

AN HOM PUBLICATION

ADULTS ONLY

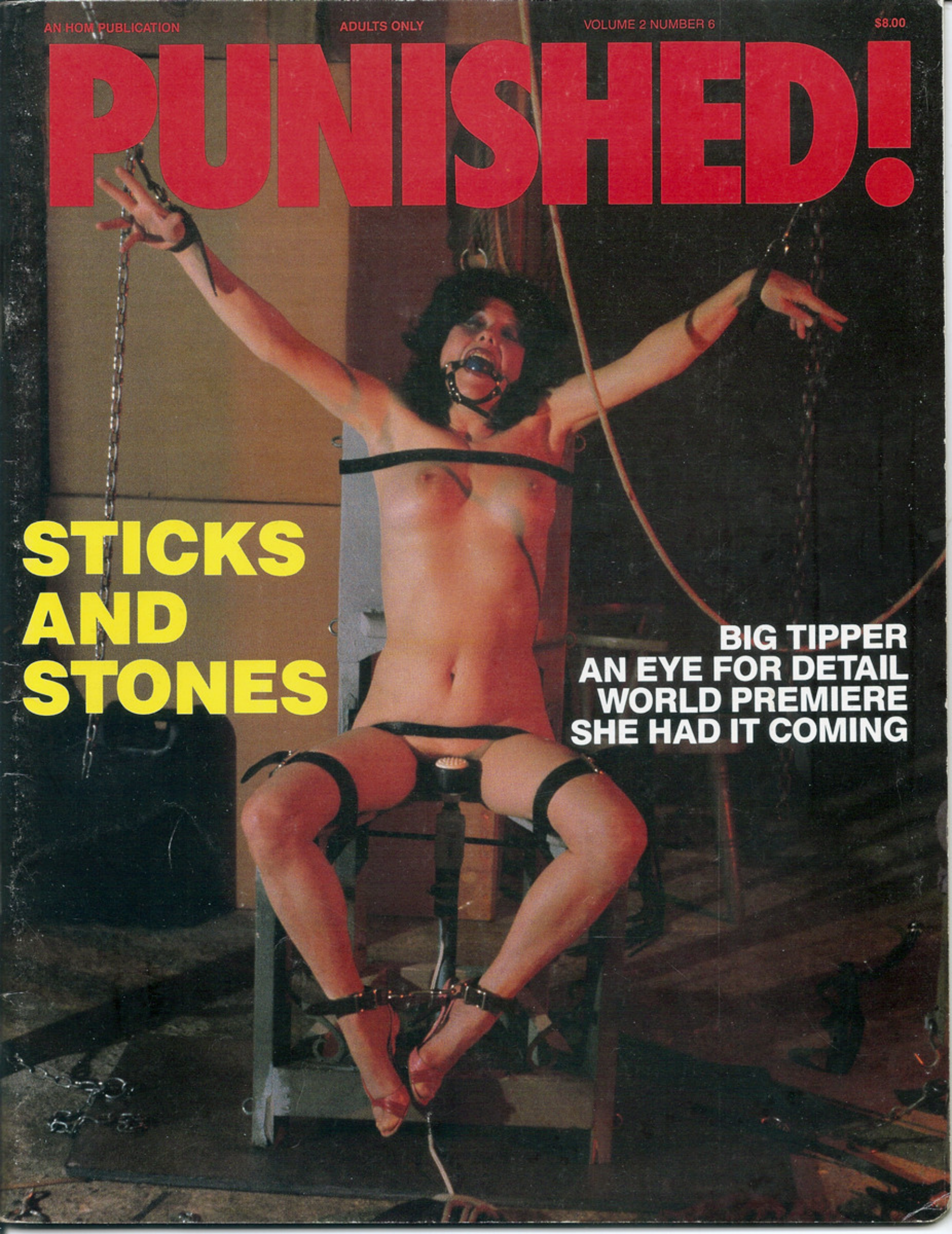
VOLUME 2 NUMBER 6

\$8.00

# PUNISHED!

**STICKS  
AND  
STONES**

**BIG TIPPER  
AN EYE FOR DETAIL  
WORLD PREMIERE  
SHE HAD IT COMING**







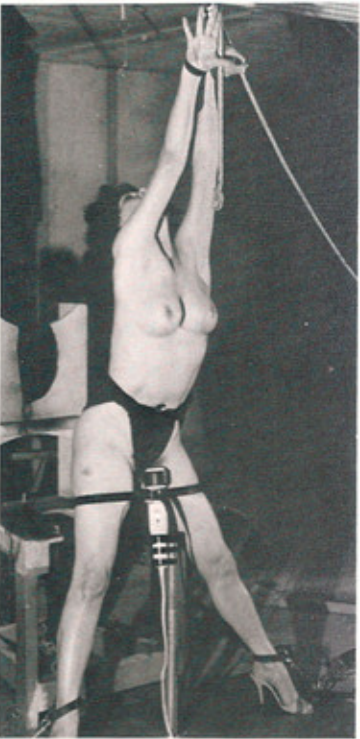


# PUNISHED!

AN HOM PUBLICATION • VOLUME 2 NUMBER 6



## 5 STICKS AND STONES



## 13 BIG TIPPER



**ROBERT BILHOP**  
EXECUTIVE EDITOR  
**JOHN BLAKEMORE**  
PHOTO EDITOR  
**ED JOHNSON**  
COPY EDITOR  
**DEE CAPATRON**  
ART DIRECTOR  
**GEOFFREY MERRICK**  
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR  
**F. E. CAMPBELL**  
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR  
**LOU KAGAN**  
ILLUSTRATION  
**JIM BORNEO, JR.**  
TYPOGRAPHY  
**OLGA ANDERSON**  
PUBLIC RELATIONS  
**JUDY RHYS**  
CIRCULATION



## 22 AN EYE FOR DETAIL



## 31 WORLD PREMIERE



## 39 SHE HAD IT COMING

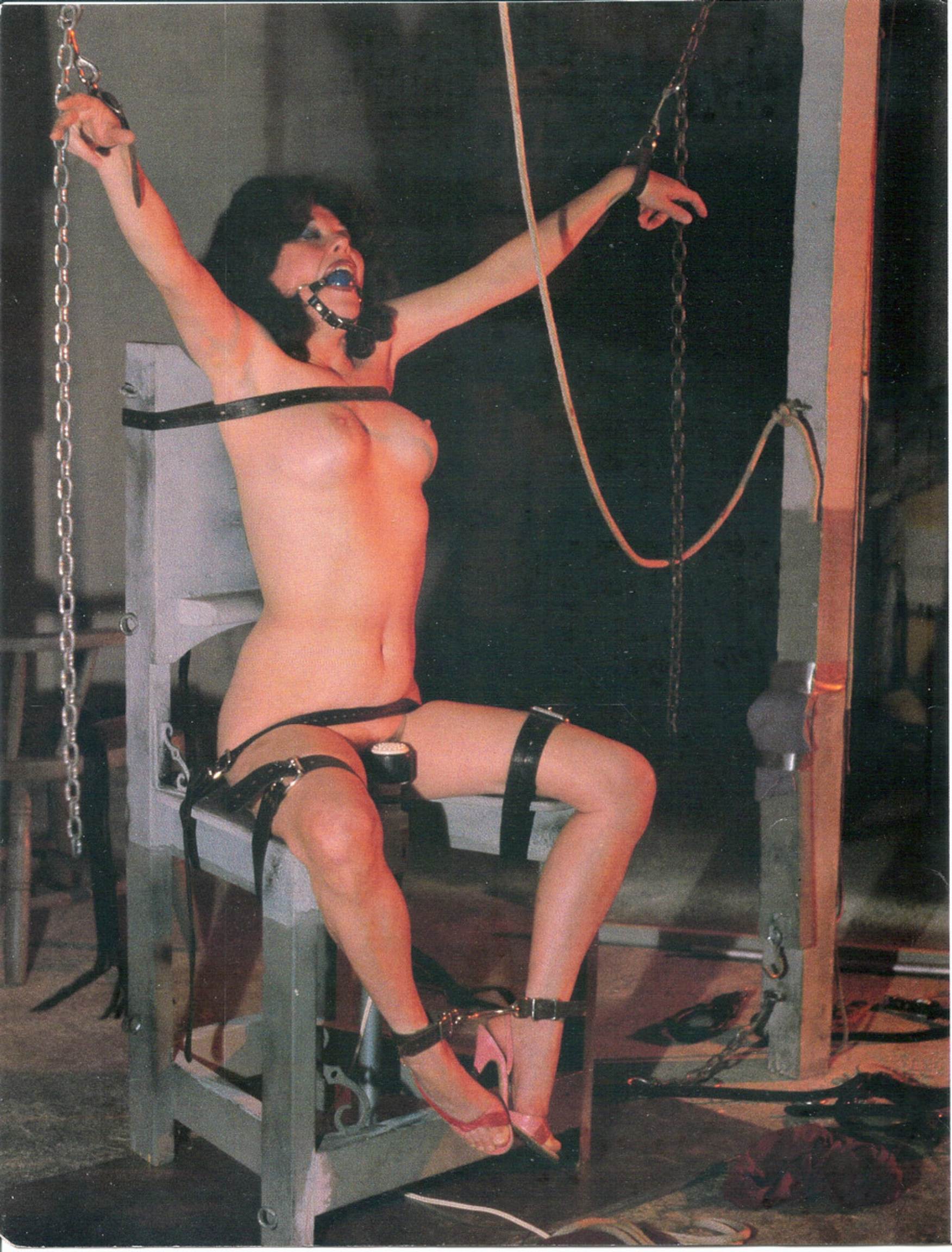


**T**he depictions in this publication are meant merely to satisfy adult fantasy and are not meant to encourage duplication by the reader or viewer. Any attempts to reenact any of these depictions can be dangerous and the manufacturer assumes no liability for such actions.

PUNISHED is published four times a year by HOM Inc. Address all correspondence to P.O. Box 7302, Van Nuys, California 91409-9987.

It is produced and distributed as adult entertainment aimed at illuminating ongoing changes in current patterns of societal behavior which are deserving of increased acceptance in our contemporary culture. All rights reserved on the entire contents of this issue; nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Copyright 1987 by HOM Inc. Manuscripts and illustrations must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope; the publisher cannot assume responsibility for the safe return of unsolicited material. We do not release any information about or sell photographs of any model appearing in this magazine. Any similarity between persons living or dead and the characters named in fiction or semi-fiction is entirely coincidental. All photographs in this magazine, except where otherwise noted, are posed by professional models, 18 years of age or older, and taken by professional photographers who are skilled in presenting the subject covered in the magazine to the public. Neither the photographs nor the words accompanying them describe or are meant to be understood as the actual personality of the models.









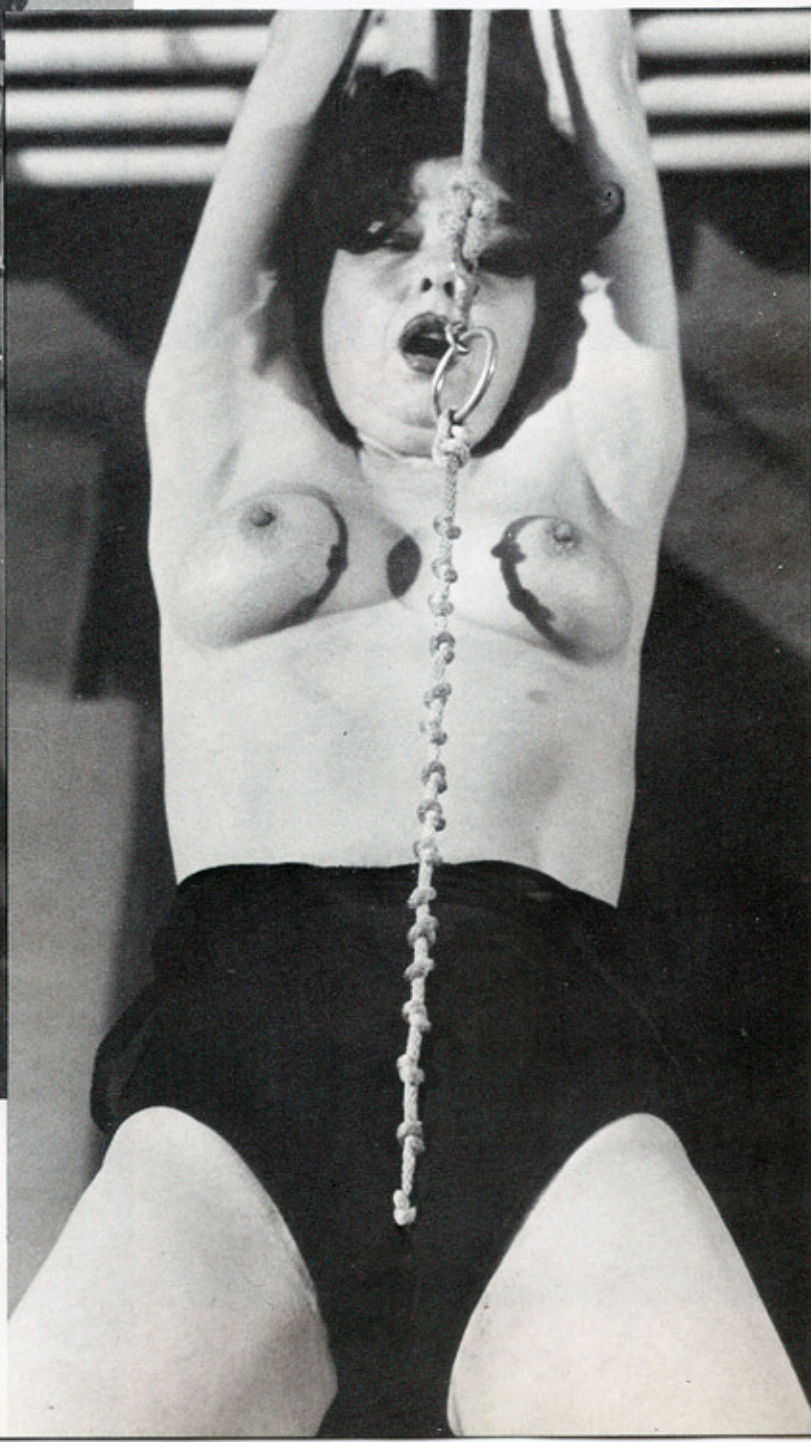
## STICKS AND STONES

**A**s the final lock snapped, the final knot was pulled tight, and the final shred of her dignity and her clothing was ripped away from her by the girl she thought was a trusted friend, an old nursery rhyme came back to Janet in the cold damp room that had become her prison cell.

"Sticks and stones can break my bones, but words can never hurt me!"

Oh, how she'd enjoyed yelling that and so many other doggerels in the days when the two of them were young and the best of friends! How innocent she'd been, but then, considering the current realities that even now were pushing into her pussy and creasing her tender tits, she was still an innocent fool, a naive idiot unable to see the dangers of life.

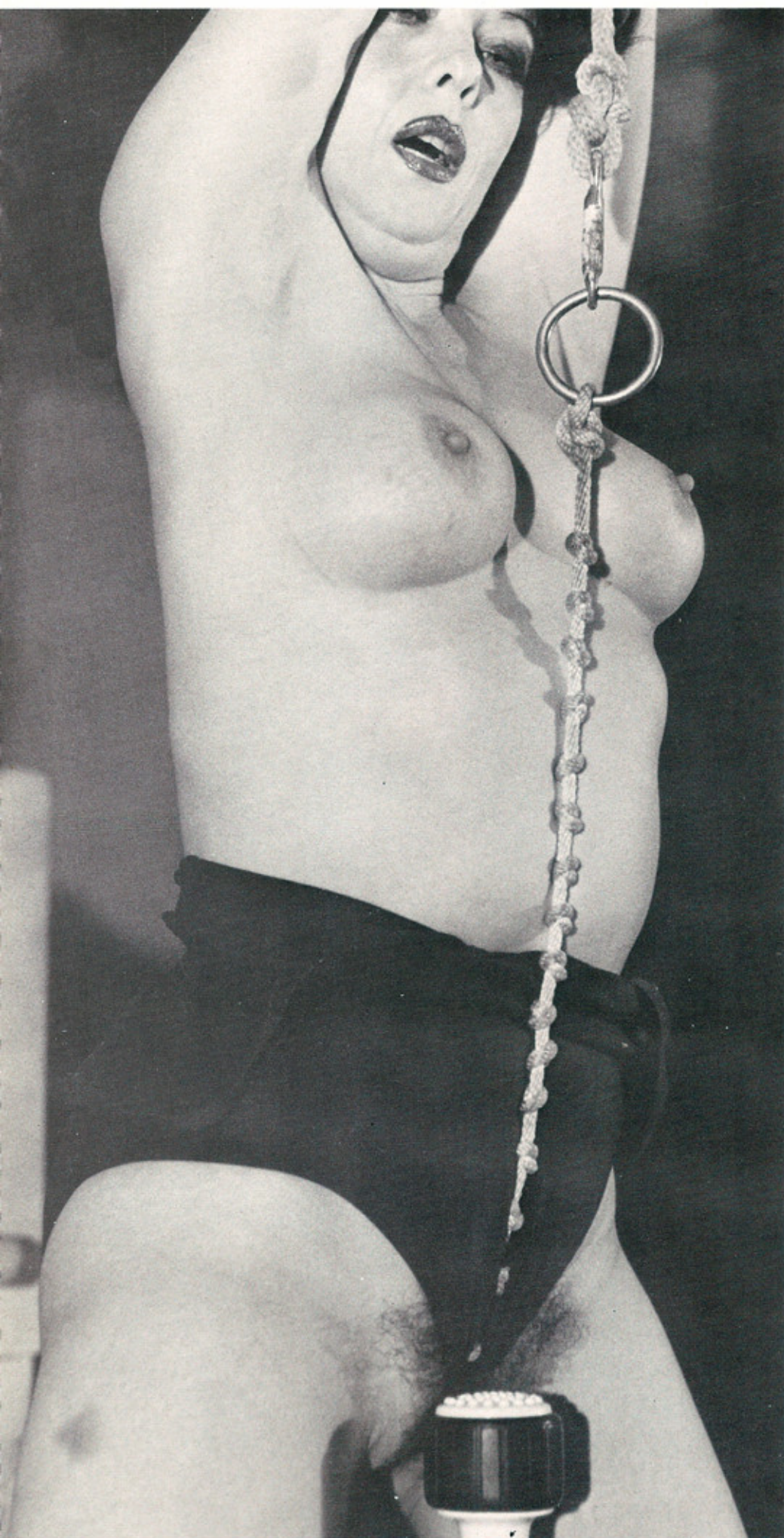












And the old rhyme had been so very, very untrue. It was words that got her into this mess, not sticks or stones or threats or even the ropes that held her now, a naked and sexy prisoner of a crazed female friend. She'd been encouraged to "let it all hang out" and "be loose, be open to new experiences" in the seminar her old friend ran. It was good advice for forming a philosophy of life, but when it came to living it in reality, the results were somewhat more strict than she'd ever imagined.

She found herself offering to remove her clothes for her! She actually stripped herself, laying herself open to her captor, actually putting her own head on the chopping block with nary an unkind word. She'd been so damned cooperative! And, eyes open, head erect, and nipples bare to the cool breezes in the underground dungeon room, she'd bravely put herself beyond the point of no return, a bound and helpless prisoner of a lust-crazed lesbian with an axe to grind!

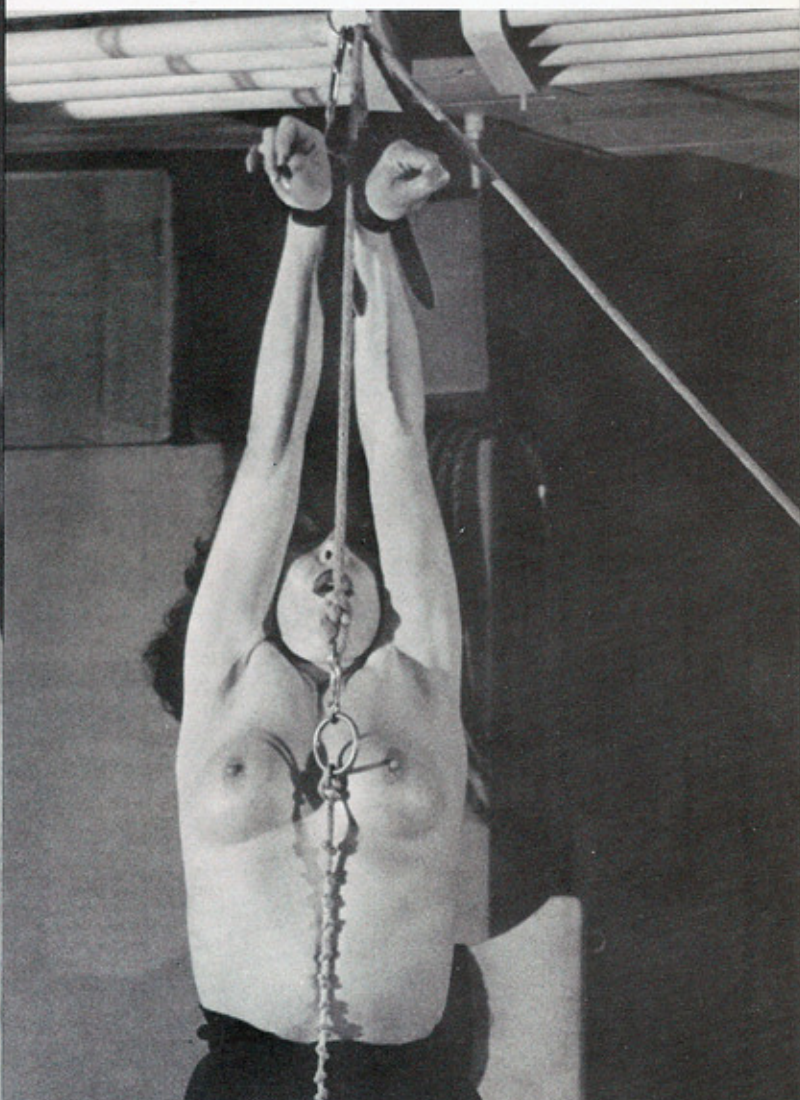
All those years, and she'd never seen it. She never once noticed the jealousy when she'd gotten the best car, the best grades, the best boys, the best of everything—and her friend the perpetual runner-up. Now the tables had turned, and the convincing words, not the sticks and stones or slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, had sealed her fate.

But a strange sensation came over her as she struggled in her bonds. She suddenly felt herself getting excited! And when the first lash fell on her supple buttocks, when she was actually being whipped by the girl she'd called friend but was now expected to bow to as her mistress, she suddenly found a new version of the old verse running through her fevered mind.

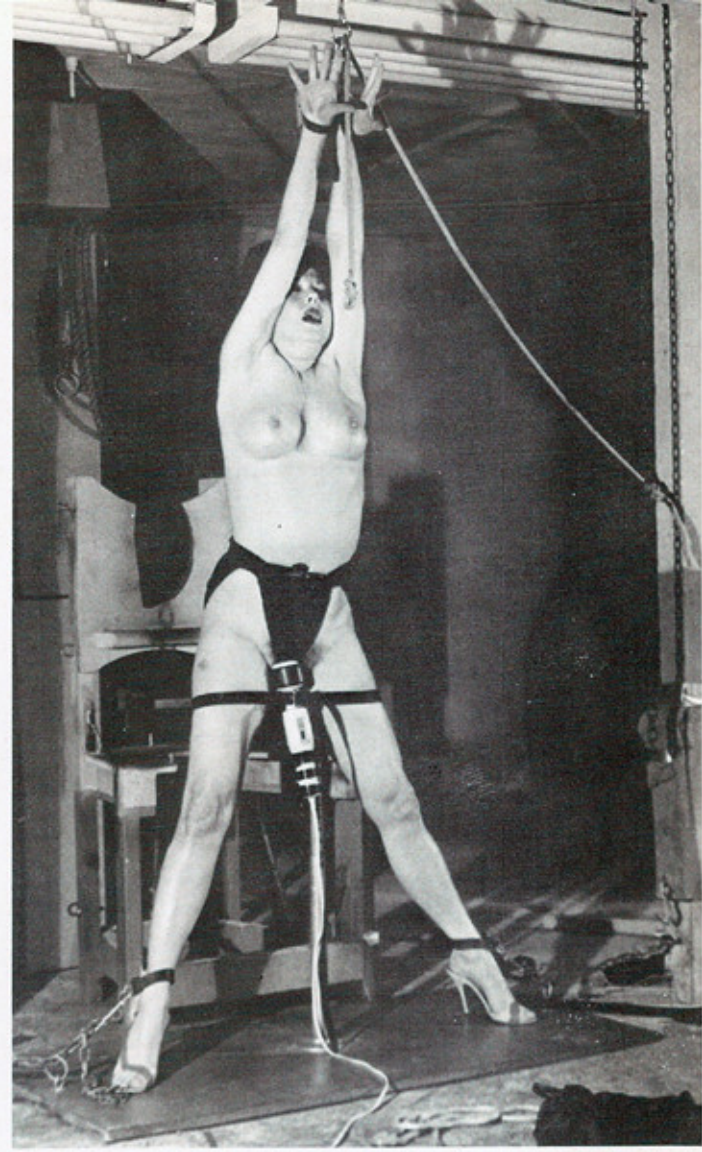
"Sticks and stones may break my bones," she sang as the whip danced a dance of orgasm on her furry, sweating, dripping mound of love, "but whips and chains excite me!"

And the words and deeds became one, and she became the willing accomplice in her own submission, a naive girl no longer, and a sexy, seductively submissive grown woman at last! □

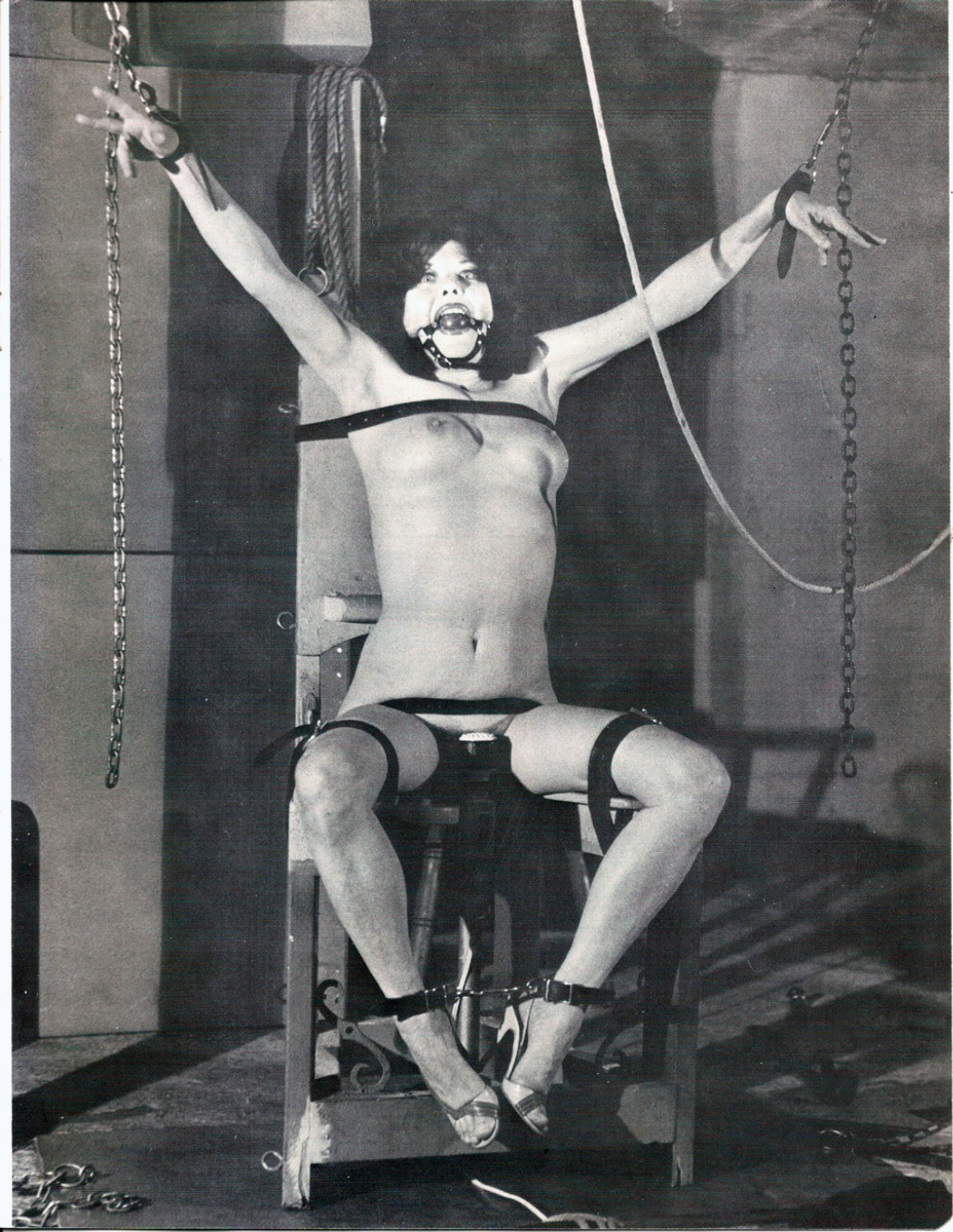
















## BIG TIPPER

**H**e was the biggest tipper she'd ever seen! Just rolled into the little cocktail lounge out on the edge of town where she worked and started handing out twenties like they grew on trees.

Of course, he took an immediate shine to her. Every red-blooded man who still wanted pussy instead of pansy always did. The costume helped, the tight red blouse and the short-short hotpants gave a girl with something to show a great way to show it, and April had something to show and a half!





















Boobs big enough to taste and tease but not so's they flopped like some girls when the bra came off. A nice slim waist and yet substantial enough for a man to get a good grip on when he pulled her close. Long legs that were made to be spread and were firm enough to warm a man's butt when she clamped them around to be grabbed and pinched as it peeked out of the bottoms of the cut-down shorts . . . and a look in her eyes that said "s-e-x" to one and all.

So when he offered her a ride home, she took him up on it, and pushed the fifty-dollar tip he left at closing time down between her tits as she grabbed her purse and swept out the door on his arm.

An hour later, she was lost forever. Chained by a steel collar that wouldn't ever budge from her neck until her owners decided another means of confinement would be better. Strapped tightly with thick black leather that was inescapable too. Pulled into contorted positions that showed off her body to all comers, and about to be auctioned off like a piece of prize meat to a group of men and women who devoured her with their eyes before they prodded her with their hands and their whips under the glaring lights of the slave trader's warehouse of women.

The rough strap that cut her in two as it bisected her box told her that she wouldn't be a slave whose purpose was farming or labor. She was here to be used for sex, impure and unsimple. She'd be taught whatever skills she didn't already have, and she'd be made to learn them with coercion that would be painful, humiliating, and harsh. She'd have to. There was no more freedom for April, and no more free choice.

She was caught. A prisoner now and property forever. She might become the coddled loving suck-slave of a bull-dyke dominatrix. She might become the whipping girl of an angry executive. She might even find herself in a real live slave harem in some distant land. But whatever her fate, she'd never see the cocktail lounge again, and the big tipper would go on to ensnare many more foolish girls like her with a flash of green and a few kind words.

The world was full of girls like April who everyone liked but no one would miss. And in certain parts of the world, slave cells were full of them too. □



















# AN EYE FOR DETAIL

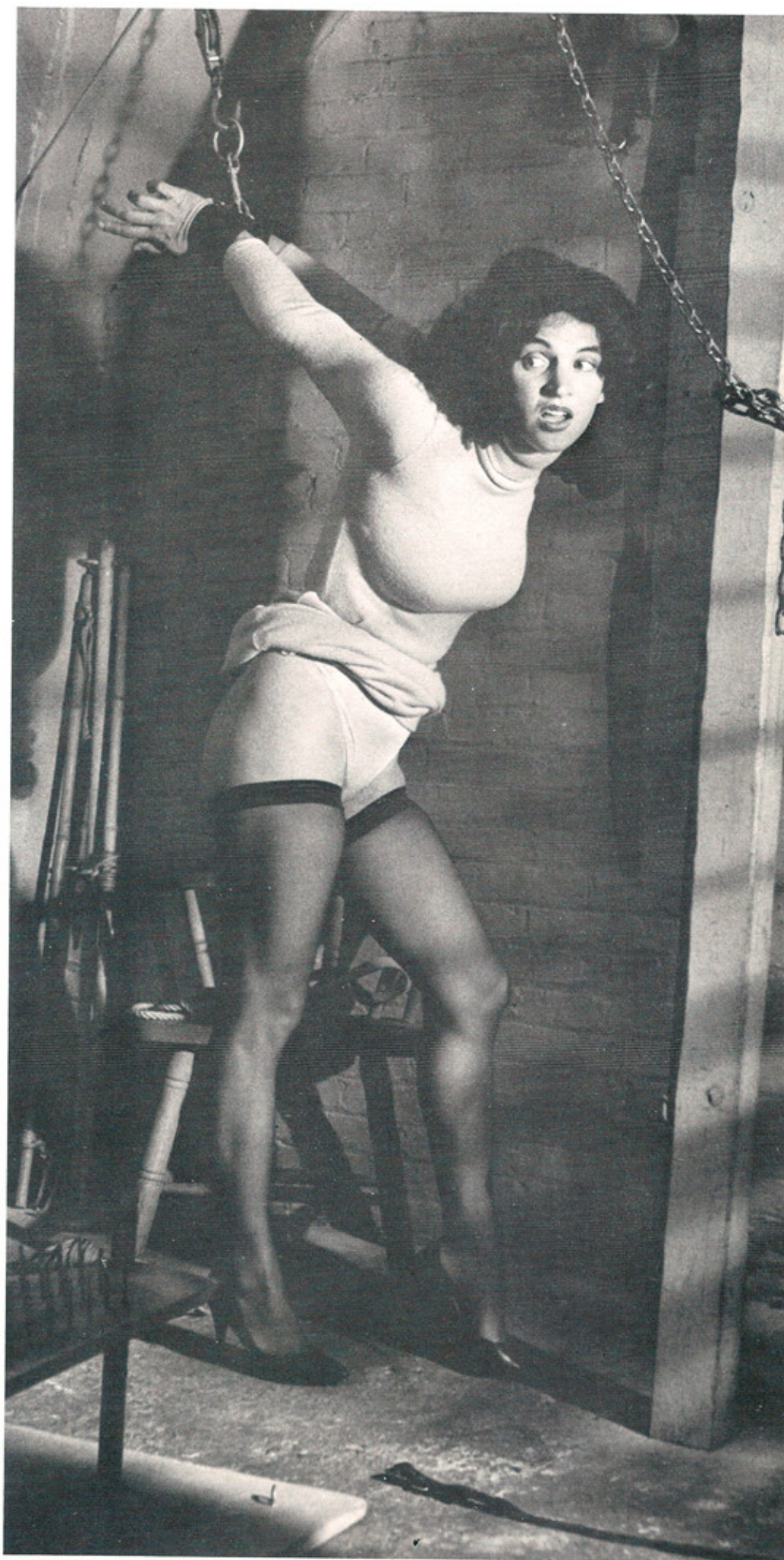
**H**e always seemed to see more than the other guys. That was what she'd admired in him. Working in a large art department of a large advertising firm with major national clients, there was no shortage of intelligence, even genius. But he had a special eye for detail that was unusual, and unusually appealing. It drew her in, and then, when she least expected it, snapped shut trapping her in his detailed plans for her destruction.

He started by admiring her dress. Not the color or the general style like most men would. No, he noted the fabric, its weave and the way it clung to her ample bosom like a second skin. Then, noting a slight error, he said it was really a third skin, since her bra and panties were the second, and he could trace their outline and cut through the blue dress with his eyes. Soon, his eyes were followed by his fingers, and she trembled as he awoke sensations inside her that made her knees weak and her panties wet.

He suggested further explorations, and she was only too eager to join him for a meal and some wine. He explained as they drove out of town that he knew a wonderful place in the country, but that he had to check on some property on the way. Of course she wouldn't mind, and yes, she would like to explore the old factory with him. She took his arm, and he took her captive.

The ropes came with such speed that she didn't realize her predicament until it was much too late. She was trapped by this man with the eye for detail, and amidst her panic she noted that even in the way he bound a terrorized woman, he was precise and orderly and very specific with his knots.

His detailed plans for her submission included not only binding her wrists and ankles, not only ropes and chains and leather straps. His plans included more than mere captivity, but torment as well. He'd been watching every detail of her flirtatious act around the firm, seen how she dressed to emphasize the forbidden pleasures of her flesh that she never granted, known deep down of the kind of teasing woman she was. He was out to settle the score, to even the game and then win it.













Her discomfort began with the dress's dishevelment, pulled up around her hips, revealing the scandalous black hose and the filmy white gauze of the panties that sheathed her dark crotch. A tight rope to tease those sweating lips was in order, and he pulled it tight, cutting deeply into her most sensitive crease.

Next, she was stripped, the huge, jiggling breasts pulled roughly out of their confining bra cups, and then pinched and poked and punished for their part in her feminine conspiracy. Soon, she was spread with her legs obscenely kicking up into the air like a chorus girl at the music hall, but her dance was a dance of shame and punishment, and with that very retribution in mind, he revealed to her and then demonstrated on her his most detailed and fiendish device.

It was a strange arrangement of pipes and straps and chain, and the sharp points of the taunting spikes were designed to prick tender woman flesh but not to penetrate it. That was a detail he saw to himself. And when she was straddling the device, bent over and ready for him, afraid to wiggle an inch and yet afraid not to try to escape, he entered her with a soul-shattering thrust that told her the last, impossible, important detail she needed to know to finalize her plans.

He was fantastic. She was tied, teased, tormented, terrorized, and totally helplessly abused. And she was loving every last detail of her punishment, coming from the sheer sexual energy of it all!

She whimpered a soft request. She was already on her knees, after all, so begging seemed perfectly natural. She begged him to fuck her again. She said "please," she called him "sir," and she was very, very humble about it. She used just the right inflection and vocabulary. She calculated every last nuance. She tried like she'd never tried before.

After all, she thought, he was a man who paid attention to details. And from now on, she'd have to pay attention to them too. □



















## WORLD PREMIERE

**O**kay, so she was starstruck. And a little bit dumb. And a little bit naive. And more than a little bit overawed by her first trip to the big, bright, overwhelming city of the angels.

But there was still no excuse for being this stupid! Gosh, but it was the oldest story in the book! The casting-couch louse who seduces the innocent bimbo with tales of cinematic success and promise of stardom and fame, and then uses her and dumps her onto the pile of beautiful bodies and hard-luck dreams that are the slush-pile of defeated detritus in Hollywood, U.S.A.

She shouldn't have fallen for it, but if she was going to, well, couldn't fate have just stuck her onto a horny guy, instead of a kinky and scary one like this? The bastard didn't just want to fuck a girl silly, or even get a yucky blowjob or even screw her asshole in some "normal" kink. Nooooo, not him!

He liked to tie girls up. And hurt them. And teach them tricks like they were auditioning to be a replacement for Rin Tin Tin instead of Marilyn Monroe!















He said he wanted to teach her the errors of her ways. He said he wanted to show her why being another "cheap slut," as he put it, was wrong. He said he had lots of teaching methods, but that simple reasoning and cool logic weren't enough. There had to be more physical punishments too.

So he punished her, all over, and hell yes, it hurt! The cruel bastard tied her up so she hung from the ceiling of his loft space in a disused building on Hollywood Boulevard! She could look out the window and see the stars in the sidewalk, but nobody could hear her over the traffic noises and through the glazed windows, even before he put the nasty gag in her face and tied it in tight.

He told her to pretend she was acting the part of a captured woman. He told her he was giving her a lesson in realism—in the "method" school of acting. He said it would help her career, and that it would help his hot cock in any case, especially since it—his cock—seemed to become even longer and harder when it was about to be rammed into a tied-up girl than when it was getting more ordinary pussy to fuck.

He said her luscious young body inspired him to greatness the way the great directors and agents and producers had been inspired. He said she was a living work of art, a sculpture in straps and ropes. He said it all as he hurt her, and she groaned, and the punishment went on and on until she lost all track of time.

When she awoke, dirty, half naked, in an alley off the glittering boulevard, she knew she'd never recover her pride and dignity. She knew she'd drift like the other street girls with broken dreams of stardom. She knew her fantasy life in Hollywood was over and her reality life on its grittier streets had just begun.

She was nothing but a whipped whore now. She was no longer a starlet with a dream. But if there was any consolation, she was no longer innocent and naive. Those were two qualities that didn't last very long in the devilish city of the angels whose mean streets would be her home for the rest of her defeated, defiled life. □

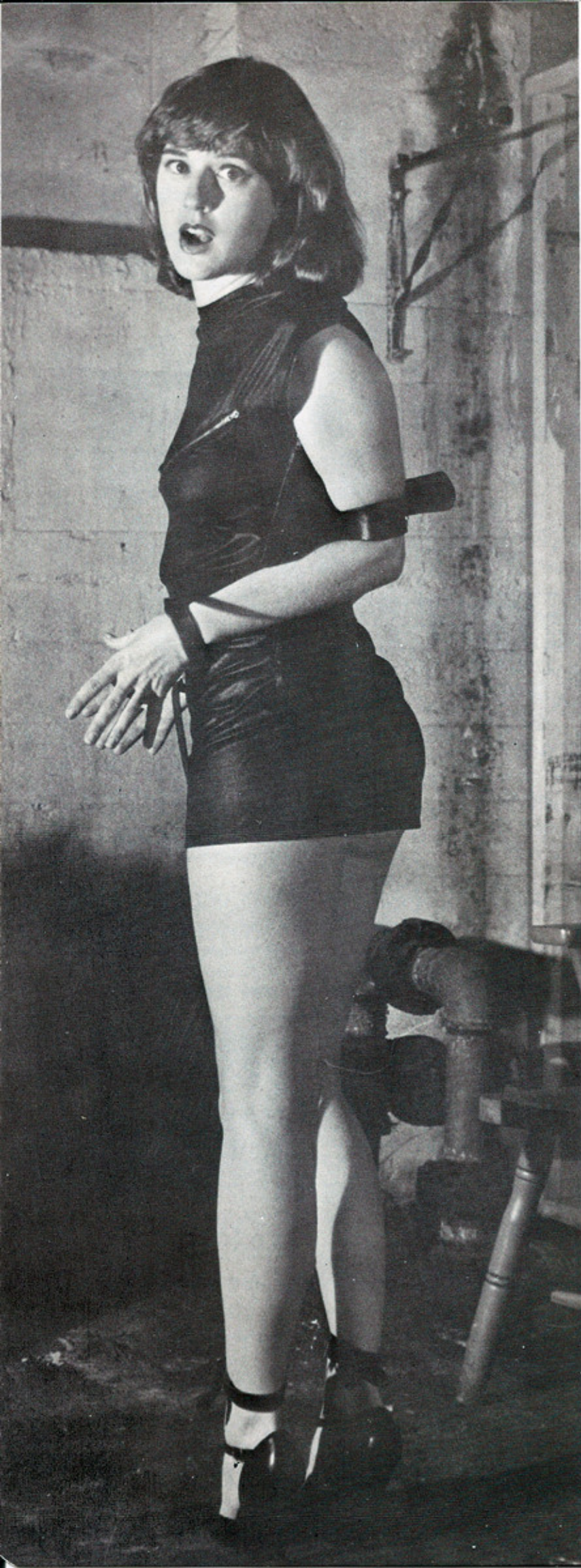
















## SHE HAD IT COMING

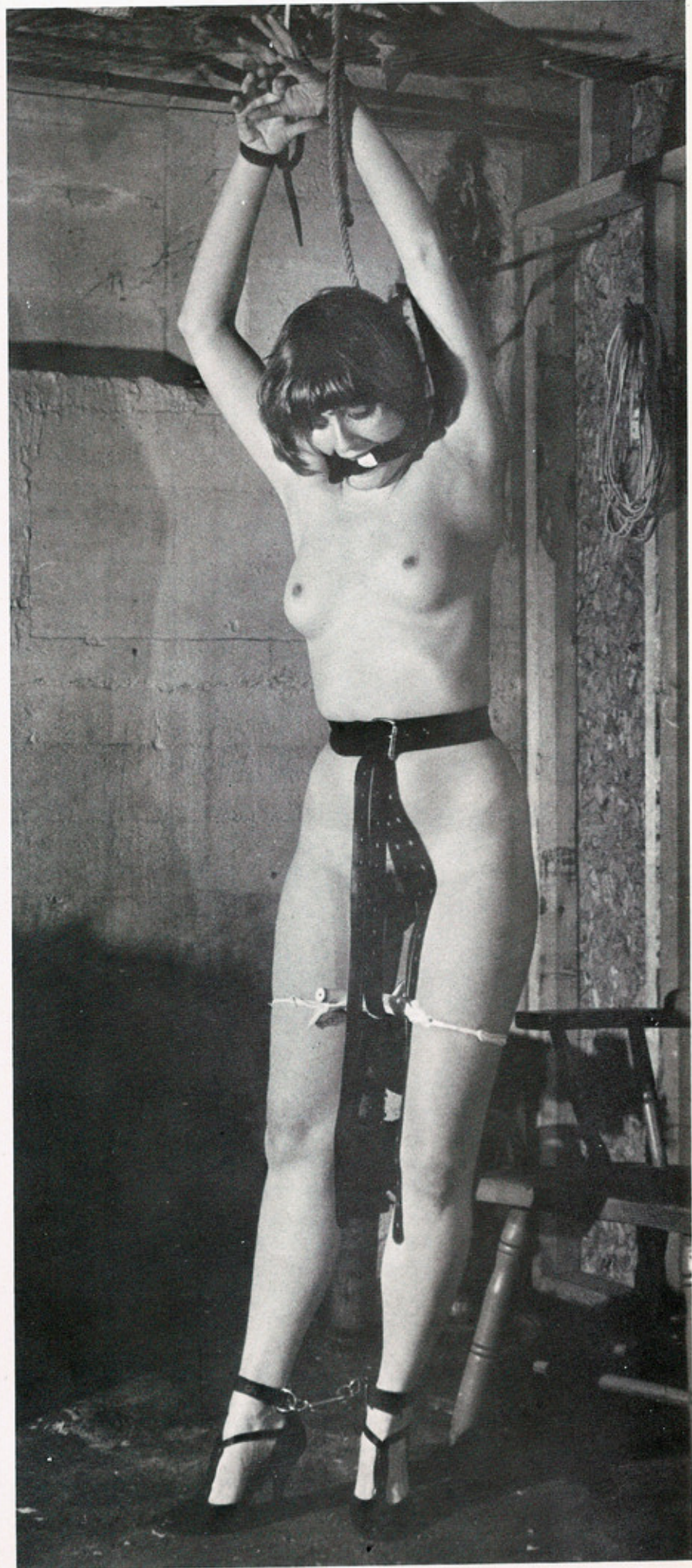
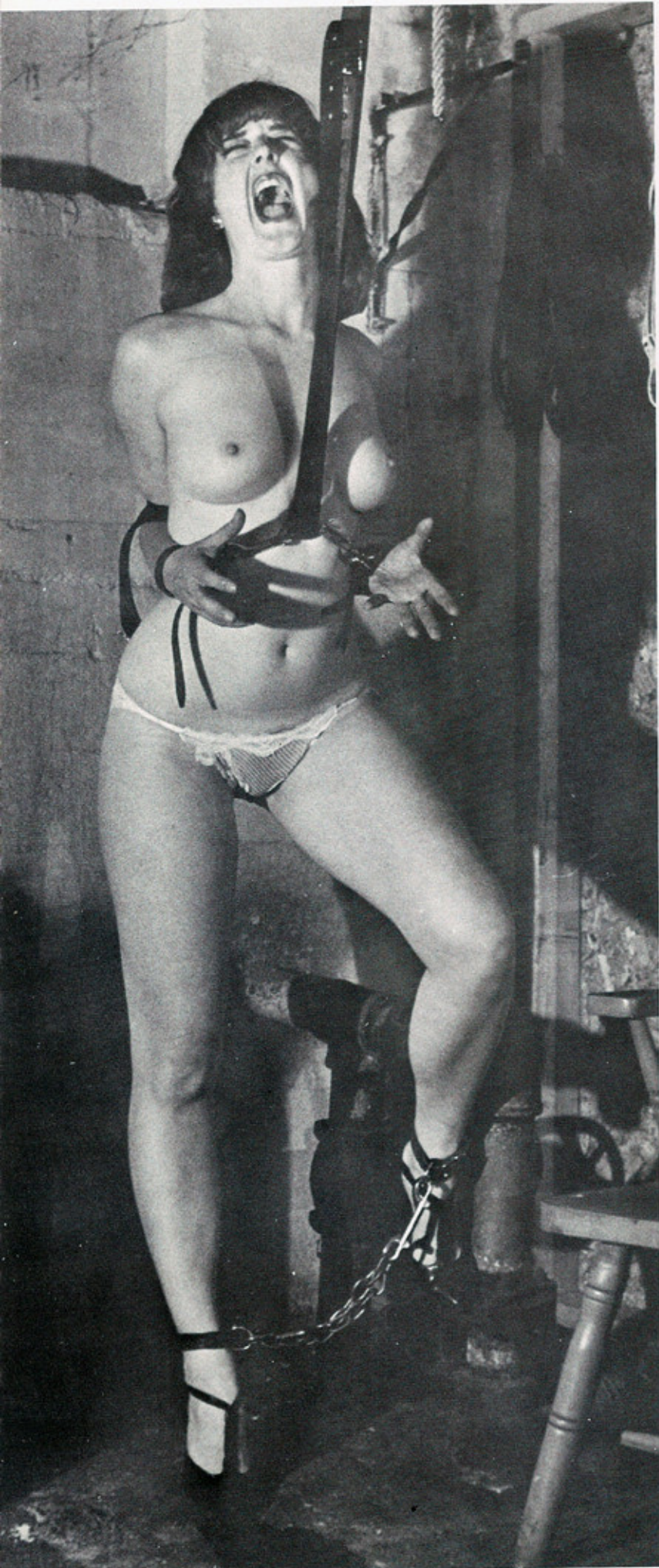
**T**he little bitch had it coming for a long time. So I gave it to her. And neither one of us was ever the same since.

It all started when I saw her there, standing in that bar with that sexy little black dress with all those zippers and things on it. It seems to me that anybody who wears a dress with lots of zippers is just out asking to be unzipped, if you know what I mean.

So I set out to unzip her. First I unzipped her attitude with a smile and some friendly words. Then I unzipped her defenses with a drink or three. I zipped her off into my car for a zippy little trip to a friend's loft where we could be alone. And then, zip, just like that, I had her tied in black cloth that matched her dress, noosed up and hanging there helpless and defenseless, ready to be peeled like a ripe, plump piece of succulent fruit.















So I stripped her, slowly and with lots of silent menace so she'd get the idea right off. I was the boss, and she was there to be used. I know she was expecting me to rape her right away, and I was sure her glances at my bulging crotch when I wasn't looking were full of longing. Oh yeah, this one had it coming. She was begging for it. I just wasn't ready to give it to her yet. Not without a price.

I tied her lots of other ways first: hanging on her tiptoes, bent over a chair with her tits out where I could enjoy them with my fingers and my mouth. I even spanked her ass for being such a "bad girl," although I lied about that one because all I could think of was that she was good—very, very good.

So when I finally roped her on the dirty mattress, spread her legs wide, and did away with the last shred of fabric I'd left her up till that point to cover her puss, I knew she was so ready that she was creaming without even the slightest touch of my hard, heavy rod. I knew it'd be the best fuck of my life, and surely the best of hers too.











I was right. She was both slippery enough to be reamed out in one powerful stroke and tight enough on the upswing to clamp her muscles around my meat like a hungry little calf sucking on her mama's hind teat.

My fun was just beginning, of course, because there were lots and lots of ways to tie and take a nasty little twat like this one, but the first time was sweet and hot, and I had a great time teasing her, filling her up and emptying her out, making her beg for my meat and for my hot love lotion until I couldn't hang on any longer and had to pump it into her one gallon after another.

Yeah, this one had it coming, and coming, and coming again. And so did I. And I'm glad I did. And so is she. And that is that. □















PRINTED IN USA