

NAKED BONDAGE

NAKED IN THIS ISSUE:

SANDY'S CHAINED WHIPPING

THE WHIP WHISTLED AND CUT!

STRAPPED FOR A SPANKING

A LOUD CRACK AND A SHOT OF AGONY!

NAKED AND HELPLESS

THERE IS NO ESCAPE!

CHAINED FOR ACTION

NAKED, BENT & HELPLESS!

STRUNG-UP KITTENS

FOUR GIRLS BOUND & HELPLESS!

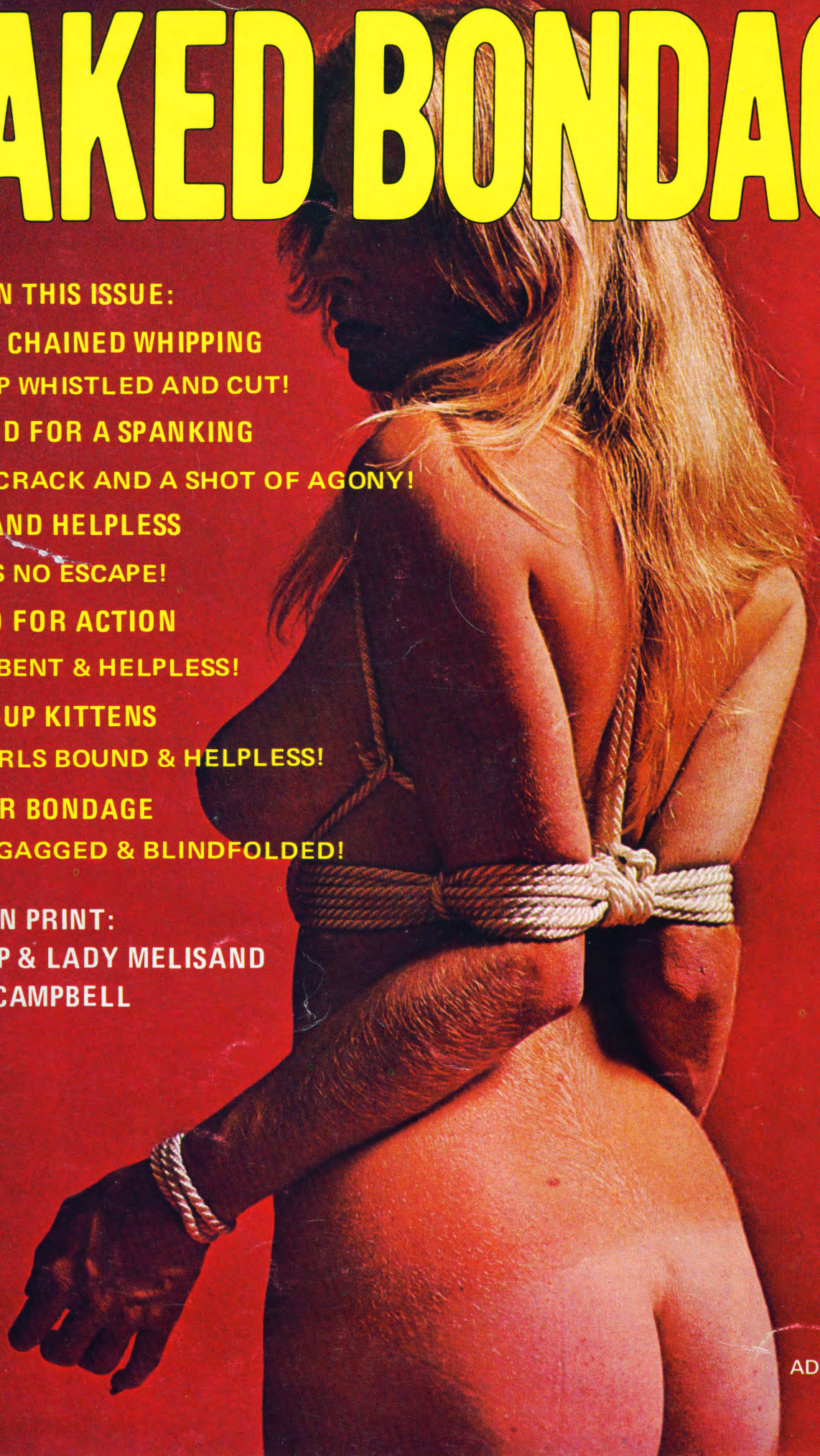
BENT FOR BONDAGE

BOUND, GAGGED & BLINDFOLDED!

AGONY IN PRINT:

THE WHIP & LADY MELISAND

BY F. E. CAMPBELL



ADULTS ONLY!

NAKED BONDAGE NUMBER 2



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Biologically, sex is a pretty mechanical thing. Snakes and fish engage in it, just as human beings do. But human beings have the power of creative imagination and need to surround their love-making with images that excite the mind while the physical aspects of love go on automatically. This is where the "different strokes for different folks" philosophy comes in.

Your editors are discovering that vast numbers of people find voluntary bondage a very satisfying kind of "stroke" for them. In addition to helping our readers enjoy bondage more fully, we are interested also in establishing the legitimacy of this type of sexual foreplay. When bondage is chosen by consenting adults as a way to heighten their mutual pleasure, it is every bit as "moral" as the standard wining-and-dining pattern that precedes a pleasant evening in bed. It is certainly more moral than the routine fumbling-and-humping that eventually destroys a sexual relationship.

For one thing, bondage takes more time, and thus involves the participants more fully with each other. The sight and feel of artful restraint, and the erotic fantasies of domination and submission that accompany it, are sources of genuine and legitimate pleasure to our readers. But they—and we—are repelled by the thought of severe pain and of the involuntary exploitation of one person by another. If the "different folks" does not include both parties in the bondage relationship, we want none of it—and suggest that those who do go elsewhere.



THE WHIP AND LADY MELISAND

By
F. E. Campbell

Melisand wished she could die, wished for the black of night, wished for a cloak, any cloak, to cover her nakedness. She struggled frantically at her bonds but found them without sympathy. Her hands had been tied at the back of the tree, tied with soft strips of hide against which there was nothing to prevail save a sharp blade. Her arms had been pulled back with such savagery as to wrack and distort her shoulders so that the cones of her breasts reached forward with a volition of their own. Their taut exposure made her doubly and trebly nude. But the raiders had not been satisfied with that. They had bound her small waist with the same brutality so that she felt herself cut in twain. Then her feet had been tugged to either side of the trunk and cruelly tied so as to draw her legs apart and leave her open. The dark patch of her pubic hair proclaimed her sex as might a clarion call. Between one binding and another, her pubis asserted itself as arrogantly as did her breasts. The twenty-year-old girl was mantled in one vast blush of shame. She had been naked before the eyes of few women . . . never a man!

"T' wench be a fair sight ter see, for sure," said the one-eyed yokel with the staff.

His companion assessed the female nakedness so competently displayed for his approval. "She'll make you and me a good lay, and still fetch some silver at Tom's Tavern. Got a good eye fer a bit o' flesh has old Tom." He laughed raucously.

"How'd ye get on that there tree, girl?" One-eye demanded.

As though previously damned, the words poured readily from Melisand's lips. "Raiders from the coast. My arrow wounded one, perhaps to his death. They stripped me, took my clothes and my bow, bound me thus and left me. Tis hours since."

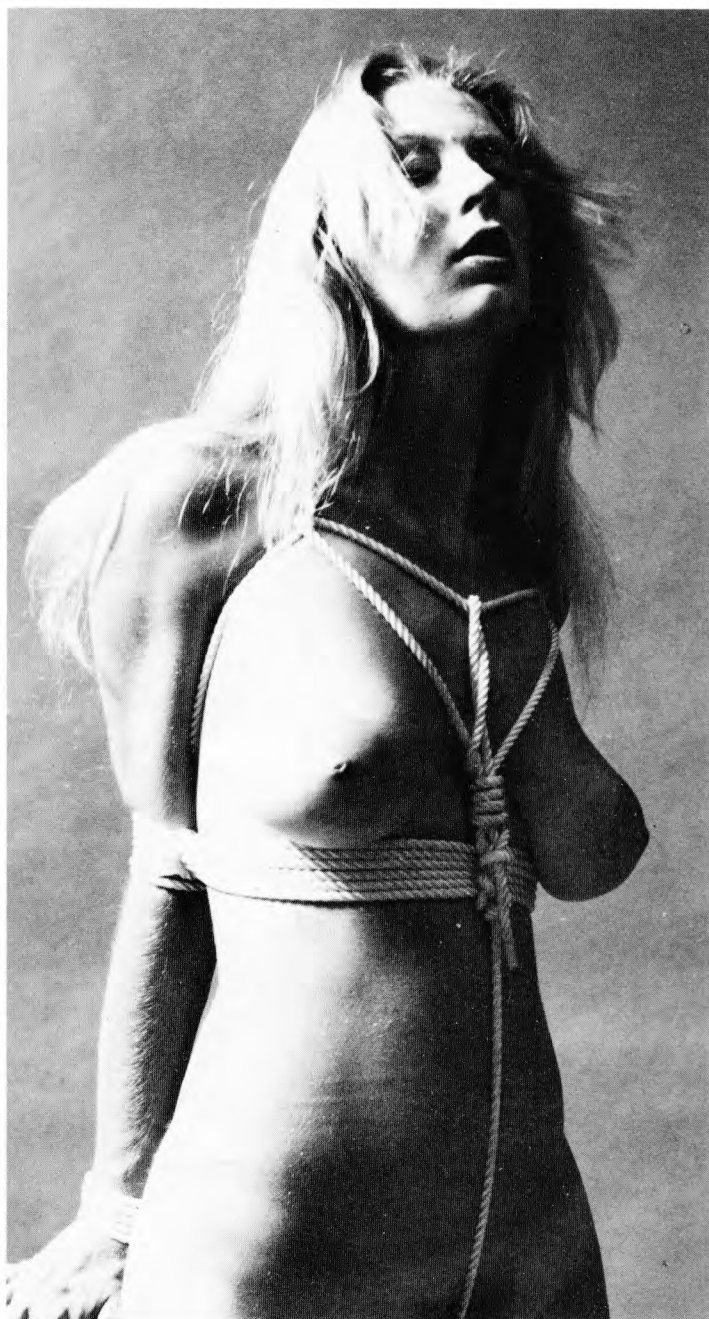
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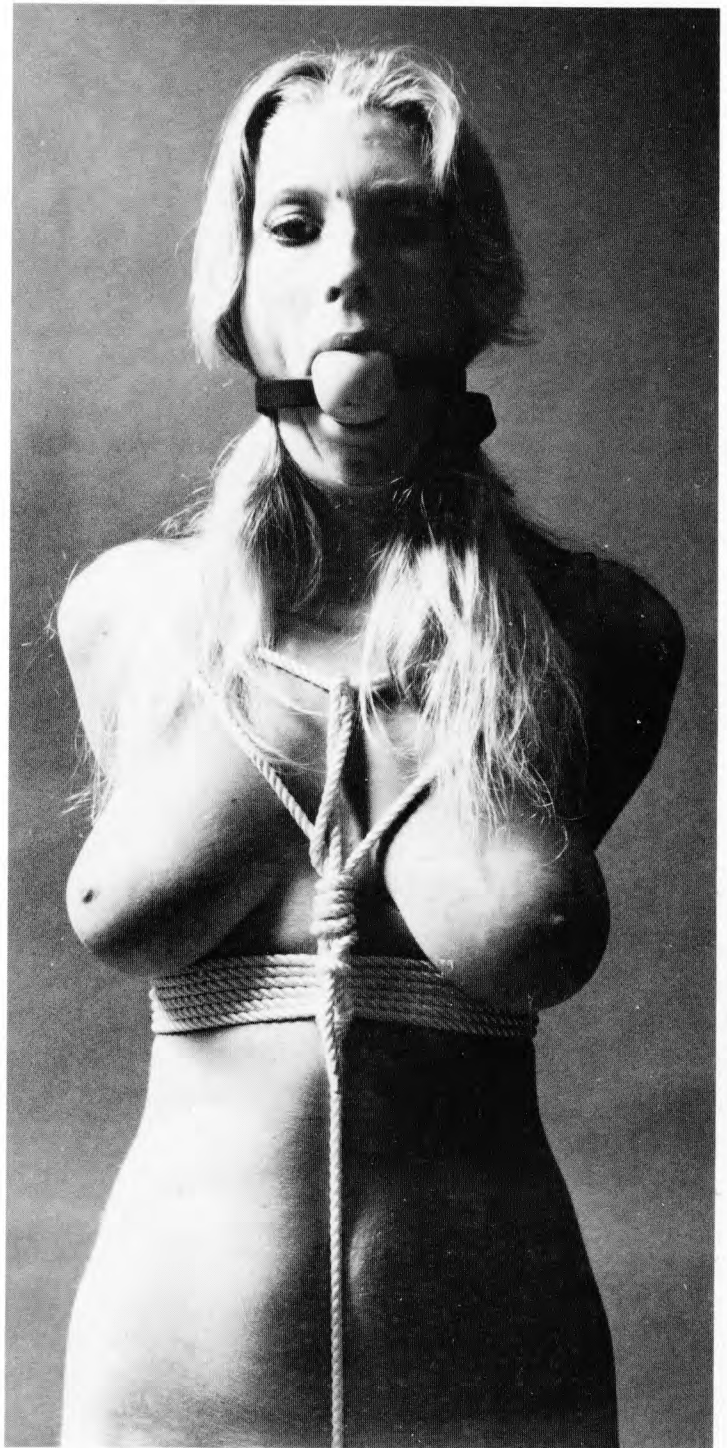
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NAKED AND HELPLESS

Gwen leaned back in the luxuriously soft easy chair that decorated an intimate, dimly lit corner of Ralph's living room and slid her fingers between her blouse's layers of silken fabric. Slowly, methodically she released the buttons one by one, occasionally glancing up to follow his movements around the tastefully furnished fourteenth floor apartment. A brief stop at the bar for a scotch and soda was followed by a pause at the stereo to flick on quiet music. As she reached behind her waist, feeling for the hooks that held her skirt, he moved over in front of a carved antique armoire. Her eyes searched past him into the dimly lit recess and caught a glimmer as a ray of light reflected off a shiny stainless steel buckle. She took a deep breath, let it out very slowly and unhooked her skirt.

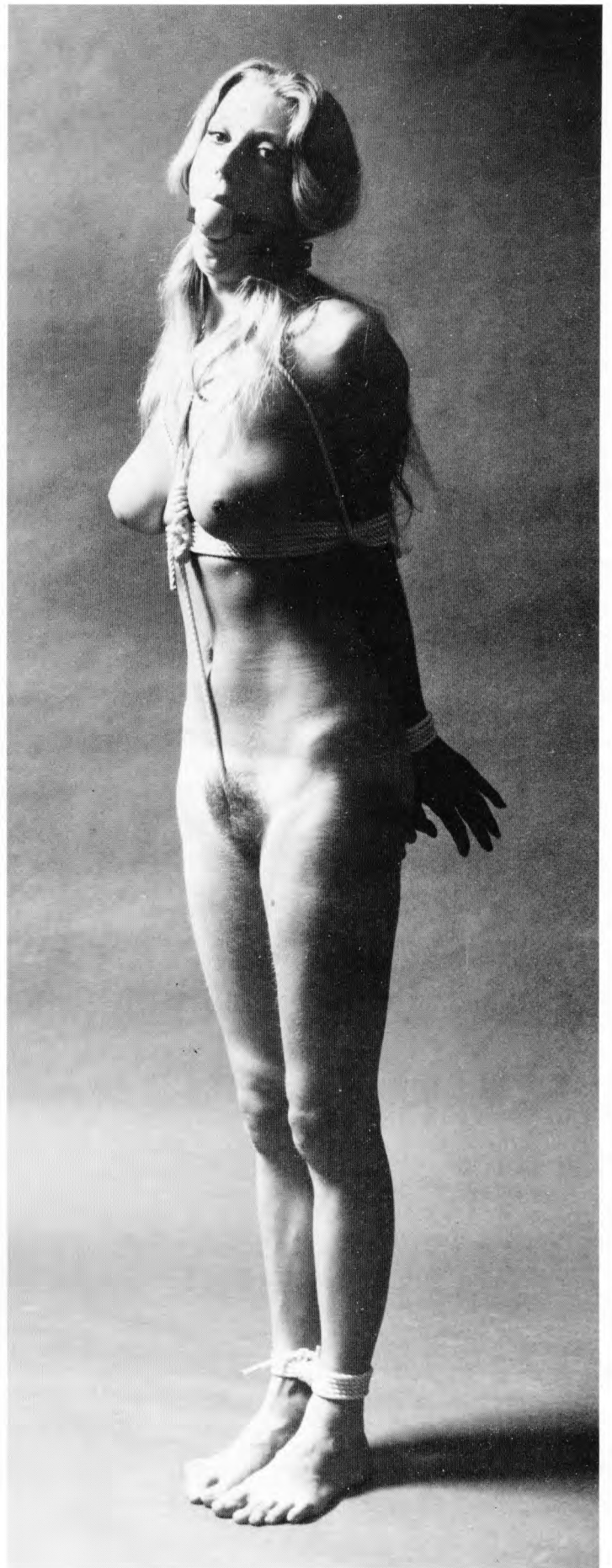
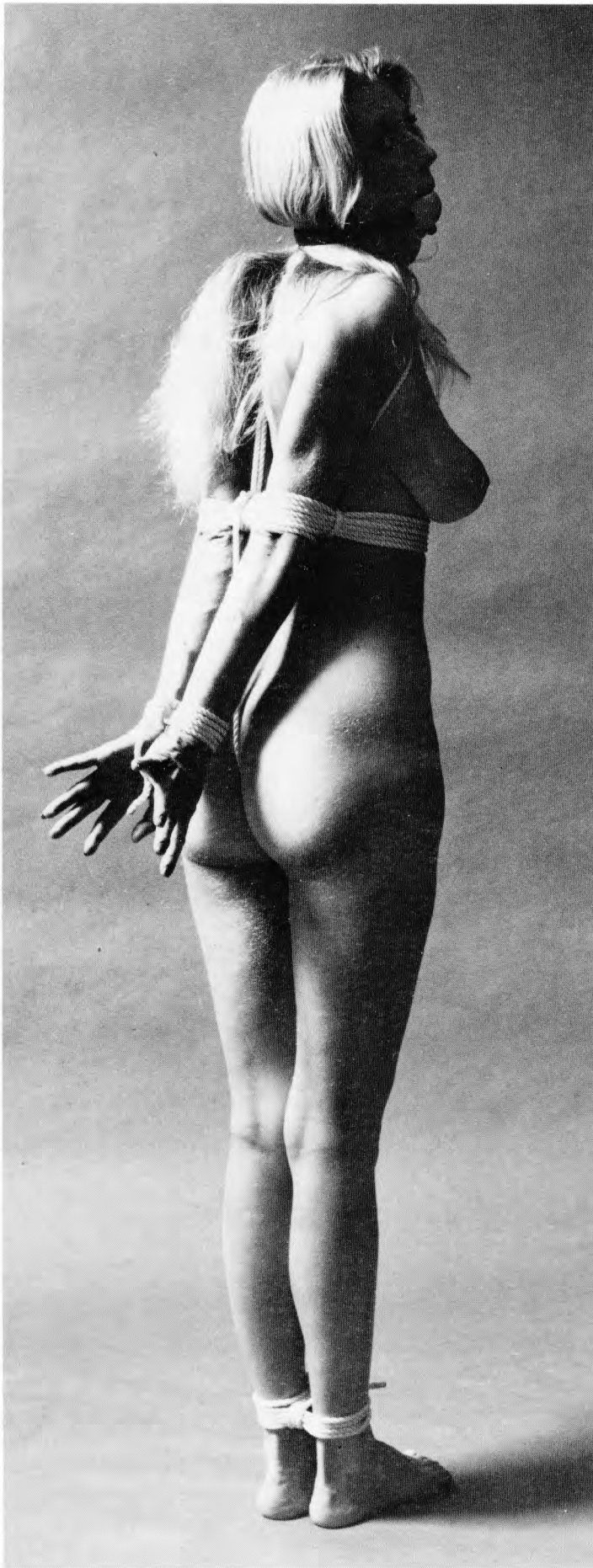




The cool, evening air sifting in from the open patio gave her a chill as she brought herself to her feet, letting her skirt fall to the floor, but her mind was on other things. She watched as he laid his implements out, analyzing each one with care before it took its place beside his last choice. The rope was a brilliant white as though it had never been used. She smiled to herself. Each time was always just like the first - new, exhilarating and somehow distinctly frightening. He created the aura of mystic suspense and she luxuriated in it, allowing, even inviting, it to seep into her every nerve bringing her senses to a fever pitch long before they began.

It seemed an eternity before he was content with his choices. She watched and waited, her apprehension intensifying with each second.

Turning toward her highlighted naked form, he stopped, analyzed her for a moment, picked up the stark virgin-white rope and smiled.



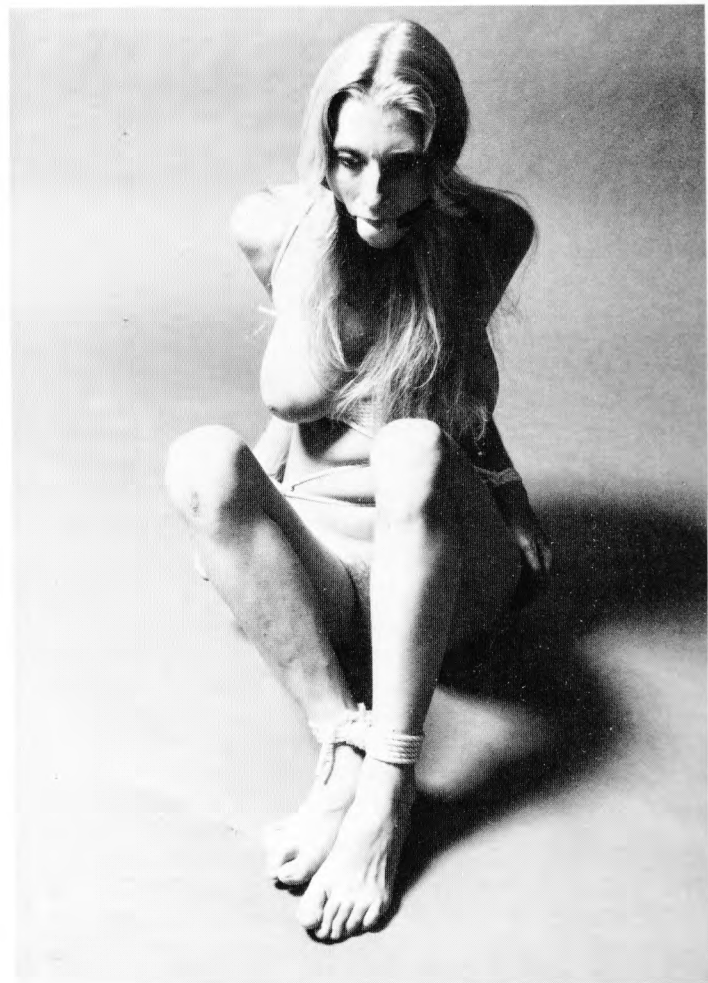


Gwen frowns and draws in a deep breath as she feels her elbows being urged tighter and tighter together, the rope's unforgiving strength over-powering her naked flesh. Forcing her shoulders back, she tries to give herself more slack. It works, however slightly. Next, her wrists. Her eyes close automatically as she feels his body brush against her as he winds the cord, once, twice, then loops it back cinching it. Step by step, minute by minute she is loosing control and he is gaining. She thinks about it fleetingly, but ceases as she feels her ankles being taken captive by yet another length. He stands, closer now, gag in hand. She knows its too large - it always is. She bites down, locking her jaws closed, in what she knows is her last rebellion. He expects it. Her eyes dart in anger as his hand reaches out to her breast menacingly, insuring her obedience. Defeated, she opens her mouth, biting down on the bitter taste of the well used rubber ball.





She felt a moan coming up from her throat, a low urgent cry of appeal trying to escape her lips, fighting its way around the gag, pleading with him to stop - pleading with him to continue. Her eyes drifted closed as his fingers sought out the inside of her thigh, soothing, seeking, as his lips came down, moist and tender on her lips where they met with the highly effective muffler. She leaned into him and he helped her slide gently down to the floor, the hardness contrasting with her soft, vulnerable, helpless form.







Again and again he pushed her to her limits and beyond until, with her head tossing and her silver, blond hair flailing, she screamed her final objection to his dominance into the gag and submitted, finally defeated. The barriers finally gone, her orgasm built to a crescendo and overtook her.

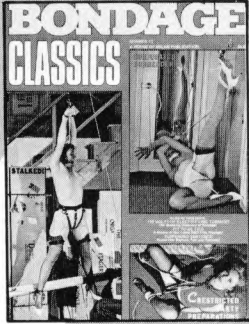
She lay back, nostrils flaired, perspiration beaded on her forehead, nipples still at erect attention, and soaked in each wave of pleasure. She liked these times most and knew later she would, again, wonder why she fought so hard against something so incredibly wonderful. How carefully she had constructed the barrier that it took relieving her of herself to remove it. She was immediately thankful for his acute understanding and wanted to thank him, but in her selfishness she wanted the gag more. She wanted to prolong this euphoria - this dream of dreams.

She brought her gaze up to meet his and confirmed with a glance what they both knew. He got what he demanded - every bit of feeling that she contained had been forcibly dragged to the open and used unrelentingly and passionately. He ran his fingers over her expended body tenderly and waited. Soon he would go back, his couth, moist and warm would pursue her emotions and bring them back to meet his.

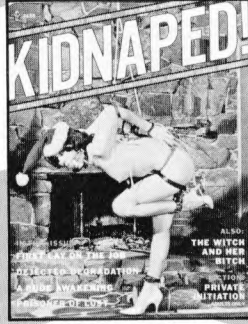
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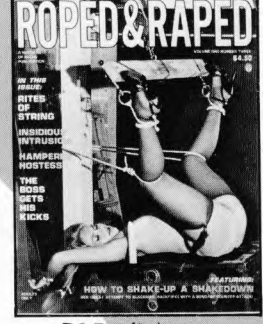
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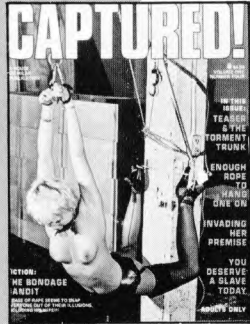
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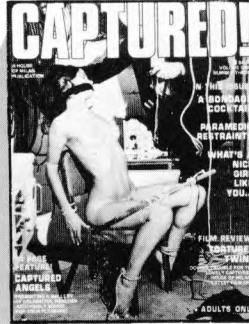
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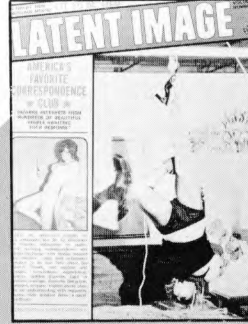
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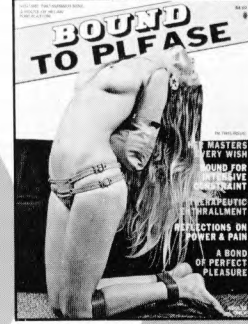
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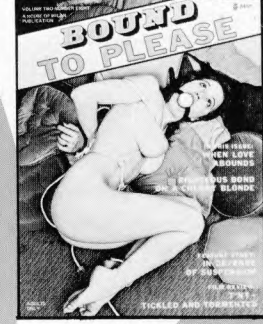
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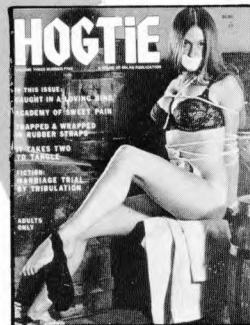
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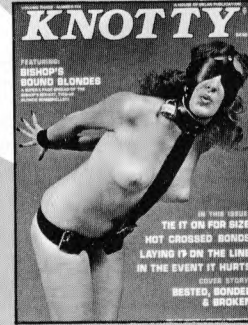
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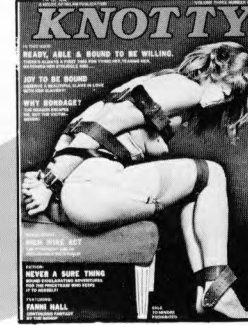
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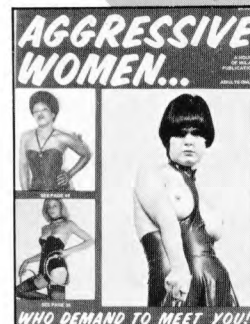
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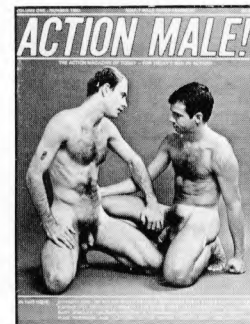
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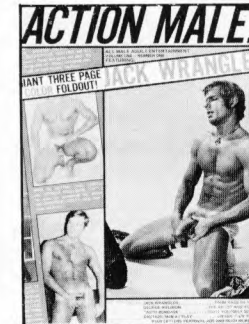
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Continued from page 3

"Come, come, girl! They had no sport with that fine thatch ye have! Don't take us for fools."

She herself had been equally incredulous at being left inviolate. Melisand had prayed much thanks for that salvation, but it was likely to be but a temporary reprieve. Her fingers worked frantically at knots they could not reach. She cringed from the leering eyes. "I am the Lady Melisand. Return me safe to my father, the Lord of Anderswold, and ye will profit a full purse and much thanks."

"A rope round our necks more likely. What say ye, Will?" The single eye gave her maiden flesh no rest.

"Aye, Hal, and that be sure." Will's voice held all the bitter cynicism of the serf. "The likes o' us knock at the gates o' Anderswold, and we'll get neither gold nor a lick o' her dainty flesh. Tis an unlikely tale and the wench has naught to prove it."

"She be not well positioned for a bit o' fun," Hal reflected. "What d'you say we fasten her more handily?"

Melisand believed herself lost. For a certainty they would ravish her, yet if there was a moment of freedom betwix one bondage and another she might seize her chance. She kept silent.

"Aye, and so we will," the other yokel agreed avidly. "Don't cut her bindings. We'll use 'em over."

They tugged at knots. Released from the tree, the naked girl fought with all her strength. But they enjoyed her battle. Always their hands found breast or furry sex, they controlled her easily. When she was exhausted they laid her upon the ground and stretched her wide. The hide strips from her wrist or ankle found ready anchorages in root and shrub. When they were finished Melisand lay panting, nude and taut. Her legs had been spread obscenely so that her vulva gaped in a blatant invitation.

"Be thee sure ye h'aint been fucked afore, lass?" Will demanded.

"Never!" Melisand fought the laces that bound her. She could not move.

"Thee be a virgin for sure?"

"Of course!" Her words held loathing.

Will looked sagely at his companion. "Virgins be worth a pot of gold," he insinuated. "I'm nowise sure we should break her maidenhead. T'would be a costly piece of tail."

"Well?" Hal was physically ready for the act. He wanted no delay.

"I say we take her to Tom intact. He'll pay high."

"And have naught o' fun!"

"I didn't say that. Let's whip the wench. T'will be good to hear her howl."

Hal considered. Melisand shrank beneath his shrewd gaze. He chuckled evilly. "Woulds't like a whipping, girl?"

"Why woulds't thou whip me? I have done naught to deserve?"

"Tis just for pleasure, lass. Mayhap ye don't ken the joy o' it."

Inwardly Melisand writhed in misery. Outwardly she tugged against the rawhide and said hopelessly: "If it may pleasure such as you." Desperately she weighed pain against delay. She loathed the thought of their sperm within her womb. She was too young to be with child, certainly not a bastard of the dregs of the forest! Scarcely believing what she saw, she beheld their industry in cutting the willow withes with which they would score her flesh, the tender maiden flesh that had known naught but kisses. She wondered how hard such pain was to bear.

"Should have had the lass arse up," Hal suggested.

"We can turn her later," Will sniggered. "Baste her well this side first."

"I'd sooner fuck her, and that's a fact," Hal admitted honestly as he stripped a withe. "If we whip the wench we'll get a pair o' horns there'll be no denying. Tom ain't going to get hisself no virgin, mark my words."

"We got a good thing here," Will admonished. "Make the little pullet howl and beg. 'Tis a rare sport. It won't be long afore she's offering her cunt just to get us to stop." He guffawed. "Not that her cunt's hers to sell. We got a nice little baggage, if ye ask me."

The naked girl knew herself scarlet of face. "Please, you've tied me too tight," she complained.

"See, I told 'ee!" Will was jubilant. "Wants to wiggle her ass, she does. Never fear, lass, ye'll do some prime bouncing afore the night's much older. Ever feel the like o' this?" He slashed the sole of her bare foot.

Melisand's shriek echoed through the trees. It was a piteous and awful sound. Pure maiden agony.

Anxious to participate, Hal cut his willow across the other helpless member. He watched and listened in wonder to the heaving contortions and the cry of agony, a cry repeated on and on as though the pain was endless.

Melisand was certain she would die. Here was pain beyond imagining. She gave her lungs full vent.

Stationing himself at her head, Will cut down across the mound of the spread vulva, and watched, absorbed, as the naked legs tugged and jerked in futile protest. The maiden was beautifully bound. He was grateful to the raiders who had left the strips of hide. If her struggles created slack in her tethers they could always tighten them. "Let's use a breast apiece," he suggested fraternally.

"No! No!" Melisand was nearly insane with terror and with pain. She cared not that she was naked and that her sex invited the phallus of the male. Her whole concern was pain, pain so totally unbearable that she was forced to see her condition in a new light. How can a maid bargain or withhold when she is spread and nude and tied hand and foot! Her wrists and ankles burned with the chafing of the thongs, soon there would be blood. "Don't whip my breasts. . . . Oh don't. . . !" It was in her mind to ask them to fuck her and be done with the evil play. But it was a thing she could not yet do. Not yet. . . !

Will's was the first switch to bisect her breast. Melisand howled to the limit of her lungs. When Hal's blow followed closely and accurately across the twin mound on her other side the naked captive peeled out such a paen of anguish that both men stood almost in reverence at what they had wrought.

"Be ye animals or be ye men!" A new and vibrant voice split the silence. Astonished eyes beheld the man in armour on the horse. The sound of approach had been drowned in the cries of the naked Melisand.

The two yokels took a single look and fled. His sword found them easily and sent them wounded and howling into the trees. Returning, he sat and surveyed the tied girl. "Thy name, lass?"

Melisand told him. She had lost the hope by which a girl may plead.

He moved casually as though bored. Perhaps he saw many naked girls tied upon the leaves. Freed, she stood thankfully and was about to show her gratitude when his voice commanded: "Cross thy wrists behind thee, lass."

It was as much a shock as the pain of the withes. Chivalry bound not the wrists of the rescued. "But, sir, what have I done? Why?"

"Must I cuff thee into reason?" he asked gruffly.

The pain had broken her. If he wished to tie her wrists, well, so be it! At least he spoke not of ravishment. Melisand turned her naked back to him and crossed her chafed wrists for his attention. He bound them cruelly. She winced as each strand was tugged. When he tied the knot she knew that, even given a lifetime, she could not free her hands, they were immutably bound. She watched dolorously as he joined several strands, enough to make a tether by which he could lead her by the neck. When he placed the noose about the slender column of her throat she pleaded in

an agony of apprehension: "But, sir, do not drag me thus. I can ride, or I will walk as ye may wish."

He laughed shortly. "But with this about thy neck, lass, there can be no doubt." Meekly, yet in inward fury, Melisand walked naked behind the mailed man who had rescued her.

It was not as she had thought. The man whose captive she was had a goodly company. When she saw the escutcheon her heart leaped. Here was rescue after all.

The woman looked down at her forbiddingly. "Damme, girl, has't lost thy senses? Parading naked through the forest?"

The bare and trembling girl looked up appealingly. She was frighteningly aware of looking like a tavern girl on her way to the whipping post. "But, auntie, I was waylaid. It is no fault of mine."

Her aunt Aldred scorned excuses. "Have done, girl. I am ashamed of my brother's whelp. You disgrace us all. Some silly prank of yours has gone awry. You'll walk as ye are to Addersleigh."

Melisand's heart sank. Aunt Aldred was to be feared. There would be no mercy for a wayward girl within her demense. Why, oh why could she not get safe to Anderswold! Now she would be punished for something she had not done, and her father would hear of it after she was striped with lashes. The Lady Aldred was renowned for her discipline. There were those who called it a simple love of pain. Melisand had always been afraid of her.

"But, Auntie, not naked . . . and bound. . . !"

"And why not! You behave like a slut, be one."

"But it is not seemly, all these men. They will know who I am." Melisand was distraught. "Please have my hands untied, they hurt."

"Your shame is less than mine, girl," the Lady Aldred said bitterly. "That my brother's daughter be found in such company and in such unsavoury pursuits. You shall be penitent, that I promise."

"But those men . . . they were whipping me!"

"Love play, no doubt!" her aunt sniffed disgustedly. "Tell me naught of it. I will not listen."

The naked Melisand had never believed such humiliation possible, it was a nightmare! Her feet were soon cut and bleeding from bare contact with the hazards of the path. The brutal cut she had received on each throbbed and burned. With hands tight bound she could cover no part of herself. She was naked in the eyes of twenty men. She knew they were whispering ribald jokes. Her aunt gazed straight ahead and saw her not.

Addersleigh was grim as the woman who owned it. The captive girl took little comfort from the knowledge that rape was no longer imminent. There would be other things! How bitterly she wished she had not left the safety of Anderswold and her father's Keep.

"I will send a messenger to my brother," Lady Aldred said shortly. "For the nonce, Gwen will attend thee."

The girl, Gwen, was a strapping wench who adored her Mistress. Melisand knew there would be no help there, sympathy perhaps, but not help. The smirking girl took the tether from the man at arms and led her prisoner down out of the sunlight. "Tis a fine plight ye be in for sure, milady."

"Oh Gwen, 'tis all wrong! I am ill used. Please free me."

"Come, milady, ask me not to seek a hundred stripes. Our Mistress will have her way with 'ee, and none will gainsay, certainly not me."

"What must you do with me?"

Gwen chuckled. "Fear not, my lovesome lady, there are no metal thonged whips or glowing irons in wait. A simple dungeon and some chains."

Melisand instinctively halted the passage of her bare feet upon the stone. Her tether jerked, but she resisted it. "Chains, a dun-

geon! You jest! I am the daughter of Anderswold!"

"At this moment, milady, thou art but a stripped thrall to be held 'til 'tis meet for thy punishment."

"Punished! But I have erred naught!"

Gwen winked in broad complicity. "In Addersleigh our Mistress has no need of guilt. 'An she wishes a maiden scourged, scourged she will be. Come, play not the shy damosel wi' me."

A quite decisive tug set the captive feet in motion. The naked girl felt the dark stone walls close about her with a menace beyond her ken. Her heart sank at the massiveness of the door from which Gwen withdrew the bolts. "I am but a maid," she quavered fearfully.

"Aye, and this be the dungeon we keep for such. There are worse, have no doubt on that."

It was a dismal place. Melisand had seen the like, but never believed she would rest in one. Its walls were well decorated with gear she had no wish to name. When her cheerful jailer took down the ugly iron fetters she recoiled and pleaded. "But, Gwen, not those! It's so silly to chain me. A hundred men could not break down that door."

Gwen laughed drily. "Come, come, my pretty one! Who said the chains were to prison thee. Shackles are rarely to hobble a maiden's flight, they are to shame and to make humble. Wear these for a night and our Mistress will find thee most filial."

It was useless to fight. Melisand stood, taut and ashamed, while the black metal things were fastened on her ankles. The job done, she lifted a tentative foot and was shocked at the weight it bore. She would walk but little in such irons. When her aunt's serving wench took from the hook on the wall another set whose tiny wristlets told their purpose, she took a backward step in sheer dismay, and all but tripped from the hobbles on her feet. "You have put irons on me, is that not enough! I can scarce walk. Surely my aunt would not wish me loaded with such cruelty?"

"Would I do it to thee else!" Gwen was unperturbed by plea or threat. She had heard both often enough. "Thou should'st see some I chain here, they can but move, not do they sleep in comfort. I treat thee kindly. Come, milady, let me have thy hands."

Melisand proffered, with hesitation and much cringing, the slender maiden hands that, before today, had known naught of the bite of cord or gyve. She watched in desolation as the cold hard bands were locked upon her wrists. The weight of the heavy loop of links that joined them told her with a brutal clarity that for her, now, freedom was but a dream. Others might run and frolic in the sun, but she would not. "They are of such weight," she said hesitantly, making her first exploration with the clattering links. "Art thou sure they are fashioned for a girl?"

"Why else would they fit thee!" Gwen was busy with something that a long and heavy chain attached to the stone of the floor. The naked captive viewed it with pure horror.

"Not that too! Not on me . . . Oh no. . . !"

"And why not, milady?"

"But such a thing is not for such as me, it cannot be! 'Tis made for those who have lost their mind, a ravenous thing become beast!"

"Not this, milady. 'Twill fit thee as snug as the rest."

"But why! I can scarcely move now!"

"Milady, thou dost indeed protest overmuch. One might think 'twas for life I fetter thee. There have been those for whom I have done such service. Some showed less concern."

Melisand had become deeply fearful. The irons were frightening. They had the feel of forever. "How long will be thus chained?" she asked, seeking reassurance.

"Methinks but for this night. Tomorrow is thy punishment. Thou must needs then be freed."

"And afterwards . . . after I have been scourged or whatever it is that will appease my aunt, what of me then?"

STRUNG-UP KITTENS

A slave is a slave is a slave Don't believe it! A slave by any other name might just be a heap of trouble or a lot of hard work or just what the doctor ordered! Each pretty little filly will bring with her bounty her own unique personality. She may give you just cause for what you're about to do anyway – she may demand it – deny it – or she may flaunt her cords and collar and work her own bejeweled magic back on you! Let the Buyer Beware! Her feminine trap could be there waiting now, as she is tied helplessly in chains. Caution. Witness Veronica and Alicia and Evelyn and Juliet!



ALICIA

“You might ask, just what would bring a pretty little filly like Alicia into a predicament like this rather demeaning one. Basically I would say its attitude not exactly what she did or didn't do. Just a lousy attitude for a wife of mine to have. Needs to be a mite more pleasant. Seems to say the right things in the wrong way. Out with the girls a bit too much too. Plus there's that damn business about always turning the lights off before anything happens. Like she doesn't want me to see her or something Well, she ain't gonna have nothing left to hide after this bout. Yea, I think this will be good for her. I kinda like it myself too.”





NAKED BONDAGE

VERONICA

“She understands perfectly. This is how I like to see her. After all she has such a pure, youthful figure with her firm breasts and flat belly. How can you admire that through a bunch of clothes. Every day, at least an hour every day, is what I told her when we got married. It’s been over a year and I’ve only missed one day. Pretty good, wouldn’t you say.”



EVELYN

Evelyn twisted, pulling her shoulders up off the bed, turning her head from side to side, wrinkling her brow, narrowing her helpless eyes, knowing full well she's damn beautiful when she's bound and using every second to her advantage.

"What am I going to do with this little fox? She won't give me any peace at all. My God, she loves it! Tie her elbows together and she sticks her boobs out a lot farther than they have to go. That much I know! She's using me, I swear she is. Now tell me, does she *have* to look at me like that?"





JULIET

Juliet and I have a special arrangement that makes life livable for both of us. The reason we need this special arrangement is that we both have greatly over-developed egos. Her gig is she is the star of her class in her second year of law school and is positive that she is the most talented, intelligent, dynamic thing that will ever happen to the legal profession. Me, I'm in my final year and I *know* that I'm the best.

Fine, we have our legal squabbles during the day - and she even wins some - but that's when I really don't care that much. But when we get together, the contest is over. When I get her where I want her, which is whenever I want her there, she *knows* I'm the greatest. I prove it!"





“Take a look at that unflawed humility, the submissive stature, the quiet serenity that exudes from her entire being. Who would believe this helpless kitten could *defend* someone. Believe me, this is the *only* way I can get her like this - she’s a tigress!”





SUSPENDED TORMENT

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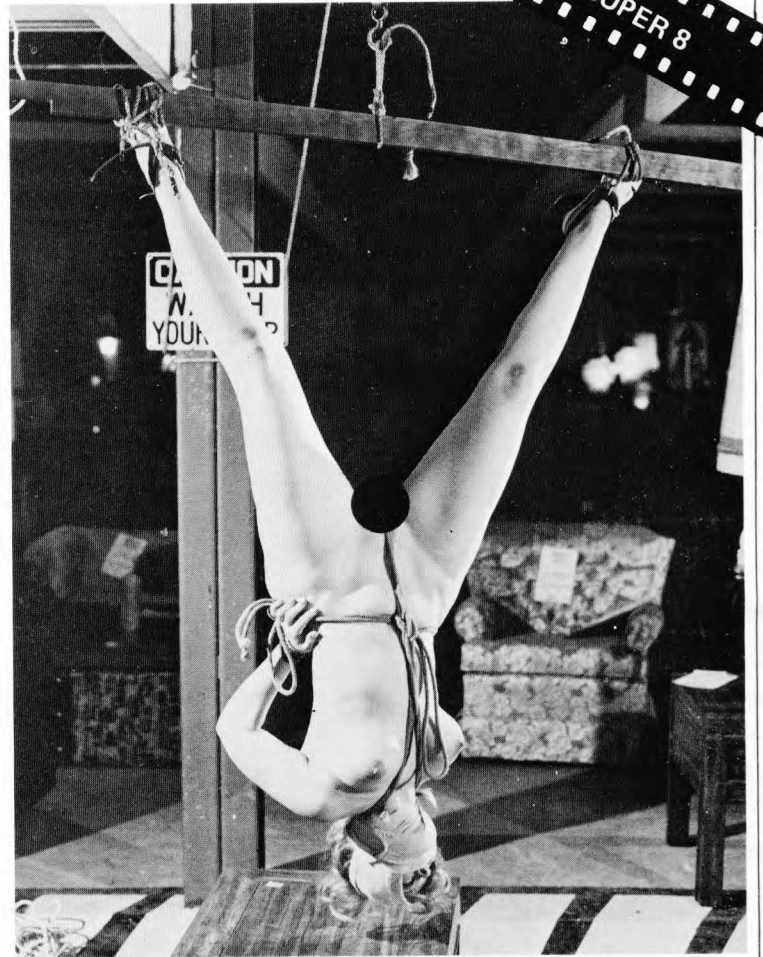
If you like your action packed tight on every frame, you will be thrilled with this "mini-feature" from HOUSE OF MILAN CORP. There is absolutely no nonsense to interfere with beautiful Jennifer (of KIDNAPED fame) Wynn's performance as she is again subdued, suspended and erotically tortured before your very eyes.

First we zoom in on beautiful Jennifer, legs spread and held in place by a wide pole hoisted up through the air until her hair is flailing the air. With unbelievable tension, her captors brutally tear her dress completely off leaving her ripe feminine form exposed to their cruel methods. Her cries are silenced when one of her captors winds yards and yards of elastic bandage around her mouth and head. As her eyes plead with them we notice her shapely legs are taunt from the strain of supporting her body in this torturous inverted position.

But her torment is just beginning. Let down from the inverted suspension, she is quickly secured by straps to the four corners of a table. As she undergoes the vicious mauling of their rough hands, she tries to scream but the gag contains her cries.

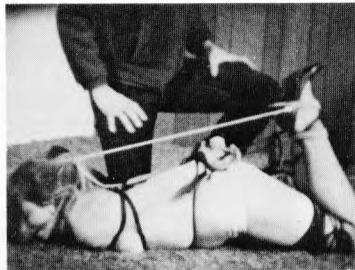
Then comes one of the most incredible bondage positions ever filmed! A belt is passed around her waist and buckled tightly down. A rope is tied to the belt, but not in front, in back. It then goes between her legs, through her ass and pressing right into her exposed pussy. The rope parts the tender lips and presses hard right on the most sensuous and delicate part of her young body. She watches with unbelieving eyes as the rope is tied to a pulley, the same one that just held her in painful suspension. Her disbelief turns to agony as the rope is pulled up, lifting her hips off the table. Higher and higher until her body can rise no more. It is arched in a cruel curve with all her weight taken by that rope crushing her tender pussy.

Get all of this and more in this 100' action packed film in vivid color - 8mm or Super 8 for only \$9.95! Please add 60c for postage.



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The film opens with a young, half-frightened girl looking down at her strange instructions, then up to the dimly lit number on the building. Since she had received the unusual job offer last week she had followed every instruction to the letter. "Wow, she thought, 300 bucks for one two hour modeling assignment. For that I don't care how weird I have to dress, or where I meet the guy!" With that last thought, she opens the heavy wood door and walks inside. Then, pausing briefly, she opens her raincoat and lets it fall to the floor, just like she was told to do in the letter, while scanning the interior for a sign of her employer. We notice her uneasiness as she tugs her short skirt down in an attempt to cover the tops of her stockings. What she doesn't see in her dilemma - but we do - is a figure lurking in the background. Silently he parts the drapes covering a doorway and stalks quietly up behind the timid, unsuspecting Alisa. In an instant he grabs her and drags the kicking, screaming, terrified young beauty back through the concealed opening.

Once he has her inside he quickly binds her to a chair, gags her and lets her know who is boss by brute force. Then, growing bored, he rips her blouse, skirt and garter belt off and throws her on the floor. Deftly we see a sound hogtie position completed with her long blonde hair being tied back with a tight knot which leads to her well bound feet. The camera expertly pans every angle watching her helpless, hopeless struggles.

Again, going on to bigger and better things, he retrieves a huge wooden cross and lays it beside her. Without any wasted motion, he again changes her bondage - this time she is tied tightly to this new foreboding device. Then, without warning, he drags her tied on the cross over to a wall and sets it upright. The weight shifting causes her new pain and tension and again we see the exciting futile struggles of a beautiful young wench captured and bound.

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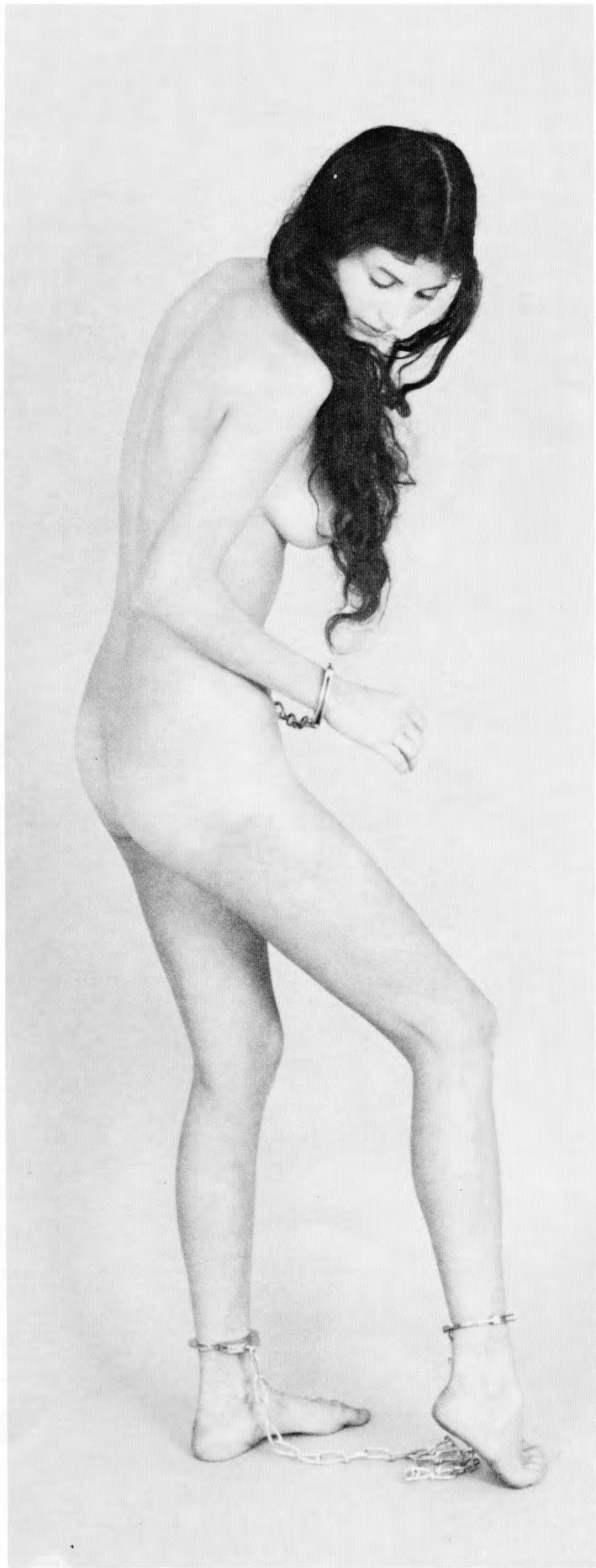
SANDY'S CHAINED WHIPPING

Sandy felt silly, and ashamed, and a bit scared. Uncle Joshua had been so strange, solemn and hurt as though she'd done something really awful. If he wanted to punish her why didn't he do it himself! Why ask Martha Ransom!

It was probably about having to be naked. Uncle Joshua had found it awkward to tell her and to have her take certain things off so he could lock on her wrists and ankles the funny things Martha Ransom had sent

over. Sandy kept tugging at the handcuffs and trying to twist them on her wrists. But they were too tight. The ones on her ankles were very tight indeed. "I'm chained!" she kept saying to herself. "I'm a girl in chains . . ." and then amended it to, "I'm a naked girl in chains. Just like in the movies!" Sandy thought a bit more and added, "And I'm going to be punished. I think I'm going to be whipped." It was sort of exciting, but shivery! Or maybe she was cold . . .





It was funny not to be able to get rid of the handcuffs! They refused to come off. It was like they were now a part of her. They were pretty though! If Uncle Joshua wanted her to wear them, she didn't mind. Sandy posed and tried to see how far apart she could get her hands or her feet. How strange it was to try and walk. She supposed that was the idea; she couldn't run away! She couldn't really do much of anything. "I'm a prisoner in chains," she said to herself. "And I have to stay like this until someone sets me free . . ."

"I'd think you'd feel ashamed, Sandy Knowles!" Martha Ransom's voice was tart and businesslike. I suppose you know why I'm here!"

"Yes, Miz Ransom," Sandy said politely, looking hard at the whip which bespoke more plainly than words the newcomer's mission. It was black and wicked looking and had a thing on the end. Sandy supposed it was there to make it hurt more.

"You know what this is?"

"It's a whip, Miz Ransom. Uncle Joshua said you was going to be kind enough to whip me. We're sorry to bother you."

"It is not a bother, Sandy. I regard it as a duty. It is something I am pleased to do for your uncle. It is not proper that he should see you naked."

Sandy felt sure Miss Ransom was indeed pleased! She certainly sounded that way! She pulled at her handcuffs, half ashamed and half pleased by their gleaming metal. She said, "Yes, Miz Ransom," in what she hoped was a placating tone of voice.

"I am going to give you a sound thrashing. That is why you are naked. A girl cannot be properly whipped with her clothes on."

Sandy felt she should vary her response, so this time she said, "Thank you, Miz Ransom," as though she was really grateful about being whipped. She tried hard not to look at the black snakelike thing.

"I trust the wrist and ankle cuffs and chains have induced a properly submissive state of mind?"

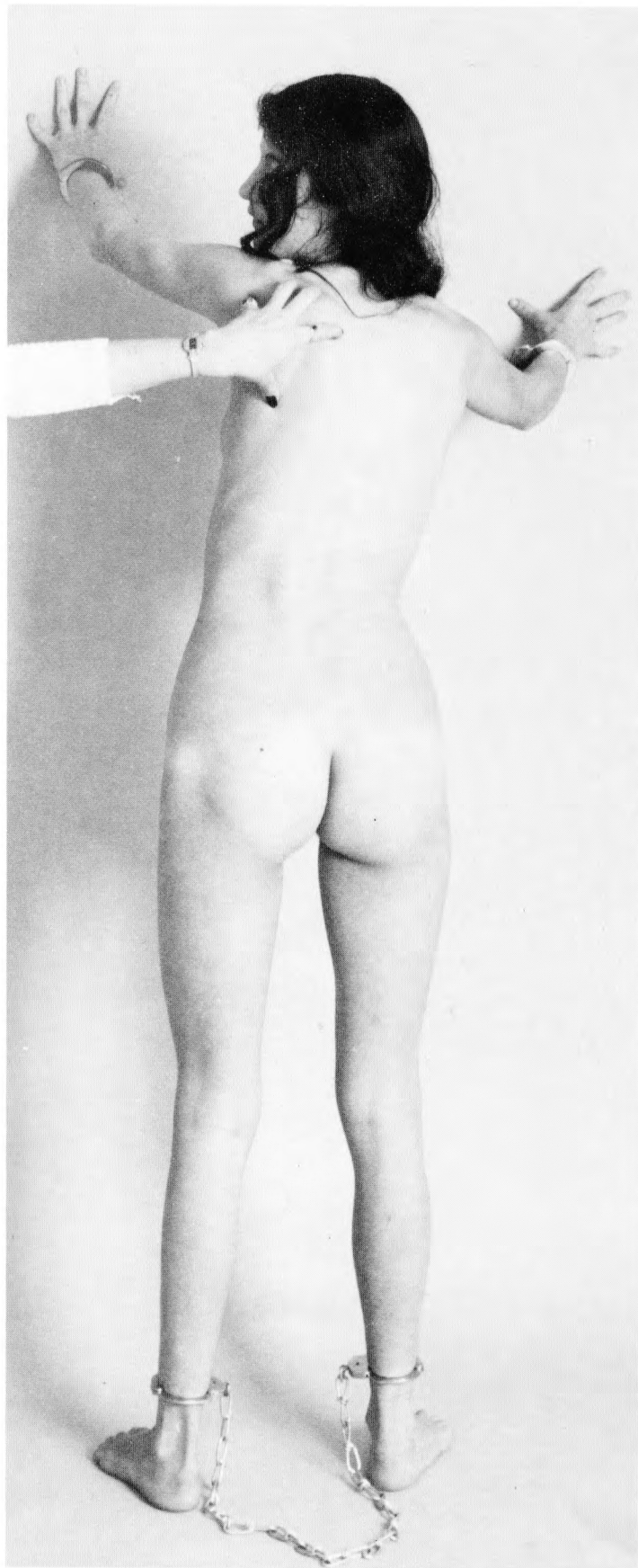
Sandy meekly acknowledged that she did indeed feel like that.

"I want you now to get into a suitable posture so that I can use this whip to the best advantage. Feel free to dispose yourself in any way that exposes your back and bottom."

Sandy felt more silly than ever. The handcuffs didn't help. But she did her best, looking back over her shoulder for approval.

"Not standing," Miss Ransom decided firmly. "You will receive your punishment whilst kneeling. It is appropriate to the occasion and gives me scope for a good swing. I like the poses you have contrived whilst on your knees. Here is the whip. I wish you now to present it to me humbly and ask me to use it on you."

Sandy would have liked to cry. But she was sure Miss Ransom would be offended by tears. So she hoped that if she did what she had to real prettily, it might help.



Kneeling sweetly, her hair cascading down her back, she lifted the fearful leather object and asked meekly, "Will you please whip me with this, Miz Ransom?"

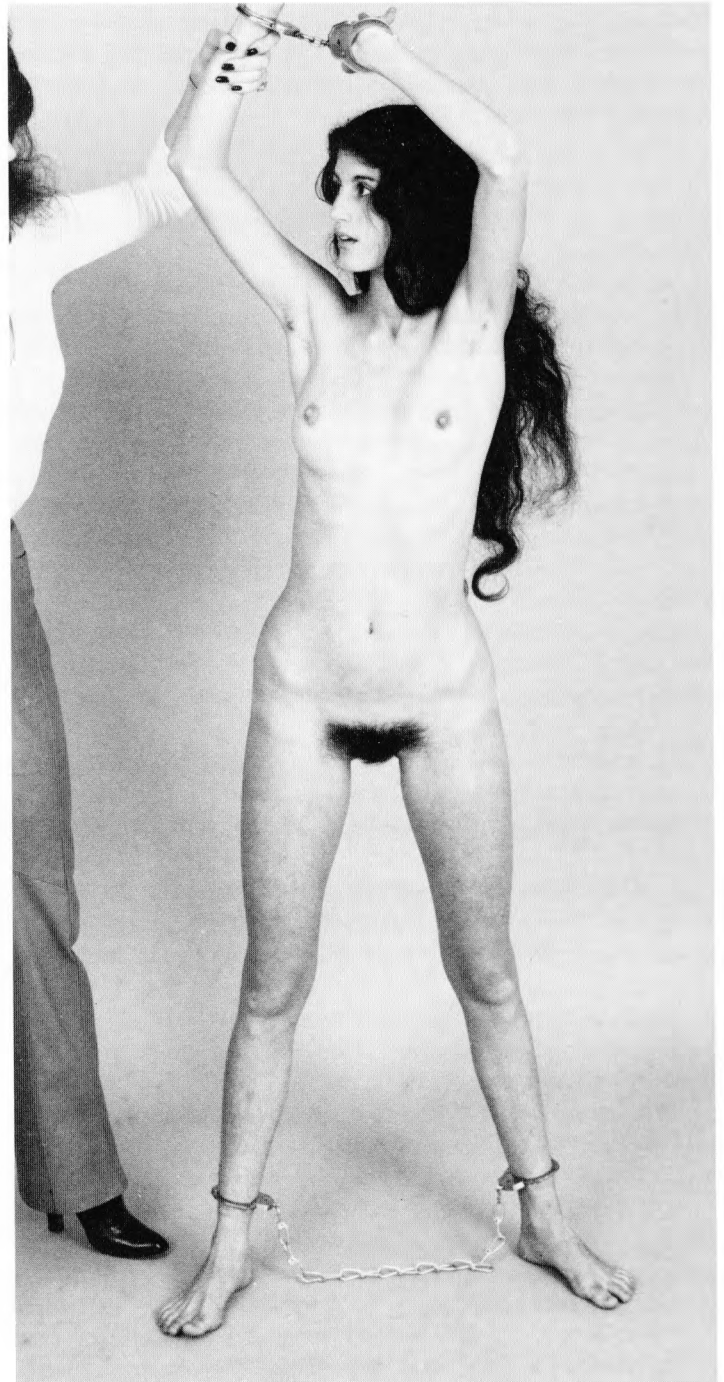


“Very good, Sandy. You will now kneel erect.”

Sandy knelt erect. The whip whistled and cut again and again. Sandy had not known pain could be this bad . . . not ever. After seven strokes that cracked and bit on her bare skin, she knew she was going to scream. She turned in wide-eyed appeal and sought to hold the punishing hand. “Oh please . . . please . . . please!” It was all she could think to say.”

“Down!” Miss Ransom’s command was like a slash of the whip itself. “Get on all fours, girl, and keep still. I’ve chained you in several ways already. If I have to, I can use those handcuffs so you can’t move at all.”

“I’m sorry, Miz Ransom. I will try. But it hurts so . . . !”



The blows were worse. They streaked and scored the full length of her slender back and curled cruelly around the flesh of the pert bent bottom. Sandy clenched her teeth, but then heard her own voice. "Oh no! Oh please . . . not anymore . . . ! Stop, oh stop!" And then the scream.

"Excellent!" Martha Ransom approved. "I have a blanket here you can wear in the car. We will continue your punishment in my home. I have a room in the basement."

Sandy turned a tearful face in mute question.

"Your Uncle Joshua has placed you in my care for a month. Please do not make silly attempts to escape."

"I don't want to go. Please don't make me."

"You will enjoy it, you silly girl! Here, I'll fix the blanket."

Enjoy! Sandy had heard about Martha Ransom! Hopelessly she revolted against her chains, then allowed herself to be led to the car.





CHAINED FOR ACTION

To me, Beth is what all women should be. . . calm, easy-going, fun to be with and pure. So incredibly pure it's sickening . . . and disheartening. Although I've always wanted to pull her close and just hold her body next to mine, it was just never the right thing to do, and she always does the right thing! I wouldn't have pulled the beach towel away from her like that after she got stranded, drenched from the downpour, but you know it's been four years of movies and picnics!

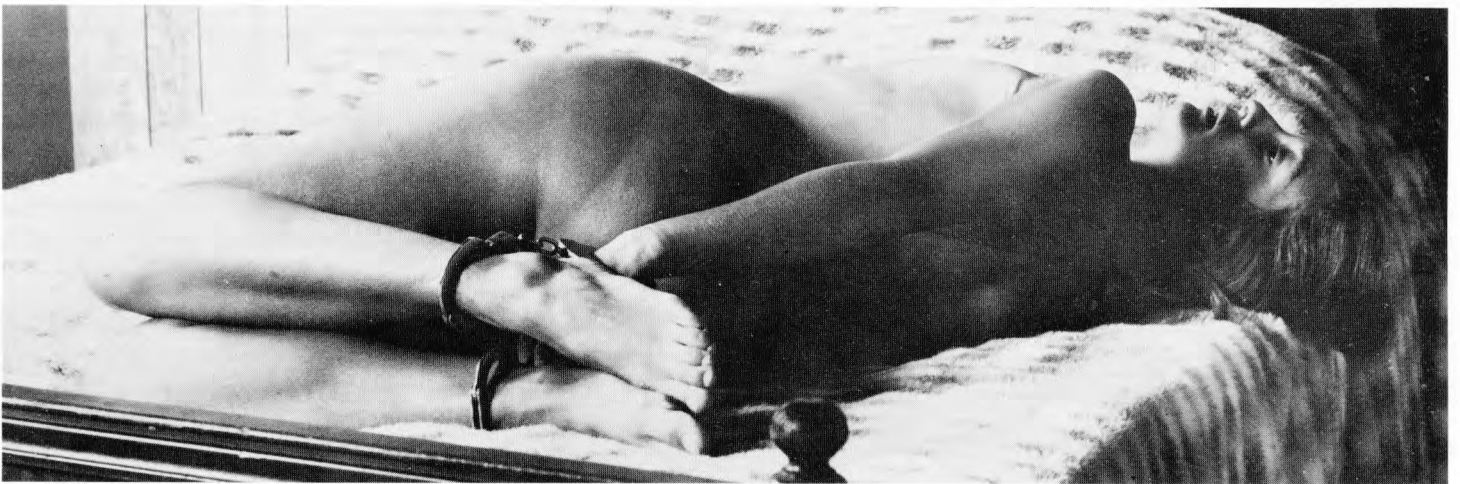






At first she just looked at me, kinda pleading, then she told me she couldn't let me. We got that straight right away - after four years! It wasn't that she didn't want me to, it was that she couldn't let me. I just *happened* to have a couple pair of handcuffs that I put on her as quick as I could. Her face seemed to get pensive after that as she looked at them and then at me.



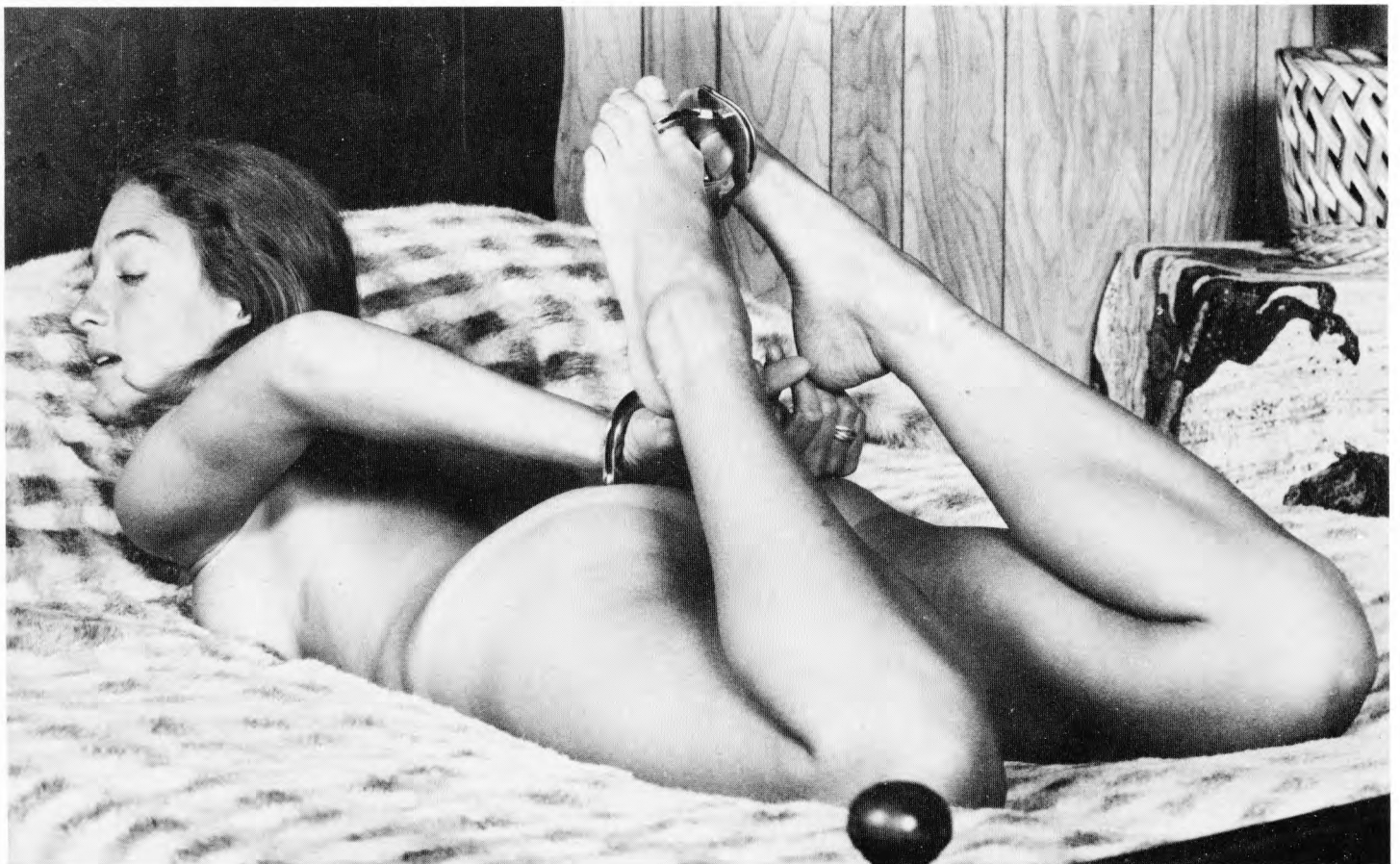




Looking down at her, watching her fulfillment blossoming along with mine as the cuffs clicked into place and my lips found hers for the first time, I could have kicked myself. Four years, you dummy, I repeated several times to myself in disgust. As I nipped at her bare neck, the light, sweet perfumed fragrance of her hair permeated by head.

But no sooner than I had started she moved from me like a shy kitten. I knew I had stopped too soon. Rummaging through my 'hope' chest I found several pieces of rubber sheeting. One I cut quickly into a strip to hold a gag into place. That will help her. I stuffed a stocking into her mouth and wound the rubber tighter and tighter and tied it off. I'll just keep her gagged until she reaches the point of no-return, I said to myself knowing the straps had to hurt her face. The next one I cut much larger and wound it around and around her upper arms crushing them to her body along with her breasts.

I looked down at her exquisite, delicate features, naked and bound on my bed and felt a warm, satisfied glow. Finally, after four years, this is the right thing to do!





Gwen looked at the frightened girl and said frankly, "Milady, that I do not know. Perhaps at this moment even the Lady Aldred cannot foretell her whim. But, for now, ye will wear this thing."

Once more the proud erect stand to accept the shame. Melisand gasped as the cold iron encircled her tiny waist and the hasp pulled tight and secured with a heavy lock. The metal belt clasped her intimately, its weight heavy above her hips. She saw the chain that now connected her to the stone, it would allow her a few steps as she might choose, that was all. She had become a chained thrall in a dungeon, a naked female thing for the sport of a woman she now feared she did not know at all.

"I could collar thy neck," said Gwen.

Melisand shrugged. What did it matter now!

Gwen saw the resignation and despair. She laughed. "What didst I tell thee, maid! Already thy complaints are less. By morning thy pretty neck will bend readily enough to aught it be told to do." She went away and slammed the door, the shooting of the bolts brought the captive maid her tears.

The dungeon was so silent, she was so alone. How easily she could be forgotten in such a place! Melisand walked the length of the heavy links that were her tethers, three paces this way and three that. She lowered her nakedness to the cold stone and shivered. Every motion she made echoed a metallic clank about her prison. It was a sad, sad way for a lovely maid to spend the night.

In the morning the irons were taken from her. She stood before her aunt, her wrists tied so tightly behind her back that they hurt bitterly. "We will see about curbing thy overzealous flesh, my child," her father's sister told her without preamble. "A day in the pillory with lashes every hour should be a likely start."

"But, auntie, the pillory is in the public square, and I am naked!"

"So I had noticed," the Lady Aldred acknowledged acidly. "A most suitable attire for the part ye play this day."

"But the whip, auntie, on my bare skin! Is this not for felons only?"

"Be not sly with me, young woman. You'll not be scourged in a kirtle, ye may be sure of that."

"But, Auntie, the marks upon my skin . . . will they ever leave me?"

"An' should they not, 'twill be tidings to any man who loves thee that thou hast been a trollop."

"But, I haven't, I haven't. . . !" The Lady Melisand said it over and over heartbrokenly as she was led away. Her wrists were numb.

The pillory was slightly raised above the level of the green. The commonfolk would have a fine view of a haughty lady brought down to her just desserts. There would be a few who would feel sorry for the maiden flesh and the maiden tears, but most would hunger for her cries and her pleadings beneath the lash. 'Twas always good to hear the high brought low, they made such fervent offers to the man who lashed their backs. Many a maiden who had spat in his face after the first blow offered her body and her love after the tenth stroke had cut their flesh. If only he would stop whipping them. . . ! They would do anything, truly they would. The crowd loved it, and the whipmaster played to them, coaxing the frantic flesh to more and more lurid promises of carnal joy. He knew, and the crowd knew, what the victim did not know, that when her pain was done and she was taken back to her prison and her chains, he would follow and vent on her the lust engendered by her writhings beneath his whip. Perhaps he saw a whimsical justice in the act.

Master Beltaine and his whip and his hot irons was the most envied man in Addersleigh, perhaps the most revered. To him life vouchsafed as flesh and blood the joys that other men beheld

only in fantasy. Sooner or later there would come beneath his whip, or fastened safely in his stocks and his pillory, half the tavern wenches of the town who would cut one purse too many or say no too many times to the wrong men. He even reaped the occasional loose-tongued housewife. Once, even, an unrepentant nun had offered him her wrists and had her naked back well scourged. All was grist that came to Beltaine's mill. He would whip the maiden Melisand with much enjoyment, even though he had been warned to take her only so far into her journey of pain, nor could he fuck her as he normally would have done. But he cared little, there was a gypsy girl fastened to the whipping post, he would slake his lechery on her. Gypsies spit and fought and cursed, they gave a true man a better lay than did the quality.

"May I have no covering at all?" Melisand asked as he freed her wrists.

"Not a stitch, young milady," he assured her jovially.

"But surely . . . some small thing to cover . . . to cover, between my legs? You will not whip me there."

"Your cunt, young madame! Surely you'd no cheat the boys o' a sight o' a noble lady's cunt. 'Tis not often they have the chance. No doubt it be the quality o' your blood that gives 'ee so fine a thatch. I'll have to part thy hair with me fingers so they can tell thou hast a goodly slit as common wenches do."

"If I am to be whipped, why am I not tied to the whipping post instead of locked in the pillory?"

"I cannot tell thee, girl. 'Tis orders. Mayhap thy aunt would give thee a taste of the punishment of humble folk. The pillory be little fun beyond the first hour. At the end o' the morn ye'll be promising me much to let 'ee free. As for the post, I've another wench that will spend her day tied to that. Ye can hear each other sing as I curls the lash around your pretty bits and pieces."

"Not . . . not, my breasts!"

"And why not, pray! They judder right merrily 'neath the thong. Nothing like a good cut across her tit to make a damsel sing. I'm not allowed to cut at yours, so set your pretty mind at rest about your soft little udders. But the gypsy girl, she'll get hers well laced. You'll hear her put her hex on me a dozen times, but gypsy magic's no match for the scourge. She'll steal no more roosters for a month or so."

"I . . . I have to put my neck and my wrists in there?" Melisand looked askance at the open stocks.

Master Beltaine was always most courtly to his victims. It was as though he felt them something for the sport they were about to give him. He now held high the upper yoke, a wave of his hand inviting a trembling Melisand to place her neck and wrists in jeopardy. Once locked safe between both the yokes the naked girl would be totally helpless and would have no inkling of the time in which she must stand so starkly exposed.

"Get thy thong well up betwix her legs!" cried a ribald voice from the crowd, he was loudly cheered.

"Master Beltaine cuts a lovely cunt!" another voice chimed in. "Lace the pretty wench well to make her dance."

Melisand thought herself one huge blush. She looked appealingly from the orifices her neck and wrists would fill to the face of he who would snap the lock. Surely there must be reprieve! Surely there was something she could say or do! She savagely rejected thought of offering her sex. Besides, it would but confirm her aunt's worst suspicions. He would be sure to tell. The naked girl was faced with the most difficult physical act of her life. To bend and place her neck and her wrists where they were supposed to go was well-nigh impossible against the pressure of her fear and her shame.

"'Tis a well-fitting collar and cuffs I offer 'ee," Beltaine said smoothly.

There was no help for it. To struggle or fight or even to protest would simply enhance everyone's enjoyment of her plight. It was



STRAPPED FOR A SPANKING

At first, Rita, however incorrectly, didn't believe him. After all, she told herself, I'm twenty-two years old. I can't get a spanking. Then it happened. His hand came crashing down, a loud resounding CRACK echoed instantly and it hurt like hell!

"OWwww!" she screamed and flung herself away in an all out effort to save her posterior. Her next awareness was that she hadn't gotten anywhere. He was firmly planted on top. He was stronger and he was staying there.

"One more word out of you, lady, and you'll get double." he said matter-of-factly. From the tone of his voice, she believed him.









She felt his hands grab her shoulders and twist, turning her over on her back beneath him where he immediately began unbuttoning her blouse. Before she could do much more than take note of what was happening to her, she was nude and back on her belly feeling something very cold and hard closing in on her wrists. Rebelling, she pulled away, but it was too late. Her wrists were securely held together by a pair of shiny steel handcuffs.

She jerked away, throwing him momentarily off balance, as well as herself. She caught herself with one knee extremely close to the floor, with him close behind.

"What I said still goes!" he reiterated holding her face tightly in his hand forcing her to look at him. "Double!"

She grimaces. Damn he's serious, she thinks to herself with a new determination to take her medicine and get it over with. Who would have thought he'd get this upset about an innocent flirtation. The guy just said he wanted to tie me up and do crazy things to me. It did sound good! Oh, well.

Sitting on the floor, naked with her hands cuffed behind her she can't really believe or comprehend what he is doing. He lifts her hair and encircles her neck with a wide collar. She knows it's a collar and she also knows it's not a dog collar. It's big, it's wide and it fits HER! She looks over her shoulder and wants to ask but doesn't. She just isn't that sure that she'll like the answer. The conversation with the guy at the party comes back to her and she isn't really ready for that either.





The realization slowly sinks in that the reason he got so mad at her is because that's what he does or wants to do or did do or IS DOING right now. She shakes her head and does a double-take on her thought processes. Well, it still doesn't sound all that bad, she thinks to herself as he lifts her back to the bed, but why do I have to get a spanking.



FABULOUS

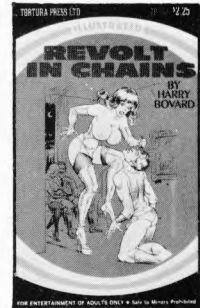
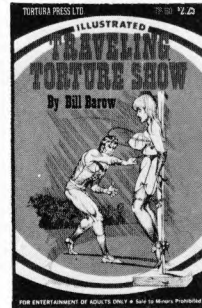
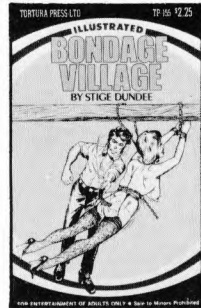
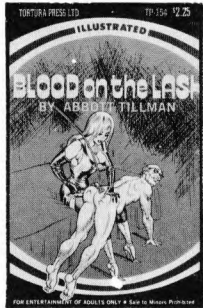
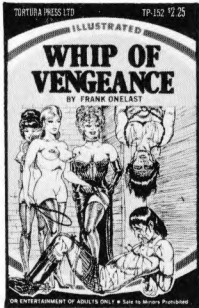
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NAKED BONDAGE

what they wanted most! She guessed, with hate, that any effort she made to avoid her fate would swell larger still the bulges she could see in every male jerkin. It was vile to know that as she stood there, nude and supplicant, every man within eyeshot was raping her in his mind. Furious at the fate that had brought her to such a pass, Melisand bent her head and placed her neck where she least wanted it. She gathered her lovely hair and set it to fall beside her cheek. She placed her wrists where they would be held immobile, her hands lost. The yoke fell with a decisive thud. Fearfully she looked sideways to see Master Beltaine push home the hasp and snap the huge lock. Melisand was a prisoner in the pillory. The Lady of Anderswold was naked for all to see.

"I'll leave 'ee a short spell, lass, afore I gives 'ee thy first few strokes. Mustn't whip 'ee to death, I'm told. So I'll spread thy stripes well out through your time a standing as ye are." Master Beltaine went about his affairs.

Melisand was alone, save for the gypsy wench who was already letting fly with a vitriolic tongue while she twisted against the staunch cords that bound her slender wrists to the implacable post. At first she did the most instinctive thing, she crossed her legs to hide as much of her sex as was possible. Raised as she was, those standing directly to the front had a fine view of the maiden charms. Realising with shame that her efforts to thwart their concupiscence only enhanced their enjoyment and led to further coarse comment, she brazenly separated her feet and spread them further than she need. Let them look! Damn them! At least their leering gaze did not mark her skin! If she closed her eyes she would not even see.

She tested the manner in which she was held and found it dauntingly effective. The pillory in which she was placed must have been designed for such as she, the holes fit perfectly, they almost pinched. There would be no withdrawing, she would probably chafe her skin as she squirmed beneath the scourge. She found it far more frightening than being bound or chained, it was as though she was held by some giant creature of limitless solidity that would never loose its grip. She moved her feet in such small compass as she could. It did no more than protrude her bottom into further prominence. A girl in the pillory might as well stand still.

"I had no heart to keep thee waiting," Beltaine told her cheerfully on his return. His first invasion of her flesh followed instantly. Melisand kicked and screamed in an agony quite unendurable. The crowd cheered.

He gave her but five strokes. They left her panting and wet with the sweat of suffering and fear. But, for a girl in the pillory, nothing is ever over. Deftly reaching up inside her legs, Beltaine took a firm grasp of such pubic hair as his finger and thumb could compress, and jerked it savagely from its mooring within her flesh. Melisand screamed and kicked in an agony of pain and humiliation.

"How much am I bid?" the whipmaster cried. "Fine curly hairs from the noble cunt of Anderswold." He held them to his nose and made a great show of sniffing and the rolling of eyes in simulated ecstasy. "Tis such as the likes o' 'ee be unlikely to get your nose into, let alone anything else. Who wants to buy?"

There was a roar of merriment and approval. This was the Master Beltaine they had come to see. This was the way a snippety maid was taught her place. Even this one would beg soon enough. The bidding was frantic. The sum that changed hands for a few of her cunt hairs left the maid of Anderswold red with shame and fearful that, for such a price, she was likely to have every pubic hair forcibly extracted.

But it was not until after her next whipping that Beltaine reassured her on one score and threw her into a depth of shame on another.

The slashes across her back and over her hips had again re-

duced her to a screaming, writhing bit of femininity without thought or concern save for her agony. Melisand kicked and howled as well as the gypsy did when it was her turn to feel the cutting stripes. She was still panting in her own world of pain when she heard the whipmaster's voice as from a distance: "Here be a winsome pair o' the finest tits I ever laid eyes on," he proclaimed loudly. "Be there one among ye as wants to hold the breast of a Lady of quality within his hand, ye might even tweak her tit for the right price."

To be whipped and this too! Melisand was furious in anger and in shame. She could not know if such a trade was a prerequisite of a whipmaster's office: it might well be. But did her aunt know the degradation she must now suffer! But whether she knew or not, it would happen. The clamoring offers of money were vociferous.

They formed a line. Beltaine collected and directed. It was very businesslike. His main concern was to keep the line in motion, a yokel youth who had never in his life held a woman's breast was not easy to dislodge once he was in possession, they went their way grumbling at the brevity of their privilege. "Can't eat 'e, y'know, and can't take 'em wi' thee," Beltaine jibed cheerfully.

For Melisand it was worse than the whip. The whip was clean, this was not, it was lecherous and vile. She could not see the succession of hands that fondled her breasts and pulled her nipples. She saw the owners before they reached her and after they were gone. But in the time they had their way with her most cherished possessions they were anonymous. She was utterly divorced from her body and her legs save in the matter of sensation, she could feel bitterly and well the shame she could not see.

Yet she knew the fingers of the women. Yes, there were women who paid the price and possessed her breasts for the short span allowed. Their fingers were not worshipful as were most of the men's. They pinched and tweaked and explored. The women hated her! Seeing them in the waiting line, Melisand guessed why: their breasts were flat, their bodies without curves. Perhaps Aunt Aldred, too, was one of these who saw in a lovable girl only young flesh to be made to scream. How great a store of vengeance do nubile maidens store unknowingly within the shrunken breasts of women who are no longer loved.

That, too, passed. Beltaine patted her bottom in satisfaction with his take. This damsel of Anderswold was turning out a treasure. What matter that she could not be fucked! True, he was curious, as were those who parted with their cash, to test the quality of a Lady's cunt. But he doubted that the maiden orifice of the girl he had to whip would give him greater joy than a skillful whore. Let the yokels take their thrill from the soft sweet flesh, he would take the silver! "If ye need to piss, just let it go upon the ground," he told her kindly.

Melisand waited for her next whipping. She had been told they would come regularly through her day in the pillory. Her nipples burned from the attentions of the throng, so did her cheeks. Already the pillory was working its evil magic upon her, she ached and longed to move. But she was held. She could not move save for her legs, and any motion there only evoked further ribaldry from those who watched. She wondered miserably whether she would grow accustomed to the whip, or would its searing cut grow worse as the day drew on! She realised, with faint thankfulness, that the instrument used upon her might be worse. No doubt her aunt wanted no severe injuries, only pain. She was guiltily aware that the scourge used on the gypsy girl was more severe. No doubt she would be hated for her privilege. Privilege! To be whipped! She could not keep the tears from creeping down her cheeks. She could watch them splash upon the ground.

The dismal flogging resumed, as did her own reaction to it. The crowd was immensely pleased with her performance. She was

a lively one alright, the time had not been wasted to come and watch. The whip across her back or curling round her bottom evoked the most lascivious contortions. They saw themselves in bed with such a wench, she'd have her ankles looped around their necks, she would be the lay of a lifetime. Intently and with turgid sex they watched the lash score her ivory skin.

"And now for her cunt, ladies and gentlemen!" There was laughter in Beltaine's cry as he made the offer. "You may grab a handful of the wench's cunt for a small price. What say ye? I'll even throw in the bounty of a finger in her slit. Maybe if ye can find her love spot ye can see her jump. Should be a poor man among ye who fails to get a gasp from her pretty lips." As a demonstration, the whipmaster reached between the spread legs and cupped the Venus mound. "Tis as fine a pair o' lips as I've ever put hand or tongue to," he proclaimed.

Melisand had expected it. She was not a naive child. She herself cherished erotic fantasies of the male genitals, she could understand the curiosity these serfs would have in hers. She supposed she could counter their efforts by crossing and clasping her legs. But she felt sure that such interference with free trade would only draw painful stripes across her bottom. Resigned, she spread her legs and waited for the rush.

They cupped, they fingered, some of them found her clit. These she could not fail to reward with a gasp of which she was thoroughly ashamed. The crowd was cheering by the time the invasion of her most secret place was done. The gypsy girl looked on in envy and contempt. She had given up trying to free herself, but stood drooping at the post, her wrists corded as tightly as at the beginning of her punishment.

Except for the two captive girls, it was a most successful day.

"Have ye learned aught from thy stripes?" Aunt Aldred leaned back comfortably in her chair and surveyed her well-marked naked niece.

Melisand looked at the fetters on her wrists, they were joined to the fetters on her ankles so that she was menace to none.

"Yes, Auntie," Melisand supposed it the right answer.

"And what have ye learned, pray? I would know."

Melisand could feel herself losing. "I have learned humility, madame." It seemed a safe thing to say.

"I am told by one who watched, ye well enjoyed the play of hands upon thy flesh."

"It is a lie!" the naked girl flashed, her whole being outraged.

"Ye screamed for the whip, but not for the hands of the rabble."

Melisand knew herself lost. But she was furiously angry at the injustice of her plight. It was all so wrong! The woman looking at her with such distaste was not a relative, she was a jealous hag. She stamped her foot and her chains jingled. "Do what you want with me," she declaimed hopelessly. "I have denied enough. You believe nothing I say. You want only to punish me for things I have not done. It is useless for me to plead with you."

Her aunt smiled. "Pride, child, pride! We will see what we can do with it. You have more than your share."

"It is a bed of sorts," said Gwen. "Thee may not rest easy, but at least ye lay down."

Melisand in her chains looked down at the thing on which she would spend her night. True, it was a bed of sorts, but it held a shackle at each corner, and across it, where her shoulders and her hips would lay were the sharp edges of raised boards. "It is another torture," she said listlessly.

The strapping serving wench loosed the chains so that they fell around the feet of the girl who had worn them. "Wouldst care to settle thyself for the night?" she invited, her eyes alert for revolt.

Melisand knew her condition one shrug of resignation after another. She made one now and edged herself on to the ugly wooden bench that would offer her little rest. She lay down.

Most of her weight rested on the board edges as she had guessed. Hopelessly she spread her legs and raised her arms, stretching them towards the waiting fetters. Gwen wasted no time, the maid might have a change of heart and decide to struggle, the passive wrists were firmly shackled and the unresisting feet were made captive by metal bands around the girlish ankles.

Melisand tested. Her chains were slack. They allowed her to move slightly, but not enough to matter. She lay upon her back. The narrow edges of board thrust at her at shoulder and hip. Her chains were not long enough to enable her to seek a more comfortable position on which to rest. She would lay there on her back, punished by the boards she could not escape. "I can never sleep in this discomfort," she told her jailer.

Gwen laughed. "You may surprise yourself. You've had a tiring day. Or would you prefer that I call Beltaine and he put you back in the pillory!"

The captive was mute. Laughing, Gwen left her alone.

It was very lonely hanging by her thumbs. The night had been bad enough, but this was worse. Melisand moaned constantly and believed herself delivered into some private Hell of her aunt's devising. Morning had brought release from the dismal bed. It had brought a meager breakfast and a dousing in cold water for a wash. It had then brought the bar and the loops about her thumbs. She hung, naked, and utterly desolate. Here was a new dimension of suffering she had not guessed at or ever known.

"Perhaps something more than humility, my dear."

Melisand opened her eyes. Her aunt stood surveying her suspended and well-striped nudity. "Please, Auntie, forgive me for whatever I have done. Please let me down." Her voice was broken.

"You will not be let down, dear child," her aunt assured her firmly. "You are sweet to see as you are, and it will teach you much."

"But, my father, madame, he will never approve. He will be sorely angered."

The Lady Aldred laughed. "Thy father, girl. 'Tis time I told thee. He is dead, his horse fell yesterday while on the hunt. He was beneath it. You are an orphan. I now am the Lady of Anderswold."

Melisand looked her horror at what she had been told. Her aunt laughed amusedly. "Ye cannot be quite sure that I tell the truth," she jibed. "Hanging as ye are ye can know nothing save what I choose to tell. Supposing I kept thee thus for life, who would know!"

Melisand moaned, her slender nakedness squirmed but subsided. Motion hurt her thumbs. "Set me free, I'll do anything," she said in dazed realisation of her peril.

"You look very pretty as you are. I will have Gwen come later and shave the hair from your cunt. I wish to see it smooth. You can grow it again should I wish."

"Anything, madame, I will serve you. Is that truth of my father?"

"Aye, 'tis true. I profit nothing by a lie. I own Anderswold and I own thee. How dost feel about that?"

Melisand wanted to weep. "What becomes of me?" she asked wanly.

The Lady Aldred laughed in joy. "Canst not guess, dear child. You stay as you are."

Melisand blinked at unreality. "Hanging naked by my thumbs?"

"Why not. It pleases me. That is now thy function. The two of us will know much joy. You will know the scourge each day, you will hang as you are, I will have you branded with my name. Thou art a lucky child." Smiling happily, the Lady of Addersleigh went away.

The Lady Melisand hung naked by her thumbs.

THE END



BONDAGE FILMS

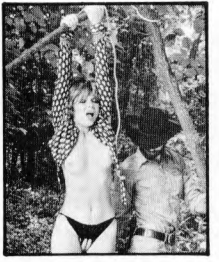
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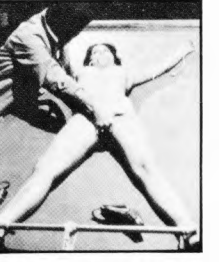
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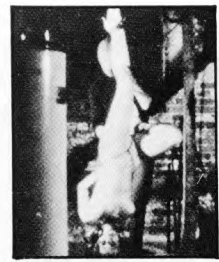
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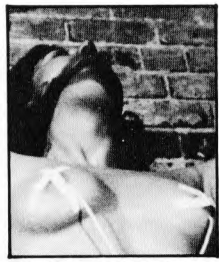
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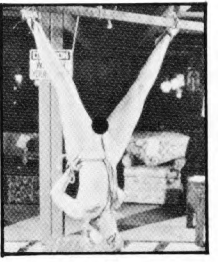
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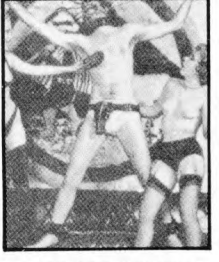
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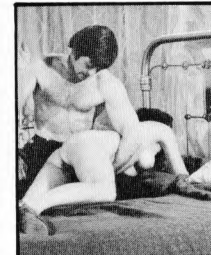
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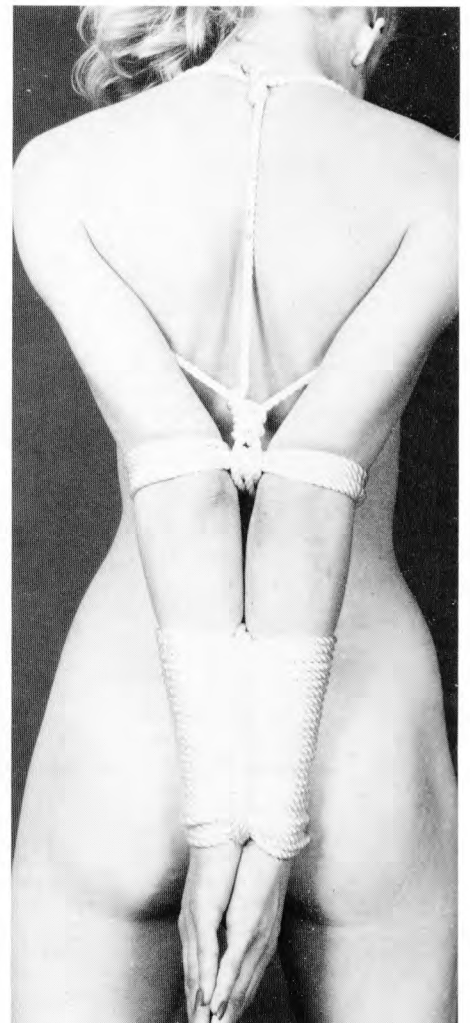
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BENT FOR BONDAGE

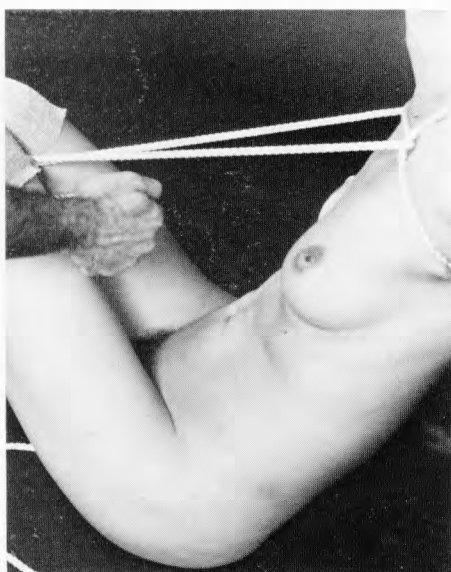
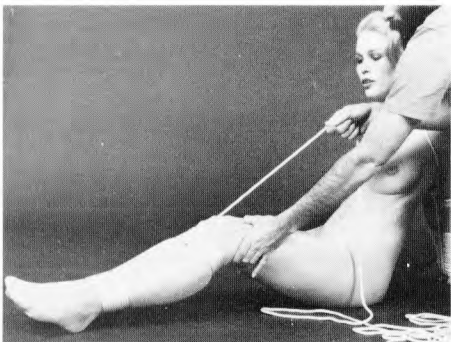
Holly brought the length of rope, then stood diffident and uncertain beside the woman at the Mirror in the dimly lit room. Hesitantly she sank to her knees. "Mistress, must I? Must I be bound all evening? Her eyes adored, but there was a quiver in her voice.

Dorothy bent and kissed the kneeling girl, then absently continued the brushing of her hair. She ignored the plea as though it needed no answer.



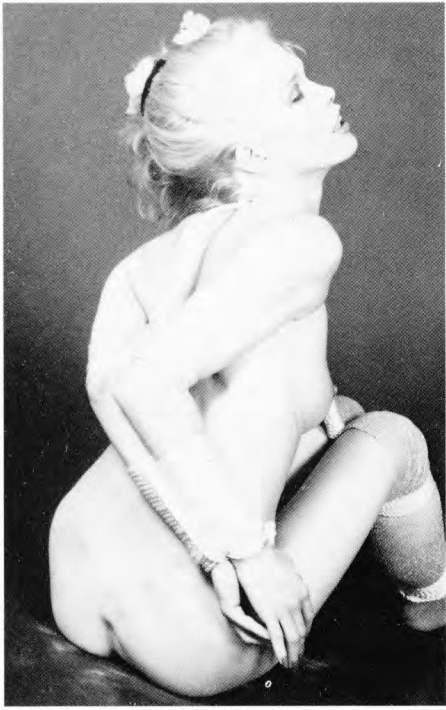


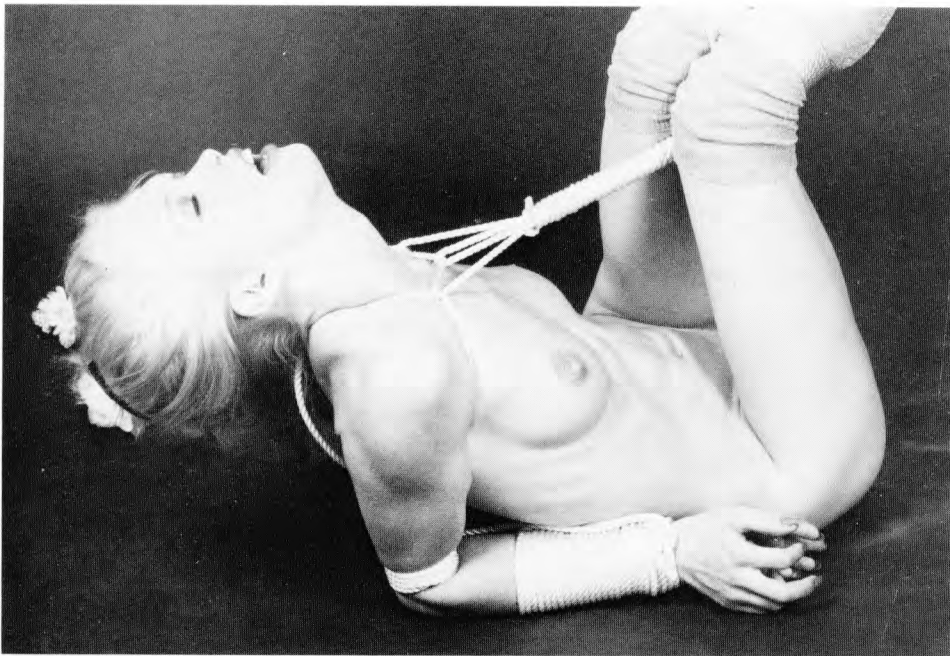
NAKED BONDAGE



Dorothy halted the motion of the comb. She glanced down with equal adoration at the beseeching beauty. "I'm going to the theatre, and supper afterwards. You can wear your bonds for four or five hours, can't you darling?" The comb gracefully resumed its work.

The girl to be restrained busied herself with talc on hands and arms. It somehow seemed to help. It was always so tight! Dorothy would tolerate no slack at all, and Leon, her man-servant had become an expert at applying the various restraints on the young visiting maidens.





"Holly, dear?"

"Oh yes mistress!" Holly breathed the words as though in ecstasy. She stood very straight and erect and joined the palms of her hands behind her back for Leon who stood beside Dorothy. At least her breasts stuck out nicely, she thought. That was always a small compensation.

Leon unraveled the twists of rope. For Holly it was a point of no return as the first loop was drawn tight. She stood, taut and braced, as determined fingers pulled tight the cord. Holly gasped and made a small moan as her elbows met and were pressed tighter and tighter by the cinch. This was the punishment she feared. It was the beginning of the agony to come.

She was hard pressed not to cry in protest at the tightness of her bonds.





She struggled and waved only her wracked shoulders, her arms were no longer her's to use.

But it was not over! For Holly, this was the most apprehensive moment of all. She watched Leon reach into his bag and withdraw the black length of cloth, knowing that it would be robbing her of one of her most precious senses, her sight. She also knew that next he would gag and leave her thus, completely withdrawn within herself, until





The thing to be done to her now could be bearable or totally unbearable according to Dorothy's mood or sense of mischief. In times past she had left Holly waiting and no one came, there wasn't a sound nor a movement for hours, just the pain and the numbness and the waiting. Other times they had come, one at a time, to revel and satiate themselves with her flesh, to hurt her and take her, leaving her body marred with striations that lasted well into the following week. She knew that some were women because of their unique tenderness but others were brutal and she also thought them to be of her sex. She knew not who they were and sometimes wondered if they knew her. She never once had the slightest hint, a knowing glance, nothing.

It took all her captive courage to remain mute behind the gag as she heard the door seal behind Dorothy and Leon. It had to come! The moment when she who was free kissed and left alone she who was bound. It was in the order of things that this should be so. Holly heard the lock and knew it a final message. She would be captive in her pain and in her service until her love returned to brush away her tears and comfort her.

Holly, in her solitude, moaned in a strange mixture of ecstasy of pain, confusion and delight.





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