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Saturday Night
Initiate's Countdown
The Ultimate Present
Roped Punishment

Special Photo Feature:

PAULA KLAU
REMEMBERS BETTY PAGE

BONDAGE MOVIE REVIEW:
Final Settlement



ADULTS ONLY



PRINTED IN U.S.A.



SATURDAY NIGHT

with TRICIA ALLEN

Everyone has their own special thing to do on the weekends. Jack and I like to play our games, especially on Saturday night.

Last Saturday I found myself strung up in the game room, which luckily has high ceilings, gagged and blindfolded. He had a new whip he wanted to try out . . . on me, of course. Spreading in total darkness, I waited . . . and waited. He thinks the apprehension is most of the game, and I agree. When I am strung up in total darkness, one minute seems to drag on forever and it's nothing for him to make me wait ten. I feel the coolness on my bare skin and after a couple of minutes I begin to tingle with desire.

I wasn't prepared for what he did when he finally came back. His touch on my side thrilled me and as his hands came up further, cupping my breasts, I moaned in anticipation, but then I felt a squeezing





sensation on my nipples that kept increasing until it became real pain . . . he was putting nipple clips on me. I bit down on my gag until I thought I was going to bite it in half. Finally it became bearable, but constant. I was not going to forget they were there.

Then he landed his new toy across my buttocks. I swung away as much as I could. His new toy hurt. Again and again it landed, each time sending a new stinging sensation through me. My buttocks, my inner thighs, my hips all felt its searing caress.

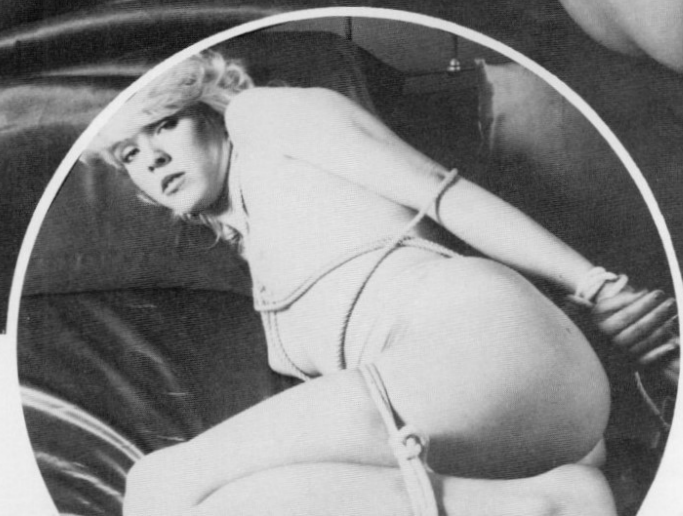
Then, stopping, his hand edged down between my legs, rubbing back and forth, sending me into another world. A world of abandonment. His tongue was wet on my nipples, licking around the nipple clip.

Alternating back and forth between the whipping and his expert means of arousal kept me on a plateau for nearly an hour. When he finally took me to the bedroom, tied me on the bed, and took the vibrator out I was almost crazy with desire. My moans, groans, and pleadings from behind the gag were to no avail. He would not make love to me until I was completely broken and he had made me climax. Spreadeagle now, wrists and legs tied to the bed frame, still gagged and blindfolded with the ever present nipple clips, he began. I could feel him beside me . . . his lips kissing around my gag, his hands exploring between my legs, and then I could hear the dull hum of the vibrator . . . then it was there between my legs, forcing me to arch, to move with it as his lips sought out my nipples around the clips. And I couldn't stop it. . . .

Now, tonight, is different. Naked, I lie bound on our silk sheets, my hands behind me, his ropes cutting across my breasts. It's beyond me how he knows what I can take on any given day. This is perfect for me, for us, tonight. Tonight he has made it casual, easy, tender, and loving. I just hope he doesn't forget the vibrator, but then again he knows me and will do exactly the right thing. □









Final Settlement

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Lily knew the settlement was unfair. She didn't get the house or the car or even her jewels. Her plan was simple. She would simply steal into the house, take what she had coming, and then split for Europe for a few months. Her friends would say she had been there all the while.

Saturday, surely her ex-husband would be off playing golf somewhere. She tucked the gun into her belt. She knew she would never use it, but it made her feel more powerful even if she didn't know how to load it.

In the house she tiptoes up the stairway and tries the door to the master suite. It's locked! Turning, she tries to think what she can use to open it, but she is too late. A hand silently reaches over her and brings the chemical-laden cloth down over her mouth and nose. Her mind whirls and then sinks into a deep slumber. If there was one thing Jack knew, it was his ex-wife. He was waiting. Today was his and he was going to enjoy it . . . and her in all the ways she would never let him when they were married. He pulls his mask off and looks down at his beautiful ex-wife passed out beneath him. Using his key, he unlocks the bedroom door, then reaches and grabs her by the shoulders and pulls her in.

You'll enjoy watching Jack's revenge as he pulls her clothes off and ties her voluptuous body in every way he ever wanted to while fondling her and making her scream with a passion neither one of the two knew she possessed. ■







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Laced into Ecstasy

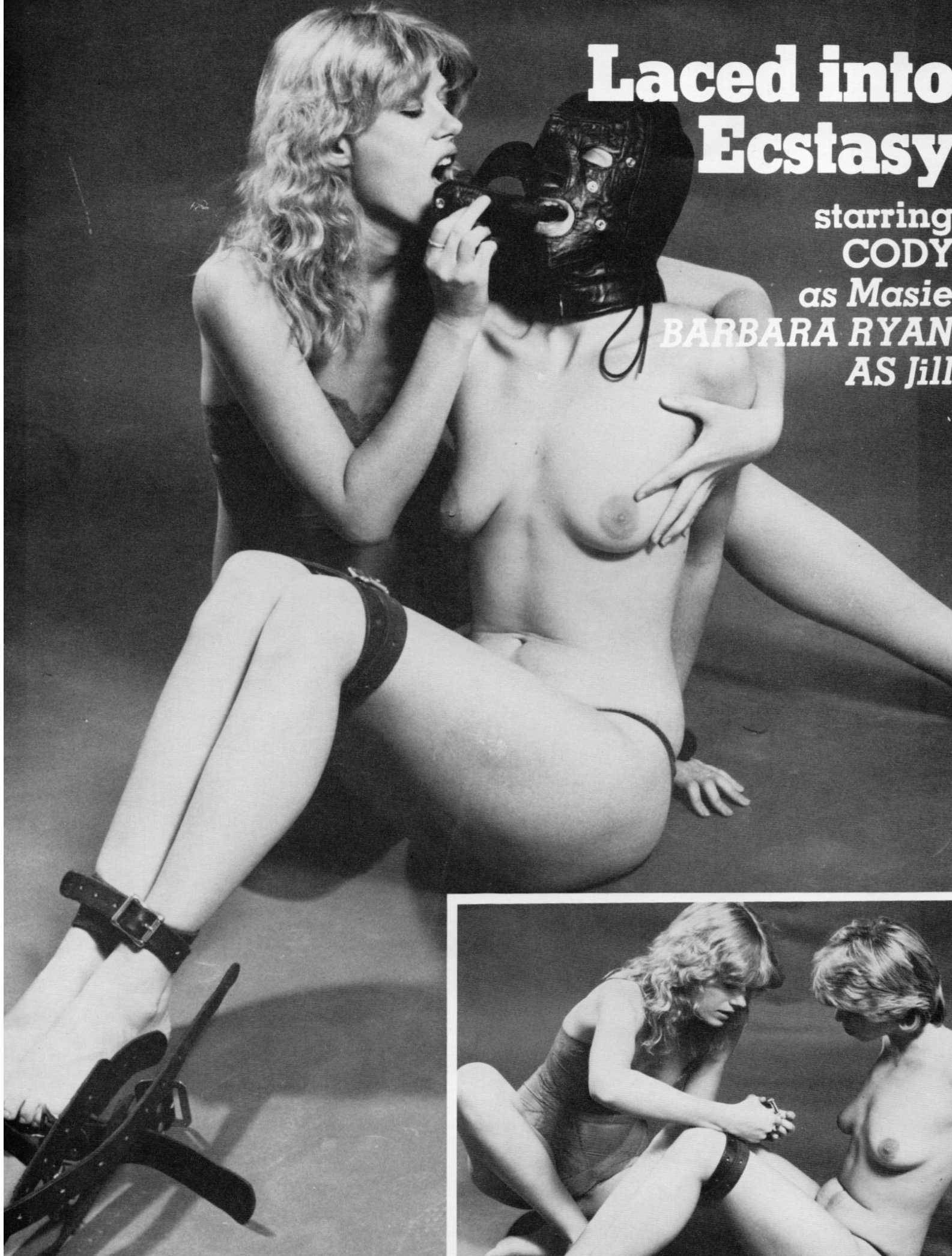
starring

CODY

as *Masie*

BARBARA RYAN

AS *Jill*









Masie waited until she had me tied before bringing out the hood. I looked at the soft, black leather and asked, "What's that?"

"A hood, darling. I bought it for you."

I was suddenly scared, tearing at the ropes by which I had been so thoughtfully tied. Ankles and knees, wrists behind my back. I was helpless. Instead of love-play, Masie had something else in mind. I forced myself back under control, but shivered as I timidly asked, "You don't really intend to use that on me, do you?"

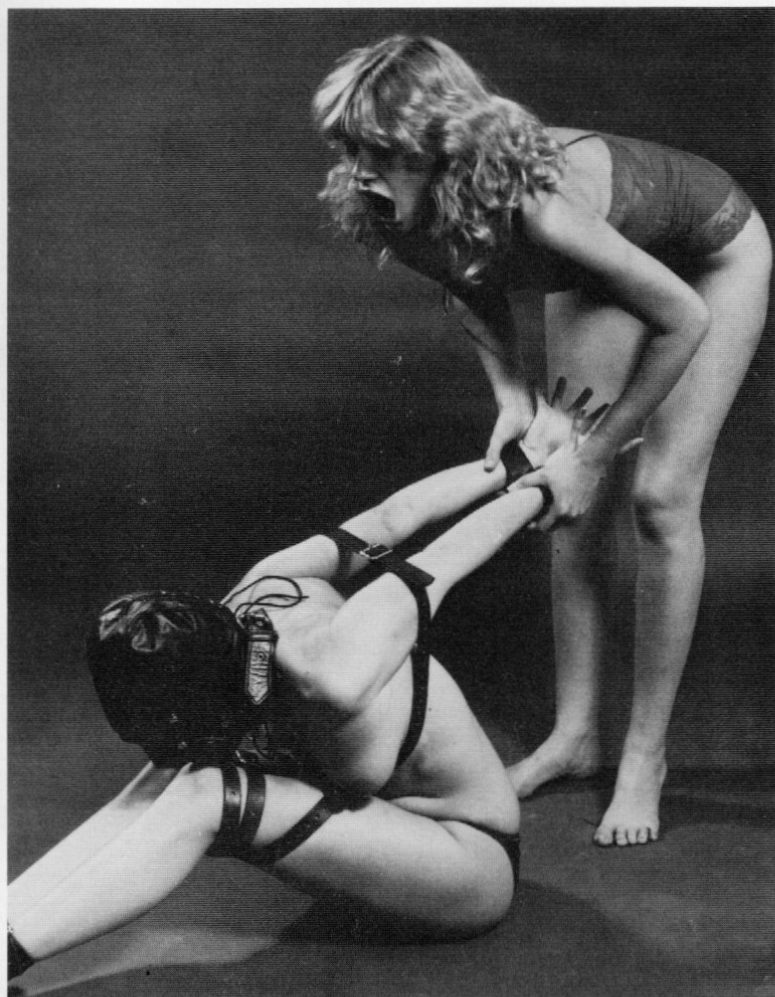
For answer she commenced to fit it over my head. "Hold still, Jill," she demanded forcibly when I shrank back. "You're going to get it whether you like it or not. This cost me a lot of money."

I trembled as my eyes were sheathed, my nose, my lips. The thing was so tight it had to be tugged on, and it still had to be laced. I was now in darkness. My darling's voice came to me as from a distance. "I'm going to lace you up now, dear."

She laced me up. At the end I kept shaking my head as though I believed I could rid myself of this dark isolation. I was breathing through a few small holes. I could not scream. I was already helpless, but there began for me then the most claustrophobic adventure of my life. I had lost speech, sight, and sound, but the rest of me was trebly sensitive. When Masie touched one of my nipples lightly with her fingertip, I almost jumped out of my skin. I shook my hooded head frantically. I wanted out. I wondered how much Masie knew of the awfulness of what she had done to me. It was useless to cry. I blinked back my tears.

"I'm going to do things to you, pet. You mustn't be frightened. Afterwards I'll want to know what it's like."

I don't know if she shouted or whispered into the place where my ear should be, but I heard her warning. Nevertheless, it did not prepare me for the soft suction of Masie's mouth on my other nipple. Or was it Masie! How could I know! □









The Ultimate Present

with
LANA ALBERTS
as Cindy
PAMELA
CROWLEY
as Janet

Janet, my wife, has to be the best thing that ever happened to me. She understands me so perfectly.

She told me she had the ultimate birthday present for me, but I had no idea it would be this great.

Her girlfriend, Candy, came in from New York yesterday and now, today, I find not only my wife lovingly tied and waiting for me but the added spice of a stunning blonde helpless beside her on our bed.

They don't know I can watch them. Janet's so damn cute. She's afraid she may be punished for what she has done. She's uneasy and would like to get loose. But she has tied herself in a bit too well for escape and changing her mind. She sits up on the bed and puts her feet here and there, and even hangs them over the side while she concentrates on her hands, but I can see there is no way. She started this and I am certainly going to enjoy it.

Watching the two darlings isn't all that good of an idea. It gets me horny as hell and it's still early.

I suppose I'll just saunter in casually and collect my surprise. . . . □









ROPED PUNISHMENT



with
KIM BITTNER
as *Allison*
NANCY PETERS
as *Sue*

"Punishment by immobility, dear. It's neat and tidy and almost painless."

"What d'y'ou mean 'almost'?" Allison gives me a suspicious look. Allison is not a bit sure about what I am doing. "And understand, Sue, I don't want any of your lesbian tricks."

I sighed and stood away. I did it well. "Okay, okay, we'll call the whole thing off. You're stoo skittish. You can take the other alternative—"

"No. No, I didn't say that. Well, anyway, here's my hands. I have the gloves on the way you said, and I'm naked. Go ahead and tie me before I change my mind. This isn't easy for me, y'know."

I placed her hands palm to palm and bound her wrists tight with several loops. I was anxious to get her to where it no longer mattered how she argued or beefed. Right quick I got her bound arms hoisted above her head up in the air. She made a very pretty picture.

"Don't you dare touch my panties!"

"Oh, shut up!"

Really, Allison is a bit much. She wants things but does not want to pay for them. I pity her husband, if she ever gets one, or even a lesbian partner, but I'll try that out later, after I've softened her up. "I'm going to tie you now, dear," I tell her gently.

"But I'm already tied!"

"Only your hands, dear, above your head. The rest of you is free." I picked up the rope.











Allison wriggled uneasily and viewed my piece of rope as she might have done a rattlesnake. "There's really no need," she ventures. "I feel quite helpless. I can't get away."

"A day of immobility, remember, Allison?"

"But I'm immobilized. I have to stand—"

"Perhaps you would like a gag, dear?"

"Don't be so mean, Sue. All I was doing was reminding you. Gosh, this is bad enough the way I am now."

Mention of the gag kept her quiet while I roped her ankles. When I started on her knees, she broke out again, testily: "That's silly, Sue dear. You've tied my ankles—how can my feet matter?"

"Just for effect. It gives balance." I tugged away busily.

Allison sniffed. She has an eloquent sniff. "Oh, all right then. But what are you up to now? Round my middle . . . ?"

"Just tying it."

"But that's silly too. How can my tummy go anywhere when the rest of me is all tied up and I simply have to stand here?"

"Allison, stop beefing. You are here to be punished. You don't think standing with your hands up in the air is punishment, do you?"

"Well, of course."

"Well, it's not your punishment. You are going to be properly tied. Now, just to stop these endless complaints— " □



