W**hen Kim Bittner, our favorite bondage model, complained that we were overworking her and finding too many new and nasty ties to entrap her in, we were sympathetic. Concerned. Understanding. And shifty, too.

We offered a "rest cure" at a little clinic we keep just for disobedient bondage models, our "Bondage Hospital" for the incurably sassy. Kim, unsuspecting fool that she was, readily agreed, especially when we told her we'd foot the bills, and figured she'd get a well-deserved rest and recuperation session.

She got what she deserved, all right, as these photos show, and dished out a bit more than we expected as well. Relaxing in her private room, Kim didn't know that our surveillance cameras were watching as she broke all the rules by smoking and staying up past curfew time. Worse, she began reading our magazines, and entertaining thoughts of masturbation, a definite no-no at our clinic of captivity.





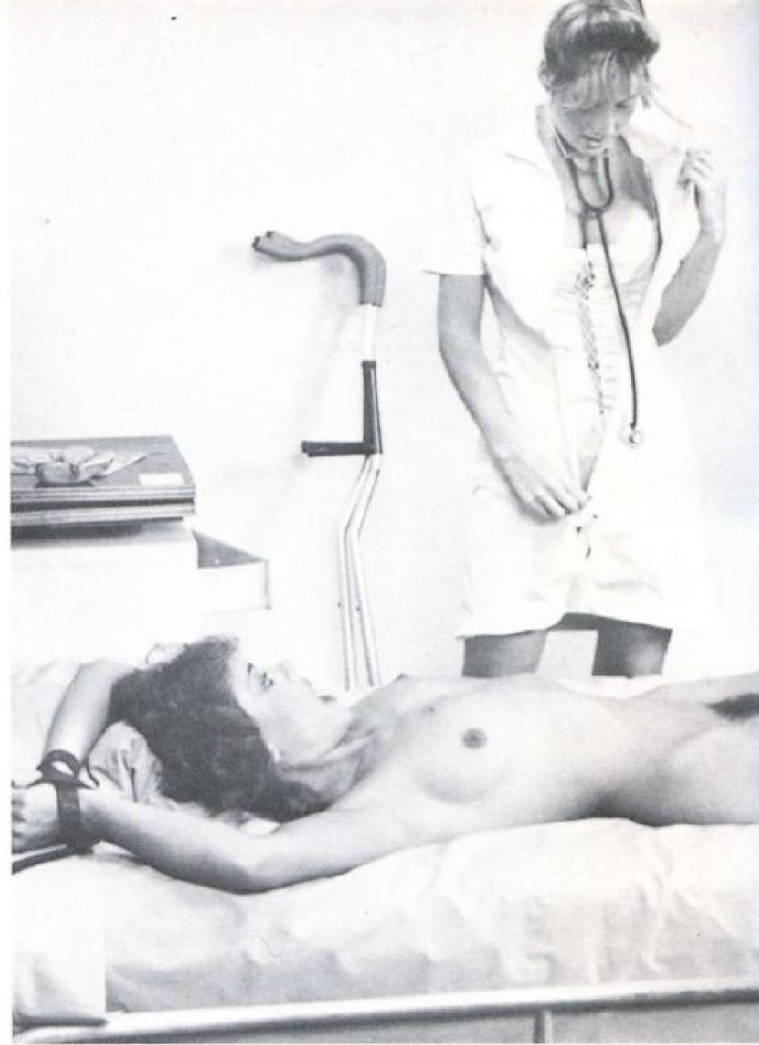
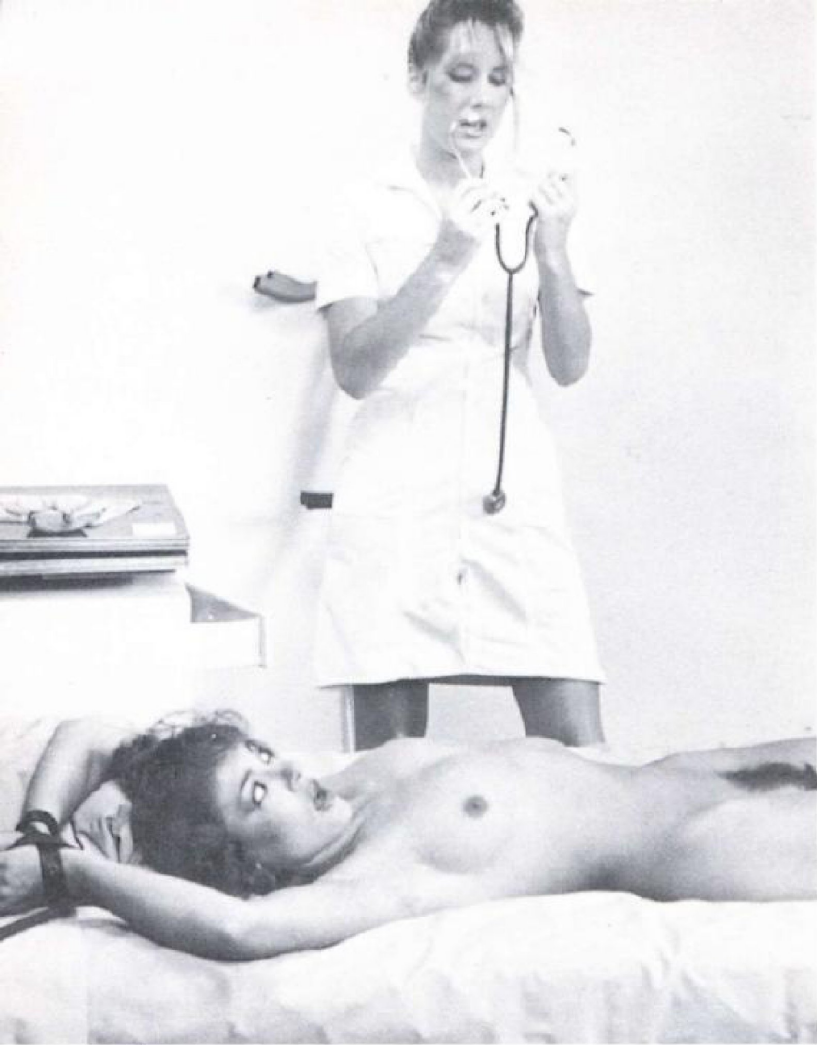


Enter Nurse Noreen. Noreen knew just how to treat a naughty patient (we send so many of them to her, after all). She stripped Kim of her cigs, mags, and clothing, and promptly showed her some "special therapeutic equipment"—leather straps to hold her tight!

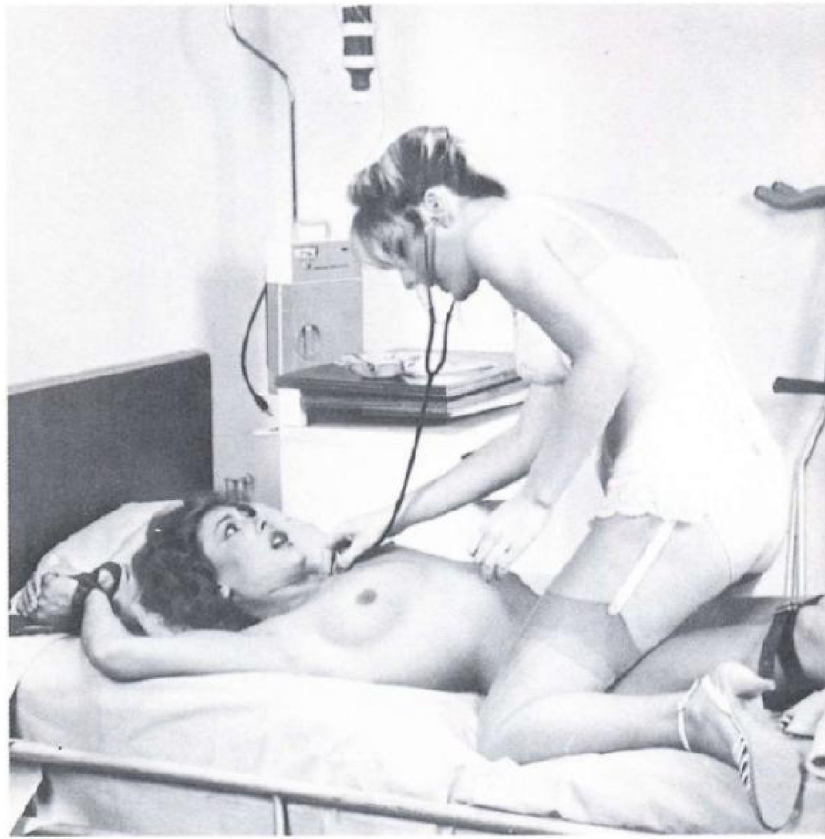
Kim found herself a bound prisoner of her hospital bed, being given all kinds of nasty treatments and tests. We show you here only a few of them. Nothing makes a bound girl jump in her straps like having a chilly stethoscope dangled onto her heaving naked breasts, so that's just what Nasty Noreen did to Kim, after stripping herself down for action first, of course.









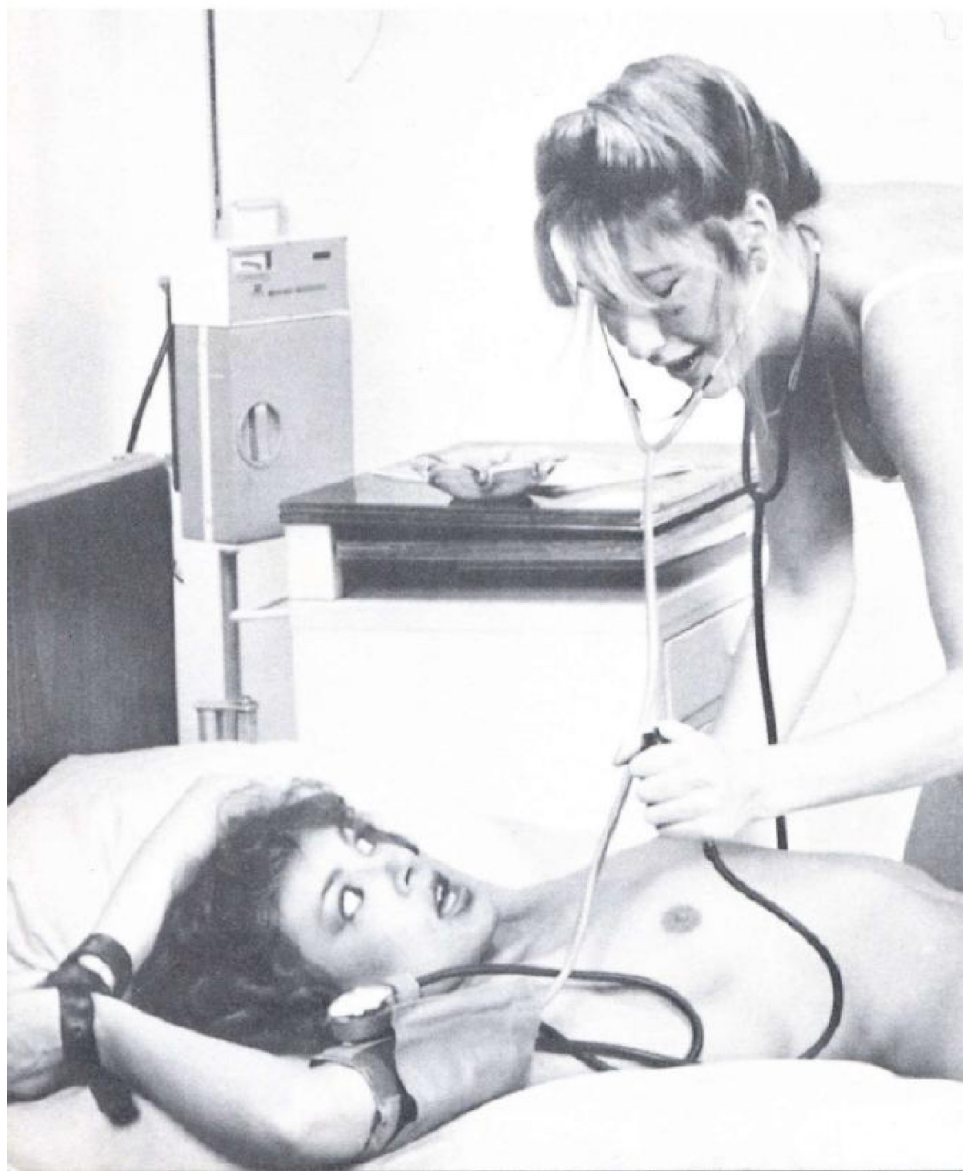






Kim was also give blood pressure tests, all kinds of thermometers (with an emphasis on the rectal variety), and finally Nasty Noreen, in a scene too outrageous for a "family" magazine like ours to show you, prescribed the perfect cure for an uppity bitch who thinks she's too good for us all like Kim: A nice soapy hot enema, right up her uppity rump!

Kim was flushed and humiliated, the way we all like her, and the ball-gag in her mouth prevented the slightest protest from being uttered. The fact was, though, that Noreen really likes to hear her patient/victim's plead for mercy when she shoves the big enema nozzle with the inflatable tip up their bunnies, but she decided to spank Kim at the same time, and gagged her to prevent her screams from awakening any of our other "guests." Hospitals are supposed to be quiet, after all.



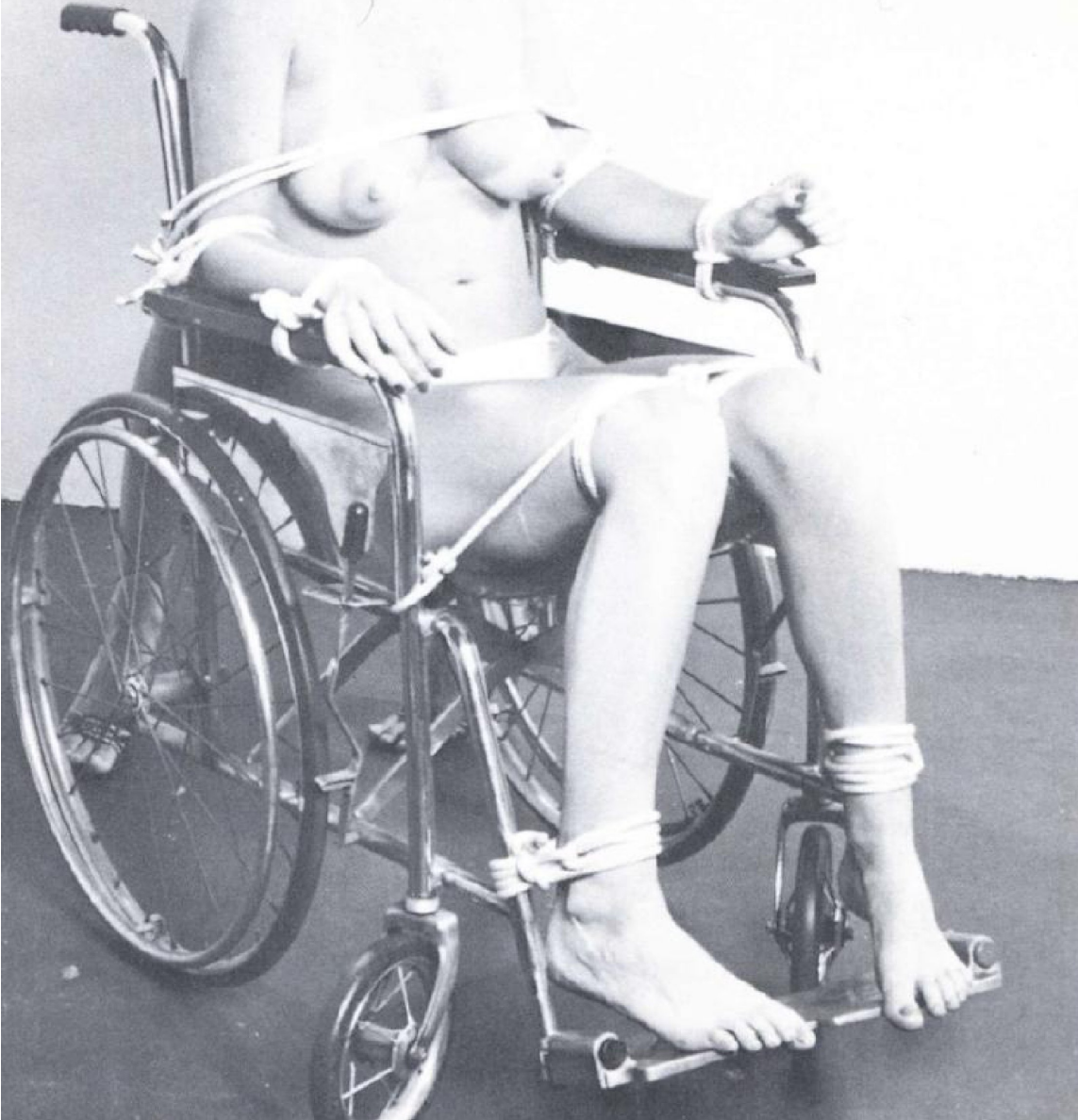




Unfortunately for Noreen, she had not counted on Kim's innate sense of bondage justice. The next day, figuring that Kim was totally defeated, Noreen made the major mistake of releasing Kim from her bonds, and promptly found herself in bondage too!









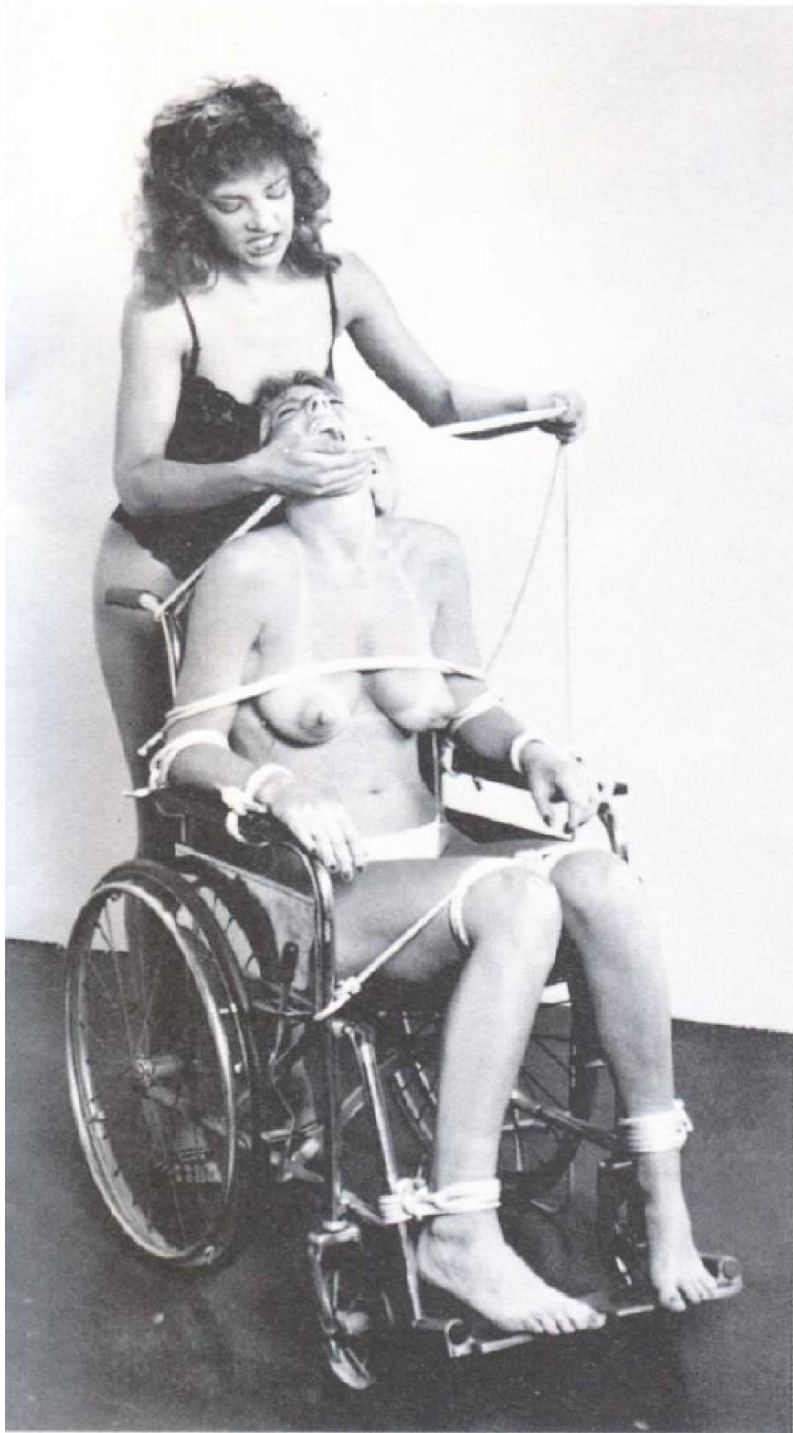
Kim took a nearby wheelchair, and soon had poor Noreen tied into it tightly, with ropes being used not only to hold her arms and legs, but also to gag her brutally, and wrench her head back so that all Noreen could do was stare as Kim explained to her the punishments she was about to receive.







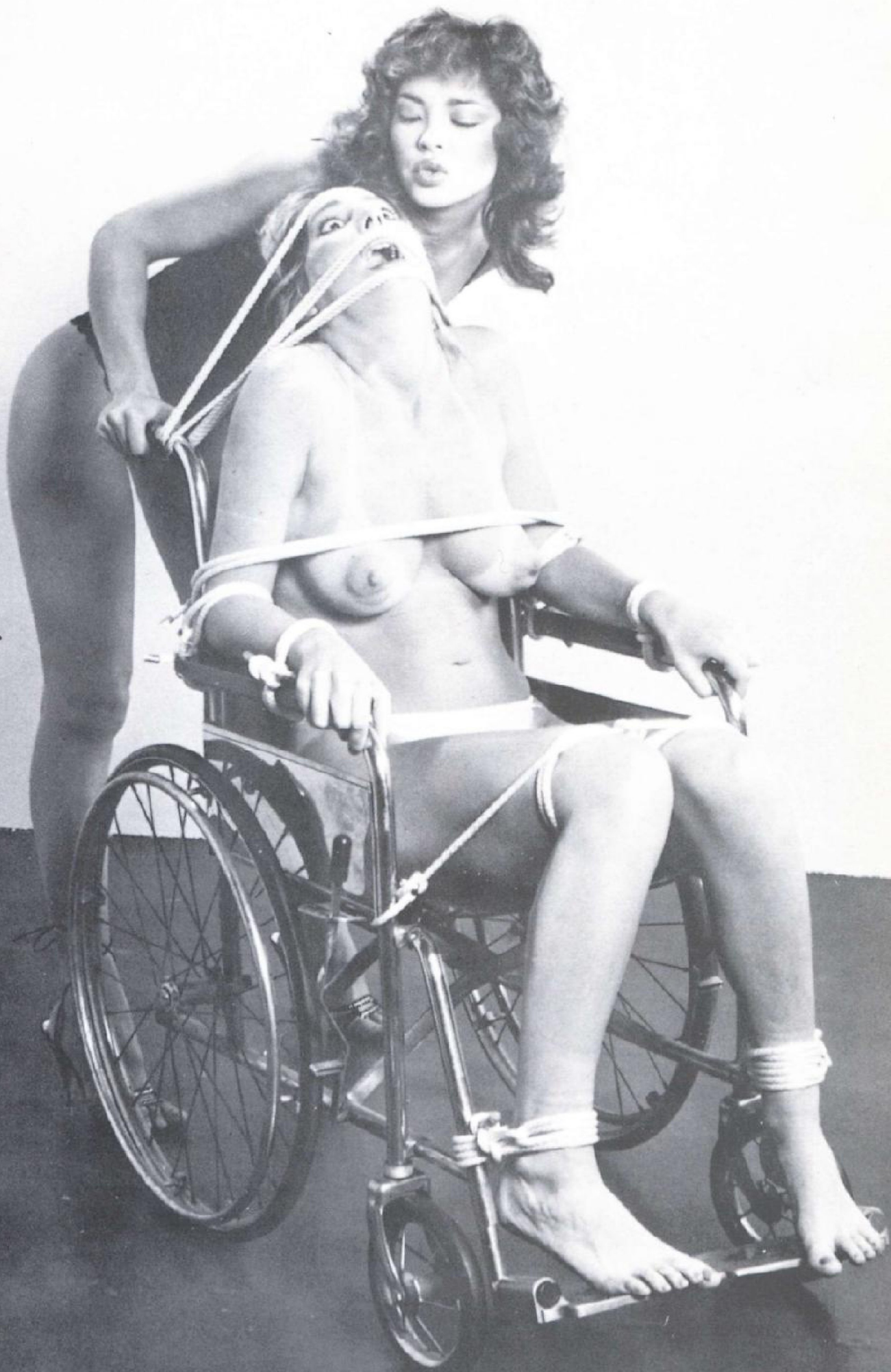




While playfully pinching and tormenting Noreen's breasts, Kim calmly explained that the only thing worse than being forced to take an enema was to be butt-plugged afterwards and therefore be forced to retain it. That was what was in store for Noreen as we departed, knowing that we may have lost a nurse, but we'd gained a whole new Bondage Hospital administrator in our delightful Kim Bittner. She's waiting there now to administer some sexy, dominant therapy to the next one of our girls who gets out of line! □











## RED CHAINED IN THE SUNSET

I like a nice picture when I'm binding a bitch. This one is a pretty picture all by herself, but that doesn't mean I can't improve on nature a bit with some color and some steel.

Betsy is the ultimate blonde package of ripe, ready girl. Her firm, fulsome tits are a breast-lover's wet dream, and that ripe young ass of hers was just made for fondling, spanking, and even paddling, as I've proven to her on many occasions when she's been naughty.

Her face is that of an angel, her legs are in proportion and strong and nice to see when they kick helplessly in bondage while she's being punished, but there is one fault with Betsy: her mouth. Its cute, it sucks even better than it looks, although I've given her lots of chance to practice and lots of encouragement to do better each time, but its terribly undisciplined. It talks and cries and bitches too much under pressure.















I added red to her, both in the jacket and the boots, because red on blonde seems pleasing to me. I added chains, heavy ones like real slaves wore in the good old days when owning a sexy slut like Betsy was routine instead of an exception, because they please me too. Betsy, however, was not exactly pleased. I know because she told me so. Too bad for Betsy.

Because, of course, the jacket and the boots were not the only items in red I had for the lady. A nice mouth-filling gag was close at hand, since I'd anticipated her reaction to the dressing and binding arrangements for the night. Did I say for the night? Oh yes. I'm going to leave Betsy silenced, chained, and delectable in red all night long.

Of course, a nice strict paddling just as the sun sets will add a needed dash of red to another portion of her anatomy. I think it will give her just the right artistic touch, don't you? □



