

NOT TO BE SOLD TO PERSONS UNDER 21 YEARS OF AGE

Bound to Please

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**SLAVE
FOR
SALE**

**LEASH LAW
A BOUNTEOUS BARGAIN
BONDONAUT
A COPPER TONED AND TANNED
BUYER PROTECTION PLAN
THE BACKUP CREW**



PRINTED IN USA





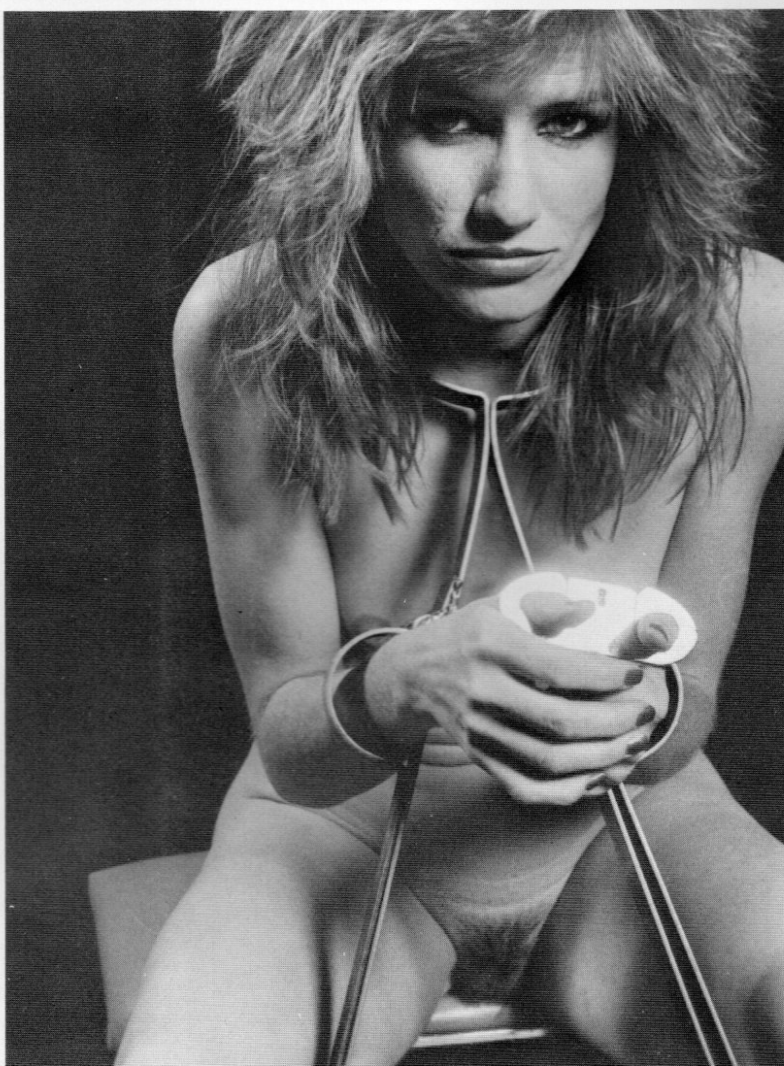
SLAVE FOR SALE

When you sell as many slaves as we do over the course of a year, they tend to blur into a vague melange of tits, clits, and naughty bits. While we pride ourselves on the high standards to which we hold those who procure these women, and the degree of training to which they are subjected, there is a sameness about even the highest beauty that becomes, frankly, a bit of a bore after awhile.

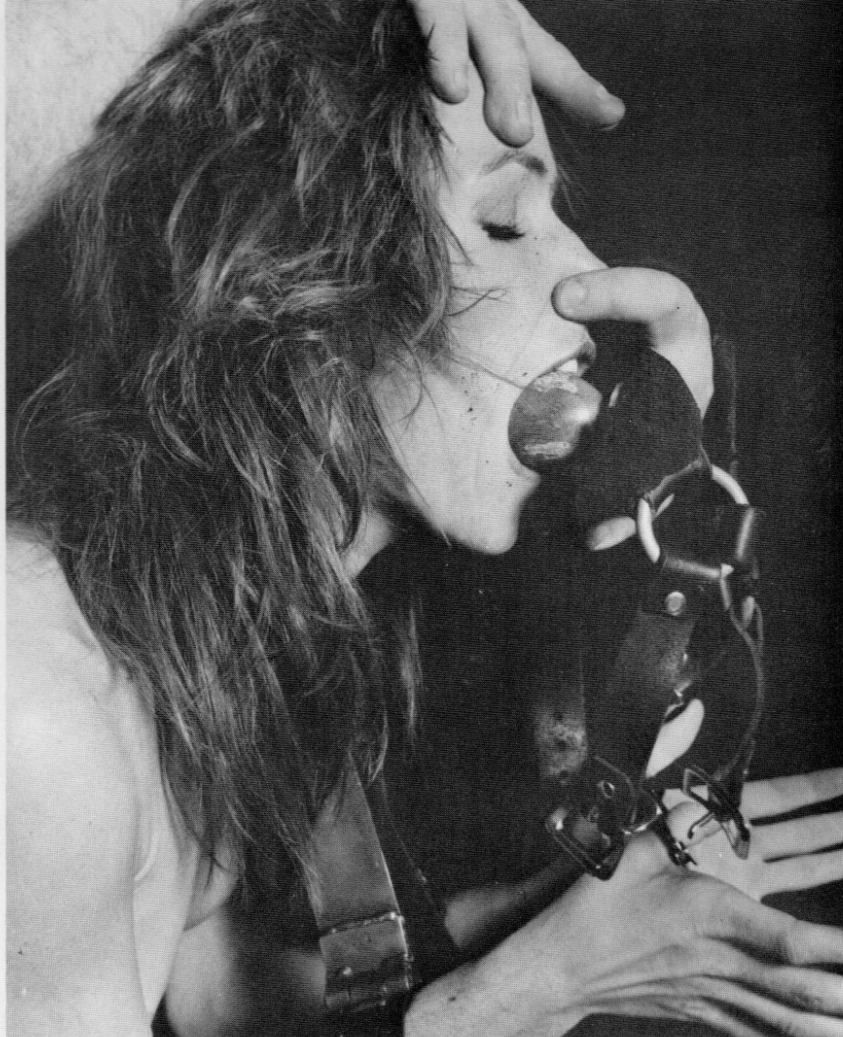
That's why it's nice when something unusual comes along to brighten the dull work of catching, binding, training, and vending slave girls, and this particular piece of merchandise is a special one indeed. She's a bit thin by our usual standards, but as you can see, is a rare flower for our bouquet of wenches in rope, straps, and chain.

First a little about her background is in order. Unlike the pretty but usually middle-class women we normally trade in, this is a blue-blooded filly from a noble house. Usually the girls of the wealthier classes are a risk to capture and abduct because they usually have more interested and powerful friends and families to search after them and cause pressure on our well-compensated political friends in high places if their daughters are not returned unharmed.

Samantha here is different. This is truly an example of paying the ultimate price for being a royal pain in the ass. She's such a brat, it seems, that her family has disowned her. In bygone days it took a major sin, such as sleeping with someone beneath the family's class or out of its race, to garner the girl this sort of brandishment, but times are more liberal, while sensitivities are more, well, sensitive.







Samantha took the title "rich bitch" a bit too seriously, it seems, mouthing off to Mumsy and Daddykins, not to mention Gramps and Grams, and the family patriarch and matriarch—and goldmine. The parents were given a simple ultimatum: Kick her out or take a long walk on a short financial pier themselves.

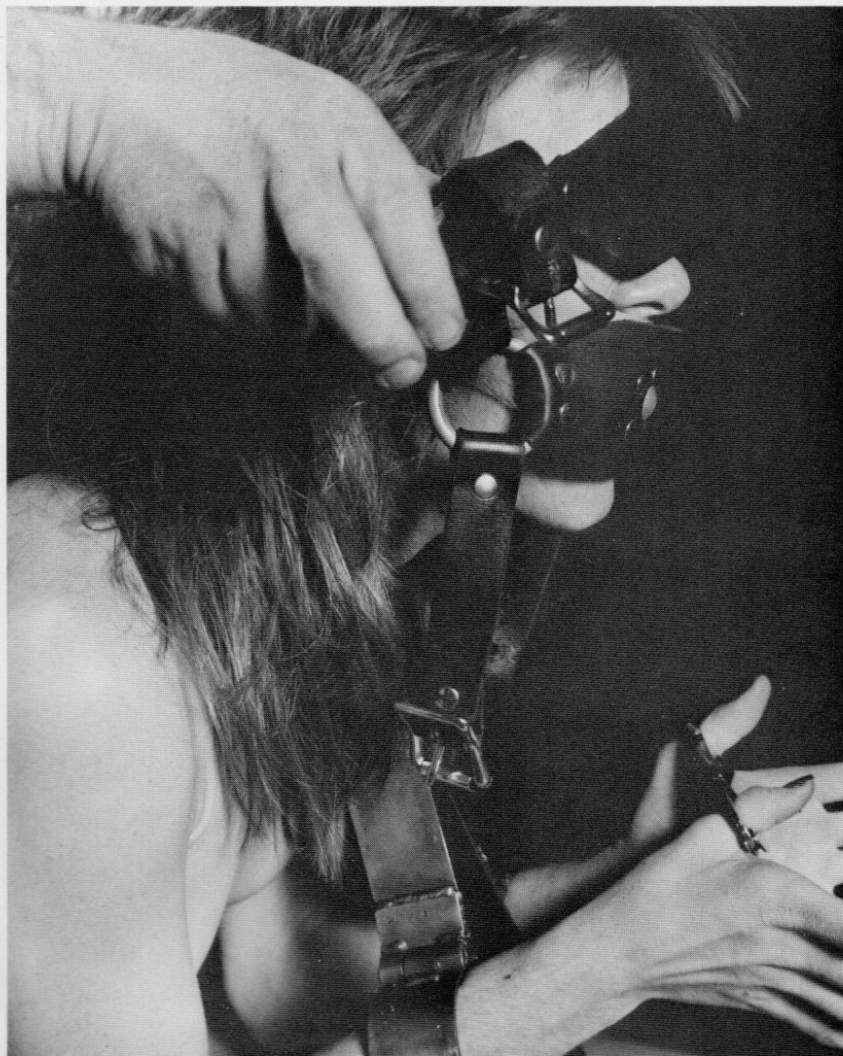
They chose themselves, as we all do in the end, and left Samantha out in the cold. We're warming her up nicely, as you can see.

Of course, her brattishness needs to be cured, and we are happy to provide the discipline that her family refused to supply. We do it not with their failed solutions of understanding, toys, and expensive child psychology. We use force. It works so much better and quicker.

For example, you see this slave encased in our Number 43 Iron Triangle, a variation on the old concept of the pillory and stock. In this case, the bars that hold wrists, ankles, and neck are made of steel instead of wood, better both functionally in that they hold tighter and spiritually in that they reinforce the feelings of helplessness that bring a girl to her senses about her new role as a slave very nicely.

Samantha has had a few little refinements added to her predicament, most noticeably the combination blindfold, gag, and training harness we find it necessary to strap around her steel-collared head to both stifle her noisily screamed protests and limit her spiritual horizons.

When we jam the bulbous wooden plug into her mouth, it is not done out of cruelty. We do it to preserve her silent dignity. We do it to remind her of her humble positions. And yes, we do it to stop the noise too. Rich parents aren't the only people in the world who are sensitive, after all.





The thumb cuffs are a nice touch, thought up by one of our most experience female taskmistresses. Yes, we do employ women as slave trainers, since we find some of them not only have a greater insight into the psychology of women than we men do, but also have perhaps a greater appetite for the torturous teasing of a captured woman than we do too. At any rate, the pinching bands of steel around this slave's thumbs are another reminder of her slave status, something we try to keep present in her mind at all times, especially with a slave who presents as much of a training challenge as this one does.

Frankly, we're behind schedule with her, and may auction her off as a partially trained item in a special sale for those who prefer to punish their slaves themselves. We have many clients like this, and if they buy a well-trained girl, they find some flaws in her behavior, real or imagined, to punish anyhow. It's more fun for them to have one like Samantha to use and mold to their wills, though, and we're sure she'll bring a fine price. Not, perhaps, a rich-bitch queen's ransom, but a very adequate remuneration for all the loving care and attention we've lavished on her since she's been our guest.

Of course, we always sell slaves like Samantha with a very limited warranty on obedience. Five weeks or fifty thousand lashes, whichever comes first. And in her case, we may give away the iron triangle and a whip as an added bonus.

What are we bid? ☐





A BOUNTEOUS BARGAIN

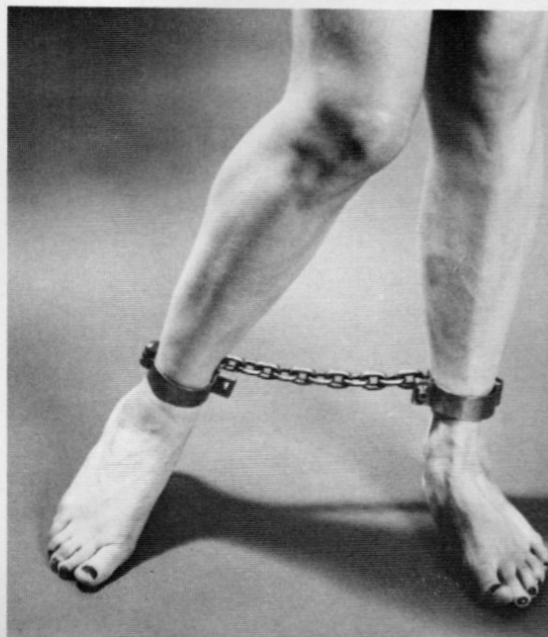
Betsy was once a happy, carefree, somewhat arrogant college beauty from Topeka, Kansas with hundreds of love-starved Midwestern men at her feet. Today she cowers at the feet of men, locked into iron, stripped to flimsy lace, and about to be sold as the property of a master of slaves.

What a curiously wonderful capricious thing is life!

We are slavers. We make no bones about it, and we make a great deal of monetary profit in the trade. However, we also see ourselves as the keepers of the flame of justice in some small way. We bring balance and order to a disordered world.

Now we don't stop wars or cure diseases, and we can't make any further political or legal efforts than we already do via generous bribes of cash and flesh to those who turn the other cheek to allow us to continue our business affairs. But we do tend to balance the unfair advantage that youth, beauty, and femininity afford to some privileged young women. We take these advantages away and make the possession of this youthful feminine beauty a decided disadvantage. It makes them valuable commodities and ripe for the picking by our acquisitions department.









For example, Betsy, the young lady show here, was a bit of a snob. She didn't just let any boy at school court her or wine and dine her, and damn few of those ever got more than a teasingly hot kiss or a quick feel of those bursting breasts of hers before being shown the back of her hand and the door in an outraged huff.

Betsy wasn't outraged. The little slut was excited, we're sure, because we notice that even now, chained on a leash and locked into steel stocks that keep her a total captive on the auction block, she's getting wet. Look closely and you'll see that it's true. The insatiable little whore is a born nymphomaniac, and therefore a natural born slave.

You see, people don't buy slaves to fetch and carry any more, nor to pick and plant cotton, or even to clean their houses. Although we did have one request for a slave for a man who had no kinky sexual imagination and was just, as he put it, "fed up with hearing the bitches say they don't do windows!"

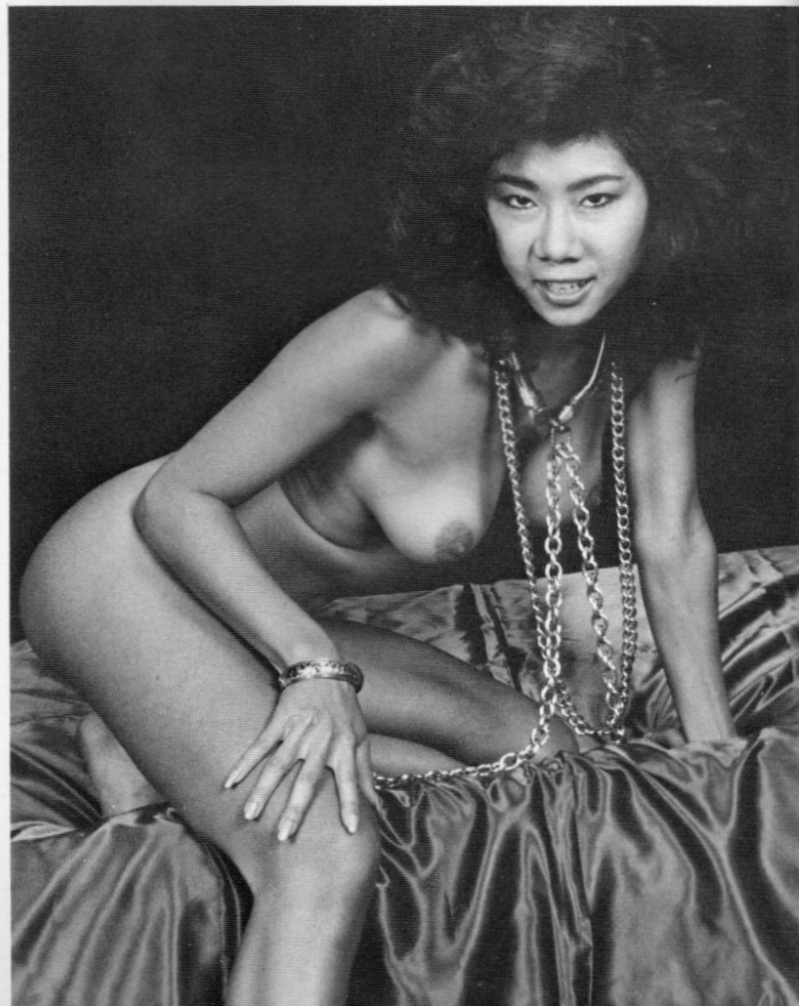
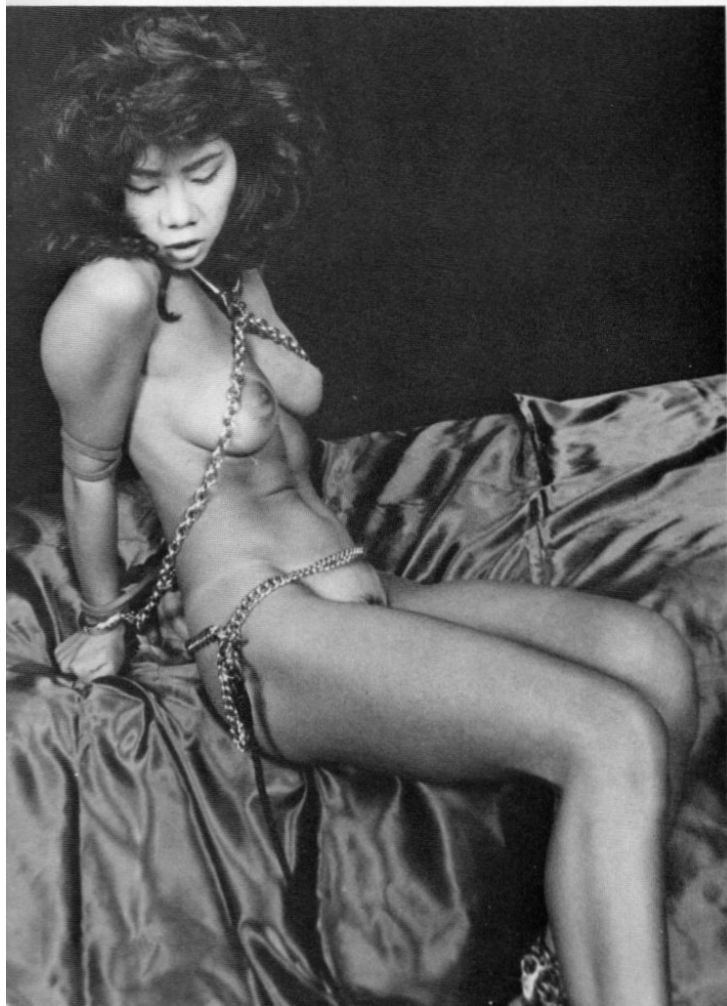
No, our slaves are sold for sex. Normal sex, abnormal sex, strange sex, fun sex. We do not specify the use of the product after sale. We assume that the buyers are not interested in "relationships" and "love." They want a well-trained, occasionally well-whipped woman to fuck and fuck hard, and one who fucks back. These are in short supply in the real world, and thankfully, there is little sign of the shortage improving. It means that there is always a market for a bounteous bargain like Betsy, and we should bring in a very nice stipend for her ownership.

Betsy, of course, is confused and frightened, which only adds to her desirability, for while she will find herself helpless to resist her owner's will, she'll try anyhow, and that often makes things just spicy enough for an owner to have a very special experience, and that means a repeat customer, and that's what makes our bank accounts so full.

So, as you see, Betsy has been sold while we watched her. The master of her dreams and/or nightmares has taken the leash in hand. She will walk, in her chains, or be dragged in them. It makes no difference, and she's already beginning to understand that she isn't in Kansas any more and that her will is just going to have to bend, or else be broken.

She's a smart girl, after all, and would have been a college graduate in another two months. We're sure her master will finish her education for her and teach her things about the world that matter more than any mere academics ever did.

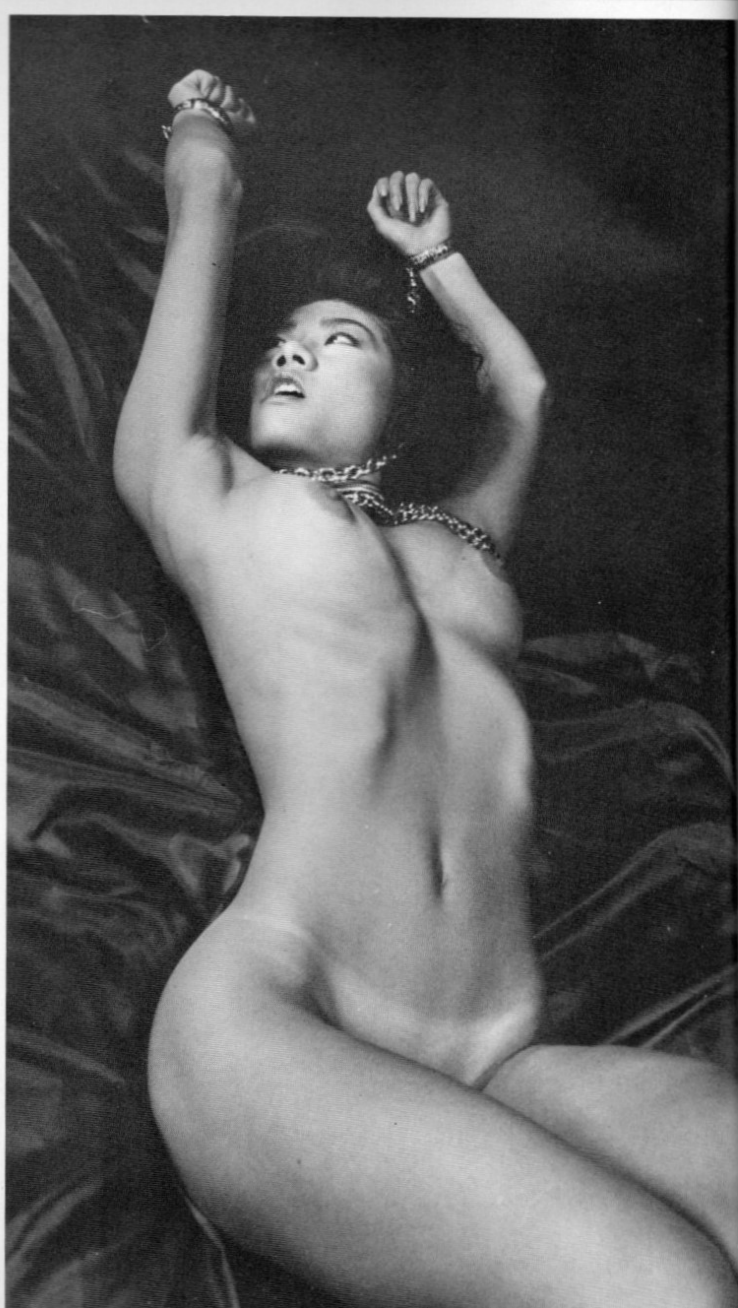
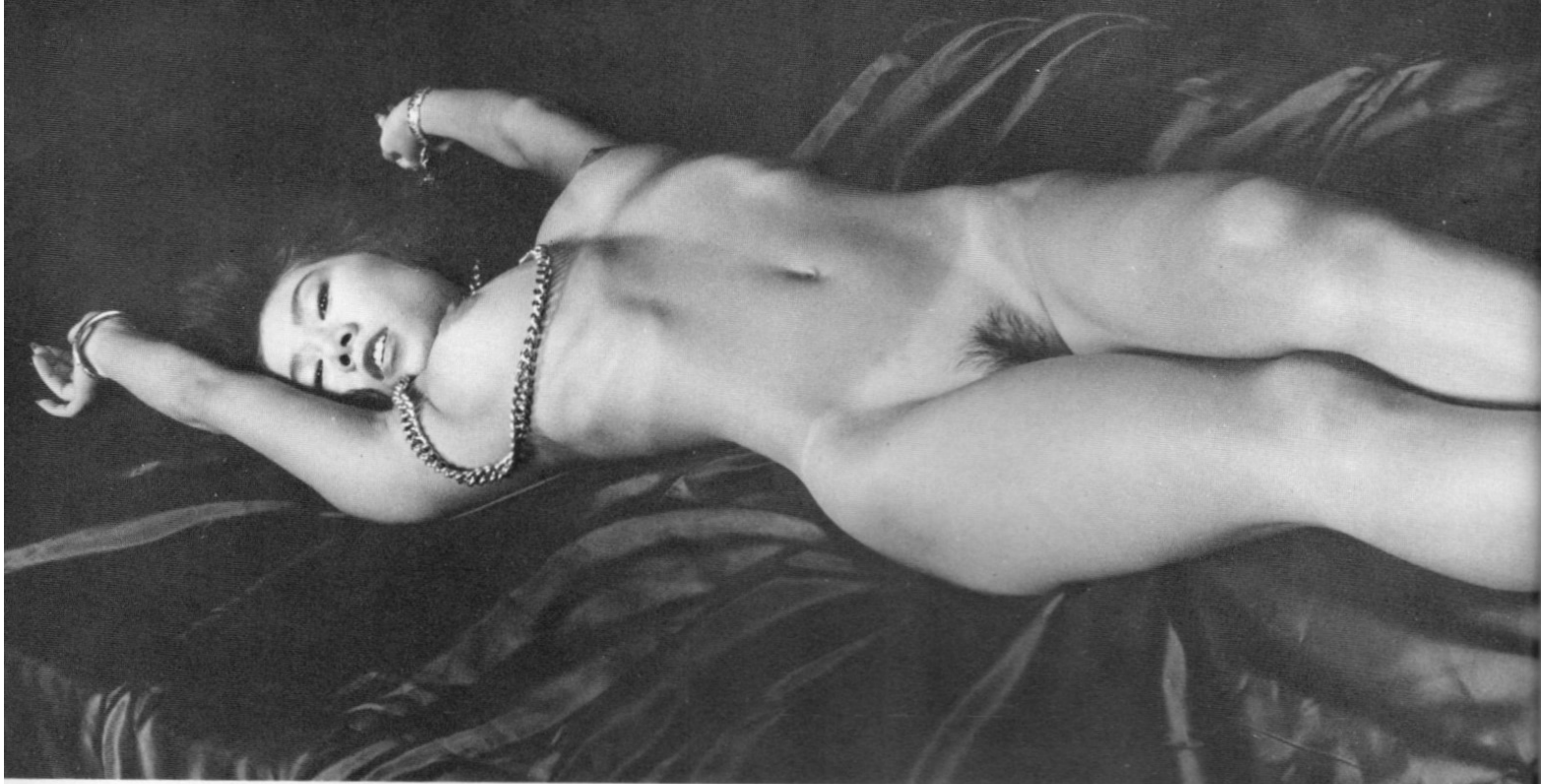
But we have lots more where she came from, and many from other places. They are all for sale. They are all delicious. They can all become bounteous bargains for you too. □





PUSSY ON A CHAIN











LEASH LAW

There are more advantages than you might think to being a slave girl.

Oh, sure. You can't go out to the movies or go shopping whenever you want. And yes, it's true that you have to obey your mistress, and sometimes the punishments are more to spite you than in return for actual misdeeds. And it is true that being kept in a continual state of sexual tension is a bit wearing on both the nerves and the lingerie.

But there are certain compensations. One of them is my beautiful mistress—her body, her pussy, and her care for me. I love to be loved like this, and even if she does keep me on a leash most of the time like a tamed animal, you know how pampered pets can become when their owners truly care.

My mistress cares. She does! I mean, if she didn't care, why would she put me in such sexy undies all the time? She loves me, and she likes to dress me up like a toy doll, brush my hair, make up my face, and then put on my collar and leash and take me for walks through her domain.

Of course, there are a few drawbacks to slavery. For example, she doesn't like it when I beg for her pussy, because she says it's up to her, not me, to say when I get to eat her pink petals and blond bush. And so, when my requests become demands, I get gagged.

Sometimes my talk-stopper is just a rotten old rag of a scarf that gets pushed into my mouth and yanked behind my teeth, but on other more intense occasions, Mistress rams a big black rubber phallus in between my lips and down my throat, and then straps and locks it in for hours, "just so you don't forget what a man feels like."











Of course, when I'm in chains and my leash, there's little I can do to protest this indignity, or the other more painful ones I am occasionally "gifted" with. I am spanked often, but then I guess I deserve it often too. Mistress is a very good spanker, using her leather-gloved hand like a hard paddle, bringing my plump cheeks to a rosy glow as I cry and sob and beg over her black-stockinged knees. I hate being trained like a naughty child, but when I'm naughty, I deserve it, so I'm secretly glad that my mistress loves me enough to discipline me.

Mistress says she loves me best over all of her slaves because I combine what she calls "the perfect mixture of innocent little girl and brazen whore." I'm not quite sure what she means, but if it means I'm sexy and cute and cuddly and hot, well, Mistress never lies. I am proud to serve her, taking care of every little need, but never without the cuffs and leg irons and collar and leash that announce my slavery to the world.

I do all sorts of service, but mostly with my tongue. I shine Mistress's boots to a radiant gloss with my pink tongue, being careful never to miss a single spot or else she will point out that spot with her riding crop and then use it on my stinging ass.

Of course, my tongue come in handy for all sorts of other things too. Boots aren't the only parts of a mistress that can shine glossily, and when the sun sets and our daily chores are done, my mouth works feverishly on Mistress's exposed nipples, sucking them through the cutouts of her black bra until the pink buds erect themselves and soft, contented sighs issue from her ruby-red lips.

Then it's time for other lips to meet mine, and I descend my blond head to her blond bush, making it gloss like never before! Shiny pussies are happy pussies, and I even dart my tongue up her butt as well from time to time, bringing my mistress to the peak of orgasm over and over again.

Of course, I do all this still tethered to my leash, and I do it all with the full knowledge that I am still the slave and Mistress is in command. But when I've got her moaning, really coming like Niagra, I sometimes wonder just who's controlling who.

This leash law rule of ours has two sides, you see, just like a leash has two ends. And the game of who is pulling her end hardest is the game that makes our mistress/slavegirl relationship the best there is! □



BUYER PROTECTION PLAN





This next item on our "dance card" of slaves for sale comes with a warning label, albeit not from the government or the surgeon general, but from our slave training staff of technicians who are no less expert than those august officials.

It reads: "Warning! Untying this nasty little bitch may be hazardous to your health!"

Hmmmm. Let's check out the fine print, shall we? "Although this blond wench looks innocent and demure enough in her cute lingerie and retiring pose while bound we've found through painful experience that if you release her legs, she'll kick. If you untie her wrists, she'll slap. If you ungag her mouth, she'll scream. And she even thrashes about pretty good with all these ropes on her bod. Watch it. That is all."

Well, our experts usually know their woman flesh well, but we can't see how they can be right about this one. Look at her. Cute, certainly, but also tall in an appealingly ungangly way that is seldom found. The curve of the hips is just right, and that skimpy G-string just barely hides the curly pubes that mark her as a youthful slave with little sexual experience.

Her hair is a bit much, that which we can see of it, and done in a flip style that's more suited to the go-go boots of the 60s than the swanky sophisticated 80s, but then that also adds appeal.





The breasts seem firm and tender, well made to accomodate either a tender nibbling from loving lips and teeth, or the harsher disciplines of metal spring clamps or wooden clothespins. We do know that slave girls occasionally misbehave and have no qualms about applying the appropriately painful punishment to them at such times as they do. In fact, we rather like it.

Aha! She turned in her ropes there—did you see it? What a wonderful ass! It's an ass made for spanking, and if that red glow isn't just a reflection from this auction block's scarlet motif, an ass that's been recently spanked or paddled, no doubt in an attempt to cool down her fiery attitude with some flames of punishment that heated her seat.

And when we inspect further, what do we find? That seems like a very large amount of mouth packing, so we guess she really is a talkative, argumentative little bitch beneath her cutesy appearance. Perhaps the gag was indeed necessary. Perhaps the spanking was too.

Okay, here's what we'll do. We'll sell her now, as is our usual custom at auction, to the highest bidder over the rather substantial reserve price. But we'll make an added offer to allow for that warning label, which seems, after careful deliberation, to be very justified in this case.

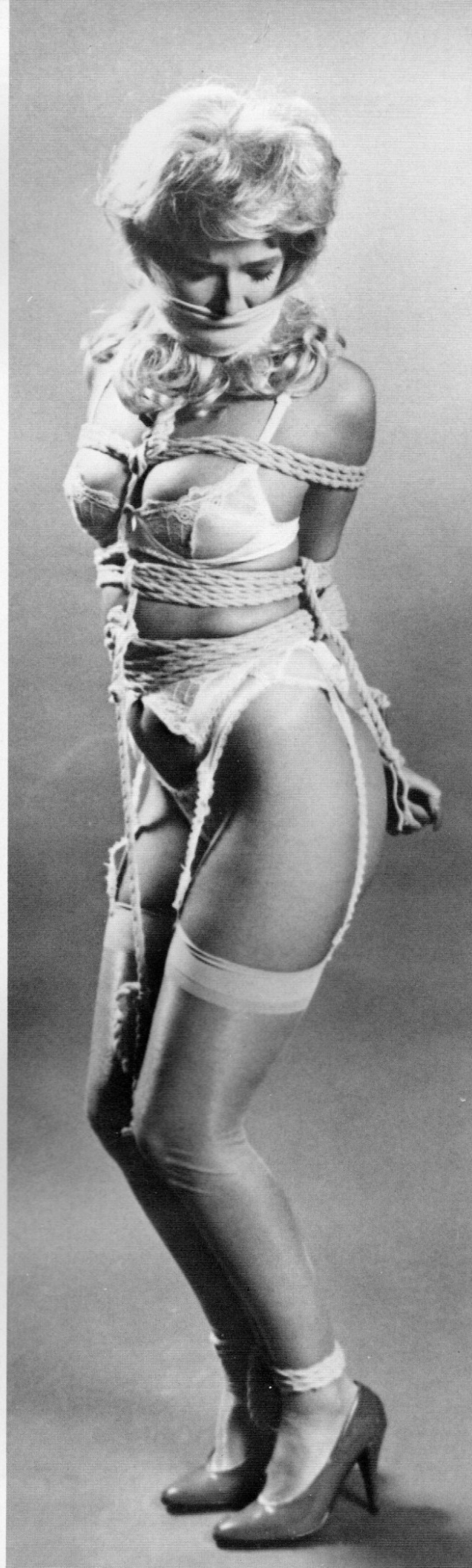
We offer you a buyer's protection plan that can't be beat. It's a revolutionary concept in slave trading, but that's the kind of bold innovative mood you expect here, isn't it?

The name of our protection scheme? Rope. Lots and lots of rope. Rope like you see holding her so tightly as her flesh is peddled on the block. If you keep her tied like this, she'll be no trouble to you. Those long, luscious legs won't be able to kick, nor those hands able to slap, nor that mouth able to taunt.

We'll keep her bundled up and helpless as we sell her to you, just the way she deserves to be, until you come up with more innovative and amusing punishments of your own once you've bought her for yourself. After all, she'll be your property then.

Gentlemen—and lady—it's time to begin the sale. Your opening bids, if you please. □









A COPPER TONED AND TANNED

She thought the idea for the costume party would be a real winner, but she didn't count on being lost in its spell herself.

It all began when she ordered the costumes. As she usually did, she positively brutalized the guy at the costume shop over the phone. Barbara always was known for giving good phone, or at least hard phone, and she'd done it to every florist, caterer, repairman, and market from Brentwood to Pasadena, and so the Hollywood costume shop fellow was no exception.

When he asked her to come approve the motif herself, she kind of looked forward to it. A long, slow day of nothing to do would be broken up by doing two of her favorite things: spending money and being a bitch. Maybe he'd even be cute. That would be fun!

He was more handsome than cute, which was both more exciting and a bit daunting, because she really had to admit to herself that the tall blond hunk was getting her black patterned tights damp. She added her bluster to her fluster and overcame.

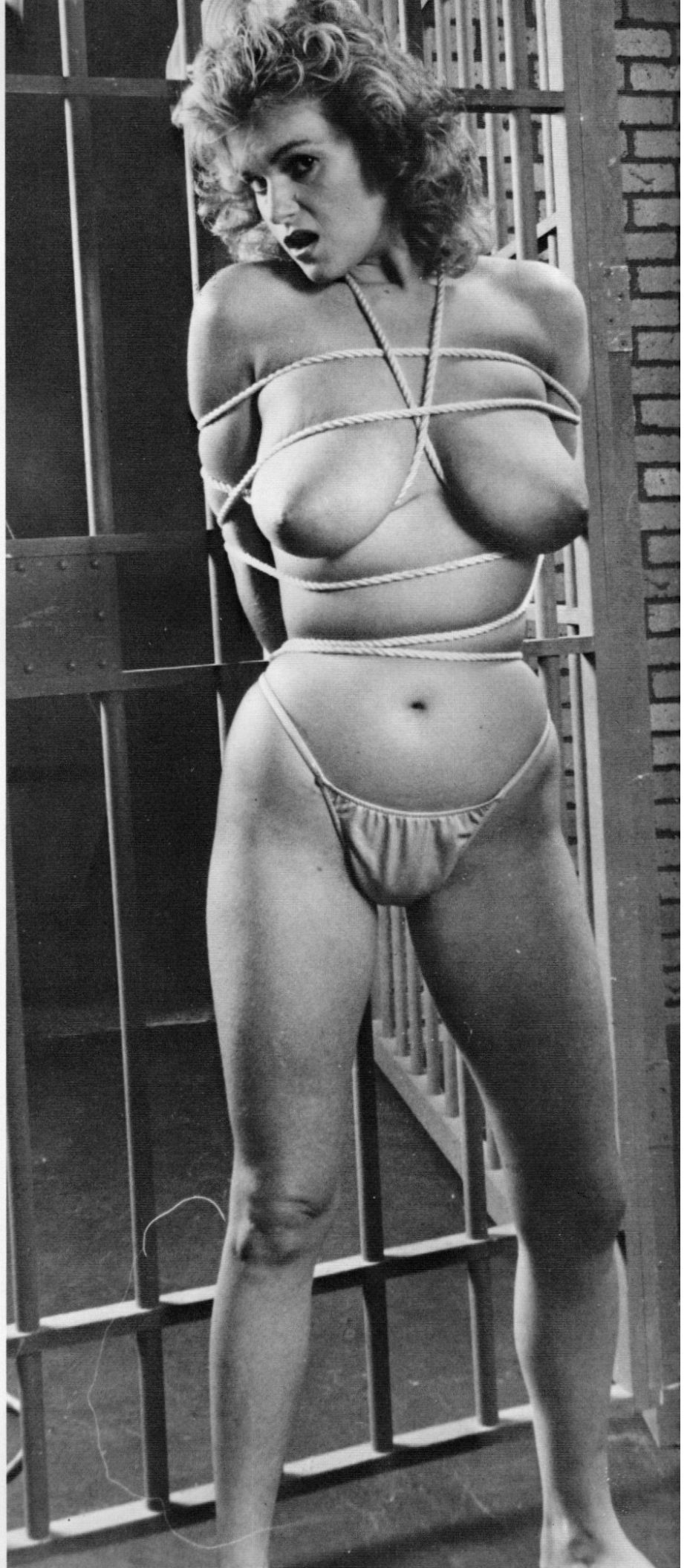
"Now where's my policewoman's suit, son?" she asked as they toured his studio. "I told you just what I needed."

He gave her the hat, pulled off her blouse in one continuous movement, and soon had her captured for real, a proper prisoner of her own passions and a copper on whose beat the tables had turned.













THE BACKUP CREW

Those sounds coming from the next room are not unusual for this place, so don't be alarmed. That squealing, almost screaming sound of two young women under duress, coupled with a few guttural male grunts of satisfaction, is a common kind of music played here in my den of delicious iniquity.

We are a very unique house, because all the women here are slaves. Not whores, not actresses, not "modeling students," or any other independent thing of any kind. They are slaves. I own them. They have not a shred of freedom, and they are here just to amuse me and my guests. Of course, the guests often reward me for these amusements, and I am, therefore, unlike most slave traders because I do not sell. I lease.

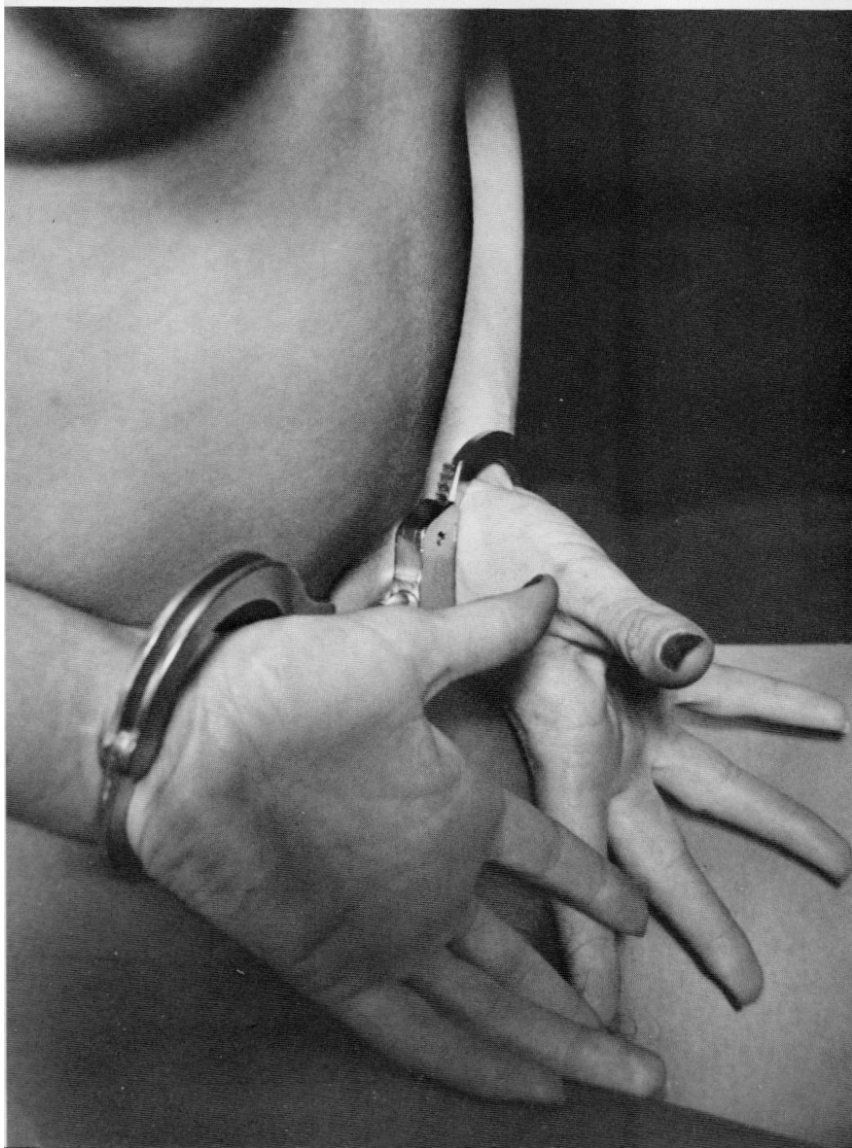
You must understand that while many men in this world of ours have the means and desire to possess human slaves, especially beautiful female ones, not all can do so due to the world's scrutiny. The gentlemen in the next room, for example, are well known from the evening news broadcast, and like most political people, are under constant press inquiry. They can sneak away for a day or two, but to possess real slaves at their residences or even in some secret hideaway would eventually ruin their images and careers.

So they come here. They indulge themselves. They screw, chew, nip, whip, pinch, and inch their ways to happiness with my slave women. And they are satisfied most of the time.

Which brings us to the two bitches tied to this stool, gagged, chained, and otherwise fettered in silent suffering. They are obviously not under the lash or the flesh. What purpose then do they serve?

Simple. This is what you Americans call in your space program the backup crew. My customers are most discriminating, and they pay me very well to be totally satisfied. It is a well-known policy of this house that should a slave girl not please her master in some way, a replacement will be provided at once.





These two bound women are recently captured specimens, and not very well trained yet. They do not bow and scrape, and have yet to learn to instantly beg for a master to put his staff into their mouths at his first appearance in their sight. Ah well, they will have a long time to learn their lessons, and it will be a pleasing task to teach them with the whip and the strap.

The two girls being sexually violated in the next chamber are pros. I have owned them for a few years now, and I'm sure that they will please my honored guests. But just in case, these two neophytes are bound and ready.

I don't want them to get bored here, bound on their thrones of slavery. I may just tweak a nipple or four, or perhaps rub their inner thighs roughly to get them all wet and ready for their use by their owner's guests. Yes, I might just try that while I wait.

I hope it's a long wait. What with all the preparing and coddling, then the farewells and payment at the end of the sessions, about the only recreational time I have is while my customers are in the midst of their festivities, and these two are such tender buds, waiting for my firm hand to pluck their freedom from them.

I shall indulge. I am, after all, the master of this domain. And I own these two. I own them totally and forever more. □

