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BOUND ANKLES



F. E. CAMPBELL

Hit 200

Bound Ankles

by F. E. Campbell

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A Hit Book
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1

A Girl Happy in Her Bondage

A late summer breeze rustled the leaves of the trees in Jan's garden, stirred the grass restlessly, and teased the bare skin of the girl bound to one of those trees. Donna was her name, a healthy young lass of eighteen summers, a wonderful figure that both men and women lusted after, and a face that radiated sweetness and innocence. Donna was also the full time slavegirl and captive of a girl only a little older than herself, her Aunt Janet. And she loved it, being, by nature, a very submissive female much given to love of tight cords binding her body, chains holding her prisoner, and an occasional whipping. Just to keep her in her place and provide a tonic that wakes up the whole system.

That day the twins had been kind to Donna - none of their usual painfully tight, contorted bondage. For that lazy California afternoon, as summer slid quietly into autumn, they had simply bound her hands crossed behind the tree trunk, crossed and tightly knotted but not too uncomfortable, and left the leg irons shackled on her ankles. She could stand, even move her legs a bit, or sit down, although regaining her feet proved difficult but not impossible.

The scene was idyllic. The bright sun to warm her golden skin and a gentle summer breeze to cool her, and the tiny sounds of the forest to entertain her. She had studied the sounds around her, there not being much else to do for a naked girl bound to a tree and all alone, and found there to be a great many. There was the rustle of leaves as they touched one another. There was a constant but varying medley of bird song from near and far. There was even, later in the afternoon when the breeze usually increased, the sighing of wind in the pines. She liked that sound, it reminded her of happy times as a child living in a small Northern California town and playing among the pines everyday. There were insect sounds and an occasional tiny roar of airliners so high above her that they were only specks drawing white lines across the sky. Donna sighed with happiness.

And she was content. She was once again the captive of her beloved "Auntie Jan"

and her two daughters, the irrepressible Pip and Patsy, all of whom she loved deeply. She was once again the constant prisoner she had come to understand she wanted to be. She was always bound in some way, handcuffs, chains, leg irons, or the ever-present ropes. Sometimes a week or two went by with her wrists crossed and bound behind her back every second of every day. She became used to it, it was a way of life that suited this beautiful young woman.

Every time she was tied to a tree, a favorite pastime of the twins who loved to leave Donna helpless in the garden while they went off to school, uttering complaints and protests about it being a waste of time, she remembered the first time she had ever been bound. It had been the twins then too, who had caught the unsuspecting Donna in what she thought of at the time as an innocent child's game. But when the ropes tightened down beyond what a silly game should entail, she wondered. And when the twins refused to release her, she protested. And when they tugged and tore her clothes off, leaving her a naked and completely helpless captive, she knew something was seriously wrong. Then the true nature of the adorable twins came out: their love of torturing helpless naked females. She shuddered with an erotic thrill at the memory of the clips they often attached to her nipples to make them burn with relentless fire. And there was the burning of her bottom whenever the twins took to whipping her bottom with riding crops and straps. For thirteen year old girls, they certainly knew a lot about sexually exciting and torturing a full grown female.

But their lovely mother, Jan, kept them in line and from doing any serious harm to Donna. Her own interests in Donna leaned towards keeping her naked and bound up, occasionally inflicting mild tortures of her own, but mostly playing the games of Lesbos in the privacy of her bedroom where Donna usually slept. In their lovemaking, and Donna had become quite proficient at it under Jan's training, Donna's hands were always bound behind her back, a condition that hampered her not at all. She more than made up for lack of hands with a talented tongue and lips.

And sometimes, while passing boring hours in tight bondage among the trees and bushes, she remembered those two people who had both briefly owned her, the fearsome and cruel Margaret Summers and the dashing and handsome Nigel Bransome. Introduced to Donna by Jan, and being a former friend of Aunt Janet's, Margaret Summers had kidnapped Donna, tortured her for the fun of it, and planned to keep her forever. She had also kidnapped Donna's beloved Jan, inflicted considerable pain upon her, then turned her over to that cad Nigel who also loved to whip naked girls then ravish them afterwards. But Nigel, not content with just Jan, had kidnapped Donna from under the nose of the cruel Margaret. With a giggle, Donna remembered that evening in Jan's 'big room' under the house, more of a dungeon than anything else, when she had ended their captivity to Nigel by bonking him over the head with an empty champagne bottle. The girls had left him in his car several blocks from their house to awaken with a frightful headache and, hopefully, a lesson learned about messing with Jan and her girls.

In the weeks that followed that memorable incident, she often wondered about Nigel and the evil Margaret. They had not been heard from but she wondered if they would give up. Both of them had expressed a deep longing to possess her body, and both felt that they had a right to do so. Jan had installed a new security system but Donna could only hope that it would be enough. Nigel was cunning with the instincts of a male hunting his prey. And Margaret had a great deal of money and the power it brings. Either of them could mean trouble in the future.

But today was a warm and pleasant day, with no problems or troubles, and Donna was enjoying it. As she blew a stray ant off her left nipple, an occupational hazard

one gets used to when one spends a lot of time tied to trees, she knew herself a contented slavegirl. She was not aware of the evil eyes watching from the cover of dense bushes across the clearing.

The crack of a riding crop against bare female flesh resounded throughout the big dungeon, followed immediately by a squeal of pain. "I just love the way she jerks and cries out when the riding crop hits," said Pip with considerable sincerity.

"It is rather nice," agreed Patsy. Both girls were holding riding crops, standing on either side of the hanging Donna, and taking turns applying their instruments of pain across the bare flesh of her nicely rounded bottom. Donna, completely naked as usual, was hanging by her wrists which were strapped tightly with leather bands. Her toes were perhaps an inch off the floor, close enough to be frustrating but far enough so she couldn't touch the floor. With each impact of the riding crop, her body jerked and she danced a few steps in mid-air before she calmed down. Then her body would slowly sway back and forth while awaiting the next blow from the giggling teenagers.

"You really shouldn't have refused to crawl back to the house," offered Pip. "Mommy says we can whip you for disobedience. You were disobedient."

"Yes, you were so bad," chipped in Patsy. Both girls were in high spirits. They didn't often get a chance to whip Donna and they did love it so. Since Donna was so very submissive, they had to set traps for her to fall into. In this case she balked at having to crawl a long way back to the house. Actually she hadn't refused, just uttered a protest that it was hard to crawl when your hands were tied behind your back and your legs were tied together at the ankles and again, cruelly tight, above the knees. The girls reasonably pointed out that it could be worse, she might have been hogtied! But getting her to protest was enough. They untied her legs and immediately led her to the basement dungeon to string her up and lash into her tender flesh.

Donna didn't bother to deny wrong-doing. She just sighed and awaited the next stroke. She knew well the traps the twins set for her. She avoided what she could see coming but more often than not fell into the worst ones. But the twins knew full well that if they got to whipping her bottom too much, even if in response to refusals, protests, and sarcasms, their mother would step in to prevent Donna from being hurt too much. They all loved Donna terribly and didn't want to see her seriously hurt. It's just that the twins did so love to whip her bottom...

Donna, as was often the case, had lost count of the number of strokes the twins had given her. Her educated guess was twenty, and she had a lot of education to base that upon. She whined and bit back a plead that they might stop this painful punishment of an innocent girl. To utter it would give them added fuel for the fire in her bottom. There were very few rules in Jan's house; no escape attempts, no protesting anything done to you, and no pleading for mercy. And some general stuff about sarcasm, disobedience, and the like. But the rule that was important now was the one forbidding her from pleading. She was sure the twins knew exactly how much they could mark up her bottom before their mother drew the line and punished them for harming their pet slavegirl. But if she broke any more rules, the twins would have reason to give her some more and it would be half justified to Jan. So Donna held back her words and suffered.

They stopped after twenty-six strokes. You usually got an even number of strokes when two twins were involved. Giggling, they went off in search of other pursuits, leaving the naked Donna hanging by her wrists and with a very sore bottom. Donna hung her head and sighed. Her bottom was on fire and she knew there would be

angry red marks all over it, if she could only see it. She cried a little as she swayed slowly back and forth. But she forgave the twins. It was simply their nature to enjoy giving her pain. Just as it was her nature to receive it. Jan had called her a natural-born submissive. Donna hadn't known what that meant at first but came to an understanding that she was a girl who needed to be kept in constant restraints and used by those who enjoyed tormenting naked girls.

The girls came back later and let Donna down. She was very glad to have her feet reach the floor.

Later that night, Donna, naked and with her hands crossed and bound behind her back, was taken to Jan's bedroom, led by a short piece of rope tied to the ring of the slender metal collar Donna always wore. In the bedroom, Jan untied the leash and pushed Donna playfully onto the huge bed. Tossing off the sheer black baby-doll nightie, Jan joined her slavegirl on the cool red Satin sheets. She pushed Donna over on to her stomach, then straddled her legs and thighs, pinning the girl with tied hands to the bed. Then she leaned forward, slipped hands around Donna to cup the more than ample breasts quite firmly. Donna moaned as Jan pressed her body against the freshly marked up bottom but said nothing. Jan ignored the moan and began kneading the flesh in a way that quickly had Donna moaning with pleasure. Then she drew back, forced Donna's legs wide apart and placed herself in a kneeling position between the legs, preventing them from closing and placing her in a very good position to tease Donna's sex. And tease she did until she had the slavegirl gasping and wiggling. Soon Donna's hips were pushing back as if to impale her sex harder on the fingers that were just inside her vagina. But Jan suddenly withdrew her hand and, with a laugh, slapped Donna hard across the bottom cheeks.

Donna gasped with pain for the open palmed slap had found already tenderized flesh and set new stinging fire to bum her ass. A couple more slaps had the bound girl wiggling harder. Then the teasing hand and very skilled fingers evoked new gasps of pleasure. Jan alternated playing with her slavegirl until the lovely girl was very excited and burned with lust. Then she pushed Donna aside, took her place in the center of the bed and spread her legs wide. Donna, without being told to, crawled between her mistress' legs and buried her face in the sex of the girl she loved.

It did not matter to Donna that it was her tongue that drove her mistress into spasms of pleasure and a very satisfactory orgasm while Donna's own pussy ached for satisfaction. All that mattered was her beloved mistress. If Jan had ordered her to give pleasure all night while denying her own, Donna would do her best to make it so. It was frustrating and a form of torture for the slavegirl to be so horny and unable to even touch herself. But it was a beautiful torture and Donna loved every minute of it.

After a second orgasm for the mistress, Jan took pity on her slavegirl. She fetched a length of rope, turned Donna back onto her stomach, and tied her ankles tightly together. Then she tied the rope up to her bound hands and pulled tight, forcing Donna into a hogtied. Donna moaned for she feared being left in the hogtie all night as her mistress had done in times past. But it was not to be that way. Instead, Jan fetched a big vibrator, one over twelve inches long and very powerful, one not meant for mere batteries, plugged it's cord into a wall socket, and pushed it hard up between Donna's legs as she lay on her stomach. With her knees not bound, Donna could separate her legs some to allow the vibrator to reach her sensitive place. With a gasp from the hogtied girl, the vibrator pressed right into Donna's pussy. Quickly her breathing increased to a pant, her gasps turned to moans and whines of pleasure, and, after only a minute, she exploded into a violent climax accompanied by a mini-

scream. She quickly bit the pillow but her body arched wildly within the hogtie then trembled with pure ecstasy for a long time.

When Donna came back down to earth, she found herself lying on the carpet at the foot of Jan's bed, shackled by a short chain and padlock from her collar to one of the rings in the bed, and still hogtied. She didn't care. With a sigh of satisfaction, she closed her eyes and went to sleep.

The next night Jan, for whatever reason, did not want Donna in her bed. Mistresses don't have to give reasons for their actions and Jan gave Donna none. At bedtime the twins left Donna sitting on the bench in her little cage down in the basement room that all of them thought of as "The Dungeon", although Jan didn't like to openly call it that. Jan was also the only one who didn't use the word "Torture" for some of the things the twins did to their resident slavegirl. But Donna called the whippings and having to ride the Horse torture, and few would argue with her. They did hurt a hell of a lot even if no damage was done.

Donna, naked as usual, she never got to wear clothes anymore, had her hands bound behind her back with skillfully applied rope. She knew there was no hope of her ever working her hands free from those ropes, no escape. She would still be in her cage, still bound, when the morning came and either the twins or Aunt Janet herself came to take her off to a bath and breakfast. She had come to enjoy those baths in warm, scented water, often with lots of bubbles. And the loving hands of Jan or the twins to attend to her cleaning, usually with more attention to the sexual parts than strictly needed for proper cleanliness. Donna sighed and tried to find a comfortable position on the hard wood bench, a nightly task and an impossible one. She much preferred those nights when she shared the warm and loving bed of Jan.

Donna curled up as best she could and drifted off into dreams of never-ending whippings, endless hours of riding the painful Horse, and the wonderful smell of her mistress' hot pussy. She was not aware of powerful forces gathering outside the safety of Jan's home, forces that would soon intrude on the idyllic existence of the four girls who lived there. As Donna slept, sinister black figures crept through the bushes.

2

Kidnapped!

Not long after breakfast, Donna was taken into the garden, really a small forest, to be fastened for the day. The twins were happy at the prospect of once again getting to bind their naked slavegirl into some uncomfortable position, then leaving her in the full knowledge that when they returned that afternoon, she would be still tightly bound and just as helpless as they had left her. Donna, as usual, had her wrists crossed and bound tightly behind her back. Except for those times when they had to be untied so that the wrists could be put into some other kind of bondage, her hands were tied behind her, often for days and sometimes weeks at a time. She was used to it. Indeed, on those rare occasions when her hands were not tied, or handcuffed, or strapped, or locked into stocks and pillories, she felt very strange, often not knowing what to do with them.

But today was not one of those days on which she had to worry about what to do with free hands. She followed along behind the twins at the end of a rope leash they had tied to the ring in her collar, and did not worry about anything. The twins would bind her or chain her in some way that she could not escape from, and that was all

there was to it. She didn't even wonder how they would tie her, not even if it would hurt much. Sometimes their bondage hurt a lot, sometimes less, but always there was some pain.

The clearing was a small one, and it held only two things of interest; two small squares of concrete set in the ground, each with a large metal ring firmly planted in the middle. The twins had used this area many times before, the last one being to lock her collar to one of the rings with a padlock so that she had to keep her head down by the ring in the ground all day. They had then laughingly untied Donna's hands so that the slender metal collar and padlock were the only restraints on the naked girl. They found it amusing that she was totally free of arm and leg, but still completely helpless. It had been an awkward day, with Donna having to spend it all either lying down or kneeling. The ring was too low for her to sit up. But Donna had been grateful because that was certainly one of the twins least painful positions. It had almost been a holiday from the usual tight ropes and painfully contorted positions.

Perhaps again today? she wondered. But the twins had not brought a padlock. Donna could see that all they held in their hands was another piece of rope, maybe twenty feet long. Well, at least it wouldn't be one of their major productions that involved hundreds of feet of rope and Donna's being very uncomfortable for hours on end.

They sat her down on the grass half way between the two rings, then set about binding her ankles together side by side and very tightly. They finished that job with several feet of rope hanging out. Pip took that rope down to the ring in front of her feet and passed it through the ring to come back up to her ankles where she pulled it very tight and knotted it several times to insure Donna would not be able to jerk it free. Meanwhile, Patsy was busy untying the leash rope from Donna's collar and binding one end of it around the naked girl's wrists. That rope then went back to the ring behind Donna and through it. Patsy pulled and Donna felt her arms moving away from her body. When the strain was really beginning to get uncomfortable, Patsy stopped and tied off the rope in many firm knots.

"You realize, don't you," Pip asked as the twins stood back to admire their handiwork, "that if you fall to either side, you won't be able to get up?"

Donna sighed. It was true. With her arms pulled out behind her, a fall would mean that she would have to stay lying on her side the rest of the day. Still, that wouldn't be so bad.

"But we don't want you to fall over and get nasty old dirt all over you," added Patsy. "So we decided that if you're lying on your side when we come back, we'll take you back to the dungeon and make you ride the Horse for two hours before dinner. Won't that be nice?"

It would not be nice but Donna refrained from so stating. The twins knew as well as she just how horrible the Horse was. Although, Donna thought, they didn't suffer on it as much as she did because they were not yet full grown, and didn't weigh as much as Donna. That put more weight pressing that cruel plank edge right up into her pussy. It was a terrible punishment and Donna hated it. The twins always tied her so tightly that she couldn't move a muscle while riding that wooden plank they called the Horse.

"Bye, Donna, dear, we love you," they chanted as they skipped off into the

trees.

Donna sighed. But this wasn't too bad. She was sitting on the ground with her legs straight out in front of her and her arms at an angle behind her. But it wasn't too bad. At least her back was straight up and sitting like this wasn't too uncomfortable. But she wasn't kidding herself. Even something as seemingly innocent as this could grow more and more uncomfortable until her muscles were screaming for release. And there was the problem of not falling down. She resolved not to fall over and give the twins the satisfaction of condemning her to two hours of riding the Horse.

Hours drifted by slowly, and all Donna had to tell the passage of time was the shifting shadows from the trees and the increasing ache in her shoulders and back muscles. A couple of times in the warm afternoon sunlight she caught herself drifting off into sleep. But she fought it back because she would certainly wake up lying on her side and knowing she was doomed to a hellish two hours before dinner.

In mid afternoon, not far from the time the twins would normally come to observe their captive's suffering and eventually free her, Donna thought she heard a noise behind her. With difficulty she looked back over her shoulder but could see nothing save greenery. Besides that was not the direction the twins would come from, the path from the house was directly in front of her. Unless they were playing some kind of game, and sneaking around to observe her when she didn't know they were there. Donna sighed. Well, there was nothing she could do about it so she just sat there in her bonds.

Her shoulders were really aching by now and her lower back was in pain because she had taken to leaning forward as much as she could to ease the strain on her shoulders. Her bottom and the backs of her thighs were itching from the grass, and she had endured various ants crawling over her legs and the rest of her during the long day.

Suddenly there was a little noise again behind her. But before she could look around something grabbed her head from behind and shoved a wad of something into her mouth. The startled girl didn't have time to react, only to realize that the hands cramming something into her mouth were not the small hands of the twins. These were the rough and strong hands of a man!

Donna squealed but the rubber wad was tight in her mouth, pushing her tongue down and preventing any kind of speech. Quickly the straps attached to the rubber wad were buckled around her head. In less than a minute the gag was secured tightly around her and Donna was silent save for the whines that escaped through her nose.

Only then did her assailant step around to where she could see him. It was a man she had never seen before! He was young, early twenties, and dressed totally in black save for the hands and face. The face was the part Donna didn't like. Not that he was ugly, but it was his expression. He was not grinning like so many men do when staring at a naked woman. He was not even smiling in the slightest as a job quickly and well done. She could not even detect gloating in his eyes that he now had control over a beautiful naked and totally helpless young woman. What made her shudder deep down was the businesslike expression. No triumph, no joy, not even fear. He was just doing a job and doing it efficiently.

Donna watched as he produced a knife and slashed the rope holding ankles to the metal ring. Then he cut the rope holding her arms pulled back. Donna grunted at the stab of pain the sudden lower of her arms brought then looked up into the eyes of this strange man. But he did not meet her eyes, instead he roughly turned her over onto

her stomach. In a second her ankles were being pulled up by the rope hanging from them. That rope he tied to her wrists in a quick but very tight hogtie.

Donna was almost too shocked by this sudden attack to even struggle. But struggling would have been useless because she had been tied from the start. Even after he had cut the ropes holding her to the rings, she had still been tied at the ankles and with her wrists behind her back. The invader picked her up easily and carried her towards the house.

Donna's mind was a turmoil of emotions. What was happening? Who was this guy? And why was he openly carrying her towards the house? Weren't Jan and the twins there? Donna had a bad feeling about what she would find in the house.

Her bad feeling came true. Inside the house she was taken to the front room where she found Jan and the twins. Jan was lying on the floor, her arms handcuffed behind her back, her ankles also wearing a pair of handcuffs, and a third pair linking her wrists and ankles in an all-steel hogtie. She was also gagged and her clothes were in disarray, indicating she had put up a considerable fight. The twins were also there, both completely naked and both also hogtied, lying side by side by the front door. Each girl had been gagged with a rubber ball and each was very tightly bound with thin cord, elbows crushed together, cords cutting deeply into the flesh of their legs, and their ankles tied up to their elbows in a hogtie so tight that their hands were actually hidden between their calves and thighs as the legs were folded.

There were two other men present, dressed in black, and just as silent as the one who had carried Donna into the house. Usually when you get a group of men together and present them with four rather lovely young ladies, three of them naked, you will get comments, risqué remarks and some leering. But these men hardly gave the naked girls a second glance as they went about their business. Donna had a very sick feeling in the pit of her stomach about all this.

Two men picked up Jan like she was a package, one grabbing the handcuff link between her wrists and the other the handcuffs joining her ankles. They simply picked her up and carried her from the room. Donna, who had been dumped on a sofa, could hear the whine of pain as Jan's metal encircled wrists and ankles suddenly took all her weight. She winced along with her mistress.

Then the teenage girls were taken, each picked up by the ropes connecting their ankles and elbows, like a satchel, and carried out the front door. A few seconds later Donna was picked up by two men and carried after her friends.

There was a van, a large van, with 'Eddie's Dry Cleaning' printed on the side. The back doors were open, and through them Donna was dumped into the van. The floor was, surprisingly enough, carpeted rather than the bare steel she had expected. There were four large wooden boxes inside, each about four feet long. From her position on the floor, Donna could see little of what was going on. But she heard Jan squealing in pain and anger even if she couldn't see what was going on. Her view was limited to the side of Pip who lay in her hogtie directly before Donna's eyes. Then the twin was picked up and Donna could see her being lowered into one of the boxes. The man did something inside the box after Pip had disappeared from sight, then a lid was put on and screwed down.

Donna was the last to go into a box. As she was being lowered, she could see straps attached to the bottom of the box. Then she was lying on her stomach and could feel a heavy, wide leather strap going around her arms and body at the level of her

breasts. Then another around her bent double legs about the level of her ankles. The straps were tightened down until she felt squashed. Then there was darkness as the lid was put over her.

Donna lay there breathing heavily in the darkness of the wooden box, wondering what was happening and feeling deep fear. The ropes were tight on her limbs and the straps crushing her to the bottom of the box made her whole body immobile. Experimentally she tried to rock her body from side to side and found that all motion was denied her. With an effort she could shift her head from one side to the other but that was only at the cost of scraping her chin on the rough wooden bottom of the box.

Gradually she realized that the darkness was not total, there was a little light coming from someplace. She also realized that she was getting fresh air from somewhere, and concluded that there were air holes cut along the bottom of the box.

She wanted to cry. It couldn't have been more than ten minutes before that she was uncomfortable but happily tied between the two rings in the forest. She had been pleased with herself that she had managed to stay in an upright position all day and would escape having to ride the Horse. Well, for that evening at least. But now, just a few minutes later, she was tightly confined in a box, gagged and helpless, and going to who knows where. And her mistress Jan was also a prisoner of these frightening men. Somehow that was even worse than Donna's own condition. It was not right for her mistress to be treated like that. She was used to constant confinement and restrictions. But her mistress was Jan, someone special who she loved. This was just not right.

Sounds of men moving around and boxes being slid across the carpeted floor of the van filtered into her prison, but no words. Then her box was moved. After that there was silence for a while, followed by the starting of an engine and the moving of the van. Donna vaguely remembered seeing hanging clothing in the van when she was carried out and figured that their boxes were now stored along the sides of the van, under hanging clothes. Even if a policeman were to look in here, he wouldn't see four kidnapped and bound up girls, he would see a load of cleaning. Donna started to cry. Four captive girls were being driven off to a new and frightening fate.

The light was blinding in Donna's eyes when the lid first came off. The trip hadn't been too long but was certainly uncomfortable. They had been carried from the van still in the boxes, at least Donna had been, and deposited somewhere. Then she had lain there for a long time, hearing nothing, and herself silent in her cruel bonds. She had only a few moments notice when the screws were taken out of the lid of her box. Then there was light.

The men dressed in black were still there. The room she was lifted out into was large but barren. She could see, after her eyes got used to the lights, that the three boxes containing Jan and the twins were lying next to hers, the lids still screwed on tightly. Strong male hands untied the rope connecting her wrists and ankles and she was allowed to unfold, a most satisfying experience after so long in a squashed down hogtie. Donna wanted to talk, to ask questions, and to plead for the release of her mistress. But the gag was left in her mouth. Her wrists were untied from behind her but quickly retied in front, palms facing, with the same rope. Then another length of rope was looped around her wrists bondage. Donna's eyes followed that rope up to where it disappeared into a hole in the ceiling. She had a bad feeling about that, too.

While one man helped her to her feet, another pressed one of four buttons on the

wall. The humming was very low level but the pull on her wrists was very real. Quickly Donna was hoisted up until her toes were inches from the floor. Then the hoist stopped and one of the men tied the rope hanging from her ankle ropes to a small ring set in the floor directly below her. He pulled the rope until it was taut, and Donna could feel her body being stretched lengthwise by the ropes. It was uncomfortable but not really painful.

From her advantage point off the floor, Donna watched as the next box was unscrewed and opened. She flinched as she saw how those leather straps crushed Pip to the bottom of the box. Had she been strapped down that tight? The teenage girl was lifted out and untied from the very tight hogtied she had been bound in before being packed in the box. Her arms were limp by her sides when the ropes were off and Donna whined when she saw the angry marks from deep in the girl's flesh from those thin cords. The girl's arms above the elbows were an angry band of reddish indentations. The ropes peeled from her legs left their marks, too. But the girl wasn't given time to recover. Her wrists were joined in front of her and attached to another rope hanging down from the ceiling. Donna looked up to find, as she expected, three other holes and three other ropes hanging down besides her own. When Pip's arms were pulled up and her toes left the floor, the teenager was left to hang for a minute. Then one man bent and bound her ankles together. The young girl weakly kicked out at the man, who casually brushed aside her feeble attack. Then he had her feet together and was winding rope around the ankles. He left a few feet of rope hanging down when he was finished but did not tie that to the ring below her. Instead, he took a short length of rope and bound the teenage girl's elbows together. Pip was forced to bend her head forward as her arms came together over her head. When her elbows were tightly together, bound by the same thin cord that had bound them when she was in a hogtie, she was hoisted again until her head was almost the level of Donna's. Then her ankle ropes were tied down to the ring in the floor, stretching the slender teenage nudity vertically in the middle of the room.

The next box yielded Jan. Donna wanted to cry out to her mistress but had to hang mute as the oldest of the girls was unlocked from her handcuff hogtie. She tried to fight, but between three strong men, she was easily overpowered. Soon she was hanging next to Donna, hands over her head, ankles tied down to the floor, and still gagged. Before turning their attentions to the fourth box, one of the men casually cut all the already ripped clothing from Jan's body. Donna wanted to protest that her mistress shouldn't be seen naked before strange men, that it just wasn't fair, but she couldn't.

Patsy was the last to be taken from her box and strung up in mid air. Her elbows had been tied together as with Pip, but Donna and Jan had been spared the additional pain. All four hanging girls formed a large square with the two twins on her left and in front of her and Jan on her right. There was plenty of room for someone to walk in the middle of the square. Donna almost had the impression that this room had been made expressly for the purpose of hanging these four girl in discomfort.

Then the men gathered all the loose bits of rope, the handcuffs, and tossed everything into the boxes. Then they carried the boxes from the room, closing the door behind them, and leaving four naked and hanging girls to wonder about their fate.

Jan and Donna exchanged glances but the only thing Donna could get from the communication was that Jan didn't know what was going on either. And that she was in as much discomfort as Donna. The main difference was that Donna was used to being bound into contorted and painful positions, it was a way of life with her. Jan was not. She felt terrible when she saw her mistress suffering.

The four of them hung for a long time. With no windows and no clocks, they could only go by how much their arms and shoulders ached. And how much their wrists hurt. The twins seemed to be taking this ordeal with the resiliency of teenagers. Jan suffered the most, not being used to hanging by her wrists, even though she had sentenced Donna to that punishment many times. And, Donna remembered, often used it on her own daughters. Donna suffered but knew things could get worse. Much worse.

After what was probably two hours but seemed longer things got worse.

The door opened and in walked a large woman wearing only leather pants and black patent leather high heels. As she clicked her way across the floor, Donna could see that she had very firm muscle tone, firm and very large breasts, and, in general, a shape that most people would call "hard body." Yet the woman was obviously very much a woman and very sexual in her own, powerful way.

3

New Imprisonment

Jan moaned in the recognition of this woman. Margaret Summers! Donna moaned, too, inwardly at the sight of the woman who had kidnapped both her and Jan before. And who had tortured both of them before turning Jan over to that cad Nigel Bransome for more torture and rape at his hands. Then she had kept Donna as a slavegirl for several weeks, culminating in a Bridewell type flogging of Donna as a show for some of her friends. Shortly after that Donna had been kidnapped by Nigel right out of Margaret's garden. She had thought she would never see this woman again. She was wrong.

Miss Margaret Summers hated Jan. And coveted Donna.

She wanted Donna as her own full-time slave girl. Now she had all four of them in her power. It wasn't hard to read the gloating and sadistic pleasure in her eyes.

"Well, hello, my dears," she began as if greeting old friends. "So nice to see you again. And in such lovely circumstances. You all look so delightfully uncomfortable!"

The big woman walked around the hanging girls, tapping a riding crop against the palm of her left hand. "Very beautiful, very beautiful. You all look so lovely. I can trace the lines of stress in your bodies. I can almost feel your pain." She sighed contentedly. "I can see your fingers hanging limp and sense the pain in your wrists. I can see your toes stretched downward but not quite reach the ground. And I can see the fear in your eyes." The last comment was uttered through a smile that held no warmth.

She walked around behind Donna and tapped her bottom with the riding crop. "I see no fresh whip marks here," she reprimanded. "This girl hasn't been whipped recently. You," she said, turning to Jan, "really are remiss in keeping your slave in the proper frame of mind. I shall correct that."

Suddenly her hand swung out to land a slash across the tender flesh of Jan's bottom. The girl whined loudly into her gag and arched her body with a jerk as if trying to

get away from the pain. Donna tried to protest but was quieted when Margaret turned to deliver a slash across her bottom. Donna squealed and jerked her body. She now remembered just how hard this woman could whip a girl's bottom. She wanted to close her eyes and hope all this would go away. But she knew it wouldn't, just as she knew this woman would get a lot of pleasure out of torturing them for a very long time. A very long time. And between the whippings there would be torture of other kinds...

"And the famous twins, Pip and Patsy," she continued with a token swat across each of their bottoms. The girls simply glared at her and didn't acknowledge the stroke with even a flinch. "I've heard a lot about your abilities to escape from fairly good rope bondage. I will not underestimate you two. I understand you two have been practicing on each other for years. And that your mother helps you practice with lot's of hours spent in bondage?" Margaret turned again to Jan. "Isn't that right, dear?" she said sweetly. Jan's only reply was to lower her eyes to the floor. "I said, right, dear?" This time Margaret accented her query with a slash of the riding crop directly across one bare breast. Jan cried into the gag and trembled from the pain. A red mark appeared on her breasts, next to the nipple.

"I really would like the favor of a reply," said Margaret Summers evenly. Jan nodded her head. "Good. We are beginning to understand each other. You know, Jan, I still hate you as much as I did before. Even more so, after you sent that Nigel Bransome to kidnap sweet little Donna right out of my garden. That wasn't very nice."

She walked around behind the hanging girls and every one of the four captive's throats tightened in fear. Margaret spaced out her slashes with the riding crop to make the session last longer. She would land a few strokes to one bottom then move on to the next. She inflicted pain right and left, enjoying every second of it, and grinning all the while. After each girl's bottom, including the twins', was crisscrossed with red marks, Miss Margaret Summers walked slowly around in front of the naked girls and smiled a most wicked smile.

"I'm sure you know that a girl's bottom is not the only target on her body," she lectured them. "There are breasts... And the front of your thighs which can be marked up nicely. And there is the bottom of your feet. I could tie your big toes together then tie them down to the ring so that you would all have to arch your feet. That would make the sole of your feet available to my riding crop even though you're all hanging by your wrists. Isn't that a grand idea?"

No one answered. The twins looked to their mother but Jan could only hang her head in sadness that she could do nothing to stop this torture. Margaret, obviously taking silence to mean all agreed with her, put her whip down and proceeded to do as she had threatened. She withdrew some stout twine from her pocket and began binding big toes together, starting with Jan. As she finished wrapping and cinching down each pair of toes, she then tied the string down to the ring below the girl, pulling as tightly as she could to force the girl's feet to arch downward. It did make each girl's soles available, hampered only a bit by the rope which ran between their feet to anchor their ankles to the floor. She resumed her standing position and regained her whip.

There followed what seemed like hours of torture to the suspended girls. Margaret slashed bottom and breasts and thighs, and the soles of bare feet. The bare room echoed with gasps and whines and moans and stifled screams from tortured naked girls. Each girl suffered her own torment when the whip turned to her but also the

torment of the others when the whip slashed at another. The twins flinched and cried with each stroke that cut their mother. And Jan felt every burning slash on the skin of her daughters. Donna cried for her mistress and would have offered to take all the strokes herself had she the power of speech.

Margaret did not tire. Dozens of strokes landed with force upon the defenseless maidens hung up before her like so many slabs of meat. Her strong arm delivered accurate stroke after stroke to send burning pain shooting through a bottom, or a pair of bound feet, or a breast. Each girl sweated from the pain and was soon glistening under the bright lights overhead. Margaret Summers, too, was sweating, a fine film of perspiration covered her massive breasts and flicked from her nipples as the whip cut into exposed girl flesh. And each girl had a good view of the others as they winced and gasped and jerked in their bonds.

But all good things must come to an end, and even the strength of Margaret Summers ebbed until she could no longer slash tortured flesh with the force she would like. Finally she dropped the whip by the door and walked over to Jan. She was breathing heavily as she looked up into Jan's eyes. "I've wanted to do that for a long time. You see what power and money can buy you? In this case it buys a team of professionals to bring your enemy and leave her before you in total helplessness. And you will remain totally helpless for a long time while I vent my anger upon your tender skin. And I have a lot of anger. A lot."

Margaret turned to look at each punished girl in turn. Then she suddenly turned and was gone, taking her riding crop with her.

Jan looked to Donna and Donna looked back in utter helplessness. Margaret was right, they were all helpless and would all suffer at the hands of this crazy woman for as long as the woman wanted it that way. Jan was crying and Donna's heart went out to her. She longed to utter comforting words, to touch Jan softly, and to take away her pain. But she could only hang by aching wrists and hope their suffering wouldn't last too long.

Perhaps ten minutes later, Margaret burst back into the room. Clutched in her hand was a mass of clothespins. Without a word she went from girl to girl, attaching the little wooden demons to defenseless nipples. A minute later she was again gone and a little bit more pain was added to the suffering of the unfortunate four.

When they were finally let down, it was not Margaret Summers who did it, but Julie, her black maid and assistant in the torturing of female flesh. At first Julie made a little inspection tour, visiting each girl and examining with obvious delight the marked up flesh of each. "Margaret, she really whipped you all," she offered. "She really likes to whip a girl. Yes, sir, she really likes to whip a girl."

But she did lower them to the floor, But she did it one at a time, starting with Jan. After Jan's feet touched the floor but before Jan's hand were lowered, a pair of handcuffs were locked upon one wrist above where the ropes tightly bound them. Then as soon as Julie had the ropes off the wrists, she pulled Jan's hands behind her back and locked the other cuff so that Jan was hardly free at all. Only then did she untie Jan's toes and ankles. She led the whimpering girl from the room without taken off the gag. Donna noticed that Jan limped on sore feet.

A while later Julie returned and took one of the twins away.

Then the other, leaving Donna for last. Donna was surprised that she could walk on

her feet. She had taken a good many strokes on those tender parts and wasn't sure she would ever walk again. But it hurt like hell and she almost had to lean on Julie lest she fall. There was a short walk down the hall and into another room. There she found the other three waiting for her.

Each of the three had been locked into a tiny cage barely bigger than their bent up bodies. Each cage was obviously custom made for the size of the person it would contain. And each cage that already held a girl was hoisted up to swing near the ceiling. As Donna's wrists were changed from handcuffs to being wrapped with rope again, she noticed that each of the other girls also had her hands tied behind her back and her ankles tied together. The cages were so small that each girl had to sit with her legs bent double and pulled up against her chest. Donna offered no resistance as her ankles were bound together again. Nor did she fight as Julie backed her into the fourth cage and shut the barred door. A big padlock clicked shut, letting Donna know that she would not be exiting from the cage without someone else's help. A few seconds later she was swaying gently, a few inches from the ceiling and only a couple feet from Jan and the girls.

Julie looked at each of the girls and smiled. "You will all spend a very uncomfortable night," she offered. "But enjoy yourselves, it will be better than what will happen to you tomorrow." She laughed and left the girls, turning off the light as she did.

Swaying in the dark, Donna wished very hard that she could at least talk to Jan. But those terrible gags had been left in all their mouths and talk was impossible. She could perhaps utter some sort of sounds in an attempt to communicate but what was the use. She sat there in misery with burning pains in her bottom and breasts and everything else aching. When she heard the twins crying she couldn't help herself and shed tears along with them. She had never felt so terrible in her life.

A very long time must have passed before the electric light shocked Donna back to wakefulness. She had slept now and then but only to experience dreadful dreams of pain and helplessness. And in most of those dreams it was her beloved mistress Jan who was being tortured and feeling the pain. There were periods between the fitful naps where she was aware of every pain in her body from her aching jaw down to the sore soles of her feet. The bent up position was uncomfortable at best but she was used to that kind of treatment. And the twins could take far more than she could, she was sure. It was Jan she worried about. During one of those periods of wakefulness she had heard whining sound from the direction she thought Jan's cage was. It was hard to tell in the complete darkness, but it didn't sound like either of the twins. There had followed muted grunts and what sounded like a naked female body jerking against iron bars in frustration. Donna felt terrible. Jan didn't deserve this and was certainly not used to this type of treatment.

Jan's was the first cage lowered to the floor by Julie and the first girl let out of the iron barred prison. Her ankles were untied but the ropes were replaced with handcuffs. Then the gag was taken out and it hurt Donna's heart to see the pain in her mistress' eyes as she tried to talk. Her jaw didn't seem to be able to work properly.

Jan's hands were untied but she couldn't use them for a while. She was crying from the pain and relief of having that big rubber wad taken out of her mouth as Julie locked her hand in front of her in handcuffs. Then she sat Jan over by one wall under a large ring set solidly in the wall. From the ring a short chain hung down. Julie ran the end of that chain around Jan's neck and locked it with a small padlock. Then she turned her attention to the others in their cages.

The twins came down before Donna. Each girl was carefully untied and the gag taken out. But only after Julie had locked handcuff on ankles and wrists. And each girl was taken to sit by the wall to have her neck attached to the rings there. When it was Donna's turn, she was surprised to find that her jaw didn't hurt as much as Jan's seemed to have. Perhaps she was simply used to wearing a rubber wad gag while Jan wasn't. But her bottom still burned and her breasts were covered with angry marks. She knew from past experience that they would fade in a few days and were really nothing to worry about but Jan seemed dismayed to see them on her breasts. Donna wanted to comfort her but thought it best to keep silent while Julie was around. From what she knew of Margaret Summers, Julie had been given authority to whip their bottoms some more if they disobeyed or even if they talked back.

After all four girls were chained to the wall and the ropes picked up, coiled properly, and put away, Julie left. Immediately Donna turned to Jan. "I'm so sorry, Mistress," was all she could think to say.

"Oh, Donna, I should have known that Margaret wouldn't take your being taken back by Nigel without doing something. I was a fool."

"Oh, Mommy, you couldn't know," said Patsy.

"That's right, you didn't know she would hire mercenaries to kidnap us all," added Pip. "My bottom hurts."

"Everyone's bottom hurts, dear," Jan said. She sighed deeply. "What makes me mad is I made it so easy for her!"

"Don't blame yourself," said Donna. "You couldn't have helped what happened."

"But I made it easy for them. When those men came into the big room, both the twins were already naked and tightly hogtied. And I did it!"

Donna blinked. But Pip nodded. "That's true. Mommy tied us both up. It was an extra tight hogtie and we were suppose to spend an hour in it."

"It was really neat until the men came," inserted Patsy.

"Both Pip and I were tied exactly the same way. We were going to see if either of us could get out. Sort of a race."

"Do you do that often?" asked Donna, forgetting that she was just a slavegirl and shouldn't be questioning the activities of her mistresses.

"Yes," said Jan sadly. "We often play games like that. Sometimes I even let the twins tie me up. But, of course, with proper safeguards to make sure they don't try anything stupid. Our house keeper usually keeps an eye on me when the twins are practicing their bondage on me. But, to answer your question, I have often tied the twins up. Ever since they were small girls."

"It's fun," said Pip defensively. "Mommy doesn't hurt us. Well, not much. I mean, ropes sometime hurt a little. You know that, Donna."

"And that Miss Summers is right," added Patsy. "We are pretty good at escaping. We like to play 'Escape Artist.' It's a fun game."

Donna sighed. She wasn't sure that the twins would have been able to stop the men, even if they hadn't been tied up. But it certainly did make matters easy for them to find both twins naked and tightly bound.

"I had just finished tying them and was about to start the timer when the door opened and two of those men marched right in," said Jan sadly. "I didn't stand a chance against two men. I fought but... Well, I was soon enough locked in those handcuffs. And they just picked up the twins like suitcases and carried them out of the big room. I'm sorry, girls. I'm very sorry."

No one spoke for a while. Donna didn't know what to say.

Her mistress had certainly made it easy by tying up the twins, but she didn't really think that made much difference. The thought did occur to her that it was certainly easy for three men to kidnap four girls when three of them were already naked and bound. The silence was interrupted by the return of Julie.

"I have some breakfast," she said cheerfully. "Apples and bread and water. But you all did miss dinner last night so I suspect you're all hungry."

She was right about that. Jan and the twins hadn't eaten since lunch yesterday and Donna had missed even that meal. She was very hungry.

Julie passed out a couple of apples and some bread to each chained girl. Then she went around with a big glass of water for each one. All ate in silence and a hurry.

After breakfast there was a bath. But it wasn't a comfortable soak in warm water. Instead each girl had her hands crossed and tied behind her back and was taken to a small room that Julie laughingly called the 'Bath Room.' Inside that very tall room there was a tall cylinder made of some kind of clear plastic. Over the cylinder was a hoist that Julie could control by some buttons on the wall. Each girl was taken to the Bath Room and had to sit on the floor while Julie bound their ankles together with rope. Then she tied another rope to that around their ankles and attached the other end of it to the pulley hanging from the hoist. A touch of a button and the rope began to raise. Donna shrieked as her feet came off the floor and she almost fell backwards. But Julie held her steady as her legs were pulled up until she was hanging completely upside down next to the water filled cylinder. Then she found herself rising above the edge of the cylinder and sideways until her head was directly over the water.

"Be sure to hold your breath," called Julie. Not that Donna had needed the advise. She could see what was coming as soon as she found Julie binding her ankles. But that didn't lessen the fear as she hovered upside down over the water. The cylinder was only a little wider than her body and she knew that there was no way she would be able to get her head above the water once she was lowered inside there. She just prayed that the dunking would be fast.

The dunking was slow. The water was warm, not icy cold, but it was with agonizing slowness that Donna descended into the water. She sucked in as much air as she could as her head became wet and held it as best she could. It seemed an eternity before she felt herself stop. She was fully submerged in the water tank, even her feet were under the surface. She opened her eyes and could vaguely see Julie standing there. She wanted to yell at Julie to press the button and get her out of there but dared not open her mouth. Long, long seconds passed before the hoist jerked into life

and began hauling her back up towards the precious air. The naked and bound girl gasped in air when her face was finally above the water. "Julie, I almost drowned!" she choked out.

"Nonsense," replied Julie evenly. "The mistress tested this thing with me and I was able to stay under twice as long as you."

"Maybe you've got big lungs! I nearly drowned."

"If you relax while you're holding your breath, you'll use up less air," Julie offered.

"You mean you're going to dunk me again?"

"Of course. One dunk does not a bath make." The motor above her hummed and Donna felt herself going down again. This time she tried to relax as her head went below the water but it's not easy to do when you're upside down, bound so you can't do anything and knowing you can't breathe water. But the hoist didn't seem to take so long this time, and Donna was soon sucking in fresh air.

"The Mistress, she like her slaves clean. You gonna get a bath every morning."

"How... How many times?" Donna managed to ask, "Depends."

"On what?"

"How dirty are you?"

Julie laughed and pressed the button for Donna's third dunking. A dozen dunking and it was deemed that this naked slavegirl was clean enough to take out. She lay on the floor as Julie untied the rope from the hoist to her ankles. "Did she really test this thing on you?" Donna asked.

"I said so, didn't I?"

"Yes... But I thought you were her assistant. Or something like that. I never saw you tied up or chained or whatever when I was here before."

"I started out as a slavegirl but when the Mistress got Melody, I sort of got promoted. Mistress Margaret, she likes the way I tie girls. And the things I dream up to do to them. We sort of think together, you know."

Donna knew. "Then why did she use you to test this thing?"

"'Cause she didn't have no other slavegirl. She let Melody go when she got you, remember? Then that Nigel come along and steal you from her. She got real mad 'bout that, she did. So for a while, I was the only slavegirl around here. Got my bottom whipped a few times. And tested some of the things you're gonna see. Like this here bath thing, Wasn't too bad. 'Bout scared the shit out of me first time, though!"

Donna could believe that. With her legs untied, she was led to another room where she had to stand by a wall, neck collar chained to a ring, while her body and hair dried. She sighed. Inside, Donna just knew this was going to be a long day. One by one Jan and the twins were brought in, all dripping wet from the Bath Room. The

twins looked like they had fun in the water tank but Jan gave every appearance that it had been an ordeal. Donna again felt so sorry for the mistress.

As soon as Julie had left, Donna offered her sympathy.

"Oh, dear Jan, just hold on. Margaret can't keep torturing us forever."

"Can't she?" Jan sniffed and looked pretty sad. "She can keep us prisoner all our lives. Can you imagine being tortured every day for the rest of your life?"

Donna refrained from pointing out that, in effect, that was exactly what Jan and the twins had condemned her to. But she loved them, however illogical that may be, while she certainly did not love Margaret Summers.

Their conversation was broken up by the reappearance of Julie. This time she was followed into the room by Margaret Summers, herself. Today she had forgone the leather pants and was wearing a very tight fitting leather dress with a deep V in front to show off much more of her ample breasts than it hid, and that was cut off not very far below her hips to reveal that she had a good pair of legs, although a little on the muscular side, but still shapely.

"Happy after your morning bath?" she asked cheerfully.

"You will enjoy a morning bath every morning! Wakes the body up and gets the circulation going." She inspected her naked captives carefully, paying special attention to the twins. Then she turned to go, pausing at the door. "Julie, put the twins in the test boxes. Put Jan on the Horse in the blue room. And bring Donna to me." Then she was gone.

Julie unlocked Patsy's chain from the wall and led her from the room with a grin on her face. Patsy looked worried but Donna suspected any apprehension was more from being separated from her mother and sister than from fear of what was coming. Jan looked even more worried than the disappearing twins.

"Please don't hurt her," she called out, but Julie gave no indication of hearing the distraught mother. Turning to Donna; "They won't hurt her, will they?"

Donna could offer no comfort. She knew as well as Jan that Margaret and Julie were perfectly capable of causing a lot of pain for all of them.

Jan fought at the cords joining her wrists and even tugged at the chain holding her neck to the wall, but to no avail. Donna felt around with her fingers enough to learn that all the knots were out of her reach. She considered trying to help Jan but the spacing between them was enough so that the girls could have reached out and touched fingers if their hands hadn't been tied. As it was, all they could do was offer verbal comfort.

Julie returned to take the other twin away. Jan tried to protest yet again, begging to know what was happening to her daughters, but was again ignored. "Don't worry, Jan. The twins can take anything Julie could do to them. Probably more. They're young, healthy, agile. And they're used to rough bondage and punishments. Right?"

"Well, yes, you're right. They do understand what it's like to be punished. I guess that make them better able to endure in this place than most girls."

"Right! They'll be okay. It's you I'm worried about."

"The Horse? I've put the twins on our Horse, just so they could learn what it's like. And I had them tie me on it once." Jan shuddered. "Just for a few minutes, you understand. I wanted to see if it was really as horrible as it seemed. It wasn't nice but I guess I'll survive." Jan's smile was faint. But there was a fire in her eyes when she added, "I'll survive because I'm going to get my girls out of here."

Whatever Donna was going to say was interrupted by Julie's return. She unlocked Jan's chain and led her out, leaving Donna alone again. The naked girl shifted her feet, sighed and waited. A slavegirl does a lot of waiting.

It was a long time before Julie returned. Donna could just imagine what was happening to Jan, seeing in her mind's eye how her beloved mistress was being forced to straddle the wooden edge of a plank, then having her arms tied upward so she couldn't fall off to either side and would have to lean forward, placing all her weight on the thin edge. And she could imagine Jan's legs being pulled out to the sides until the poor girl was resting totally on her poor pussy. She would probably be gagged, a girl on the Horse tends to cry out and beg and even scream after a few hours. Donna bit her lip and wished she had thought to offer herself for the Horse in Jan's place. She doubted Margaret would accept but she should have made the offer. Perhaps she could have taken her mistress' place on that instrument of torture.

The black girl with the Amazon figure almost matching her mistress' unlocked the chain to Donna's collar. But instead of leading the naked girl out of the room, she locked a pair of handcuffs on her ankles, and then untied her wrists. A little puzzled, Donna watched as Julie turned her collar around so that the ring was in the back, then a pair of handcuffs were locked to the ring by their joining link and a padlock. Then Julie forced Donna right hand behind her and up on her back until the wrist was up above the shoulder blade and the arm bend double. The wrist was then caught in one handcuff and locked tightly. The other arm was bend and forced up until her left wrist was also locked in the handcuffs. Donna frowned. She had never been bound like this and didn't like it. Her arms tried to unfold and pull down but that only hurt her wrists when the steel handcuffs dug into them, and pulled on the collar around her neck. It was an uncomfortable position and Donna knew it would get worse. Julie tapped her bottom with a riding crop and motioned for her to leave what she thought of as the "drying room." She began her shuffling, short-stepped walk to a fate she didn't know but feared.

Margaret Summers was sitting on the patio, sipping an ice tea and resting her feet on a low table. Donna was familiar with that garden, she even noticed the same tree she had been tied to when rescued by Nigel Bransome. That seemed to her like it was a very long time ago but had been only a couple of months.

"Very nice, Julie. Those handcuffs should keep her hands out of the way," Margaret said contentedly. This was a woman on top of the word. She had her worst enemy in her dungeon riding the Horse and undoubtedly in pain, her worst enemy's twin daughters locked away someplace, and the slavegirl she'd always wanted naked and chained beside her. Margaret could afford to be contented - life was good.

For a while Margaret just sat there, sipping quietly and enjoying the morning sunshine. Donna stood beside her, trying not to move her wrists. Movement only hurt them more. She was afraid of this woman and dared not say a thing lest it be taken as sarcasm, disobedience, or an insult. On the other hand, perhaps her silence would be taken as unfriendliness and she would be punished for that. The only thing she

was sure about with Margaret Summers was that she could not win. If Margaret wanted to whip her bottom, she would. It was that simple.

Finally Margaret rose from her deck chair. "Let's go see how Jan and the twins are doing, shall we?" she said amiably. Donna followed, still taking snubbed steps because of the handcuffs on her ankles, and fearing with every step that she might slip and fall. "Those handcuffs make it hard to walk, don't they?" Margaret asked.

"Yes, Mistress," offered Donna. "Mistress! I like that. It's good to hear you call me that. Especially since you'll be calling me that for the rest of your life." She turned a shrewd eye towards Donna. "Or until I tire of you and get rid of you." That pronouncement sent shivers down Donna's spine. This woman scared her.

"Of course," Margaret continued, "I do love your body, it's so whippable. And I'm sure I'll be whipping it for a long time to come." She sighed happily. "A long time..."

Donna said nothing. Their path led them down the same stairs Donna had just laboriously climbed. They went to a closed door that was painted blue in contrast to the white of the hallway. Margaret opened it and stood aside for Donna to enter. Taking it as an order, not a politeness, Donna shuffled in. Then stood there gasping.

Jan was on the Horse. It was a little bigger than the Horse in Jan's big room but along the same lines. The naked girl was astride a wooden plank, the edge buried deeply into her crotch. Her arms had been retied so that the wrists were together and the elbows touching. Then the wrists had been pulled upwards until the unfortunate girl had to lean forward to ease the strain on her shoulders. Each ankle had been noosed with a loop of rope and was pulled wide apart so her legs couldn't touch any part of the plank. Donna had guessed right, Jan's entire weight was pressing down hard on that thin wooden edge which must have been cutting into her soft flesh something fierce. She had been gagged and Donna could hear moaning as she entered the room.

Jan's eyes were closed as she suffered in immobility and constantly growing pain. Small whines and moans escaped the gag and gave testimony to the suffering of this nude girl.

Donna turned to Margaret immediately. "I'll take her place," she offered without thinking. "Oh, please, get her down! She's suffering so much."

"You will take her place," said Margaret sweetly. "But only after Jan has ridden this Horse all day. Perhaps I'll bind you up there for the night? Would you like that? Or maybe tomorrow you will ride the Horse all day. But don't try to tell me what to do. You all will suffer when and how and where I dictate. Understood?"

"Yes, Mistress." Donna felt terrible. Here her beloved Jan was suffering and would continue to suffer all day while Donna stood in relative comfort and could do not a thing to help her.

"You'd better understand. I will put up with no lip from my slavegirls." She smiled as she returned her attention to Jan, who had opened her eyes at the sound of voices. "Comfy, Jan, darling? Hope so, 'cause you're-going to be there all day. Did Julie tell you that? Well, anyway, just so long as you understand that it will be many, many hours before you get off your high horse!" She laughed at her little joke.

For a few minutes Margaret enjoyed watching the suffering of the girl on the Horse and the way it was mirrored in the eyes of the nude slavegirl beside her. "Maybe later we'll come back and I'll have Julie tie you in here so you can watch your former mistress. You seem to be enjoying it as much as I do."

Donna's nostrils flared at that absurdity but she held her angry words back.

Margaret smiled again. "Come on," she said, "let's go see how the twins are doing."

The twins were in another room, locked in small cages that were rectangular boxes rather than the bird cages of the night before. Each girl had her wrists crossed and bound behind her back, and her legs tied at the ankles and again above the knees. The cages were standing on end with the girls standing within. Additional ropes had been tied to each elbow and a bar of the cage nearest it so that she was held in the middle of the small cage by her elbows. Each girl had been gagged with a ball on a strap, the rubber ball having been shoved deep into her mouth, behind her teeth, so it pushed her tongue down and made speech impossible.

Donna sighed a small sigh of relief. At least the girls didn't seem to be in much pain. In fact, she had seen them put each other in much worse bondage just as a game.

"The twins will spend the morning here. Then I will have them hung upside down this afternoon and let them hang for an hour or so. After that I'll let Julie whip their bottoms before letting them down. I detected some small areas of skin that were not marked up. A good, general whipping will be sure to cover those missed areas. If not, we'll try again tomorrow."

Donna watched the girl's eyes grow wide at the mention of another whipping and she knew how they must feel. Her bottom was still very, very sore from the whipping of yesterday, as were her breasts and the bottoms of her feet.

Margaret didn't linger around the twins' cages. She ushered Donna out the door without allowing her to talk to them. They went back down the hall and into the room where Jan rode the painful Horse. "I've decided that perhaps you should stay and watch Jan today," said Margaret. "I have to go and make sure things are taken care of in the mysterious disappearance of Jan and her daughters. And, of course, their 'house guest', Donna. The police will put in an investigation. But I've made sure they won't find anything. And that they won't investigate real hard. The official conclusion will be that four girls met an unknown fate at the hands of persons unknown."

Donna was led to a chair in one corner. In the middle of the seat was a huge rubber dildo sticking straight up. "A little on the large size, yes?" asked Margaret sweetly. "But a little lubricant and I think Julie can get it to slide into you."

"Oh, no! Please don't do that. It will hurt. It's so huge. It will be shameful to have to sit on that."

"I know, honey," purred Margaret. "It will hurt and will be shameful. And you'll be punished for telling me not to put you there. Slavegirls can't talk back, you know."

Donna swallowed hard. With her hands handcuffed to her neck collar behind her, she was very helpless and totally powerless. Julie unlocked the handcuffs from her ankles and pushed her legs apart so that she was spread wide. She then lubricated the huge

rubber phallus as Donna watched. She did it slowly and lovingly, as if it were a real male penis and she was exciting it. Suddenly the two girls took Donna, one on each side, and picked her up to hold her over the rubber penis. Julie made sure that Donna's pussy lips were spread wide as they lowered her onto the huge prong. Donna gasped as she felt the large head of the beast pushing against the entrance of her vagina. She tried to close her legs and to squeeze the muscles of her pussy to keep the thing out but her legs were held wide by the two strong women holding her, and her own weight forced the monster slowly in as they lowered her.

"Oh, it's huge! I can't possibly take that. It will split me in two!"

In the background, were the muffled cries of protest from the suffering girl on the Horse, which were of course ignored.

Donna might have felt as if she was astride a telephone pole but the monster prong did slide up inside her, filling her up in a way that she had never felt before. She was gasping and panting and moaning by the time her bottom came to rest on the seat.

"See, you can too take it. I've seen Julie take larger ones than this. Right, Julie?"

"Yes, Mistress." The black girl smiled widely and Donna knew she was remembering something with fondness.

"It may be doing harm to me," Donna tried. "Inside, I mean."

"Nonsense!" uttered Margaret. All it will do is make any man seem tame. If you ever do have a man use your pussy again." That idea seemed to amuse Margaret. "Maybe I'll let men use you, and maybe I won't. Best enjoy this, Donna, dear, it may be the last penis you'll ever get inside you." She laughed at that thought.

Quickly Julie took one ankle, looped rope around it and pulled it up and behind Donna. The ropes tied the ankle very close to the back of the chair, pulling Donna's knee wide. The other ankle was similarly tied and Donna found herself with her knees wide apart and her legs already uncomfortable. Then Julie tied one end of some rope to the rungs underneath the chair, brought that up behind the chair, and passed it through the padlock at her neck. She then ran the rope back to the rungs and pulled. Donna felt her neck being pulled back until her body was pressing against the chair back, pressing her arms between her back and the chair.

As Julie was binding Donna to the chair, Margaret informed the slavegirl of her plan for the twins. "They are not tied in any way very painful," she said regretfully. "But the purpose of this morning's exercise is to find out if they really are as good at escaping as I've heard. Each girl is tied the same, and fairly well. And I'm sure that by now they've noticed that Julie put the key to their cages on a table not far away. If they can free themselves from their ropes, they might be able to get at that key. I'm sure they've already figured that they might be able to get out of the cages and escape from my house before lunch when they think Julie is coming back to feed them and fix them in bondage for the afternoon."

She paused to watch Julie knot a rope to the chair. "But they would be wrong. First off, the whole thing is a test. I want to see if they can escape from that rope bondage. And secondly, the key Julie so conveniently put in plain sight is not the key to their cages. If they free themselves and get the key, all it will gain them is punishment this afternoon for their attempt. They'll never get out of those cages. But I'll know if they

really are as good as I've been told." She smiled as Julie jerked on the rope binding Donna's other ankle to the chair so that her foot was almost the level of the seat.

"The chair is bolted to the floor," said Margaret, changing subjects. "It won't move. The way you're tied, you can maybe raise your hips a little but not much the way your neck is tied down behind you. No way you could ever get off the dildo," she chuckled. "But you might be able to slide up and down maybe an inch. And we know what that will do, don't we?"

Donna blushed. She knew that pumping her hips up and down to make that monster slide even a little ways in and out would sexually excite her already excited body. She knew that it wouldn't take much to make her climax and vowed no to move even the tiniest. She would not allow herself to be seen having an orgasm on that huge thing. It would be too shameful.

"Gag her." Margaret stood by as Julie carried out the command, using a big wad of rubber forced into her mouth and held in place with leather straps she buckled cruelly tight. "Punish her," came the next order. "She was a lippy slavegirl this morning."

Donna did not see them coming but certainly felt the wooden jaws clamp down on her tender nipples. Looking down she could just see two clothespins bobbing merrily from the ends of her nipples. She moaned into the gag and pleaded with her eyes.

"I said you would be punished for telling me to replace Jan with you," Margaret said reasonably. "And you will. The clothespins will stay there until you're untied. And you won't be untied until Jan is."

The room echoed with Margaret's laughter as she left the two girls to suffer by themselves. Donna's breath was coming in little pants as she tried to cope with the burning pain shooting into her breasts. She looked down at the wooden monsters happily clinging to her tits and whined with frustration that she couldn't reach her hands around and pluck them off. She shook her shoulders, trying to dislodge them but the movement only made them bob more and that sent streaks of fire into her breasts. The chair she was tied to was solid and unmoving. Her neck was forced back and held solidly. There may not have been any more ropes on her body until you got down to her ankles, but the poor girl was held firmly in place by what was on her and by the huge dildo solidly planted on the wooden seat of the chair and inside her. She could shake her breasts only a bit, making the wooden clothespins sway a little from side to side as the bobbed up and down.

The chair faced the Horse. Both girls could easily see each other and each other's suffering. Margaret had planned it that way. It was a long morning.

4

Sold Into Slavery

It had, indeed, been a very long day for the two girls who suffered in the small room under Margaret Summers' house. Jan sat astride the Horse, unmoving save for an occasional shake of her head and tremors that racked her lovely body. Donna sat astride the massive male phallus shoved deep within her vagina and tried not to allow its presence within to trigger the normal female sexual reactions. And she suffered not only from that intrusion into her private place, but from legs bent and pulled back

to the chair, and from wrists locked in steel cuffs that hurt. And there were the wooden clothespins that bobbed merrily with every movement of her breasts. Midway through the morning, Donna decided to try again to shake off those little demons which made her nipples bum. Her efforts were as violent as allowed by her bondage: not much. But the wooden monsters bobbed back and forth and up and down in a dance that hurt the captive girl but didn't seem to move them the slightest towards dislodgment.

But her efforts to shake her breasts had another, entirely different effect. Without realizing it, she was raising and lowering her whole body which, in turn, made the fixed dildo slide a bit within her sex. So concentrating on the damned wooden horrors was Donna that she hardly noticed the warm feeling growing within her loins and spreading. When she suddenly became aware that her struggles against the clothespins were rapidly stimulating her sex towards orgasm, it was too late. With a gasp and a moan, she suddenly blossomed into sexual ecstasy. Her whole body went rigid as a high pitched whine of pleasure escaped the rubber gag.

When she came down from a trembling sexual high, Donna felt only shame that her mistress should see her gaining such pleasure while Jan suffered. Donna knew from bitter experience that a girl on the Horse was not blessed with the temporary relief of an orgasm, intentional or not.

Surprisingly, sometime during her orgasm Donna had managed to shake one of the clothespins off. One nipple throbbed and stung but was free of the wooden vice.

It was a short-lived victory. Around lunch time Julie visited the two girls and, finding one clothespins missing smiled at Donna. "That must have been one powerful orgasm," she chided. "You shook one of these plain off." She pulled the other from Its captive nipple and Donna gasped at the sudden fresh pain. "Usually hurts more when they're taken off, don't it?" She left the room only to return a few moments later holding something in each hand, "Rules is rules," she said with no real regret in her voice. "I got to replace the wooden clothespins with these. You would have been better off leaving them on,"

Donna sucked in her breath at the sight of two metal jawed clamps in Julie's hands. The jaws were long and filled with sharp little teeth, teeth that were sure to bite into her tender flesh, probably hard enough to break the skin and tear at her nipples. Donna whined in protest but could not move her protruding breasts away from the approaching horrors. At least Julie did not let them snap on, she slowly applied each alligator clip. Still the metal teeth sank into Donna's flesh and evoked gasps of new pain. "They ain't gonna do no damage, honey," Julie said. "But they sure gonna hurt you." Then she was gone.

Donna moaned but didn't try to shake these off. She knew that those steel teeth were deep in her flesh and would not shake loose. After a while the sharp pain subsided to a dull ache and burn and Donna could open her eyes again. Across the room Jan's head was bowed and her eyes closed.

Both girls moaned a lot that afternoon, but mostly Jan for whom the thin edge of the plank was an ever- increasing torment. A few times Donna saw her mistress shiver all-over, and there were many times when her muscles trembled under the strain. Donna had to admit that Margaret had been right. She was suffering much more because she had to watch her beloved mistress suffer. If only she could reach out and untie those cruel ropes on the woman she loved. But she was a prisoner of steel and rope herself. It was a long afternoon.

Jan was the first to be untied. When her body was taken off the Horse, the poor girl could not move her arms or legs but lay lifeless on the floor while the gag was pulled from her mouth and all the cords removed save those holding her wrists crossed behind her back. Julie then untied Donna and helped her off the huge dildo attached to the chair. It wasn't easy to pull herself up and off the monster because her legs ached and would hardly obey her, and because her pussy seemed to clamp itself around the rubber phallus as if it didn't want to let go. But it finally came off with a wet sucking sound followed by a gasp from behind Donna's still gagged lips. The gag was taken out but not without difficulty for the rubber had wedged behind her teeth and had to be pried out. Her wrists were left handcuffed high on her back but she didn't care. All she could think of was the inert form of her mistress lying on the floor. As soon as the alligator clips were opened to release their steel bite on her nipples, Donna rushed to be by Jan but stopped suddenly half way when sharp pains shot through her breasts. Returning circulation in the nipples was added to the already very sore tits to make the naked girl stop and gasp in pain. But then she continued on to kneel beside her friend.

"Is... Is she dead?" forced Donna, through a jaw that ached terribly and didn't want to move.

Julie laughed. "Of course not! Silly girl. She just fainted from unhappiness at being taken from the Horse she had become very attached to."

Donna wanted to cry. She also wanted very much to touch her mistress and hold her in her arms. But the best she could do was to lean over and kiss her cheek.

"You really love that girl, don't you?" asked Julie.

"Yes. Don't you love your mistress?" Julie snorted.

"Ain't love that keeps me here, it's money. Well, there have been some fun times in bed with Margaret but she likes to have her female partners very tightly bound. I mean, like really really tightly bound. You know what I mean? When the ropes are so tight around your arms and legs and around your body that you are hurting just from that? When your breasts are circled with rope and squeezed so tight that they look like balloons instead of breasts? That's what Margaret likes. When she takes me to her bed, she ties me so damned tight that I can't hardly breathe. And she makes my breasts look like they're being strangled. Sometimes they even turn blue. Or purple or something. But they get to looking something awful."

Julie pulled Donna to her feet and attached a length of rope to her collar as a leash. "And then Margaret sucks on my nipples until I think my poor breasts are going to explode. And she spans my behind until I'm all glowing red back there. And when I'm all excited like that, and really want her to touch me so I'll get satisfaction - then she spreads her legs and makes me use my tongue on her. 'Bout that time I'm pretty horny and worked up so I lick her something fierce and shove my tongue up as far as I can into her pussy. And I suck on her sex until she gets her orgasm."

Jan was coming back to consciousness so Julie paused to tie a noose of rope around her neck. "Then the mistress you think I should love kicks me out of bed and I have to lay on the floor all night, tied up like a Christmas present and hurting all night. Between the pain and being incredible horny, I don't get no sleep." Julie took both of their leashes in one hand. "No, honey, I don't love Margaret. But she do pay awful well. And it's sort of fun. Least it's better than having some man poke his thing in

you, shoot his load, and be gone a minute later. A man don't know how to treat a girl. Miss Margaret, she different."

Julie led both girls from the room of torture back to the room where they spent the night in tiny cages. Jan could hardly walk and held her legs spread wide as she did, Donna wanted to cry for poor Jan. She knew the pain and ache caused by riding the Horse. She knew the terrible feeling that you would never feel anything again in your pussy, that it would never function again to give you pleasure from sex because it had been ruined. But Donna's experience had been for only three hours at most. Poor Jan had spent the better part of a day upon the Horse, most of it moaning softly.

The cages were hanging up near the ceiling, out of the way for now. Tying Donna's leash to a ring in the wall, Julie led Jan a few feet away and attached a pair of handcuffs to her ankles. Then she untied her wrists. Before Jan could do anything, her hands were locked in front of her with another pair of handcuffs. Then she was set down under one of the wall rings and a short chain was padlocked around her neck and the ring so she couldn't move more than a couple of feet from the wall. Then Donna was similarly chained to the wall by her collar and a padlock. Finally her hands were unlocked from the handcuffs that had held them high up on her back. Her arms were stiff and ached as she lowered them, and there were angry red marks on her wrists where the steel had dug into her flesh. She moaned and could hardly move her fingers. Julie gathered her hands behind her back and locked handcuffs on them.

The two girls were then left alone. Donna tried to reach out to her darling but was held back by her neck chain. All they could do look at each other and offer verbal comfort.

"I'm sorry, Jan. What they did to you is terrible. Does it hurt?"

"It hurts," Jan said slowly. "It aches and is numb still But it hurts. I'm sure they've destroyed my sex. I'll never be able to enjoy sex again."

"That's not true!" Donna cried. "I know I felt like my sex was ruined but it wasn't. Just takes a day or two go get back into shape... Oh, Jan, I wish I could have taken your place."

"No, you don't," said Jan with the first spark shown all afternoon. "It was terrible. You would have hated it."

"Better me than you," Donna uttered in total sincerity.

Jan smiled weakly but said nothing. She was touched by her former slavegirl's feelings. After a while her thoughts turned from her own suffering to Donna's. "Your hands look terrible. Those cuffs must have really dug in."

"They did," answered Donna honestly. "But I have had worse."

"And those little metal clips. Weren't they the kind used for electrical work? What do they call them?"

"I don't know but I never want to see one again." Again they fell silent until Jan looked around them.

"Where are my girls?" she asked. "What has that bitch done with them?"

Donna explained as best she could what she had seen of the girls tied in their steel barred cages, and of the test Margaret had set up for them. "She's just testing them to see if they really can escape from normal bondage," Donna said. "Can they?"

"Probably. Those two have been in bondage almost all their lives. They're both the best I've ever seen. When I tie them, I have to be very careful. Yes, they're good."

Just then the door opened and Pip came in, pushed by Julie behind her. Pip was still naked, as all four captives were and probably would be for a long time. And her arms were bound behind her back, at the wrists and at the elbows. Her ankles were handcuffed together but she seemed to be able to walk fairly well. Donna looked at the way her elbows were crushed together and shivered. She had been tied like that several times and it was always painful just being tied that way, let alone struggling against ropes. The teenager girl was led to one of the wall rings and her slender neck chained to it. Then Julie was gone.

"Is Patsy okay?" asked a worried Jan.

"She's fine. I'm fine. But I'm pissed off at that Margaret. She..."

Just then the door opened and Pip quickly fell silent. Patsy shuffled in on bare, handcuffed feet. Her arms were bound as was Pip's and she was led over to the ring next to her sister to be chained to the wall.

"Your little girls are good," said Margaret from just inside the door. She was wearing an electric blue cocktail dress with matching blue high heels. The neck line was cut very deep to reveal the tops of her massive breasts. "They both managed to free themselves from the ropes inside those cages," she went on. "And Pip even managed to use some of the rope to lasso the key and drag it over to her cage. Good thing that wasn't really the key to their cages."

Pip made a dirty face at Margaret and stuck out her tongue for good measure.

"But they didn't escape. And now I know just how good they are, so I'll be careful. No easy bondage for them. And plenty of handcuff and chain backup to the ropes." She laughed sweetly. "Those little bitches are good, I'll grant them that. But I can bind any girl so that she can't escape, no matter how good she is." The last words were uttered with a touch of steel in her voice. She turned to go. "Wash them down," she ordered to Julie. "Those two smell. Feed them and put them away for the night." Then she was gone.

Julie smiled. "The Mistress, she was not happy when she went in and found both girls free of the ropes, no sir!" She laughed. "Smart thing would have been for the girls not to get loose. Save it for later then you might really have a chance."

"We didn't know it was a test!" protested Patsy. "That's right, we didn't know," added Pip angrily.

"Will there ever be a chance for them to escape?" asked Jan quietly.

"Well, miss, maybe there would have been. But there ain't gonna be no chance now, what with Mistress Margaret ail convinced that they can get out of about anything, No, sir, they ain't gonna have no chance, never."

Pip looked like she wanted to spit on the ground. "Look, Julie, couldn't you let them go? They're just children!" Jan pleaded. "They're so young."

"They almost got full grown girl's bodies, and that's good enough for most men. And women." Julie softened a bit. "I wish I could help but it would mean my hide if Mistress Margaret found out I let them go. Besides, they just run to the police and we don't want them sniffing 'round here. No, sir."

"Please?" Jan's plea would break most normal hearts.

"No way, miss. I don't like Margaret much, heaven knows, but I got another year to go before I figure I can chuck it all and quite working for her. 'Bout then I'll have enough money so's I can start a little business somewhere far from here. When that day come, you gonna see me do a disappearing act real fast, you will. 'Til then I got to work for Mistress Margaret, and that mean you don't get your daughters set free."

Jan sighed. Julie unchained Donna's neck from the wall and led her towards the door. "Bath time," she said happily. Donna groaned.

As she was being led through the door, she heard Pip ask innocently, "Why are you standing funny, Mommy?"

All four prisoners were tucked away in their bird cages after dinner. Jan and Donna had their hands crossed and bound behind their backs, and their ankles tied together before begin pushed into the small cages and hoisted up to the ceiling. The twins, undoubtedly out of respect to their escape artist abilities, were left with their elbows tied together and their legs were bound both at the ankles and again above the knees. With their legs bent inside the small cages, there was little movement allowed any of the girls and all could be assured of a rather restless night. Sleep, when it came, was fitful and uncomfortable because of the bindings and cramped quarters.

Morning saw another visit by Miss Margaret Summers, who announced the day's activities. "The twins will be put in escape-proof boxes I have prepared for them. Jan will enjoy the out of doors today. Well, at least she will be out of doors, although she may not enjoy it as much as she could. At least it is a nice day outside. Promises to be nice and warm this afternoon." She turned to Donna's cage and tapped a riding crop against the leg of her stylish Kelly green pantsuit. "Donna will be my guest for part of the morning, then either ride the Horse for the rest of the day..." She noted the sucked in breath of both Donna and Jan. "Or be buried alive in the garden." She smiled sweetly at all present and made her grand exit.

Julie lowered Jan's cage and began unlocking it. "Don't worry, Donna, sweetness, she don't mean it like it sounds. She wants to keep you alive. In pain, but alive." She led Jan away for her morning dunking in the water tank.

After breakfast, Donna was the last to be led from the room where they dried out and ate. Her hands were still crossed behind her back and leg irons had been added to her ankles, undoubtedly to make walking a little less of a time-consuming task. As she walked, the longer chain of the leg irons swished around her feet and made a metallic music she might have found pleasing under better circumstances. She was led to Margaret Summers who was having breakfast on the patio. There she was made to kneel on the concrete patio while her owner finished her steak and eggs. In vain, Donna looked around what she could see of the garden for Jan. But that was not too

surprising. Like Jan, Margaret had a big garden, but hers extended for square miles while Jan's more modest estate covered only acres.

"Come on," Margaret said as she wiped the last of the marmalade from her lips and rose. "We'll go see your precious Jan. I saw you looking around for her. She's not far off."

Jan was indeed not far away but she was out of reach, even if Donna had her hands free and been allowed to touch her former mistress. The unfortunate girl had been strung up by her wrists but not just hung up with her feet a few inches off the ground, or even a few feet. A rather large tree had been chosen and a rope thrown one of its upper branches. The dangling toes of the pretty naked woman were at least twenty feet over Donna's upturned face. "Oh, Jan!" Donna cried out.

Jan looked down. Although there was stress on her face from the strain and pain of hanging by her bound wrists over her head, Jan managed a weak smile. "Don't worry, Donna, I'll be okay. Besides, there's a nice view from up here."

Donna wondered if being hung that high in a tree would make her a nice view for someone outside Margaret's estate.

"You don't have to worry about anyone seeing her," Margaret sneered, as if she had read Donna's mind. "I made sure that this tree can't be seen by anyone. A naked girl hanging in a tree might just be enough to make someone call the police. I could take care of the matter, but would rather not have the mess on my hands. No, slave, your precious Jan won't be seen by anyone. And she'll get to spend the entire day swaying in the breeze a long way from the ground."

As Donna was led back towards the house, her last view of Jan clearly showed the fear on her pretty face. Anyone would be afraid if they were suspended over so much empty air. Donna almost offered to take Jan's place but remembered that such an offer had only earned her more punishment the day before. And hadn't lessened Jan's suffering one bit.

The twins were in the same room as they had been the day before but were not bound in the same manner in their upright cages. Margaret Summers had made certain that the girls would not escape. At first, all Donna could see was that the two narrow cages had been lowered on their sides on the floor and now held the wooden boxes all four of them had been shipped to Margaret's in. But when Margaret had Julie open one of the cages, and then the box, Donna found Pip inside. The naked teenager still had her arms bound behind her. In addition, her legs were tied at the ankles, above and below the knees. But what made escape impossible for the young girl was that she was bent over into a ball and tightly crushed to the bottom of the box by the wide leather strap. Someone, probably Julie, had buckled the strap so tight that Donna was sure Pip had to be very, very uncomfortable. And she couldn't imagine any way that the teenager could possibly escape from this bondage. Julie replaced the lid of the box and screwed it back down. Then she closed and locked the cage door. Since the cage was only a tiny bit bigger than the box, there was no way Pip could have pushed the wooden lid off even if she were free of the strap and ropes.

"You're cruel," Donna told Margaret. "What have those girls ever done to you to deserve this?"

"Nothing," admitted Margaret. "It's what they could do if they were to get loose. I have considerable influence over the police but there are other authorities

besides the local police, you know. Like the FBI. Kidnapping is a federal offense, and a single call to the FBI could make a lot of trouble for me." She smiled at Donna. "So I make sure the girls can't escape." Then she added, "You will, of course, be punished for calling me cruel."

Donna gulped. But it had been her own fault. She would have to learn to curb her tongue with this new mistress. She was not forgiving, like Jan had been.

"The problem is the twins," mused Margaret. "I will enjoy having you as a slavegirl for many, many years. I'll keep you in constant restrictions, of course. And I'll whip you whenever I feel like it. And Jan is no problem. I'll keep her a permanent prisoner, just like you. Only she'll be punished every day. Every day she'll ride the Horse, or hang from a tree, or be whipped." Margaret paused to catch her breath. "Or have the soles of her feet beaten so bad that she won't be able to walk for a week. Or I might make her wear metal nipple clips for a week just to see if there is any permanent damage. Never made a girl wear them longer than I did you yesterday. And yours look like they're still sore."

"Yes, Mistress, they are," Donna said after noting Margaret's slight pause.

"Good. There are so many punishments, so little time!" She seemed pleased with her observation. Then she turned serious. "But the twins are a problem. What to do with them? I really don't want to have to watch them every second, afraid that they'll work their way out of some ropes or handcuffs. They have the most slender wrists, you know. It's fun to whip them or watch them suffer in tight bondage. But I have you and Jan for that. And I think they're a little young to be of use to me in bed. So what do I do with them?" She paused as if expecting an answer from Donna. "Can't let them go, and keeping them is a pain in the ass. What to do, what to do? Oh, well, I'll figure out something. Meantime there's you to do something with. Hmmmmmm..."

Donna tried to look very obedient and submissive.

Suddenly Margaret turned to Julie and snapped, "Bury her." Then she was gone, leaving a shocked naked slavegirl and grinning black girl.

Donna was led to another area of the garden hidden around the side of one of the wings of the house. There she saw a square area marked off with wooden beams set in the ground. The middle, which was about ten foot by ten foot, was all sand. It looked like a giant children's sandbox. There was also a pile of sand with a hole next to it. Julie sat Donna down on a bench beside the sandbox and unlocked the leg irons. They were quickly replaced by ropes tightly binding her ankles together. Then some more rope was added around her legs above the knees, also cinched down and tightly pressing into her skin. Julie added some rope linking Donna's elbows, not trying to make them touch because with crossed wrists that would be impossible or damned nearly so, but pulled in towards each other so her arms were solidly roped. Then she literally picked up the naked bound package and placed the slavegirl in the hole. As Donna sat there, her legs stretched out before her, she realized that the level of the sand, if evened out, would come to about her chin.

Julie began working with a shovel and Donna watched as her legs disappeared. "Just up to my neck?" she asked meekly.

"Just up to the neck. But don't ever get Margaret mad at you. I wouldn't put it passed her to bury you head down." She shoveled away. Donna's legs were totally

covered and the sand level slowly raising up her hips.

"How long?" Donna asked.

"When her high and mighty says take you out." Julie stopped to rest on the shovel. "One time she left me in the sand all day and all night. Wasn't much fun but I've had worse." She resumed shoveling.

"Won't I be able to wiggle my way out?"

"No. You won't be able to move much 'cause of the ropes. But the weight of the sand is the main problem. There'll only be a few feet on top of your legs but you won't be able to move them at all. Take my word for that."

As the sand rose up her tummy, Donna asked, "Julie, what will Margaret do with the twins?"

"I don't know. But I got an idea and it ain't pretty."

"She won't kill them!" Donna exclaimed in fear,

"No. She's mean as hell and loves to torture girls. But she won't kill no one. Least not deliberately. No, she won't kill them. But, if I'm right they'll meet with a fate worse than death."

Julie continued shoveling and would not elaborate on her comments, leaving Donna in a quandary. What did she mean? What horrible fate did the teenage girls Donna loved face?

Before she knew it, the sand was above her shoulders and Julie was carefully smoothing it around her neck. Then she got up and tossed the shovel aside. "Okay, now try to get out."

Donna did as ordered but was surprised to discover that she was, indeed, a prisoner of the sand. Not only were her legs immobile, her body was solidly held in sandy claws. She could move her neck and shift the sand around it a little but that was all. But it wasn't too uncomfortable. The ropes were a little tight but Donna had certainly felt worse. "What's the torture?" she asked. "Does it begin to hurt?"

Julie laughed. "Oh, it gets uncomfortable, all right. But the worst thing comes from not being able to move at all. Even in your cages at night you can wiggle around some. You'll find that not being able to move at all is much worse." Then she grinned. "And the itches! For some reason the sand gets to itching after four or five hours. Ever have an itch you can't scratch?"

Donna nodded her head. Plenty of times she had felt the minor torture of an unscratchable itch while completely bound up.

"Well, multiply that by a hundred, It will drive you crazy. Well, got to be going. Mistress wants me to check in on the twins every hour. Silly, isn't that? You saw how they were bound and boxed and caged. They ain't going anywhere."

Julie was leaving when Donna called out again, "Julie! What do I do if it rains? Those are big clouds over there and sort of dark. What if it rains?"

"You'll get wet. Bye!"

Donna looked up apprehensively at the clouds. They were not yet overhead but seemed to her to be heading every so slowly that way. With a sigh she again tried to wiggle herself out of the sand with the same results - nothing. Julie had certainly been right, the sand held her firmly,

It was near the end of the first hour that Donna realized that she could turn her head to the left and see Jan hanging in her tree. It was too far for them to talk and she didn't think it a good idea to be yelling back and forth. But it tore at her heart to see her beloved hanging so high up. She wondered if Jan had noticed her being buried in the sand. Most of the time Jan's head hung down and her body limp. Donna knew why. Movement just hurt the wrists when you're hanging that way.

By the end of the second hour Donna was sure those clouds were growing larger and coming their way. After three hours she was certain of it and the sun was beginning to get blocked out now and then. By lunch time the sky was filled with clouds in differing shades of white and gray.

She was checked up on at lunch time but fed. It was beginning to look like there would only be two meals a day for slaves. She wondered how the twins were doing, and Julie couldn't help her much. "The boxes are still there," was all the black girl would say. Nor would Julie tell her if Jan was all right. "She just hangs there. But what else can she do?" In a wild idea, Donna pictured Jan swinging back and forth like a child on a swing. But she shook that image away. It would hurt the wrists way too much for her, or Jan, to every try that stunt.

In mid afternoon the air was definitely more humid and the clouds darker. The sun was no longer visible and hadn't been for a while. Donna was growing more and more restless in her sandy prison. Different parts of her body were itching madly. She would have loved to scratch them, with a passion. There was, as Julie had pointed out, quite a bit of difference between being relatively immobile in rope bondage and being totally immobile in ropes and tightly packed sand. She was growing more and more miserable and just knew that when evening came the mean Miss Margaret Summers would decide that she could spend the night buried in the garden.

The first raindrop hit the sand a few inches in front of Donna's nose. She watched in disbelief as small circles of darkness sprang into being on the smooth surface of the sand. But the storm was not content to just drop a few tears on the captive girl. Suddenly the heavy raindrops descended in quantity, drenching her hair and pounding the sand around her. The wind suddenly came up, but it was a warm wind and just made the raindrop come in at an angle. Some of the drops splashed sand onto her lips and mouth and she had to spit it out as best she could.

In the middle of feeling sorry for herself, Donna suddenly remembered Jan and looked up with a start. Under the dark clouds and falling rain the naked girl still hung, her body swaying this way and that as the wind dictated. Donna wanted to cry out, to call for Julie, or even Margaret, to come and get Jan down. She did call out a few times but doubted anyone heard. It was very frustrating for the helpless girl to watch her beloved swinging around and around so high up and not be able to do a thing about it.

Donna didn't now how long the rain lasted. But she was surprised to find that the water didn't flood over her head and drown her. What didn't absorb into the earth

and sand simply ran off to her right. She was even more surprised to see a figure walking towards her in the heavy rain. It was Julie, her naked black skin shining in the wetness of raindrops. She walked up to Donna and knelt beside the disembodied head in the sand.

"The Mistress is away," she said with a smile. "While the cat's away, the mice will play. And this mouse has definite ideas for you, sweetie."

"Please get Jan down. She'll fall or something!"

"She's tied real tight and the rope won't break," commented the black girl. "Don't worry about her, worry about yourself."

"What do you mean?" Julie sat on the sand before Donna's face and swung her legs around so they were on each side of Donna's head.

"I want some sweet loving, and you're the one to do it," she purred, moving forward so that her pussy was under Donna's nose. The black girl leaned back on her elbows and used her hands to push her hips forward until Donna's nose was pressed against Julie's sex. "Lick! Lick me real good," she ordered. "Or I'll bury your head in sand. If you ain't good as a cunt-licker then you ain't a good slavegirl."

Donna had no choice. With skill born of many hours training by Jan, Donna began licking sensitive parts of the black girl's sex. Her tongue lapped and probed and tickled the girl's most sensitive places until Julie was moaning with pleasure. "Keep it up, baby, you're doing good. Oh, so good!"

Far above Jan opened her eyes. Her wrists were screaming at her but there was nothing she could do about it. In the dim light and through heavy rain she looked down towards where she had seen Julie bury her Donna in the sand earlier. Jan could see the black girl lying on her back with both legs pressed tightly against Donna's head. Julie had her head tilted back and the rain was falling full on her face and beating a tattoo on her lovely body. Even through the drumming of the rain and the sighing of the wind, she could hear the cry of pleasure from the black girl as she clamped her legs against Donna's head, arched her body to push her vagina hard against a captive face, and crashed into orgasm.

Later the rain stopped, leaving one naked girl with water dropping from her toes as she hung limp and crying high overhead and another girl helplessly encased in sand.

Later that evening Donna was almost glad to be dunked in the water tank. It got the sand out of her hair, mouth and nose. And everywhere else. As anyone who's ever made love on the beach knows, sand gets into everything. But it was still unpleasant to be hoisted up by her ankles and dunk half a dozen times upside down until even her feet were underwater. Each time she was brought up just when she was sure her breath would run out.

Jan's wrists were deeply marked with red from the ropes that had taken all her weight all day. She told Donna that her hands were recovering but it hurt to move even the fingers. From the way Jan didn't want to talk about it, Donna knew that hanging so far from the ground really shook up her friend. She longed to comfort Jan but the only thing she could do was to keep to herself Julie's comments about the twins' possible fate. Poor Jan had enough on her mind without knowing that something terrible might await her girls.

After both Jan and Donna had been cleaned and locked to the wall rings by their necks, the twins were brought in, both having to be carried by Julie. The ropes were off the teenage girls but there were ugly marks on their arms and legs where the cord had been cutting in all day. The ropes had been replaced with a pair of handcuffs on each slender pair of wrists, another pair on slender ankles and a third pair on the girl's elbows. The girls were no longer gagged but neither seemed to want to talk. Neither girl seemed to be able to move her limbs very well. When asked by their mother what was the matter, Pip simply said that they were very sore and stiff from having been crammed into a ball in those boxes all day and that they would be okay. By the time dinner came, the girls were able to stand again and use their hands to eat with. Julie took the handcuffs off their wrists, brought the hands around to the front, and re-locked the handcuffs on the wrists. That gave the girls a little bit of freedom, enough to awkwardly eat their dinner but little able to do anything else.

Miss Margaret Summers did not visit them during dinner, nor afterwards. Julie took the girls to the room with the bird cages and locked all of them up for the night. Jan and Donna were bound with crossed wrists behind their backs and joined ankles only. The girls were locked in handcuffs, the wrist ones having been returned to the back. Donna doubted that the girls could do much with their elbows locked together and they would be uncomfortable, but at least it was far better than having their elbows tightly bound together with rope all night. All were tired and fell asleep quickly after the lights were turned off. Donna, the last to fall asleep, had the thought that they were adapting to their tiny cages if the others could fall asleep that fast. Then she too slept, to dream of Jan hanging by her wrists from the top of incredibly tall skyscrapers and the twins being welded into tiny steel boxes that were hardly larger than a bread box.

The next morning, after their morning bath/dunking and breakfast, Margaret showed up. She inspected their bottoms and breasts to comment on the fading condition of the whip marks she had put there only a couple days before. She seemed in good spirits and chatted cheerfully with her naked prisoners. "Got something special for you today, girls," she said. "First, Julie will take away the girls, making sure that they are firmly locked in handcuffs." She paused while Julie began unlocking Pip from the wall. Both the girls already had two pairs of handcuffs on their arms and another on their ankles. When she had taken both girls, one at a time, from the room, Margaret turned to the remaining nude prisoners.

"I have arranged a little show for you two to watch this morning. I'm sure you'll find it most interesting." She was smiling too much, Donna thought. And enjoying this too much. We're in for something really nasty.

"Where are my daughters going? What's happening them?" demanded Jan. "If you hurt them..."

"My, my! Where were those threats when I was whipping all of your asses three days ago? And your titties, too?" Margaret stood right before Jan and tilted up her chin with the ever-present riding crop. "I'm so looking forward to my planned entertainment this morning that I'm going to over look your little outburst. Normally that would earn you a good whipping."

Donna thought that Jan was going to kick out or something to try and hurt Margaret. But both girls had their hands tied behind their backs and ankles joined by handcuffs. Still, Jan looked as if she would like to spit in Margaret's eye.

Julie returned in time to intervene and probably prevent Jan from doing something

stupid. Donna was taken from the room first and shuffled her way down the hall at the end of a leash held by Julie. She was taken to a small room that looked more like a closet than anything else. There were two posts in that room, each round and about five inches thick, extending from floor to ceiling. Donna's wrists were untied then she was backed up against one of the posts and her hands retied behind the post, palm to palm. Julie then began an elaborate procedure the purpose of which was to secure the naked girl solidly to the wooden post. Rope was wrapped around her waist and the post. More rope encircled her chest above and below her breasts. Julie went behind her to loop her elbows with more rope and pull them tightly together. Then more rope was wrapped around her body, pinning her arms to the post and holding her very tightly in place. Then her legs were hound together at the ankles and above the knees. More rope was used to secure her legs hard against the post. When Julie was finished her legs were solidly welded to the wood and totally immobile.

Julie left but returned shortly with one of those rubber wad and strap gags that Donna hated but knew would prevent anything louder than pathetic whining. She didn't fight against the rubber wad being shoved in her mouth. It would do no good to fight the strong black girl. Julie only had to pinch a nipple to cause enough pain to make any girl open her mouth and be glad to accept a gag if it stopped the pain. The gag was strapped cruelly tight, making Donna wince. When that was done, a wide leather strap was looped around her neck, over her collar, and the post, and pulled tight enough to hold her immobile. Julie inspected the ropes and seemed satisfied that this was one naked girl who would be going nowhere.

A few minutes later she brought Jan in and fixed her to the other post in an identical manner as Donna was fixed. It took a while because Donna was careful with the placement of every strand of rope and every knot. But soon enough she had two totally helpless girls. Finally satisfied, she left them, closing the door behind her and plunging them into total darkness.

Donna could see nothing but, after a while, she could hear Jan's breathing not far away from her. It would have been nice to be able to talk but at least each girl knew that she was not alone in the darkness. Donna frowned in the dark. Was this the special entertainment Margaret had mentioned? It seemed rather simple for something Margaret would come up with. Donna was uncomfortable but not in any real pain and she was fairly certain Jan was not hurting either. The rope bondage and gag would grow more and more uncomfortable as the day wore on but they had endured worse. Donna was still puzzled by Margaret's comments.

The captive girls knew not how long passed but suddenly the door was opened and when they were able to see, Margaret Summers was standing between them. She was wearing her favorite black leather pants, high heels and a halter that looked more like a bra, also made of black leather.

"My, my, but Julie did a nice job on you two. Can't move? Good, Can't talk? Good." She pinched a nipple on each girl to confirm that they couldn't move. The sudden pain also confirmed that either girl could talk for the squeals that came out of the noses were pathetic in the extreme.

"You're probably wondering why I've brought you to this little closet. I had the posts installed last night. Julie's fairly good with a hammer and saw as well as her other talents.

Directly opposite you is a small window cut in the wall." She demonstrated by sliding

back a panel of wood neither girl had noticed there. A glass window was revealed and beyond that a dimly seen room. There was nobody in the room but a quantity of ropes and other bondage equipment was visible.

"You two will be able to see what is going on in that room because this is a two-way mirror. From the other side it is a mirror. From this side a window. You will be able to see what goes on in there but no one there can see you here." She tapped the glass with her riding crop. "The glass and this wall is insulated for sound so even if you could talk - or scream - I don't think anyone in there could hear you anyway.

"The man you will be seeing is Rashad. His last name isn't important. But his profession, ah, that is! You see, he is one of a diminishing profession. He is a professional slave trader. Sound strange? But it's true. There are the super rich, mostly in other countries, who can buy anything they want. Anything."

Donna couldn't say a word but was having a sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach.

"And there are countries where slavery is an old and well established institution. And a few countries where the rich simply buy the local authorities and do whatever they wish. Sort of above the law. I've done that right here in the good old USA, land of the free. You two are hardly free, now are you? And there is no police investigation going on."

She paused to pat Jan on the cheek. "Are you beginning to see what I'm leading up to?" she asked in a sickeningly sweet voice. "Oh, I'm not going to sell either of you. I love having Donna as a slavegirl too much. And I love having you, Jan, as a plaything to be punished every day and tortured every other day. No, I won't sell either of you, although I'm sure I could get a good price."

She paused again to look into the room before the girls, "But there are the twins..."

Jan almost screamed. Considering the huge rubber was held tightly in her mouth and pressing her tongue down, she managed a surprisingly loud sound in the small room. The shocked mother tossed her head from side to side the few inches allowed her and seemed to be trying to jerk her body against the cords holding her welded to the post. But Julie's rope work was good and the naked girl simply could not move.

"My, my, aren't we upset," purred Margaret. "You don't" seem to be enjoying the prospect of your little girls entering an old and respected profession - that of slavegirl." She was really enjoying every second of this and every ounce of pain in Jan's eyes. "It's really not much different from what they would have gotten if I kept them. I would have had to keep them in constant bondage. And probably had to punish them several times a week. Where they're going, and I have no idea where that is, they'll be kept prisoners and punished when they don't obey, It's really that simple, don't you see.

"Now don't go getting your hopes up. I told Rashad to sell them to someone who understands that they are expert escape artists and can't be trusted for a second. He assures me he knows several people who are quite capable of keeping them prisoners."

She paused for a minute to watch the emotions racing across Jan's face. Donna couldn't see her friends face too well but she was sure Jan was feeling rage, fear,

anger and hurt, all at the same time.

"It's about time for me to meet Rashad. I do hope you two enjoy your show. You'll get to see Rashad and his men 'package' your girls for shipment to where ever it is he holds them while he finds a buyer. I've been told that sometimes he holds an actual slave auction, with bidders, and the girls in chains, and everything. Wouldn't that be exciting to see? I don't know if your girls will be sold at auction. Rashad says that it might be better to just sell them to someone he knows will be able to keep them safely secured. I mean, why take a chance on a random buyer? Well, enough chit-chat. Enjoy,"

Miss Margaret Summers must have really had to go because Donna had the feeling she would have liked to stay longer and gloat in Jan's face some more. Beside her in the near darkness, Donna could see Jan trying to jerk at the cords holding her. The sounds that escaped the gag were heart-wrenching. Donna wished there was something she could do but she was just an observer in this drama, the same as the girl's mother.

The drama didn't take long to enter the next phase. The door to the room before them opened and in walked a man dressed in an elegant business suit, gray with blue pinstripes. He was followed by two other men, also in business suits but not of the same quality. Then came Margaret. Donna noticed the way the man who was obviously the leader, and therefore the Rashad Margaret had mentioned, professionally appraise Margaret's well stacked figure. Donna hoped he was sizing her up for some slave shackles and a quick sale to a very cruel master.

After a moment of talk, which the two naked and bound girls could not hear, Patsy was brought into the room. The teenager was still naked and still wearing the handcuffs on her arms and legs. Julie almost had to carry her in for she started struggling the instant she saw the men standing there. Maybe she guessed what was happening, maybe not, but either way she didn't want to go. The two assistants came to Julie's aid and between the three of them the slender teenage girl had no chance. She was held firmly in the middle of the room while the handcuffs were unlocked and removed from her arms. She tried to fight but six hands with adult strength were easily too much for her. Margaret approached and handed one of the men a coil of what looked like sash cord, thin, very strong, and a cruel bondage means for any girl. She arranged it so they turned the girl around, giving Donna and Jan a good view of the binding of youthful arms. The cord first looped the elbows and pulled them together. A dozen loops of cord were wrapped, from every appearance as tightly as the man could. Then that was cinched down and knotted several times. Another cord caught her wrists to lock them together.

There were some boxes by one wall and Patsy was lifted and deposited on one face down. Expert hands then bound her legs together at the three usual places, the ankles, above and below the knees. Donna winced at how tight the cords were going on and heard Jan's whines of emotional agony.

When the rubber wad gag was forced into her mouth, Patsy almost succeeded in biting one of the hands. It only earned her a slap across the face that must have stunned the girl. Her eyes didn't quite seem to be focusing while the rubber was shoved in and strapped tightly in place. By the time Patsy was herself again, she was effectively silenced.

One of the assistants then produced what looked like a leather bag. Donna vaguely recalled reading something about a leather hood that could be put over a girl's head

and laced up. It was called a discipline helmet or hood or something like that. While one man and Julie held the naked girl very tight, the other fitted the soft leather hood over Patsy's head, smoothing it out so it fitted like a second skin. Then he carefully threaded and tightened the laces down the back, pulling the black leather tight across all of her head. After the laces were done and knotted, the bottom of the hood, really a leather strap attached to the hood, was pulled tight and buckled. Then a small padlock was used to secure it.

When they were finished, gone was the pretty features of an innocent young teenager. Instead there was a totally black head with no features beyond a small bit of skin showing where her nose fitted through a hole. Donna shuddered at the thought of having to wear one of those. It would be uncomfortable at first but she hated to think of what it might become like inside that tight leather sheath.

The rest of Patsy's preparations for transportation were simple. One of the boxes that their kidnappers had used to bring them to this house was brought forward and opened. The helpless, silent and blind girl was lowered into it, folded into a ball and strapped down tightly. Then the top was screwed back on and one very helpless teenage girl was ready for shipment. The box was casually pushed to one side.

Pip was a repeat performance. The same thin cord was used to bind her arms and legs, the same kind of rubber wad gag, and the same punishment hood laced up tight on her head. Donna and Jan were forced to watch every detail in horror and mute helplessness of their own as each girl was prepared. There followed some discussion between Margaret and that man Rashad, followed by the assistants carrying out one of the boxes. Margaret and Rashad left the room, perhaps to go somewhere so he could pay Miss Margaret Summers her money. A few minutes later the men returned and, carried out the other box.

Not long after that Margaret returned to her prisoners.

"Well, honey, the little trouble makers are gone. I don't know where and don't care so long as I never see them again. And I doubt I will. Rashad and his men seemed to really know what they were doing. And I'm sure if he says a buyer for the girls will be able to keep them prisoners, then he will. I wonder if someone will buy them as a set or if he will have to break them up?"

Jan moaned loudly and jerked her head wildly against the strap around her neck.

"Oh, poor Jan is upset about something. Well, I'll just go away and let her have a chance to calm down." Margaret kissed Donna on a cheek and cupped on breasts in a strong hand. She squeezed tight for a second then let go. "Good bye, Donna. Tonight we'll see about beginning your training in how a slavegirl satisfies her mistress. Or did Jan already train you? Ah, I see it in your eyes. Well, we'll see just how good you are."

She closed the panel over the window then left, plunging the girls into darkness again as the door was closed. In the gloom Donna could hear Jan crying.

5

Tortured Girl

It was a long day the two girls spent in that stuffy, small room. Neither could move

any of the ropes holding them tightly prisoner. Their gags hurt more and more as the day wore on. The ropes seemed to dig in deeper and more painfully with each passing minute. But worse pain for Donna was knowing how terrible Jan must feel. Margaret must have been a real sadist to make a mother watch her two daughters packaged and boxed for shipment into a life of degradation, constant imprisonment, and pain.

Donna's sobs matched Jan's for a while in the darkness.

The twins might have hurt her a little too much now and then, but she loved them, too.

They were both sore, emotionally drained, and could hardly move when the door finally opened and Julie came in to peel the ropes from their flesh.

That evening Donna had to stand chained to the wall and watch while her friend was bound and locked into her bird cage. As Jan's cage was pulled up to the ceiling, Donna couldn't help but to see the two smaller cages hanging empty. Strange as it sounds, she would have loved to see the two pesky but lovable teenage girls tightly bound and securely locked in their tiny cages. She sighed when she saw Jan's eyes also fixed on the empty cages.

While remaining chained to the wall by her neck collar, Donna's hands and feet were freed. She had expected to be stuffed into her cage with her hands tied behind her and her ankles tied together, the usual procedure. Instead Julie gathered her arms together behind her back and pulled a loop of thin rope up and around her elbows. As she pulled the elbows tightly together, she explained, "The Mistress, she wants your arms tied good and tight behind you. She wants you feeling the tight ropes and hurting all the time when she plays with you in bed. That's the way she is."

Donna had forgotten that Margaret had said she would take her to bed tonight. Donna sighed then gasped as Julie cinched down the cruelly tight ropes around her elbows. As her wrists were tightly bound together, she considered protesting that she didn't want to go to bed with Margaret, but she held it back. What was the use? She was a slavegirl, owned by her mistress, and as such had nothing to say in the matter. If her owner wanted to take her to bed, she would go. And she knew that she would perform once there, that she would service to the best of her ability the woman she hated. She would do it to avoid painful punishment for her and probably for Jan, as well.

When her arms were very tightly secured behind her back, Julie unlocked the padlock from her collar and replaced it with a short length of rope. As she was being led out the door, she commented, a little sarcastically, "Aren't you going to tie my legs with that thin cord so they'll be hurting, too, and I'll have to hop."

"Honey," replied Julie with a sincere smile, "best you don't go talking like that around the Mistress. You get your behind whipped real good for sarcasm." Then she really smiled. "Besides, Margaret might like idea. It's a long way to have to hop to her bedroom. Honey, best you keep your mouth shut."

Margaret's bedroom was like the woman, large, with a solidly built bed boasting four posts at least four inches thick, and done in tones of red and black. The carpet was a burnt orange and the walls had red wallpaper in a Greek column pattern. Donna was led to the foot of the bed and her leash tied to a ring in the post above her head. Then Julie was gone.

A while later Margaret came in and eyed her captive like a cat with a cornered mouse. She was wearing a very short leather skirt that showed off her firm legs, and a matching black leather vest. Nothing else. From one dresser she picked up a riding crop.

"Sweet little slavegirl! Ropes nice and tight?" Margaret inspected her naked body, shaking the bound elbows as if she might find a loose rope. She untied the leash from the ring and the collar and tossed it away. "Good and tight. Bend over."

Donna sighed to herself and bent forward until her head was about the level of her knees. Suddenly her bottom burst into fire. She gasped and jumped forward. The riding crop had slashed across flesh still sore from the first day in Margaret's captivity.

"Bend over," came the command again. Again Donna bent over. A girl with her arms tightly bound behind her had little choice but to obey. Again the crop cut through the air and set a fire ablaze upon Donna's tender bottom.

Margaret tossed the whip back to the dresser. "Now that we understand each other, we can get to more fun things. You didn't deserve those slashes. You hadn't done anything wrong. I did it just to show you that I can and will deliver pain when I feel like it. And certainly will feel like it if you don't perform every service I order quickly and very well. Understand?"

"Yes, Mistress." The reply had no real feeling in it, but it also wasn't sarcastic or a protest. Margaret grunted but didn't reach for the whip again. Instead she stood before Donna with legs spread and put her hands on her hips. "Take my vest off?"

Donna started to protest that her hands were tied and she couldn't but swallowed the words down. Her bottom was hurting and she knew that this woman would not hesitate to deliver a dozen or two dozen more strokes. Hell, Donna was sure that if this woman wanted to, she would tie Donna down and lash every bit of skin from her body.

She took the edge of the vest gently in her mouth and pulled it up and over on shoulder. Walking around the back of Margaret, she continued to pull the vest until it was hanging by the other shoulder. Then she took the edge by Margaret's big breast and pulled that side off. Being careful not to drop the leather garment, she carried it over to a dress and deposited it thereon.

"Good," commented Margaret, obviously pleased with her slavegirl. "Now the skirt."

Donna examined the garment and, finding a zipper on one side, knelt down to take it in her teeth. It zipped all the way from the waist to the hem line. She had to tug a bit but the final part of the zipper came undone, leaving her with a black leather skirt hanging from her mouth. She carried that to the dresser and deposited it with the vest. Then she returned to Margaret and knelt before her and bowed her head. She knew she might be risking punishment for doing something not directly ordered, but she also felt that she might make the evening go easier if she pleased this cruel woman.

Apparently she had pleased the woman who was now as naked as Donna, save for the ropes tightly wound around her arms. Suddenly, and with surprising ease, she

picked up Donna and tossed her on, the bed. Before Donna finished bouncing, the bigger woman was on her, grabbing a handful of breast with one hand, and half a bottom with the other. The bound girl was handled roughly for a long time. Her breasts were squeezed until she cried out in pain. Her sore bottom was kneaded by very strong fingers, evoking gasps and whines of pain. The tied girl was tossed this way or that on the bed, whenever her mistress wished another part of her body to rough up. Her breasts were slapped until tears stung her eyes, and she was even turned over Margaret's knee to receive a very hard hand spanking that hurt far more than Donna had believed a hand spanking could. Of course the flesh was sore and it didn't take much to make it bum again.

Finally Margaret seemed to tire of roughing her slavegirl up and laid herself down on the bed. Her legs spread wide to encompass Donna within. Then came the order Donna dreaded. "Suck my tits!"

She crawled up between the legs, until her mouth was upon one already rigid nipple. She began sucking and licking her tongue around the nipple in a way she knew would please any woman. Donna's breasts were pushed against Margaret's hard stomach but it was the only way she could get her mouth in position. For a long time the sucking went on, with Margaret pausing only to order a shift in breasts now and then. Just when Donna's neck was hurting from holding her head up, Margaret pushed her down until her face was buried in the lush fur patch. "Suck and lick, slave slut!"

Donna sucked and licked and was glad in a sad way that Jan had trained her so very well in what makes a woman excited and ultimately satisfied. It took a lot longer than Donna would have thought and she began wondering if Margaret was holding back deliberately. Jan had always reached an orgasm or two long before her naked new owner showed any signs of coming close. But the orgasm finally came and the strong legs clamped around Donna's head, crushing her face into the pungent vagina she had been working so hard on.

Donna almost smothered before the legs let her go. She lay on her side, panting and trying to ignore the pain in her elbows and shoulders while Margaret shuddered through her ecstasy. Half an hour later Margaret got out of bed and fetched some rope from the dresser. She bound Donna's ankles together tightly, then dragged the naked captive to her feet. She was picked up and carried around to the end of the bed where she was set down between the two posts, facing the bed. Margaret then looped the end of some rope around Donna's right arm above where the elbows were still tightly joined. That rope then went to the ring high on the post on that side. Then it came back and was tied solidly to the ropes around her elbows. Another length of rope did the same to her left arm. When Margaret finished and lay back down on the bed, Donna was held in a standing position at the end of the bed, facing her mistress. "Any noise," came a casual order, "and I gag you then whip your breasts until none of their skin is unmarked. Understand?"

"Yes, Mistress." Donna wanted to cry. Her arms hurt, she had just been shamed by having to service a woman she hated, and she really didn't want to have to stand there all night while Margaret slept. After a moment she added, "Would you please gag me now? My arms hurt terribly and I don't think I'll be able to keep quiet all night."

Margaret got up from the bed and went to the dresser. But she came back with the riding crop, not a gag. Suddenly there was a swish in the air followed by Donna's cry of pain. A vivid red mark appeared across her left breast, a mark which included the

nipple. Donna bit back a gasp and forced herself to hold back her tears.

Margaret snorted and tossed the whip on the bed. She turned down the lights until there was only one soft light reflecting redness from one wall. Then she curled up on the bed beside the riding crop and closed her eyes.

It was a very long night. Several times Donna almost fell asleep but for the most part the pain in her elbows and shoulders keep her awake. She found that she had very little mobility, only an inch or so that she could shift her feet in any direction before the ropes to her upper arms grew too tight to continue. Towards morning she had to fight the urge to scream. Prolonged pain can build up and tear at a girl's resistance until she is reduced to a mindless mass of raw emotions. But she could just make out that riding crop in the dim light and that helped her remember that things can always get worse.

In the morning, while Margaret was in the bathroom, Julie came and untied Donna from the post. Donna collapsed into Julie's arms and was carried from the bedroom back down stairs to the dungeons below the house. It wasn't until she was back in what she thought of as the drying room, that her arms and legs were untied. She found herself unable to move her arms at all and her hands had little feeling in them. Julie assured her that no permanent damage had been done and proceeded to lock her wrists in handcuffs. Her ankles were locked in leg irons and her collar chained to the wall ring. Then Julie went and fetched Jan from her bird cage. Donna was asleep when Julie and Jan came in. She had to be awakened to get her morning bath in the dunk tank and have breakfast.

After the food was taken away, the handcuffs on her wrists were changed from front to back and she was left alone while Jan was hauled away for her day's torture. Donna slept on the hard concrete floor and for a long time had no dreams. When she did finally dream it was repeated dreams where her beloved Jan was tied between the posts of Margaret's bed and lashed endlessly by a laughing Margaret.

Several days passed pretty much in the same manner. Each morning Jan and Donna were taken out of their bird cages, bathed, fed and then taken to some form of punishment to spend the day in some degree of discomfort ranging from mild restriction to constant, serious pain. Jan's punishment was always more severe than Donna's. Margaret seemed to take delight in watching Jan suffering and made sure she did plenty of it. Every third day Jan rode the Horse, suffering terrible pain between her legs so that she could hardly walk and was always crying when taken down. Donna did not ride the Horse in all that time but was tied to that bolted down chair each time Jan did so she had to watch her friend suffer. Usually Donna was bound in such a way that she was also suffering but hers paled in comparison.

The worst that Donna had to suffer were those days when she had to watch Jan moaning away the hours on the Horse. The other days she was usually bound in some uncomfortable position and left alone save for occasional visits from Julie who strangely enough seemed to take pity on the girls. Not that she slacked off a notch in how tightly she bound them or punished them when she was ordered to do so. But she didn't add verbal abuse the way Margaret did.

It was on a quiet afternoon that things changed. Donna had been tied in what Julie referred to as the "torture pit." It was simply a square area in the garden where a slab of concrete had been poured. But into the surface were set hundred of small, sharp rocks, none more than half an inch tall. At the four corners of the square were four large iron rings set into the concrete. The first time Donna had been tied there,

she had been set down on her back and her arms and legs tied in a wide spread-eagle. It had been an uncomfortable day as she had very little movement allowed her and no way to lay that didn't hurt. On the day in question, she had been tied face down and was considerably more uncomfortable. The parts that hurt worst was her breasts and hips. To give her a little slack without also giving a chance to escape, her wrists and ankles were locked in handcuffs the other ends of which were locked to the rings. Donna was not going to be getting up from that bed of pain by herself.

The gentle afternoon breeze had almost lulled her to sleep despite the constant small pains in her breasts when she hear approaching footsteps. Carefully she lifted her head and turned it to the other side to see who was coming. She let out with a gasp when she beheld Nigel Bransome standing there, grinning down at her.

"Hello, Donna. Fancy meeting you," he said politely.

"How...? Where...? Oh, Nigel, in a way it's good to see you. Please excuse me if I can't get up."

"Yes, I can see that you're somewhat restricted. Are there as many of those little stones under you as I see next to you?"

"More. Oh, Nigel, what are you doing here?"

"Well, it's a long story. Have you got a little time on your hands? Yes? Good. Well, I got to wondering when Mrs. Dawson told me that she tried to contact Jan to invite her to a party. Then I checked into it and found that Jan and the twins, and you, of course, were missing. The house was closed up and had no signs of anyone having lived there for days." He paused to look around. "So, I got to thinking. Where would Jan have gone to? She apparently told no one of any travel plans. An unidentified voice on the phone told the phone company, post office and other utilities that she would be gone for an indefinite period. But no one knew where she had gone to. Strange, no?"

Without waiting for Donna to comment, he continued. "I had to consider the possibility that she had been kidnapped. And with her the twins and my favorite slavegirl; you. But who would do it? Only one answer, really. So I came snooping around to see if Margaret Summers had the four of you. And it looks as if I was right."

"Sort of. She has Jan and me but not the twins. She sold them."

"Sold them?"

"Sorry, Nigel, don't have time to tell you the story right now. Can you get me off these damned rocks?"

"Fraid not. Forgot to bring a handcuff key with me. Are you expecting someone by soon?"

"Normally Julie comes to untie me around dinner time. She shouldn't be here for several hours yet. But sometime Margaret shows up to see Jan's and my suffering. She likes it."

"I don't doubt it. Well, let me see what else I can find. Where's Jan?"

Donna sighed. "I don't know. Someplace in the house I think."

"Well, take heart. If I can, I'll get a handcuff key. It would be nice to get you and Jan out of that woman's clutches."

That sounded so good that Donna almost cried with joy.

"Please..." was all she could get out.

Nigel looked around again then knelt to be closer to Donna's face. "I was trying to find Jan because I want to talk to her. I'm afraid I was a bit of a cad in the way I treated her. And the twins. And you, for that matter. It's just that she's so beautiful and I can't resist taking her to bed. And keeping her tied up. And occasionally whipping her bottom. You understand, I'm sure. But your conking me on the head with the champagne bottle... Well, that sort of evens things up, I think. Well, I just wanted to apologize to Jan and see if she would forgive me."

Nigel seemed embarrassed. Suddenly he stood up. "Got to see what I can do. You stay here." And he was gone.

Donna stared at the retreating form of Nigel Bransome with a spark of hope filling her heart for the first time in days. Maybe Nigel would get her and Jan out of this awful place. She laid her cheek down on the rough concrete and hoped with all her might that Nigel would come through.

It was a long time before Nigel came back and in those long, long minutes, Donna's hope began to flicker. It began to seem to her as if her only hope had gone away and she was again doomed to a lifetime of punishments all day and having to serve her mistress in terrible ways at night. As her breasts hurt from being pushed into the sharp little rocks, the captive naked girl wanted to cry.

Nigel came jauntily walking up to her, tossing up and down in his hand a tiny key. Donna's heart leaped. It was the handcuff key! In a matter of seconds all four handcuffs had released their grip on the nude girl and Nigel was helping her to her feet. All across the front of her from feet to face was a random pattern of red marks caused by the small stones set into the concrete. Especially hard hit were her breasts where each had at least a dozen such marks.

"Don't worry," said Donna, "they'll fade away. I've had this done to me before." Then she threw her arms around Nigel, arms that hadn't been free for more than a few seconds for such a long time, and she kissed him hard.

"Whoa, girl! No time for that right now. Although it is tempting to try it right here on this square. You might wiggle real nice if you were lying on your back on those sharp stones while I screwed you." He smiled at the surprise in her eyes.

"Yes, Nigel. If that's what you want." She was so glad at the prospect of freedom that she was willing to do about anything this man wanted.

It was his turn to look surprised. "Well... Maybe another time. Probably hurt my knees anyway. Come on, I've got something to show you."

He led the naked and very happy girl back into the house and downstairs to one of the dungeons. "I found her watching a soap opera," he told Donna as he held open the door for Donna. "It was easy to capture her."

Donna entered the room to find a naked Julie suspended from the ceiling by her wrists. The naked black girl looked rather uncomfortable, especially when she saw her former prisoner coming in and completely free of restraints.

"Donna, tell this madman that he can't just come in here and do as he pleases," she protested. "And let me down."

Donna shrugged her shoulders to tell the black girl that she had no power over Nigel.

"I thought it best to string her up where she'd be out of the way. I've gotten her to tell me that Margaret is away and won't be back until this evening. Now maybe we can make her tell us where Jan is, eh?"

Donna was of mixed emotions. True, Julie had bound her up in many painfully tight positions. And she had been the one who dunked her and Jan each, morning to clean them, a rather unpleasant experience, all things considered. But Donna really felt no hatred for the very pretty black girl, who Donna could now see had a rather nice body, also. But should she try to talk Nigel out of hurting Julie? The poor girl had only been obeying her mistress' orders, after all.

Nigel picked a riding crop from the assorted instruments of torture along one wall and swished the air a couple of times as she walked over to where Julie hung in apprehension.

"Jan's in a room three door down," Julie quickly said. "I ain't gonna suffer for no use." She eyed that riding crop fearfully.

Nigel sighed, looked at the riding crop, at Julie's nice firm bottom, then sighed again. "Pity!" He tossed away the riding crop. "I usually prefer the white meat, but in this case..." He took Donna by the hand and pulled her from the room.

"Couldn't we let Julie down?" Donna asked. "It's hurting her to hang by her wrists, you know."

"Yes, I know. Undoubtedly she deserves it. One, two, three, this should be the door."

At first neither of them could see anything for there were no lights on and the room had no window. As Nigel felt one wall for a switch, they could both hear a soft moaning coming from somewhere in front of them in the darkness. Suddenly there was a click and a scene of torture sprang into view before their startled eyes.

Jan had been impaled upon a shaft sticking right out of the floor. The rod was made of some metal and was about two inches thick. At the upper end both could see that the rod turned into a steel dildo, like one of the rubber ones but solid. It was also a pretty wide beast and evidently rather long because not all of it was up inside poor Jan. The girl was straddling the rod with only her toes touching the floor, and obviously most of her weight upon the dildo inside her. Her arms were bound behind her back with the hands crossed and pulled high up on the back then tied to a leather collar around her neck. A leather discipline hood had been placed on her head and laced down tight, and, from the sounds emitting through the leather, she had first been gagged with something that filled her mouth.

Donna shuddered as she thought of what it must have been like for Jan to be secured

like this every since early morning. She was impaled on that steel shaft, her arms tied so they were hurting, Donna knew that from experience, and her whole head was encased in tight leather. She couldn't see, couldn't hear anything in that room by herself, and certainly couldn't step off that steel dildo,

"Talk about getting the shaft," Nigel whispered. Donna hurried to Jan's side and began fumbling with the ropes that held her hands to her neck. "Let me," said Nigel, stepping in with a knife and quickly cutting the cords. While he removed the rest of the ropes from around her wrists and eased her arms down from the bent up position they had been tied in, Donna busily unbuckled then unlaced the discipline hood. When she pulled it off she was anguished by what she saw. Jan's hair was wet and sticking to her scalp. Her eyes were closed against the light and her mouth was filled with something Donna could not identify. But it was held in place with a single strap around her head and that Donna unbuckled. When she pulled the wad from Jan's mouth and let it fall to the floor she was amazed to find it was about half a dozen pairs of ladies panties rolled up into a mass. Since neither she nor Jan wore panties around this place, she had a suspicion that the owner of those panties was Margaret and that they were not fresh from a package.

With Nigel's help they lifted Donna from the steel prong. It seemed like forever that they lifted and more and more of the steel beast became visible as it slid slowly from the girl's sheath. Finally, with a plopping noise, it left it's temporary home and Jan could be put on her feet. But the naked girl could not stand and had to be helped with a firm hand from Nigel. As they left the room, Donna looked back at the huge steel phallus glistening with Jan's secretions and shuddered.

They put Jan on a couch in a lounge upstairs and Donna hurried to find some water for her to drink. When she returned, her mistress was leaning against Nigel's shoulder and crying.

"It was SO huge," she keep saying, over and over. "It hurt. I couldn't get it out. It was so big."

Nigel didn't say anything, instinctively knowing that the best thing to do was let her sob out her pain. It was more than ten minutes before her tears dried and she began to become more herself. Only then did she seem to realize that she was no longer bound or chained. She looked at her wrists with the deep red marks from the ropes and almost started to cry again.

"I think it's best that we get out of here," he suggested softly. "Margaret might return early and we don't really need a confrontation. Can you walk to my car?"

"I can walk. But where's Julie?" Jan asked.

"She's hanging by her wrists downstairs," Nigel answered.

"But we haven't time for that, we should get going."

"Nigel," said Jan seriously, looking into his eyes. "I appreciate what you're doing, even if you do plan to get something out of this for yourself. But can we please take Julie along? I owe that girl something for all she's done to me."

Nigel frowned. Then Donna pointed out that Julie had only been obeying orders. Jan sighed but didn't argue the point. Instead she got shakily to her feet and walked a few steps to test them. "My legs were trembling from trying to take my weight down

there," she explained. "If I had not stayed on my toes that thing would have split me in half."

Donna doubted that it really would have split her friend or even done permanent damage. But it would have certainly felt terrible to have all her weight on that thing inside her. She was in awe that Jan had been able to stay on her toes for that many hours.

Nigel pointed to the door. "My car awaits a little ways down the road. Sort of hidden in the bushes, you might say. But it's a private road and you two can dash to the car without worrying about clothes."

"I have something I have to do first," Jan said through clenched teeth. Both Nigel and Donna stood still in surprise as Jan strode down the stairs that led to the dungeon.

A few minutes later there was a scream and they knew that Jan had found the hanging Julie. The first scream was followed by others but neither of them could hear any sounds of a whip being used. There were only screams of real pain. Those screams were still drifting up the stairs when Jan walked calmly into the room. "Well, let's go," she said casually as she crossed the room.

Nigel and Donna looked at each other. The screams and pathetic cries were still coming from below. Donna started to head towards the stairs but Nigel put a hand on her arm. "Perhaps it's best to leave things alone." Donna's frown clearly said she didn't want to see the black girl in that kind of pain. "Margaret will be home in a couple hours," he continued. "Let Jan have her revenge."

Donna allowed herself to be led to the door. As they walked from the house they could still hear screams of pain, but the screams grew fainter as they hurried down the driveway until they could no longer hear anything but the afternoon breeze in the trees.

The ride to Nigel's house was uneventful. Both girls shared the back seat, huddled together for warmth and comfort. Nigel offered them a car blanket which they accepted with gratitude.

Over coffee in his dining room, Jan seemed to finally come back to being herself. "Nigel, I'm grateful for what you've done for us," she said. "But why did you do it?"

Nigel sipped coffee for a few seconds before he answered.

"I figured out who had you, or at least had a good idea, I simply figured maybe saving you from her clutches was one way of saying I'm sorry for the terrible way I treated you and the twins."

At mention of the twins, Jan cringed.

"I know I treated you rather badly," he went on. "And I really did want you to know that I'm sorry."

"You mean that you really didn't enjoy raping me?" Jan asked sarcastically. "All those times? And you didn't enjoy keeping my girls tied up and locked in that cage for all that time? And what about the marks you put on my bottom? You certainly seemed to enjoy doing that and listening to my screams. And," she added

with a sigh, "you certainly enjoyed screwing the hell out of me after I was whipped and lying on my sore bottom."

Nigel shrugged his shoulders. "Guilty," he said simply.

"Guilty of enjoying what I did. I didn't say I didn't enjoy it, only that I was sorry I treated you so badly."

"But why did you do it?" asked Jan with a puzzled frown. "Like you said, I enjoyed it. Jan, don't ask me why. I'm a cad, I've always been a cad, and probably always will be. And heaven knows I've whipped plenty of other girls and screwed them to a fare-thee-well." He grinned, perhaps at memories. "But there was something special about you." He paused and looked like he was searching for the proper words. "I enjoyed what I did to you. I savored it, relished it. And would love to do it again. But... I don't know."

The big man actually was at a loss for words. "Do you care for Jan?" asked Donna.

"What?" was his reply. "I... Well..." He put his coffee cup Down. "I guess I do. Maybe you're right. Maybe I simply like Jan enough to care that I did all those things with no regard for her feelings. Does that make sense? That it matters how she feels about a whipping? Oh, this whole thing doesn't make sense to me!"

Jan swallowed and looked at the floor for a few seconds.

Then she slowly slid her hand across the table to lay it on Nigel's. "I appreciate what you did in getting Donna and me out of that place," she said. "And someday we'll talk about that... And feelings... And whippings. But right now I've got something much bigger on my mind. My girls."

Without elaboration she explained to Nigel how the twins had been given to a man who sells girls into slavery.

Nigel rubbed his chin as he listened but didn't say a word until Jan was finished and looking at him with questioning eyes,

"Well, I know a few people whom I could ask some questions. Maybe I can find this Rashad fellow. But I can't promise anything."

Jan took Nigel's hand in hers and kissed the back of it gently. Nigel was, for the first time anyone could remember, flustered.

"Can we return to Jan's home?" asked Donna, partly to change the subject and partly to save Nigel further embarrassment.

Jan looked at her then did some thinking. "I don't think so. Margaret's powerful and practically owns the police in this town. I doubt we would last out the day if we returned there."

Nigel nodded agreement. "But, by the same token, Julie knows who rescued you two. Margaret and her police friends will come knocking on my door shortly after she frees Julie... From whatever condition you left her in."

"She had it coming," was all Jan would say.

"She would mainly want you two back. I don't think she really cares about punishing me for taking you. Or for what is happening to Julie right now." He paused so everyone could remember that the black girl was left screaming in pain. "But she will certainly try to get you two back. It would be best if you two weren't here."

Nigel got up and began pacing. "I know a place where you two can hide. Margaret doesn't know of it. I'll stay here for a couple of days, long enough for Margaret to come by with authorities and satisfy herself that you two aren't here. I don't think she'll press any charges. I'm not without money and power myself, and it will just be Julie's word against mine. I could produce a dozen people who would swear on a stack of bibles that I was playing Canasta at the time Margaret Summers' house was entered, valuables stolen, and a maid assaulted. But you girls have to get out of here fast."

Jan got to her feet and hugged Nigel. It was more a token of appreciation and sincere thanks than anything like passion but Nigel seemed to enjoy it. In a blushing, odd sort of way. Donna doubted that Nigel was used to girls hugging him that way.

Finally he broke off the embrace. "We had better get going. Jan, you can use my car to return to your house and get anything you think you'll need. Like money, bank savings books, check book, clothes, etc. Whatever you think you'll need to track down your daughters."

Nigel blushed again as Jan again kissed his hand. The girl was actually weeping. "Oh, thank you, thank you."

"Well... Be that as it may, I think it's only right that we try to find your girls."

"Okay! Jan, you'll find some woman's clothes in the second bedroom on the left down that way. I keep a few things on hand." He saw Donna giving him a funny look. "Well, sometimes girls get their clothes torn when they, ah, visit me here. And it's a nice gesture to give them something they can wear back home. Oh, don't look at me like that. I can't send a girl out into the cold, naked can I?"

"You did this afternoon," pointed out Jan in a friendly mocking manner. "In fact, you made two girls hurry a long way down a road until they found your car."

"Well, that was different. I... Oh, never mind, just go get some clothes on so you can make a quick visit to your house."

Jan smiled and turned to go. But she paused at the doorway to turn her head back. "Nigel, my sex is sore and won't be functional for a few days. I would like to show you my gratitude in the nicest way a woman can but... I'd rather wait until I can do it without pain." She turned to Donna. "But Donna is fully functional. And if she still considers herself my little slavegirl...?"

Surprise raced across Donna's face as she realized what her mistress was asking. Then puzzlement. She remembered times when Jan threatened her with being given to a man as a gift for a night and Donna had thought that a terrible thing. But this was different. Jan was asking her to do it as a favor in her place. Donna looked at Nigel who seemed as surprised as she. Then she turned back to Jan. "I'll do whatever my Mistress says," she said quietly and sincerely. "But please tie my hands behind me. It will feel more proper that way."

Jan's eyebrow went up as she looked at Nigel. He laughed a little and went to fetch a length of rope. When he returned he handed it to Jan. Jan made a loop in one end and pulled it up over Donna's arms which had been pressed together behind and her back and turned towards Jan. To Donna's surprise the loop went around her elbows and pulled them together.

"Being tied this way," Jan explained as she wrapped several windings around the elbows and cinched them down, "will make her feel more like a slavegirl. She'll be much more obedient," Jan continued as she brought what was left of the rope down to Donna's wrists. "You will be obedient, won't you?"

"Yes, Mistress. I will obey."

"Good. There, that ought to hold her. Comfy?"

"I am tied, Mistress. I cannot free my arms by myself."

"Good," Jan said, finally regaining some of her dominating spirit. She turned Donna so she could whisper in her ear. "You do a good job of pleasing him or I'll show you what I did to Julie by doing it to you."

"Yes, Mistress," Donna said in full and total sincerity.

Jan nodded and turned to go. "Have fun," she called back over her shoulder. "And leave the keys on the table, I'll get them when I'm dressed and ready to leave."

That left two people standing in the dinning room, looking at each other. Donna seemed more at ease than Nigel did so she took the initiative by going over to Nigel and rubbing her breasts against his chest. The way her arms were bound behind her with elbows touching made them stick out nicely for that purpose. "Well, Master, which way to your bedroom?" she said sweetly.

Nigel grinned and swatted her playfully across the bottom.

"Saucy little wench," he told her. "That way. And hurry."

"Yes, Master," she said and trotted off down the hallway. As soon as they reached the bedroom, Donna got on the bed to kneel near the foot facing the pillow. Nigel divested himself of clothing and was soon joining her on the silky covers. Without benefit of hands, Donna pushed him back with her head and, when he was lying on his back, she attacked his erect penis with her mouth. For the first time in her life, she took a live male penis in her mouth. And was surprised that it wasn't as horrible a thing to do as she had always assumed it would be.

For a long time she slid her mouth up and down on his shaft, teased the end with her tongue, and did a remarkably good job for a woman who had never engaged in this kind of sex before. Finally, when Nigel could no longer stand it, he forced her over on to her back and was quickly between her legs. His first thrust was hard and true, the rod buried itself into her deeply, evoking a gasp of pleasure from the tied girl. All that tongue and mouth work on Nigel had the effect of making her pretty horny herself and it was with great satisfaction that she accepted his male rod into her sheath.

Nigel wasn't gentle, his thrusts were hard and forceful. But the naked slave girl revelled in his masculinity and the rough screwing he was giving her. Soon they were

both moaning with pleasure and driving hard towards mutual climaxes. With incredible timing, more really by accident than planning, they both orgasmed at once and their cries of passion mingled in the bedroom. Donna's legs clamped tightly around his hips and his arms held her body tightly to his. For a long time they embraced like that, a very long pleasurable time.

As the man and woman lay on the bed, still tingling in the warm afterglow of a perfect coupling, Jan sighed and abandoned her observation post at the door. Donna had given great pleasure to a man they were both grateful to and Jan was glad for that. Her own pussy was very sore and didn't feel right. But she still wished it had been her lying on that bed under the masterful thrusts of that man.

6

The Search

Jan's trip to her house was uneventful and she was able to gather in all the things she thought she would need. It all fitted into one medium sized suitcase - she wanted to travel light. There was no sign of Margaret or police or anyone around the deserted house but the freshly released captive was still careful.

Back at Nigel's, she did not find either of them in the front of the house so she wandered towards the bedrooms. She found Donna lying on Nigel's bed, arms still bound behind her with the elbows together, and apparently sleeping on her stomach. Jan sat on the edge of the bed and Donna opened her eyes. "Oh, hi, Jan," she said dreamily.

"Hi, yourself. Did you... ah, satisfy Nigel?"

"Oh, yes, Mistress. Several times..."

She looked pretty satisfied herself and Jan couldn't help but feel a tinge of jealousy. Nigel had taken her body several times while he had held her and her daughters captive in their own home. But that seemed so long ago, and a different sort of Nigel. Right now she wished her pussy hadn't been so abused by that huge steel prong she had been impaled upon or she would have demonstrated their thanks to Nigel herself. Probably while Donna rested comfortably in bondage down in the basement.

With a deliberate cruelty Jan didn't untie Donna's arms from their painfully tight position. And Donna knew better than to ask for release. One of the first lessons a slavegirl learns is that you don't ask to be released. Your master or mistress releases you when and if they feel like it. Instead, Donna closed her eyes and lay there feeling a very pleasant sensation from her bound arms and the afterglow of some pretty incredible lovemaking. For she had not been kidding Jan, the coupling between her and Nigel did repeat itself twice more before Nigel crawled off to take a shower, leaving the naked and bound girl lying in utter contentment on the bed. Even the hurt of bound elbows felt sort of good to Donna and she didn't question that illogicality, she simply felt good all over.

Jan snorted her displeasure but said nothing. She was the one who had told Donna to give all the pleasure she could to this man as one way of saying thank you for the help he was giving them. If Donna had enjoyed it too, that was something that Jan hadn't thought of ahead and would just have to live with now.

She went into the kitchen to fix coffee. Half way through her second cup Nigel walked in wearing a bath robe and a rather contented smile. "Thank you for... Well, you know, for Donna. She obeyed your orders with alacrity."

"I'm sure she did," said Jan dryly.

"Do I detect a note of jealousy?"

"You most certainly do not." Nigel smiled but it wasn't the usual leer.

"My dear, Donna was fun in bed but I will never feel towards her what I feel towards you." The words were simply said and made Jan frown. She carefully put her coffee cup down.

"Nigel, are you trying to say something?"

"I don't know. Let's just say that I feel about you in a way I've never felt before. I'm not even sure what it is. But I do know that I want your respect and friendship."

Jan sighed softly. She didn't know how she felt about this man anymore. Maybe he wasn't such a bad guy. But he had seemed so ruthless before.

Just then Donna came into the kitchen. "I smelled coffee," she said cheerfully. "Could someone pour a little in a saucer so I can lap it up?"

Both Nigel and Jan laughed at the naked and bound slavegirl for she was completely serious. Then Jan untied Donna's arms and asked Nigel for a pair of handcuffs so she could have her hands in front of her and drink her coffee. Nigel agreed but added that he thought the sight of her kneeling on the floor and lapping up her coffee from a saucer doggie style would be interesting.

After all were filled with warm coffee, they sat around the small table in the kitchen, two of them clothed and one still naked and handcuffed but thinking nothing of it.

"It's about time that we got going," said Jan. "Margaret's sure to be home by now and might be hot on our trail any second."

"You're right," said Nigel with a sigh. Obviously he would be content to have these two girls around longer. "I've a little house up at Big Bear. It's not far from the ski slopes and I use it for skiing holidays. I don't believe Margaret has ever heard of it. You two should be safe there. I'll arrange for a car for you to drive and give you some money so you can buy food and any other stuff you need. Then I'll make some inquiries and see what I can find out about this Rashad and his little business."

"Please do it as fast as you can," pleaded Jan. "My girls are in terrible danger."

"Knowing your girls, I suspect their new owner is the one in danger," commented Nigel. Jan didn't smile but Donna wanted to. Those two were a handful under the best of circumstances and could give anyone a bad time.

"Well... began Nigel. "I'll get what you need," and he was gone. When he returned he put two keys on the table. "For the house," he said, pointing to one, "For the blue car in the garage," he indicated the other. Then he placed a fairly large

stack of twenty dollar bills next to it. "Buy what you need." He sat down and wrote out the address of his house at Big Bear Lake. "Have you been up that way before? Good, then you shouldn't have any trouble finding it. This little map will help."

There was an awkward silence where no one seemed to know what to say. Finally Jan got up and leaned over to kiss Nigel. "Thank you for all you're doing." She turned to Donna. "We'd better be going. I've brought one dress that will fit you, it's in my suitcase."

"Do I have to wear a dress?" Donna was teasing but half serious. She had become so used to wearing no clothes that it was natural for her now.

"I guess not," said Jan with a sigh. She grasped Donna joined hands by the link between the handcuffs and led her from the room, pausing only to pick up her suitcase with the other hand. Nigel showed them to the garage and the blue BMW awaiting them. But Donna seemed reluctant to get in.

"Mistress," she began a little nervously. "I'm now your slavegirl again. That's the only way I want it. I would feel much better if you were to tie in up for the trip. Sort of package me for transportation. Just having my hands cuffed in front doesn't seem right for a slavegirl."

Jan pursed her lips and turned to Nigel. "Be right back," he said. A minute later he reappeared with a handful of ropes and a blanket.

Jan unlocked the handcuffs when Nigel gave her the key and quickly gathered Donna's arms behind her back. First the wrists were bound together then the elbows in a duplication of the painfully tight bondage she had been in only minutes before. "Tell me how to transport you," muttered Jan as she jerked tight the final knots at the naked girl's elbows. "I'll show you."

She made Donna sit on the hood of the car as she bound her legs together at the ankles and above the knees, both bindings pulled very tight. Donna would certainly be aware of her restrictions for the entire drive. She stood Donna on her feet then put a sliding loop of rope around Donna's slender tummy and pulled the rope down in front, between her legs and up to her hands where she passed the rope between the forearms and around the wrist bondage. The rope then went between the legs again and up to the tummy loop in front. Jan tugged and pulled until Donna squealed and jerked up to her toes. Satisfied that the crotch rope would make its presence felt for the whole trip, Jan knotted it tightly in front.

Donna was then carried by the two of them to the passenger side and inserted into the car. The seat belt was firmly fixed over her waist and across her body to hold her in place. Then Jan placed the blanket over her, tucking it into the seat belt so it would stay in place. When she was finished, she gave Donna's nipple a tweak through the blanket and shut the car door.

A quick goodbye to Nigel and they drove off. About a block away, Jan noted in her rear view mirror that a police car was pulling up in front of Nigel's. She breathed a deep sigh of relief. That had been close.

The drive was several hours long and Donna sat uncomplaining for the whole trip, even though her elbows hurt pretty badly. And those ropes cutting into her pussy were both painful and kind of nice. Yet Donna simply sat there, feeling warm and good that she was once again the slavegirl of her beloved mistress. These ropes, unlike

those put on my Margaret and Julie, were put on with love by her mistress' own hand. They were more symbols of love than captivity. Not that they didn't hold her captive and remind her of her status with constant discomfort. They were very real and she loved that, too.

Nigel's "little house" by the ski slopes turned out to resemble a large log cabin. There was a garage but the key didn't fit the door and Jan had to park outside by the front door. Since it was night time, and there was only a few other houses around and none immediately next door in the pine tree covered mountains, she simply unlocked the door, untied Donna's legs and allowed the naked and still partly bound girl to dash inside.

The inside was nicely furnished in western motif with colorful blankets on the walls and Navaho carpets on the floor. Beyond the living room, Jan found a nice kitchen, a hall way leading down to two bedrooms, and a cozy den with another fireplace. And, best of all, with open beams crossing the room about eight feet off the floor. Those beams looked solid enough to hold an elephant and set Jan's mind to thinking. The naked and bound Donna followed her around. Jan chose one of the bedrooms, one with a big four poster bed of solid posts. Jan was sure that Nigel had used those posts for the same purpose that she very well might. She could almost see the worn places where a struggling girl might be bound. But perhaps that was her imagination.

She took Donna back to the den, fetching the rope she had taken off her legs on the way. Once there she positioned Donna under one of the overhead beams and tied one end of the longest rope to her left ankle. The rest of the rope she tossed over the beam.

"You aren't going to..." Donna began.

"Sure am, darling. I'm going to make sure you stay put while I go back to that super market I saw open and get us some groceries. This won't hurt." Jan was pulling on the free rope and making Donna's leg rise into the air. Donna hoped on one foot until her bound ankle came to rest with the leg horizontal to the floor and straight out in front of her. Jan brought the rope back down to the ankle, wrapped it around several times then knotted it firmly with several knots. When she stepped back Donna was balanced on one leg with the other sticking straight out. She was leaning slightly towards the right but seemed to have her balance pretty good.

"I'll be back in a few minutes, sweetheart," Jan said as she gathered up her purse. "You just stay here. When I get back we'll see about dinner and sleeping accommodations. Bye."

Donna would normally have considered protesting being left in such an awkward position but held her tongue. She was so glad to be Jan's slavegirl again that she really didn't care if she was treated a little roughly. Besides, she was used to it from Jan but mainly from the twins. She said good-bye to Jan's departing back and settled down to a short term of imprisonment on one foot.

Her arms were still bound with the elbows touching and they really hurt. And that crotch rope was still cutting into her pussy with an insistent ache. She quickly found that she could move her torso around a bit. Not that she found any comfortable positions, but at least she could change things somewhat.

It was while bending backward to ease the strain on her shoulders that Donna lost

her balance. It began slowly but grew worse until she was hopping on her good foot in an effort to regain her footing. But she had leaned too far backwards and couldn't bring her body up. The free foot went out from under her and she fell. Fortunately she had the good sense to turn herself so that she was not twisting her bound leg as she fell. As it was, she banged her head on the floor and let out with a loud "ouch." When she recovered a bit, she found that she was hanging by her ankle, her head and shoulders touching the floor but the rest of her suspended. Her free leg could be moved around a lot but do nothing. The strain on her ankle was great but not unbearable. She laughed at her own stupidity for not standing still and settled down to suffer in this new position until her Mistress returned.

Jan laughed when she saw Donna in semi-suspension.

"Well, girl, what have you gotten yourself into? Well, you can just stay there until I get the bags into the house." Jan turned away from the pleading look on Donna's face.

Eventually the food was put away and Jan wandered down into the den to let Donna down from her very uncomfortable position. She even took enough pity on the poor girl to untie her arms from the elbows-locked-together position and tied her wrists crossed, a much more comfortable position for the naked slavegirl.

Jan prepared a nice dinner and they ate together in happiness. Donna was once again the property of her mistress and Jan was free of that awful Margaret Summers and at least doing something to find her daughters.

They went to bed that night in the same bed. But Jan bound Donna's ankles together and left her hands crossed behind her back. Even though Jan went to bed completely naked, her sex still hurt from the long hours impaled on that steel prong and she didn't feel like having her slavegirl service her. Donna would have gladly performed the service but accepted her mistress' orders meekly. They fell asleep with their bodies pressed hard together and Jan's arms around her possession.

The next morning there was a call from Nigel but it was only to make sure that they had arrived safely and to tell them that he was going to get busy on tracking down this Mr. Rashad. Jan again thanked him and settled into a nervous waiting period in which she had little to do except worry. It was bothering her that she could do nothing, and Donna saw that. So she tried to fill Jan's mind with other things.

"There's a lot of forest behind the house," Donna commented while standing before one of the back windows. The slavegirl was still naked, the normal costume, and her hands still crossed and bound behind her. Maybe we could take a little walk...?"

Jan looked at Donna then out at the pine forest. Finally she said, "Okay, you little troublemaker. We'll take a walk but you'll be sorry."

Donna tried not to smile. For their hike in the forest, Donna was dressed in a man's coat that came to a little below her hips and that they found in one closet, and a pair of jogging shoes. Her arms remained bound under the coat and the rest of her stayed naked under there too. Jan tucked the sleeves into the pockets and the whole effect wasn't too unusual looking unless you were right up close. Jan's clothes were more normal. It might look a little strange that this one girl was wearing a coat but had completely bare legs, but not strange enough to evoke an investigation.

There was a couple of trails beginning behind the house and Jan choice one heading away from the road. They walked for a while in silence. The air was clear and sweet, and the forest around them very pretty. The pines smelled wonderful and Donna was very happy. Even Jan seemed to perk up some. They saw no one else on the trail and heard only occasional distant sounds of cars to indicate that they weren't a hundred miles from the nearest humans.

"Jan, dear?" Donna started.. "Just what was it you did to Julie?"

Jan didn't answer for a long time. Finally she simply said, "It didn't cause her any permanent damage. She was simply in pain."

Donna waited for some more but Jan apparently didn't want to talk about it. "It's nice up here," she offered in an effort to get the conversation going again. "Maybe we could take this coat off for a while?"

Jan unbuttoned the coat and slipped it from Donna's shoulders. With Jan carrying the coat, Donna felt free, the simple matter of her wrists being crossed and bound behind her being nothing. Not to this slavegirl. It felt strange to be walking around in the forest completely naked but also very good. And exciting, too.

"Jan, dear, is your... your sex better now?"

"Yes, it's feeling better. It's... What are you hinting at, you little slavegirl?"

"Well, we are all alone. And we've never made love out in the forest.....

Jan sighed but with a smile on her face. She looked around and led her mischievous slavegirl to a place where a small log was lying on the ground. She put the coat on the log and pulled her stretch pants down and off over her shoes. She wore no underwear. Then she pulled the T-shirt over her head to reveal what Donna had already known - there was no bra to hold in those lovely breasts. Jan sat on the coat and leaned back, spreading her legs as she did. Donna eagerly sank to her knees between those legs and sought to bury her face in the pubic bush of her beloved mistress.

What followed was a long, slow session of lesbian lovemaking in which Donna used all her skills to slowly bring her mistress up to a climax. She used her mouth on taut nipples and licked those beautifully shaped breasts all-over. She stuck her tongue into Jan's sex and wiggled it until Jan was gasping. Finally, when Jan could take it no longer, Donna sped up her tongue and drove Jan into a very intense orgasm that left the mistress gasping and rigidly arched over that log.

Both girls were highly satisfied with the results. Jan adjusted her clothes back into position and they resumed their little hike with Donna's coat still over Jan's arm. Donna didn't mind, she was enjoying the fresh air and walking naked through the woods. It surprised her how exciting it was to be out in a pine forest, naked and with her hands bound behind her back. But being with Jan made it all good.

They eventually made their way back to the house where Jan fixed lunch. Both had Worked up an appetite on their hike and enjoyed the lunch, even if Jan did have to feed each bite to the bound Donna. After lunch, Jan began pacing the house, obviously still worried about her daughters. Donna wished there was something she could say to make her friend feel better. She got to thinking about it and finally came up with an idea that might work.

"Jan," she said, "when we were captives of Margaret, there were times when I failed you. There were times when I saw you being horribly punished and I should have said something."

"What could you have done? Nothing."

"Still, as your slavegirl, I should have tried. There were times when I should have offered to take your place. Margaret might not have agreed but I still should have offered," Donna pointed out logically. "I should have offered. I was remiss in my duties as a proper slavegirl, my duties to try everything in my power to protect my Mistress."

"What are you leading up to?"

"I think that you should punish me," Donna said simply and sincerely.

For a while Jan simply looked at Donna. Then she smiled.

"Yes, slave, I think you're right. And what would be proper punishment for a slavegirl who made such a massive dereliction of her duty?"

"You could whip my bottom," she offered shyly. "But both of us still have sore skins there. Still, a slavegirl sometimes has to expect a whipping, even if she's been punished recently..."

Jan nodded understandingly. "Get in the den," was all she said. Donna eagerly obeyed, being careful to not be seeming too eager. For a minute she stood around in the room with the two massive overhead beams, waiting for her mistress. When Jan finally came in she was carrying the extra rope that had originally bound Donna's legs together on the trip up, and a man's wide leather belt.

She untied Donna's hands from behind her back and retied them in front of her, palms facing each other. Then she tied one end of a length of rope around her wrists, bonding, tying the knots down tightly. She tossed the rest of the rope over a beam and pulled until Donna was standing on her tip-toes then tied the end off on a convenient doorknob. Donna was so glad to see a little of the old spark in Jan's eyes that she didn't mind the hurt in her wrists. She didn't even feel apprehension at what Jan might do with that belt lying on a couch.

For a while Jan circled her captive, drinking in the lovely lines of the body straining to keep contact with the floor. The feet were arched nicely and muscles in the legs were at their most shapely. Her tummy was flat and the hips flared out just enough to be sexy. Perky nipples stuck out from as fine a pair of breasts as any woman every had, and soft golden hair hung down to mid back. All in all, a lovely package.

The belt was wide enough so as not to do any cutting of the still tender flesh. But that didn't mean that it couldn't hurt. With the first slap of leather upon soft flesh Donna knew she was stupid to have ever taunted Jan into this. It hurt! A wide strip of her bottom cheeks was now burning with an old, familiar fire. Donna gasped and raised one leg up but quickly put it back down. The pain wasn't as bad as many other times but it was enough to wake her up to the fact that she had asked for something she didn't really deserve, that would hurt, and that would probably leave her bottom in a state where it would be very uncomfortable to sit down for a day or two. Yet she was glad she had done it, if it helped Jan.

The slashing of her bare bottom continued for a long time, each stroke coming slowly, giving the bound girl a full chance for the pain of the last one to fade to a dull burn and ache. Only when all of the bottom cheeks and most of the backs of her thighs were covered with wide red marks did Jan put the belt down.

"Feel punished enough?" she asked as she teased one rigid nipple with a fingernail.

"If my Mistress says I am," came the reply between pants. Jan's only reply was to walk back to the couch and pick up the whip. "I've always wondered what a wide belt would do if slashed squarely across a girl's breasts," she mused as she moved into position in front of the sweating and pained girl.

"Please don't, Mistress. Not on my breasts."

"Pleading? Remember the punishment for pleading?"

"Yes, Mistress. For pleading it is a whipping on the bottom."

Donna wanted to sigh but didn't. A slavegirl can't win any argument and shouldn't even try.

"Well, your bottom is nice and warmed up. But there are your breasts."

Jan playfully tapped one erect nipple with the end of the doubled up belt. Then she stepped back and swung the full length of the belt squarely across both breasts. Donna gasped then cried out in pain. Her feet both left the floor as she danced in blind reaction to the searing pain shooting through her breasts. Jan licked her lips as she watched this beautiful naked woman writhe and jerk about at the end of her rope, contortions that not only showed the pain within but the incredibly beautiful body to it's fullest. There is nothing in the world as beautiful as a naked woman writhing in agony. Jan sighed with pleasure.

The belt was tossed aside after Donna's dance of pain quieted down to a whimpering and her body hanging limp from the beam. Jan went over and put her arms around the suffering nudity. "Please, Mistress, not across my breasts. That hurt so much," whispered Donna.

"Good." It was only one simple word but it told volumes to the bound and naked girl. It said that she was owned, that his woman she loved would do with her body as she please, that she would feel pain or pleasure at her mistress' whim. She was glad for having given pleasure to her mistress, even as she winced when her very sore breasts were crushed between the two girls.

Donna was left to hang there while Jan made coffee and started a fire in the fireplace. The afternoon was half over and it wasn't really that cold but a fire seemed a nice thing. A couple hours later Jan let Donna down, retied her wrists behind her back and took her to the bathroom for a warm, reviving bath. Later, after dinner, Jan added wood to the fire, to make it blaze up and turned off all the lights. For a while she sat on the couch facing the fire while Donna, knelt before her, Jan using the bound and naked girl's back for a foot rest. Jan sipped a snifter of brandy and enjoyed the utter submission of her slavegirl. For over an hour she had Donna kneel by the fireplace, squatting back on her heels, back straight and head bowed in a very submissive and docile position. Donna did not utter a word, and looked very lovely

with her bare skin glowing warmly in the flickering firelight. Finally she took Donna to the bedroom, bound her ankles together, and made her service her owner, long and slow. They slept with the naked slave girl cuddling against her owner.

The next day came the call from Nigel.

Jan came back into the den all bubbly and happy. "He thinks he's got a line on Rashad," she blurted to Donna.

"That's nice," replied Donna in a strained voice. The naked girl was hanging upside down from the beam, her arms tightly bound behind her with elbows together and very tight ropes crushing her arms against her body and pulling in her tummy. She had been hanging for half an hour and was finding the strain a bit much. But she was happy for Jan.

"Got to get you down so we can meet Nigel." She headed towards the ropes binding Donna's ankles.

"Mistress?"

"Yes?"

"Before you untie me, could you... Well..."

"You would like a little satisfaction?" guessed Jan.

"I would like a lot of satisfaction," replied Donna with an upside down smile. "I've been giving you service about three times a day. And you've got me all horny hanging upside down like this. Could you...?"

Jan frowned. "It is not right for a slave to make demands or even requests of her mistress," she pondered out loud. "But you have been a very good slavegirl. I'll just ignore your asking for pleasure. If I didn't I'd have to punish you for it, right? Yes, of course. Instead, I think I'll just give you a good tongue-lashing."

And she did. She tossed off her clothes and stood before Donna's hanging figure. Her mouth was just at the height of Donna's pussy, perhaps subconsciously planned that way, perhaps simply by accident. But Jan only had to use her fingers to spread apart the lips guarding Donna's clit and bend her head slightly forward to lick that most sensitive part of Donna's body. It was obvious that Donna was indeed horny and ready for she quickly was moaning and her body stiffening and trembling with pleasure. As she neared her reward climax, she pushed her head up between Jan's legs and began kissing and licking at the exposed sex there in a frenzy of passion. She couldn't do it with the ease that Jan did, because she lacked hands, but she made up for that with vigor and soon had Jan moaning with pleasure too.

The vertical sixty-nine position continued only for a couple minutes before Donna's body arched hard against Jan's and trembled all-over with a massive orgasm. Jan cried aloud and threw herself onto the couch where she fingered herself into a orgasm while watching her slavegirl twisting and jerking around at the end of her tether like a freshly caught fish.

A long time later Jan came back down to earth and forced herself to dress and let down the moaning Donna. But she knew that most of the moaning was from pleasure, not pain.

Los Angeles is a strange city, part civilized metropolis, part sprawling blight upon the sunny landscape. Millions lived there, breathing air first breathed by millions of cars, polluting their lungs and shorting their lives by the very air they inhaled. Forty and fifty story tall iron and glass monsters reared their heads into the smog layers, while flat homes spread out all around like a carpet of square brown mushrooms.

It was into that Gotham City on the Pacific that Jan and Donna drove one Wednesday afternoon, following freeways crowded with cars and trucks and motorcyclists apparently hell bent upon self-destruction as they wove madly in and out of lanes of traffic. Their eventual destination was an older hotel on the edge of once-great Hollywood. As Nigel had predicted, there was a room awaiting in Jan's name. The two immediately retreated to that room to shower the grit off themselves after a three hour drive down from Big Bear Lake.

Donna was not wearing her slave accoutrements, no rope and no handcuffs. She was completely unfettered and feeling rather strange without something on her wrists. After her shower, she presented her naked body to Jan, back turned and wrists crossed behind her. Jan obligingly bound the wrists with cord, perhaps a little tighter than necessary as punishment for a mild case of insolence then let the naked and secured girl hide in the bathroom as room service brought them a large and much desired lunch. As soon as the uniformed bellboy was gone, Donna came bouncing out to join Jan at their meal.

They were almost finished when there was a soft knock on the door. Jan admitted Nigel, who gave her a gentle kiss on one cheek. Donna noted that Jan returned the kiss, not passionately but definitely friendly style. Donna got a hello and a pat on her bare bottom.

"Rashad," Nigel began without further ritual, "owns a large house in Beverly Hills. A large fence surrounds the place and there are guards. Discreet, of course, but nevertheless making it hard for anyone to sneak in."

"Then how do we...?" began Jan.

"Easy. We walk in the front door," Nigel replied with a smile. Jan frowned. "You and I are going to pose as a couple of prospective buyers of a slavegirl. That will get us in and maybe even a chance to find out if the girls are there."

Jan thought about it for a few seconds. "I'm game," she said. "Does Donna stay in the hotel?"

"No. She's our proof that we are serious slave buyers. We take her along under the pretext of seeing what Rashad thinks he might be able to get for her. We tell him that we're tired of her and are thinking about switching to a different slavegirl. I'll drop all kinds of hints that we might well do this every year or so, which means money for him, of course. Should work."

"What makes you think we'll see if the girls are there?" asked Donna.

"We tell him that we're looking for something young, very young. My source tells me that most of the girls that run through his place are kidnapped girls between fifteen and twenty-five. Most are runaways from home who come to LA to get away from the terrible life at home with their parents. From what I've heard there are dozens of them getting off the bus every day. They make easy pickings if you know

what you're doing. And he gets girls from other cities. If he kidnapped too many in one city it could alert the authorities that something was happening. But a few girls disappearing happens all the time."

Jan was anxious. "Oh, Nigel, do you really think we can find them?"

"I hope so. We'll give it a try," said Nigel, taking a taste of the fancy French éclair on Donna's plate. "I've arranged for an appointment tomorrow. Until then I suggest that you two go and buy some clothes. Jan, you get some dress that makes you look frightfully rich. There are shops on Rodeo Drive that will be glad to fix you up. And Donna should have a short black skirt, some high heels, and a white blouse."

Jan hugged him and gave him a kiss that held a little more passion than the first. Nigel made a date to take them out to dinner and was gone.

The girls, armed with a considerable amount of cash courtesy of Nigel, visited several shops that weren't too big but the price tags were. When they returned to the hotel room, Jan put on a tight-fitting evening dress of soft burgundy velvet. Nigel arrived exactly at the time he said he would.

"You look ravishing, Jan, dear," he said. "But why isn't Donna dressed to go? I mean, I like her wearing only ropes around her wrists but the restaurant might not."

"Donna's decided to stay in the room. I've called room service to bring her a meal," Jan said with a smile.

"Oh, I see," replied Nigel. "Will she be able to eat? I mean, with her hands tied behind her back?"

"I suspect she'll get along fine," Jan replied.

Just then there was a knock on the door and Donna retreated to the bathroom in a hurry. A minute later Jan opened door to let Donna know her dinner was ready. But before leaving, she sat Donna down on the bed and bound her ankles tightly with rope. Then she tied a piece of rope to Donna's ever-present silver collar. The other end was tied to leg of the bed. Donna had enough slack to reach the bathroom, the bed, the dinner cart beside the bed, and perhaps the television, if she stretched. But she wasn't going to leave the room and any wandering around would have to be done with bound ankles.

"She'll be okay," said Jan as she and Nigel walked towards the car. "She's used to her hands being tied behind her back for weeks on end. She can eat that way, I know. Besides," she grinned, "I ordered spaghetti for her. With chocolate pudding for desert."

When they returned to the hotel room, rather late, they found that Donna had indeed consumed the food, or most of it, and had even cleaned up her face, or most of it. She was still tied, not that her condition surprised anyone, and she was lying on the bed, watching the TV. She greeted them in a friendly but properly submissive manner and was surprised when both of them said nothing but immediately began to work on her bondage. The rope was untied from her collar. Her hands were untied from the crossed position and retied palm to palm. Then her elbows were again tied together, tightly so they would both be secure and hurt. Then she was sat down on the bed and her knees tied together. While she was sitting there, Jan wadded up one

of the pairs of panties the girls had purchased and stuffed them into Donna's mouth. Just as the girl was asking if this had anything to do with visiting the slave trader's place. From her purse, Jan pulled a wide roll of surgical tape. Nigel held Donna's hair up and out of the way while Jan wrapped the tape around and around Donna's head, securing the panties in her mouth and sealing her lips together. Then Jan pulled another pair of panties over Donna's head so that the hair was inside it. The tape was then used to wrap around and around the poor girl's head until her eyes were totally covered and only her nose showed. When Jan ran out of tape, Donna's head from chin to above the eyes was solid tape save for a small hole where her nose stuck out.

Nigel then rolled the naked slavegirl onto her stomach and Jan tied a piece of rope to her ankles. That went up and around her wrist bondage then back down to the ankles. Jan pulled while Nigel helped compress Donna's legs double. When the final knot was tied and Nigel stopped pushing down on Donna's legs, the naked girl was tightly hogtied, and certainly not going to be able to free herself.

The two of them picked her up and placed her on a coffee table. Then they moved the coffee table over to where it was easily visible from the bed. More rope was used to bind Donna's stomach to the table, fixing her in place so she could not wiggle forward or backward, nor even roll to either side. Satisfied at last that they had their slavegirl totally helpless, blind and silent, Jan turned to Nigel and gave him a very long, very passionate kiss.

In her rope and tape prison, Donna wondered what was going on. She could hear the two moving around but there were no words spoken so she still didn't know why it was she had been so completely bound up as well as blindfolded and gagged. After a while she detected noises that sounded like zippers. There were some very low moans that Donna wasn't sure she really heard. Then there was a couple of exclamations from a female voice that Donna knew was Jan. But what was happening?

There was the sound of rustling on the bed, of moans of pleasure, and perhaps now and then a sound that might have been a slap of bare hand against bare skin. Over a long time the sounds of sexual excitement in a woman came to Donna's muffled ears, mixed with other sounds that she couldn't identify but made her think of a woman being tightly bound up. Donna shook her head and wished she could see, even if they didn't allow her movement.

At long last there were sounds of gasping and moaning and little squeals of pleasure that could only be a woman nearing orgasm. Donna shook her head and tried to rock her body off the coffee table but could not move an inch. When Jan cried out with the intense pleasure of orgasm, Donna's body arched and stiffened as much as it could and she ached with frustration. All the naked and tied down girl could think of was how wonderful it had been a couple days before when she had been ordered to surrender herself to Nigel's sexual gratification. Now the shoe was on the other foot, or the penis was in the other pussy, however you looked at it, and all Donna could feel was horny and very frustrated.

There were two more orgasms for Jan, spaced out over the night, while Donna could only lie on her hard wooden table, ache from the cruelly tight bondage, and wish it were her over there in bed. She slept some, between the orgasms for her mistress, in a bondage that most girls would have found impossible to endure, let alone nap in.

In the morning she was untied by a smiling Jan. "Well, did you two enjoy looking at me while you had sex," she said more crossly than she meant to.

"Yes," was all that Jan would reply. Donna noted that Jan's wrists and ankles bore rope marks but wisely refrained from asking where they came from. She was only the slavegirl property of this woman, she reminded herself. It was not her place to inquire into her mistress' love life, no matter how near to her naked and bound body it had taken place.

They all went down to breakfast and no more was said about the evening's entertainment.

After spending the night hogtied on a coffee table, Donna was a bit stiff the next morning. But she didn't protest as Nigel and Jan made her put on the sheer white blouse they had bought and then bound her arms with the wrists crossed high up on her back by her shoulder blades. A harness of rope around her shoulders formed the anchor for her wrists to be tied to so she couldn't pull them back down. She was then dressed in the black leather skirt they had bought yesterday, no panties. Donna noted that the skirt barely covered her pussy and sitting down would be downright obscene, but again said nothing.

The blouse tucked into the skirt and from the front looked pretty nice, the bound slavegirl thought as she saw herself in the mirror. They added high heels with about the tallest heels Donna had ever seen. The store manager said that they were three and a half inches, and that really high heels were all the rage now. Donna found that she could walk easily even without her arms for balance, but only after a few minutes practice. And she liked what they did to the shape of her legs.

Jan dressed up in one of her new dresses and Donna had to admire the way it set off her raven hair and fine figure. The simple diamond necklace went well with a low neckline that revealed a fair amount of the tops of a nice pair of breasts. Jan's heels weren't as high as Donna's but high enough to make her legs look very nice.

"How are we going to get Donna down to the car?" asked Jan, eyeing the see-through qualities of her slave's blouse. "That blouse is next to nothing. And that skirt is so short, she looks like a hooker."

"Not to worry, dearest," Nigel said smoothly. He produced a short jacket which he put over Donna's shoulders. The zipper in front was pulled up half way and the sleeves were tucked into the pockets. The effect was not too unusual looking, provided one did not look too closely.

"But what about the skirt?" asked Jan.

"So she's a hooker. You think this hotel hasn't see them before?"

Jan snorted but didn't press the issue. They made it to the car with only a few stares from the males in the lobby. It was a little awkward for Donna to get into the back seat of the car, and in the process she flashed quite a bit of pussy at the doorman who was holding open her door. If he was shocked by the display of female private parts or at the way this girl didn't seem to have any arms, he didn't say a word.

It wasn't a long drive to Rashad's and it was made in silence, each person deep in his or her own thoughts. Finally they pulled down a long driveway lined with thick bushes, and came to a gate guarded by a man in a business suit. He checked them over and even checked the car's license plate against a clipboard. Then he waved them on.

Rashad was as Donna remembered him; dark complexion and a reasonably handsome face. He greeted the three of them warmly and invited them into a lounge where they were offered drinks. With the polite foreplay over, Nigel launched into his story about he and his wife wanting to get rid of this slavegirl and buy another. He made Donna out to be a good slave but lacking in spirit. Then he outlined an ideal slavegirl that fitted either of the twins quite well. When he finished, Rashad said nothing but seemed deep in thought. Finally he came back to life and asked if he might see the merchandise.

Jan took Donna's coat off and told her to show her figure off. Donna did, turning around like a fashion model, letting this slave trader see her big, bouncy breasts and the way her hands were tightly bound and out of the way. She got a little thrill out of showing her figure off for a man she knew bought and sold girls. It was easy to think of the whole thing as a game when she knew that Nigel and Jan wouldn't really sell her. So Donna laid it on thick, both in showing off her lovely body and in acting very submissive and obedient.

It must have worked. Rashad almost licked his lips. "No spirit, you say?" he asked. "But everything else is first rate, no?"

"Oh, the girl is good looking," Nigel tossed off casually. "But what good is a slave who is already broken?"

Rashad nodded. A man used to handling slavegirls would surely understand those who like to break a girl's spirit and reduce her to an obedient slave. It was a challenge to do it without ruining the girl.

"I understand," he said. "Perhaps I can help you. But perhaps you would like to have this lovely creature not present while we discuss the details, no?"

"You have someplace to store her?" asked Jan in a very haughty tone.

"But of course, Madam. We are well equipped to handle slavegirls here." He clapped his hands and two men entered. "Take this slavegirl to the holding cells." Then he turned to Nigel. "Would you wish that she be punished? We have some delightful pieces of equipment downstairs?"

Nigel actually yawned. "If you like," he muttered in a rather bored tone.

Rashad waved his hand and the two men took Donna from the room, each holding her upper arm. The stairs downward were short and she soon found herself walking alone a corridor with many doors, most of them closed. When she finally turned into one, Donna found that she was not to be punished alone. There was another girl already in the room, a girl about Donna's age, completely naked and cruelly bound on a version of the Horse. The room had a metal pole running from one wall to the other, a pole about three feet off the ground and only about two inches in diameter. On that pole the other girl was sitting. Her arms were bound behind her and pulled up towards an overhead hook, and her legs were spread wide apart by ropes going to hooks in the walls. She looked as if she had been there for a while and was suffering.

"Please, oh, please take me down," the girl pleaded with the men. "I'm hurting so much. I'll be good, honest I will!"

The men ignored the pleading nude girl as they took Donna over to the pole. One

pulled up her skirt until it was above her pussy, then both of them easily lifted her up and set her down straddling the pole. It wasn't as sharp as the Horse ad Margaret's, or even the one that Jan had in the big room in the basement of her house. But it was also not very wide and not the most comfortable thing to sit on.

One man attached a rope to those around her wrists and threw that over the hook above her. The other was tying a rope to each ankle. Soon they had Donna riding the Horse, legs spread very wide, arms tied overhead so she couldn't possibly get off. Donna, being an experienced slavegirl, considered this a mild punishment. It hurt and would certainly grow uncomfortable as time went on, but could have been much, much worse. Perhaps this was Rashad's idea of a polite punishment for a visiting slavegirl.

The other girl did not seem to be very used to this kind of treatment. "Why didn't you fight them?" she asked with a sneer in her voice. "You could have kicked one of them in the nuts."

"And what would that have gained me?" replied Donna calmly. "They're stronger, my arms are bound, and I could never get away."

"It's still stupid not to try. I fight them every chance I get."

"Tell me, do you get punished more than the other girls here?"

"Well... I guess so, But a girl has to try to escape. I just have to." The other girl, who was a very pretty blonde with a good, if somewhat slender, figure, shook her head. "I would do anything to get out of this place. I've been up here for hours and it hurts something terrible."

"It could be worse," offered Donna. "Have you ever ridden a Horse with a sharp edge?"

"A Horse? Is that what they call this thing. Well, no. But this is bad enough. It's pure torture."

Donna didn't bother explaining to this girl that real torture was where you were in so much pain that you couldn't carry on a conversation like they were, and when it got bad enough after many long hours, you began screaming and couldn't stop.

"They kidnapped you too, huh?"

Donna didn't see any reason to try to explain the truth so she just nodded.

"Are there many girls here?" she asked, hoping to get some information about the twins.

"I don't know. A few. Maybe five or six. It's hard to tell. They got cages and cells all over the place."

"When I was kidnapped," Donna launched into a story she thought would fit what she saw here, "I was held in a house somewhere for several days. There were two girls with me when we were all kidnapped but they took those girls away the first day. You haven't seen two teenage twins? Both black hair, slender but good figures for their age?"

"Yeah, I saw them. And you think I give the guards a bad time! They were hell on wheels. After the first day they keep those girls really tied tight. You know what I mean? I don't mean just handcuffs or some rope like they treat us. I mean like tied with their feet up to their hands behind them, you know. Really tight."

"Those girls were friends. Do you know where they are?"

"I think they were sold. That's what I hear is going to happen to all of us. We get sold! Would you believe that? Like in some cheap, men's adventure novel. One day they're going to get in real trouble with the law. Yes, sir."

"They were sold? To who?" Donna held her breath. "Oh, I don't know. No one tells us anybody's names around here, you know."

"Did you see the person who bought them?"

"Well, yes, I guess." She paused to try and shift her weight on the metal pole. "Gawd I hate this thing. And this place. And all those assholes who run it. Stupidest thing I ever heard of. Slaves right her in American. Didn't the constitution outlaw that or something?"

"It did. But what about the person who bought the girls?"

"Well, he was a tall, good looking man. Sort of average. Wearing a business suit, blue, soft pink tie. Sort of average looking man, you know?"

"Average," said Donna, all hopes dropping. "And she was a real weirdo, you know."

"She? It was a couple who bought the twins?"

"Nah. The guy bought one and the gal, she bought the other. I just happen to be in the room both times, that's why I saw them."

"What did this woman look like?" said Donna, hoping for any little clue she could pass on to Nigel and Jan.

"Well, she was tall, all dressed in black. Really slinky black dress, you know. She had black hair."

"How old was she," prompted Donna.

"Well, old like. You know. Like maybe thirty or something."

"Anything else you noted about her?"

"She was kind of pretty but never smiled, you know. Black dress, black handbag, black shoes. Real funny way to dress."

"Could she have been in mourning?"

"Huh?"

"Never mind."

Donna shifted her weight, or tried to, and then quit. The effort was too hard and just hurt more. The pole seemed to be getting thinner by the minute.

For a long time neither of them spoke, each absorbed in her own pain. Donna had mixed feelings. She had learned something but not enough to be of real help. She hoped that Nigel and Jan were learning much more. And she sighed when she realized that those two were upstairs trying to convince Rashad that they wanted to buy two girls who were already sold. Maybe this whole thing was a waste of time.

"Ugh! Hate this thing," the other girl repeated. "Didn't tell you my name, did I? I'm Donna. What's your name?"

Donna sighed. "I'm Donna, too."

"Well, ain't that a coincidence! Imagine two girls being kidnapped and they turn out to have the same name! Wow!"

"Common name," muttered Donna.

"Yeah, well, still..." The other girl looked at Donna more closely. "Those whip marks on your breasts?"

"Yes. They whipped me at that house. I made the mistake of trying to fight them."

"Oh, wow. Your ass marked up too? I can't see around there."

"Yes, my bottom is marked up, too."

"Yeah. Well, I ain't got a good whipping and don't want one. One guy hit me with a small whip when I first got here. That hurt my ass. They'd better not plan on whipping me. On your breasts, wow!"

A welcome silence again descended. Donna found this girl's chattering to be unpleasant, an additional torture to have to endure. Her shoulders and hands and pussy hurt enough, she didn't have to be assaulted by this stupid creature. Where was a gag when you needed one?

Five minutes later: "Never will forget that guy and gal who bought your twins."

"Oh?"

"Yeah. He had the funniest voice, you know, all rough sort of. Here's this average looking guy and when he speaks it's all sort of, what do they call that, gravel? Yeah, that's it, gravelly voice. Don't hear too many people like that, you know."

Donna sighed inwardly. At least it was something else to tell Nigel and Jan.

"Yeah, and that gal, she was different too. Don't see too many girl's with tattoos."

"Tattoos?"

"Yeah, she had this little rose tattooed on her ankles. Probably something she had done back when she was a teenager or something. Some girls do stupid things,

you know."

"What color was this tattoo?"

"Well, red, of course. That's the right color for a rose, you know."

"I don't suppose you noticed anything else unusual about those two?"

"No, that's it. Don't see what difference it makes. From what I hear, you and I are going to get sold. One girl says that most of us get sold to real rich sheiks in those places where all the oil is."

"Sheiks."

"Yeah, that's it. Well, I figure life in a harem can't be too bad, you know. Like sitting around all day in a fancy place ain't too bad. And if some old Arab sticks his wick in me now and then, well that ain't anything new."

Donna didn't doubt that.

"So I figures maybe I sort of work my way up to number one wife pretty soon. I got a face and body better than those Arab women, you know. Some shrike gotta like me best. Just natural."

The conversation was cut mercifully short by the arrival of the same two guards. They took the ropes off Donna and lifted her down. She was glad to get her pussy off that really rather thin metal pipe.

"Hey, you bastards, get me down off this thing! My Dad's gonna kick your asses when he finds out about this. He's rich, he can do it."

The closing door was merciful to Donna. She was led back down the corridor and to the same lounge where she saw Nigel and Jan standing by the entrance.

"Here is your slave, all safe and sound," oozed Rashad, sounding not unlike a used car salesman. "I'm sure she enjoyed her little visit with my dungeon."

"That's fine," said Nigel, dismissing the subject. "So it's set. Next Wednesday, here. Fine." He watched as Jan put the jacket back on Donna to cover her bound arms. She also pulled down Donna's skirt where the men had carelessly left it hiked up around her hips.

Rashad escorted them to the front door and their car. Donna didn't like the way his eyes kept devouring her body. Too much like a cat with one paw on the tail of a mouse and anticipating the fun to come.

No one spoke until they were back on public streets. "Nigel, what are we going to do?"

"Well, first we won't show up next Wednesday," he said.

"Donna will appreciate that."

"What?" asked their slavegirl from the back seat.

"I just promised to sell you to Rashad next Wednesday. He's having an auction then and figures we can find something else we will like than." He was silent for a minute. "Looks like he doesn't have the twins. We practically told him we would pay any amount of money for young teenage girls with spirit. If he had the girls, he would have offered them. A man like that smells money a mile away."

Jan looked like she was going to cry.

"The twins were sold to a man and a woman," said Donna. Nigel slammed on the brakes. "What!"

"They were sold to two different people," Donna said. "My arms are hurting, if you untie them, I'll tell you all about it."

"You'll tell me right now or you'll live in pain for the next month!" screamed Jan.

Donna meekly told them all she had heard. "I'm sorry, but that's all I could find out."

"Well, that's certainly more than we learned," commented Nigel dryly. A man with a gravelly voice and a woman with a rose tattoo on her ankle. Not much but something. I'll see what I can do."

"Oh, Nigel, please! Heaven only knows what's happening to those girls! They could be maimed or even dead."

"Don't worry, dear. Most people who buy a slavegirl take good care of her. It's an investment, you know. They won't throw away good money."

"But... Oh, Nigel, I hope you're right."

"Did Margaret ever do anything to you or Donna that would permanently damage you?"

"She caused plenty of pain," Jan said bitterly. "There are people who enjoy hurting a girl." She paused to look at Nigel and then at Donna. "I mean, there's nothing wrong with that... Not if you keep it within reason. Not like Margaret."

"For all her evil intent, even Margaret made sure you two were fed and had a place to sleep at night."

"You didn't see those bird cages. The food was good but nothing else was." Jan was very bitter again.

"They'll be okay," offered Donna. "Those girls are survivors, they'll make out."

The rest of the ride was in silence. They walked Donna back up to the hotel room, removing her jacket only when behind closed doors. Jan untied the girls hands, ordered her to remove the clothing, and then refastened her hands crossed behind her back in a way that felt like coming home.

"My dear," began Nigel after seeing that Donna was naked and tied as was proper, "Maybe the two of you would like to go back to my cabin at Big Bear. This may take some time to track down."

"Nigel, please..."

"I will do my best. But you've got to understand that I don't have much to go on."

"You're right," said Jan with a sigh. "We have to be patient. Donna and I will go back to the lake. Better to wait there than in this hotel room. Nigel, please do what you can."

"I will. And you make sure that Donna is keep properly bound up at all times."

"Silly man. I should know how to keep a slavegirl secured and happy." She went to Nigel and put her arms around him. Then she whispered in his ear.

Nigel brightened. Donna frowned. Nigel and Jan leaped on Donna. Donna sighed. Soon Donna was sitting in a chair, arms tightly bound behind the back of it, ankles drawn up and tied near the seat, her whole body wrapped tightly to the chair, and her mouth filled with panties held in place by more of that damned tape around her head. She could also not see since another pair of panties had been pulled over her face and taped on. The bed springs were squeaking and moans of pleasure were coming from the general direction of the bed.

This went on for a long time. It wasn't until late that Donna was untied from her chair and allowed to pull the tape off her head. Nigel was gone. Jan looked a little more happy, and there were faint rope marks on her wrists and ankles. Donna didn't comment but allowed her hands to be crossed and bound behind her back, then went to the bathroom while room service brought dinner. After dinner they packed what little they had and went to their borrowed car for a long drive back up to Big Bear Lake and Nigel's house there.

The days went by far too slowly for Jan. Donna spent most of her time planning little diversions for Jan, mostly reasons why she should be punished. But Jan's punishments weren't like they used to be, they lacked the old zip that Jan used to display. They walked in the woods with Donna bound and sometimes naked. Once Donna even got tied to a pine tree for an afternoon. Mostly she found that the pine trees have very rough bark, her back was covered with red marks when she was finally untied, and that when you're tied to a pine tree it doesn't pay to struggle. They watched TV sometimes but neither could get interested in the bland entertainment offered there. Every night they slept together, Donna with her hands always tied behind her back and sometimes her ankles tied together.

It was on the fourth day that the call came. Jan ran for the phone, leaving Donna in the den, suspended from the beam by her wrists. She had resorted to being bitchy with her mistress in order to get Jan to react and punish her. The punishment was simple, she had to hang by her bound wrists from the beam, feet completely off the floor, for four hours. And, as if that weren't punishment enough, her legs had been tied together very tightly and a canvas bag filled with rocks had been tied to her big toes, pulling her foot down and adding to her misery. Jan had found some clothespins in the laundry and brought one of them to add to Donna's suffering. She put it on one nipple, causing no small amount of moaning. Every ten minutes Jan came by and changed the clothespin from one breast to the other. That kept the pain fresh for Donna because a clothespin being taken off after ten minutes with its wooden jaws clamped on soft flesh makes that flesh hurt anew. Just when Donna got used to the wooden monster on one nipple, it was changed and she moaned again.

The call came in the third hour of Donna's four hour sentence. When Jan came back she looked better than she had for days. "He's got a lead on the man," she uttered excitedly. "Nigel wants us to meet him this evening."

"Good, Mistress," said Donna through clenched teeth. Her feet hurt from something quite bad from the heavy weight dragging on her toes.

"Got to pack and drive down to LA," Jan continued, oblivious to the naked and suffering girl hanging before her. "He'll be at the LA airport. He says it's a long trip and there are some things he has to do before we can go. Oh, Donna, isn't it wonderful! We may get one of our girls back!"

"Wonderful, Mistress."

"I've got to pack," Jan threw over her shoulder as she dashed for the bedroom. Suddenly she slid to a halt. "Do want to get down now? You've still got about an hour to go?"

"I'll stay up, Mistress. If that's what you want."

"Let's see, clothes, money... And some ropes..." Jan was gone.

Donna sighed and wished she weren't so damned submissive. Just her nature, she guessed. Well, her nature was causing her a lot of pain and suffering, she said out loud as she tried to shake the clothespin from her left nipple. It only hurt her toes so she stopped.

Donna hung there for the full four hours.

"His name is Edward Jason Kroff," said Nigel, reading from a sheet of paper before him. "He's very big in oil wells. His main place is in Dallas but he also has a hunting lodge in Canada. The private detective was able to confirm that he traveled to that hunting lodge the day after one of the twins was bought. He has the money to play these kind of games."

The three of them were seated in a jet airliner traveling at five hundred miles per hour over Northern California. It was cloudy outside and nothing could be seen but a gray haze all around.

"But why take her to a hunting lodge?" asked Jan. "Why not his home in Dallas?"

"Abigail," said Nigel with a smile. "Abigail Kroff, his wife. They hate each other guts but neither will give the other a reason for divorce. He could hardly keep a teenager girl prisoner in the same house with a wife who could love the excuse to divorce him with a messy trail and lots of money for her. So he keeps his little hobby separate from his wife. She actually thinks he's hunting up there. She hates hunting so she stays home in Dallas. Simple, no?"

"Simple," agreed Jan. "But he's got my daughter."

"How did you track him down, Nigel?" asked Donna.

"Private detective did most of the work. Seems the gravelly voice rang a bell with him. He remembered it as part of a wealthy Texas oil millionaire. It was a long

shot but when he started checking into things he found that the man was in LA on the day the girls were sold. From then on the rest was easy. It was mostly remembering that someone who buys girls is usually very wealthy."

"How about the woman with the rose tattoo?" asked Jan. "I've got him working on that. He thinks he may have a lead, based on what Donna told us."

"So what are we going to do when we get to this hunting lodge?" inquired Donna. "Just walk up to the door and ask for our girl back?"

"We'll play it by ear," said Nigel. "We'll play it by ear." The aircraft landed in Seattle and the trio rented a car and found a hotel for the night. Nigel said that he had some things to buy and disappeared leaving the girls in their hotel room. That night Donna joined them for dinner at a fine restaurant but afterwards Nigel and Jan jumped her and tied her in a hogtie again. The gag and blindfold were added just before they tossed her in the closet. A couple hours later, Donna was pulled out of the closet, the gag and blindfold taken off, and her bondage changed to a simple hands crossed and bound behind her and ankles together. She was then allowed to sleep on the floor at the foot of the bed with her neck collar chained to the foot of the bed. It wasn't too uncomfortable and Donna was very happy that she wasn't left in that hogtie all night. Nigel and Jan slept in the bed, of course.

The next day they drove into Canada.

The hunting lodge was deep in the Canadian woods near a small lake about a hundred miles out of Calgary. It was a reasonably large cabin made to look like it was built from native logs but wasn't. There was a 4X4 parked outside but no signs of activity obvious to the trio who lay on their stomachs watching the lodge through binoculars.

"Some one has to be there," said Nigel. "The truck says that. But are they in the house or out hunting?"

"Nigel," said Jan in what was almost a whisper, "if you had just bought a new slavegirl, would you leave her in the lodge and go hunting some poor little furry animal?"

"Good point," was his only reply. They had been watching the place for a long time and getting nowhere. If Edward Kroff was inside, probably playing with his new purchase, if the detective's guess was right, he might not come out for days. Something obviously had to be done.

Donna crawled back a few feet and stood up in the clearing.

She was wearing pants, boots and a sweater, normal enough clothing for this area, but her wrists were locked in handcuffs in the front. "Jan? Nigel? I have an idea..."

Under Donna's directions they unlocked the handcuffs to allow her to remove the sweater. That left her naked from the waist up and exposed her lovely breasts. She then told them to bind her wrists behind her back. "And the elbows, too," she said. "Make them tight. Might as well show off my breasts to their best."

With the last knot tied, she bid them good-bye and walked boldly right up to the lodge door.

Donna kicked at the door in place of knocking since her bound arms would have made that more than a little hard. A minute passed and she kicked again. Shortly there after the door was opened to reveal a man of medium stature with a receding hair line and a frown. "What...?" was all he could get out.

Donna turned around for a few seconds to let him get the full effect of the tight ropes holding her arms. "Could you help me? My boyfriend and I were camping out somewhere down the valley. We were... Ah... We were playing some games, that's why I'm tied up. Anyway, we had a little argument and he left me. Just hiked off. I managed to get my feet untied but he was gone. I sort of wandered off, looking for the road and the car. But I never did find either. I think I took a wrong turn someplace. Anyway, I've been walking around for hours. My arms hurt and I'm hungry. Please untie me."

Donna tried to look pitiful but at the same time very sexy. It wasn't hard, what with her breasts pointed right at this man's eyes.

"I don't think Bob is coming back for me. He was pretty upset when I wouldn't... Well, when I wouldn't perform a certain sexual act that he really wanted. I mean, a girl may be tied up but she's still got to have some standards, don't you agree? Well, he tried to do it anyway. He tried to shove his thing in... Well, he tried. I think I ticked him off when I bite him,"

She paused to bat her eyelashes sweetly at him. "He stormed off, saying that I could just untie myself and walk home. But look at the way he tied me!" She turned around again and wiggled her fingers. "The beast tied me ever so tight. I just can't get my arms free and it hurts something awful." She turned back around to present him with those big, proud breasts. "Please help me."

The man was obviously thinking furiously. "Where did you say you lived?" he asked. His voice could certainly be called gravely. There seemed to be a scar at his throat but from an operation or injury, Donna could not tell.

"Well, actually, I live in LA. I was just hitch-hiking around when I met Bob. He was nice at first. But then he turned out to be a cad, just like all men."

"So you don't live around here. Was there anyone else hitch-hiking with you?"

"No. I can always get a ride faster when I'm alone."

"I'll bet. Well, I don't think I can work those knots loose so we'll have to go get a knife. Come this way." He put a fatherly hand on her bare arm and directed her out of the front room towards the back of the cabin.

The walk was short. He opened a door and practically pushed Donna inside. Then he slammed the door behind them. Donna saw exactly what she had expected to see. Pip was hanging from wrists tied to an overhead bar, her toes only just touching the floor. She was naked and her back, bottom and the backs of her thighs were marked up with multi-colored hues of reds and purples. Donna was glad that the teenager was facing away from her, and that she could see a gag in the youngster's mouth. She had to buy time and Pip's immediate recognition of her would put this man on alert that something was wrong.

"OH! What's this?" She turned to the man standing with his back against the wall. "So you like kinky games, too! I don't suppose this is your daughter and you're

just punishing her for denting the fender on your car?"

He shook his head slowly.

"Well, that's out. I don't suppose this girl likes being whipped and you're just accommodating her? No. Well, does this mean I'm in trouble?" .

"Let's just say that it would have been better for you if you had knocked on some other door."

"Oh, mister, please don't hurt me!" She tried to put some fear in her voice, which wasn't too hard after she'd see what he did to Pip's back side. "I'll just leave now, if you don't mind. You don't have to bother untying my arms, I'll just go the way I came."

"I don't think so." Donna was trying frantically to find things to say that would stall this man. She looked back at Pip to see the teenage girl looking over her shoulder. She must have recognized Donna's voice. Quickly Donna changed tactics.

"Look, mister," she said, taking a couple of steps towards him and putting a lot of sway in her hips, "I wouldn't mind if you wanted to tie me up. I kinda like that. And I get so sexy feeling when I'm tied up. Know what I mean? But please don't whip me. I'm sure that hurts horribly." She was glad she still had her jeans on or he would have seen the fading marks put there by Margaret. "Is there any way you would like to tie me up? We could have some fun, then you could let me go. I won't say a thing about what you're doing here. Honest, I won't." She hoped her deception was coming off well. Especially since she didn't know how long she had to stall him.

"He seemed to be considering her words. Donna had no illusions about what he was thinking. There was no way he would let this beautiful woman go free, even with her promises. Donna could almost see the gears turning in his head, gears that meant he was planning to own two slavegirls now.

Picking up a short whip, he motioned her towards a wall equipped with some rings and hanging torture equipment, mostly whips and ropes. She felt the hard wall against her back. With taps of the whip, he ordered her to move to one side until she was standing under a ring. Suddenly he froze, a puzzled frown on his face.

"What's that collar?" Donna's heart skipped a beat. She had forgotten about the slender metal collar locked around her neck. She was so used to it, so were Nigel and Jan or they would have seen the danger it presented to her story. "Ah... Just a piece of jewelry I picked up in Seattle."

"I don't think so, girlie. Where did you get it?"

"Don gave it to me last night. Said I looked good in it."

"I thought your boyfriend was named Bob?"

"Bob Don... Donovan. That's his full name, Bob Don Donovan." She cringed at her corny story. "For a while he had me chained to his bed but he took off the chain when we came up to the forest this morning."

A sudden pain in her breasts was his answer. The end of the whip had cut across both nipples with a stinging shock to the tender flesh. Donna gasped. She'd had

much worse but knew that this was only the opening shot in a war she couldn't win.

Before either of them could utter another word, the door burst inwards and in jumped Nigel, a Llama 9mm parabellum automatic pointed at the man before her. "I would suggest you drop that whip," he said calmly. Donna sucked in air gratefully. Jan slid into the room behind Nigel.

"What are you doing in my lodge?" Edward Kroff demanded. "You will leave here immediately or..."

"Hush." Nigel's single word stopped the man in mid-sentence. That, and the small round hole, nine millimeters across pointing directly between his eyes.

For a few seconds the scene was frozen, Nigel because he wanted to make sure that this man was not going to try something stupid, and Kroff thinking furiously of his options. But before he could implement any options, there was a noise at the door. Donna heard Jan gasp and then saw what she had, a man standing in the door holding a shotgun leveled at Nigel. "Drop it," the stranger growled.

"Hunting lodges always have a guide," said Kroff, regaining his wits and the initiative. "In this case, he is also the keeper of my current slavegirl. Only it looks like he's going to have to take care of three slavegirls. And this new one is as lovely as the others."

The large, rough looking man waved the shot gun threateningly towards the wall next to Donna, and Nigel and Jan obeyed by backing up. The man walked over to stand beside Kroff, keeping the gun leveled at Nigel and Jan. He seemed to consider the bound Donna as no threat. Kroff, meantime, was reaching towards the automatic in Nigel's hand.

Donna, with only a quick, wild thought that this was probably the stupidest thing she'd ever done, kicked upward as fast and hard as she could, connecting with the shotgun where the man was holding the front grip. The shotgun jerked upward and went off. A lot of things happened in the next second. Nigel dove for the floor as Kroff, impelled by the full blast of shot hitting the back of his head, fell forward and over Nigel. The man with the shotgun had let go with his injured fingers after Donna's hiking boot connected with them, but quickly recovered and re-gripped the gun. The barrel was swinging down to point at Nigel when the automatic in Nigel's hand barked twice. The man swung around, the end of the shotgun hitting Donna in the side, then slumped to the floor. There were two holes in his chest, one near his right shoulder, one directly over the heart.

It took only two seconds and the little drama was over. Jan was looking a little hysterical, Nigel was crawling out from under the bloody remains of Edward Kroff, and Donna was panting from the surge of adrenaline. Her heart was pounding.

Nigel came over to her and embraced her. "Good work, girl." Donna didn't even mind the blood transferring from his shirt to her breasts. She was just glad to have his strong arms around her.

Jan recovered slowly but regained her old form when she saw Pip hanging in her bonds. She ran over to untie her daughter. "That bastard," she cursed when she saw the crisscrossed whip marks covering her back from shoulders to knees. "He deserved it."

"Is he... dead," Donna asked, nodded towards the second man at her feet.

Nigel looked down then back into Donna's eyes. "He was dead before he hit the floor. A bullet through the heart does that." He held her as she began to tremble. "Does it bother you to know you helped kill two men?"

"I... I don't think so. All I could think of was him shooting you. And what they would do to Jan afterwards." She was crying.

"I've got Pip down," called Jan, holding her daughter and taking out the gag.

"Oh, Mommy, oh, Mommy!" Pip didn't seem to be able to say much more than that.

"It's okay, honey, everything will be okay now," soothed Jan.

"Mommy, he hurt me so much!"

"I know, dear. I know."

Nigel moved Donna away from the bloody bodies before he untied the ropes from her arms. "I had hoped it wouldn't come down to violence," he said. "But there was nothing else we could do. Donna probably saved our lives."

"Thank you, Donna," said Jan simply.

"Oh, Donna, thank you, too," added Pip. "I would suggest that we find someplace to clean this blood of ourselves then get going," offered Nigel. No one disagreed.

They found a bathroom and Nigel and Donna took turns in the shower. Jan meanwhile found some clothes that would fit Pip. When she got out of the shower, Nigel handed her back her shirt. She noticed that Nigel had taken a different shirt from the closet to replace his blood-stained one. She got dressed. A minute later, all of them cleaned and dressed, exited the front door, all of them anxious to get away from that place.

Nigel ordered them to remain in the small clearing while he went back to the lodge. Ten minutes later he returned and hurried everyone back through the woods towards where they had left their rented 4X4.

In the car, driving rapidly towards civilization, Jan asked him what he had gone back for.

"I fixed it so the lodge will be filling up with gas. And a little timer to set it off any minute now. A place that big, filled with gas, will make a big explosion. I also put the bodies in the kitchen and stacked all the ammo I could find on the table. If anyone tries to figure out what happened, it will look like there was a gas explosion and that set off most of the bullets. The two inhabitants will have, unfortunately, been nearby when this happened. That will explain the bullets in them if there in an autopsy. It's better if the whole thing looks like an accident."

He drove on for a minute before adding, "I don't know what the Fire Marshal will say when he finds all that bondage and torture equipment in one bedroom. And I don't care."

More Torture

The trip back was made without incident. Jan and Pip were a strange mixture of happiness and sadness, both glad to be together again but both very much aware of the missing Patsy. Even Nigel was unusually silent, and Donna didn't feel right trying to make conversation with three people she was used to being submissive to. Instead she sat quietly and wondered about what Patsy was having to go through.

In a place far from the aircraft flying back to Los Angeles, in a strange land with strange language, Patsy was suffering. At the same moment Donna was wondering about her, Patsy was standing on a very small block of wood, trying to keep her balance while clothespins were causing her considerable pain.

And it was imperative that she keep her balance. The teenage girl was standing on one foot on a small wooden block barely the size of the ball of her small foot. Her arms were tightly bound behind her, elbows together, and her other foot was tied up towards the wrists forcing it into a bent position and making her one foot stand, very difficult. But what made it terribly important not to fall was the rope noose around her neck. The block of wood was only a foot tall but if it were not there the teenager's toes would fail to meet the floor and a slow death by strangulation would surely follow.

To add to her suffering, wooden clothespins had been clamped upon many soft parts of her body. The cute nipples had only been the first two. There were also clothespins biting viciously into most of the flesh on her breasts, into the soft flesh of her tummy, and a large handful painfully clamped upon her vagina lips and any other part of her sex that could possibly hold a clothespin. In addition, there were more holding on to the skin of her bottom making her rear look strange. And, as a joke, clothespins had even been clamped to her ear lobes, making them look like earrings.

The unfortunate youngster had been standing on that block for almost an hour now and muscle in her leg were trembling with the strain. She was in a small room of native stone blocks with no window. Her, the block, and the rope round her neck were the only furnishings. She wasn't sure how much longer she could hold out when the door opened with a creak. The woman who came in was tall, with long black hair and dark eyes. She wore a tight fitting leather bikini and high heels that clicked and clacked on the stone floor. There was a small rose tattoo on her left ankle.

"So, you are still alive? How strange. Most girls would have fallen by now. You are very good." Her voice was soft, almost a whisper, and held only a wicked delight in the suffering of the naked teenager before her. "The rope is tight around your neck, no? Your muscles burn and scream at you, no? One tiny slip and..." She tapped the block with her toes, just hard enough to make Patsy more nervous.

"Please Madam Natasha..." began Patsy.

"Hush! Remember, no pleading. Meet your fate bravely, little one! If you are to die here, today, then so be it. But do not go whimpering and whining like a whipped dog."

"I was only going to remind you that you paid a great deal of money for me.

You certainly wouldn't want to waste that. Would you?"

"Money? Money is of little importance. I could buy a dozen girls such as yourself every week and never run out of money. And, remember what I told you, life is cheap in this country. I could go to one of the hill villages and buy a young girl for what you probably spent on clothes in one shopping trip to the mall." Her voice was accented strangely but the English educated and correct. She went over and pulled gently on the clothespin attached to her left nipple. "Wonderful invention you Americans have in these clothespins. So practical for torture. And you sell them in very supermarket! Very strange country." With a small, humorless laugh she got back to the subject. "I have had young girls impaled upon sharpened poles just to watch them scream and slowly die, I have put girls on a block such as you are and sat back to watch they struggle to prolong their miserable lives a few more minutes. But they all made a mistake sooner or later. It's impossible to stand on that one foot forever, you know. Sooner or later the muscles in that leg will be trembling. Already they are on fire, no? Already there are little tremors, no? I can see this is so. If I were to walk out that door, you would be dead within the hour."

She walked around her victim. "Do you know what kills a man when he is hung? It is the drop. The rope snaps tight and breaks his neck. That kind of hanging is clean and quick. A mere few seconds and the body is lifeless." Her eyes glowed. "But with the rope taut and the fall only a few inches, the neck will not break. The rope will tighten when your weight is upon it. It will squeeze your neck. Air will be harder and harder to fight for. You will reach for the ground and it will be oh so close! You will kick and jerk around in panic and desperation. If your neck is strong, you will last many minutes. But you will die, it is inevitable." In tones of a woman describing a fine meal, she continued. "Your eyes will bulge. Your face will turn purple. Near the end your tongue will protrude from your lips. Your gasps and wheezes will be pathetic. Your suffering will be great. And in the end you will die. All will become dark while your mind screams against it. Then your pain will end."

Patsy kept silent. She had already seen enough of this woman and suffered enough at her hands to know that she was insane.

"Does that not sound right, my dear?" The dark woman purred with delight at the fear in her captive's eyes. "All I have to do is push the slightest and you will slip from that oh so small piece of wood. Like this." With a gentle kick she knocked the wood out from under Patsy's foot.

Everything was as the woman had described. Patsy's toes reached in vain for the solid floor only a couple inches below them. She gasped for breath and could draw in very little. Her face began slowly turning darker, a little more as each agonizing second crawled onward. Her eyes were wide with fear and panic. Finally her free foot did kick at the air, wildly searching for something to support her. There was nothing.

Calmly, as if she had all the time in the world, Madam Natasha watched the struggles of this beautiful teenage girl. Her face was a blank. Perhaps she was savoring the terror and pain, perhaps not.

Suddenly her body leaped into the air. Her right arms slashed out in a wide arc, the fingers held stiff and flat. Her long red painted fingernails found the rope and easily sliced through it as would the sharpest razor.

Patsy's body was hitting the floor as the strange woman landed lightly on her feet. The noose around Patsy's neck had been a slip loop, not a hangman's noose. It eased

up immediately as her weight came off it. The teenage girl lay on the floor, sucking in air gratefully.

Madam Natasha calmly walked towards the door.

"Apparently not today," she said quietly.

"Bitch," spat Patsy as the door closed.

A world away from the suffering of Jan's daughter, the mother sat in the den of Nigel's Big Bear Lake house and watched as a private detective asked questions of Pip. The teenager was holding up well as she described how she and Patsy had been held prisoner at the slave trader's house, kept in constant very strict bondage and chains. Finally there was the inspection by three potential buyers, all at the same time. The three disappeared and later two came back to claim their prizes. After that Pip and Patsy were both bound tightly and packaged in the wooden shipping crates for transportation. Pip could remember little of the trip for it was spent in darkness and discomfort for many long hours. She didn't even now what country she was in until Nigel and Jan pulled her out of that hunting lodge.

The detective then quizzed her on the appearance of the other buyer, the one who now had Patsy. But she could add little to what the other Donna had said. On a black pad of paper she sketched the basic features of dark haired and eyed woman. She did remember the rose tattoo but could offer no other distinguishing marks. She tried to describe the woman's accent but could not place it beyond that it sounded vaguely European.

Having gotten everything there was to get out of Pip, the detective left with a promise to put all his resources on the case. But he had to admit that it sounded like Patsy had been taken to some other country farther away than Canada. He was obviously optimistic only for Jan's benefit.

For a while Jan and Nigel talked but there was little they could do beyond wait. Nigel had business functions he had been neglecting and had to get back to his regular home. He would come back when he could or when some word arrived about Patsy.

Jan and Pip made some more coffee and, after an hour or so, went to the bedroom to offer coffee to Donna.

Donna, as was usual for her, was naked and tied so she could not escape. Her wrists were crossed and bound behind her back in Jan's usual manner and with Jan's usual inescapability. She was sitting on the bed, legs wide spread and tied to the bottom comers. It was a rather comfortable position for her.

"Any news?" she asked as soon as Jan appeared.

"The detective is trying to track down that other woman. But I don't think he has much hope."

"Isn't there something else we could do?" insisted Donna. "Nigel says that Rashad's is too well guarded for us to try and sneak in to find out who his customers are. Besides, Nigel doesn't think that he keeps records. The whole business is highly illegal, you know. He doesn't think there is any way we could force the information out of Rashad."

Donna sighed. "Something will happen," she offered.

"Patsy will be found and then we'll go and get her. We got Pip, didn't we?"

"He didn't show it much but Nigel was shaken up by what happened up there. He had taken a gun because he thought he would only use it as a threat. Instead we killed two people."

"But we got Pip," insisted Donna.

"Yes, we got Pip," Jan said, brightening up a bit and putting her arm around her daughter's shoulder.

For a while longer nothing more was said until Jan, looking out the window, made a suggestion. "It's a nice day outside, Pip. Why don't you take Donna for a walk?" She then went on to tell Pip which path to take and that she should be back by dinner.

Pip thought it was a good idea and immediately untied Donna's feet from the bed. She knotted a rope to Donna's collar and set off right after adding some more rope to her pocket.

The day was indeed beautiful, the sun warm and the air clear and good to breathe. They walked along for a few minutes without saying a thing. Except for the difference in trees, this was not dissimilar to all those times when Pip and Patsy had taken Donna out into the garden to bind her for the day. But neither of them could forget that only Pip was leading their slavegirl into the forest and her punishment.

Finally Pip selected a part of the trail where some dense trees provided a shield from prying eyes. There she led Donna a little off the trail to an area where several small pine trees formed a circle. There she tied Donna's leash to a tree while she carefully inspected the trees in the circle. Satisfied, she untied Donna's leash from her collar and ordered the older girl to stand in the middle of the circle. She tied one rope to Donna's left elbow and ran that over to a tree where she tossed it over a branch. A second length of rope was run from her other elbow over the branch of a tree on the other side. Then Pip carefully pulled and tied each rope to Donna's elbows so that she was firmly held between the trees by tight ropes. Then she tied a rope to each ankle and used the same two trees to spread Donna's legs wide apart. As Donna's legs widened, she was lowered and the ropes around her elbows tighten and partly supported her. When Pip was finished, Donna was barely able to hold her balance. If the ropes had not been attached to her elbows, she would quickly have fallen on her face.

"Can you escape?" asked Pip.

Donna, as she usually did, tugged at the ropes and twisted, this way and that. Soon enough she was able to report that she could not free herself and, indeed, she was a prisoner in the forest. "I didn't bring a whip, you know," said Pip. A small smile was on her face as she warmed to her favorite task, punishing an naked slavegirl. "But I have this last length of rope." She folded the leash rope until it was doubled twice. That made it about the length of a riding crop. Pip swished the rope against her free hand a couple of times to gauge the amount of pain it might inflict. "We can see what it can do."

Donna was taken suddenly back by the first blow. Pip had swung her arm upward before Donna expected it and was unprepared for the surprising blow directly

between her legs. She gasped and a tiny cry of pain escaped her lips. It was nothing like being whipped there with a riding crop or that other short whip the twins sometimes used on her pussy, but it stung with surprising intensity.

Pip walked around her naked captive, slashing her rope whip at unprotected parts as the whim occurred. The rope made a sharp thud against the flesh of Donna's bottom and a little sharper sound against the backs of her thighs.

"It's nothing like a real whip, is it?" Pip asked. "No," admitted Donna. "But it hurts."

Pip's reply was to slash the rope directly across Donna's breasts. "Oh! I said it hurts! Don't you believe me?"

"I'm sure it does," the teenager said sweetly. "But not much. I doubt I could put any real marks on your skin. All I see is redness but no nice purples or blues."

"I'm sorry," Donna started to say, but bit it back. Instead she meekly offered, "But it does hurt, really it does."

Pip then began a long, drawn out session of slashing Donna's naked body all-over with the rope whip. Very little of her skin was spared but also very little damage was done. Her breasts and bottom were red and the inside of her thighs turned a nice color but it was hardly the purple, black and blue that the twins so enjoyed watching form on Donna's bare skin.

Still, as a punishment, this rope whipping had it's merits.

Pip could swing away with all her strength and not do any serious damage. But the ropes stung the skin enough keep Donna whining and squealing.

Pip took rest periods, during which they chatted while Donna continued to stand awkwardly in the bonds. Both carefully avoided talking about Patsy. Donna was glad that her mild suffering was making Pip regain some of her former zest for punishment.

Later in the afternoon Pip finally grew tired of lashing at a naked and bound girl with her rope whip. For Donna it was none too soon. Many parts of her body were stinging and burning from the attention of the clotheslines, And she was awfully tired of standing with wide spread legs.

But Pip wasn't finished with her surprises. After untying Donna's ankles and elbows, she made Donna sit down on a log and she bound Donna's ankles together. Then she made the girl wiggle until she was lying on her stomach on the pine needle carpet. Donna was surprised that here and there a pine needle stuck into her like a sharp steel needle. But she had little time to ponder that some pine needles might stick upward to prick the unsuspecting female body. Pip was tying her ankles to her wrists in a classic hogtie. It certainly wasn't the tightest hogtie that Donna had ever been in, but it would keep her from even crawling. She wondered if Pip planned to leave her lying on the forest floor all alone.

But leaving Donna alone and in strict bondage, a standard practice of the twins, was not her intent. Instead she shed her clothes to stand before Donna as naked as the bound slavegirl. Then she pulled on Donna's shoulders until the hogtied girl was on her knees. Holding her captive with one hand, Pip sat down on the log, spread her

legs wide around the helpless girl, and lowered Donna until her face was in Pip's pubic patch. What came next required no words. Donna knew how to please another woman and went to work. Her surprise at being made to do this act when the twins had never before required this service of her was swallowed up in her efforts to bring this teenage girl to a climax. Those efforts were rewarded when Pip shuddered, cried a small gasp of ecstasy, and clutched Donna's head hard against her sex.

With the usual resiliency of youth, Pip was soon back on her feet, clothed, and untying Donna's ankles and the hogtie rope. Once Donna was back on her feet, the teenager re-attached the rope to her collar as a leash and hustled her along towards the house.

Donna swayed slowly in mid-air, agony showing in every line of her face.

"Mommy's right," chirped Pip brightly. "These beams are ever so useful for all kinds of bondage."

Donna was hardly in the position to disagree. She, naked as always, was in a very uncomfortable position, basically a hogtie but with one important addition. She had been put on two bar stools on her stomach while Pip bound her ankles together then tied them up to her wrists in a fairly tight hogtie. But then the mischievous teenager tied a rope to that joining her hands and feet, and ran that up and over the beam. Then she tied it back between Donna's hands and feet. After that it was an easy task to tilt and remove the bar stools from under the slavegirl. Her body sank until the rope took the slight slack and suspended her a couple feet off the floor. With her arms and legs pulled painfully tight behind her, she was quite helpless and in considerable discomfort. For a while Pip just watched the hanging nudity slowly swaying back and forth and twisting slightly. Then she went over and took one of Donna's legs in her hand. Pulling gently, she was able to displace Donna four feet from vertical. Then she let go and watched in delight as the bound up package swung in a wide arc, bounced off the couch a couple times, and whined in agony.

"Pip," Donna said, her voice laced with stress, "do you know that this is a very painful position? Very painful." She carefully chose her words so that it didn't really sound like a protest.

"Oh, yes, I know how it hurts. Patsy tied me like this sometimes. And I've tied her this way. Mommy doesn't like it 'cause she says it's too much strain. But we like it 'cause it makes you feel so very helpless. You do feel helpless, don't you?"

"Very."

"Good. I knew you'd like it."

The youngster toyed with her hanging slavegirl, swinging her this way and that, grabbing a breast and holding on to stop the girl's motion. Then she let loose and giggled as Donna bounced off the couch.

From elsewhere in the house came Jan's voice, calling Pip.

"Got to go," said Pip cheerfully as she headed towards the door.

"Wait," cried Donna. "You're not going to leave me like this! It's terrible!"

"Well, if you don't like it," Pip said sweetly, just untie yourself. Bye!"

Donna was left swinging in air a few feet off the floor and surprised at Pip's treatment of her. "But, Pip," she called after the teenager, "I'm heavier than you are. This hurts more than it does you! Pip???"

Donna whined and sighed at the same time. Her wrists hurt terribly and the strain on her shoulders and back was horrible. She groaned, hung her head and wanted to cry.

When Pip came back, Donna's body was hanging totally limp and motionless in it's bonds, the only sign of life being a moaning that came from the bowed head, a pathetic sound of pain. Pip casually placed a couple of cushions from the couch under Donna then cut the rope holding her to the beam. Donna fell a couple feet to land on the cushions on her stomach. Pip then untied the ropes from her ankles but left the wrists crossed and securely bound.

"When you feel, up to walking, come on into the kitchen. Dinner's ready."

Dinner was a little later than normal and it was dark outside as the three girls sat around a small table in the kitchen, eating. Donna's hands had been freed and locked in front of her with handcuffs so she could eat. The food was good, as usual, but Jan seemed distracted and Donna was sure it was worry about Patsy that keep her from being the usual happy girl they all loved.

"Mommy," Pip said. "It's a nice night outside with a full moon. Could I take Donna into the woods and tie her to a tree?"

"I guess so, dear. I'll stay in the house, in case Nigel calls."

"Okay, Mom. I'll fix her up all real nice then come back and tell you so you can go see her."

"Fine."

Donna was led from the house after dinner, her hands crossed and bound behind her back, and completely naked save for her collar. Pip seemed to know right where she was going to take Donna for she didn't hesitate. Soon they were in the small clearing with the trees all around it in a circle. Humming happily to herself, Pip untied Donna's leash from her collar then used the rope to bind her ankles together. Pip looked carefully at the trees around her, picking which she wanted to use. She took Donna over to that tree and pushed her down to the ground. When Donna was sitting on her bottom, Pip pushed her back onto her bound arms and lifted her legs straight up. With an admonishment to keep her legs raised up, Pip tied a rope around her ankle bondage, tossed that rope over a branch, then tied the other end to her ankles again. In just two minutes Donna was in a simple but totally escape proof bondage, lying on her back with her legs bent at a right angle and straight up. Pip walked around her, examining the position from every angle.

Donna was suspicious. If this was all there was to Pip's bondage of her, then something was wrong. This was the same teenage girl who had hung Donna in a suspended hogtie just an hour before. This tie was simple and not too uncomfortable. The pine needles under her back fortunately didn't stick into her and the stress on her ankles was mild compared to some of the contorted and painful positions she had suffered at the hands of the twins.

Pip seemed satisfied. For a while she just looked at Donna.

Finally she meekly asked, "We will get Patsy back, won't we?"

Donna hastened to assure her, "We will. Don't worry. We got you back, didn't we? Nigel is good. He'll get the job done."

"He does seem to be a different person, doesn't he?" Pip said. "He's nicer towards me and seem to really like Mommy. Donna, he and Mommy are going to bed together, aren't they?"

Donna considered lying because she didn't know what Pip would think of the truth. Finally she said, "Nigel had sex with your mother before. Back when he had her and you two prisoners in your own house."

"I know. But that was different. I think Mom is going to bed with him because she wants to."

"Nigel Bransome is doing a lot for her. He even killed two men to get you back."

"I know. She's grateful... But is that all?"

This teenager was more perceptive than Donna had given her credit for. She had noticed the little things that Donna had also, those little things that clearly spoke of feelings Jan had towards this man. And, although Donna was sure that Nigel also felt strongly towards her mistress, she was more than a little uneasy about these new developments. She had hoped that after Patsy was retrieved, things would settle back to normal with Donna, Jan and the twins living happily by themselves. Donna being in the constant bondage as befits a slavegirl, of course. But now she was not sure what would eventually happen.

"Maybe not," she finally answered truthfully. "I don't know. I've never loved a man but apparently most woman can. But don't worry, your mother loves you... and Patsy, very much."

"I know that. And you. She loves you." Pip knelt down beside Donna and leaned her head down until her mouth had covered one nipple. She began slowly teasing and licking and sucking. Donna closed her eyes and took a deep breath. It felt so nice to have this girl she loved doing that to her. After a while Pip switched to the other breast. Then her hands began caressing Donna's naked body, teasing it here and there, exciting nerve endings all-over. One hand slipped down and the slender fingers began teasing Donna's pussy from the back side which was all that was exposed with her legs bent upwards as they were. But it was enough exposure to make sure that Pip's fingers could find her slit and slide into the moist tunnel. Donna groaned with pleasure and slowly arched her chest up. Those fingers felt so good. Donna was reminded of something Jan had told her:

"Only a woman knows how to really please another woman."

The fingers increased their penetration and pumping motion, and quickly Donna was clenching her legs together and humping her hips to match the wonderful motion of those little fingers within her sex. Then, just as a climax seemed immediate, Pip withdrew and stood back.

Donna moaned and jerked her shoulders a couple of times in frustration at the way she was so helpless. "Please...?" she begged.

But Pip did not return. "Old Chinese torture: get girl excited, then walk away," she told Donna cheerfully. "Patsy and I do it to each other all the time. "We call it a form of torture. But it's such delicious torture, isn't it?"

Donna didn't answer, the frustration she was feeling at being denied so close to an orgasm was keeping her from being civil. But inwardly she had to agree. It was a delicious form of torture.

Pip bid Donna a good night and walked away.

"Goodnight?" muttered Donna. "Goodnight! Hey, you aren't going to leave me here all night? This is a forest, for goodness sake! What about the animals?"

Donna was alone. She stopped her useless conversation and settled back into the pine needles. She was still very frustrated and tried for a while to reach her pussy with her own hands. She could twist to one side and get her hands half way around her side but the fingers remained agonizingly far from the seat of her heated loins. Finally she let herself fall back in disgust and shook all-over in anger. But she wasn't really mad at Pip. This was just Pip's way of playing with her slavegirl toy. And it wasn't really that bad. Not really. Just frustrating as hell.

Thin shafts of moonlight speared down through the pine branches to make little pools of silvery light on the forest floor. There were tiny sounds of night insects, the occasional distant hiss of a car traveling the paved road, and from someplace down the mountain the faint strain of music, so faint that Donna couldn't tell what the song was. She found that when she grew tired of lying on her bound hands, she could roll to one side half way and let her hands have some freedom. But for the most part it was the usual slow passage of time in relative boredom. She listened carefully to the faint sounds around her and took a small measure of delight when she could pick out some distant bit of music or a car starting. Nigel's house was pretty far up the mountain with only raw forest behind it, but less than a quarter of a mile from the nearest other houses.

Donna had spent the entire night tied in the small forest that was part of Jan's garden. But this was different. This was the big forest, untamed and wild compared to Jan's backyard. Just about the time Donna was getting nervous about why this place was named Big Bear Lake and the imagined possibilities of real bears prowling around at night, she heard footsteps, But it didn't sound like what a bear's footsteps should, or at least Donna thought, and she was proven correct when Jan walked into the clearing.

"Pip said I would find you here."

"Did she also say that she worked me up to where I was really super horny and ready to climax then walked away?"

"Sounds like Pip," was Jan's calm reply. "She asked if she could leave you here all night. She said that the bondage wasn't bad and you'd be comfortable."

"The bondage is terrible and I'm uncomfortable," protested Donna mildly.

"I guess you could sleep on that bed of pine needles."

"Your bed would be nicer," Donna said sweetly. "You could hogtie me and then pull me up between your legs until my mouth was right on your pussy, I could lick you into a frenzy...?"

Jan was tempted, Donna could see that much on her face in the moonlight. "You make that sound so nice," she finally admitted. "But Pip really wants to leave you out in the forest all alone and I think that would be a nice change for you from my bed,"

Donna sighed. Well, she told herself, I've endured worse. "But," Jan said. Donna's ears instantly picked up. "But there's no reason why you can't provide that service right here." Jan pulled off her blouse and tugged down the skirt. Underneath she was naked as was her custom so it didn't take but a couple seconds before she was ready to have her slavegirl service her.

Jan squatted over Donna's fate, lowering her sex until it was almost touching Donna's nose. With a sigh Donna lifted her head and began licking, slowly at first to start the build up gently. She was an expert at this and knew very well what turned Jan on the best. After a few minutes Jan switched to a kneeling position straddling Donna's head and facing her legs. She was beginning to moan with pleasure when she grabbed one of Donna's large breasts in each hand and clamped her sharp fingernails onto the soft flesh. As her breathing became harder and harder, Jan's fingernails dug deeper and deeper into the tender flesh. When she finally gasped aloud and stiffened, her fingernails were deep into the flesh. When Jan threw herself to the side to grab her pussy and roll around on the pine needle carpet, there were tiny red marks where blood was drawn on Donna's breasts.

As Jan shuddered out her orgasm, Donna moaned in frustration. Servicing her mistress always got her horny too, and that delicious pain of her mistress squeezing her breasts had added to the excitement. Donna was again very sorry that she couldn't even touch herself. If she could just reach her breasts... And it would have been so nice to touch her sex. Her fingers wiggled uselessly beneath her.

Jan kissed Donna sweetly before leaving her. Donna wanted so much to beg for her mistress to bring her to climax that it was an ache inside her loins. But she bit her tongue and held back the words. Slavegirls do not request satisfaction. Satisfaction was their mistress' to give when it pleased her, not when it pleased a slave.

For a while after being left alone Donna cried and jerked her body around in an emotional assault upon the ropes that only left her just as securely bound and frustrated. The moon was directly over head when Donna finally fell asleep only to dream dreams of being tightly bound up and teased constantly but never allowed to reach orgasm. In her dreams that form of torture went on for days and days.

Donna awoke to the find the dawn tinting the eastern sky pink. The bears had not eaten her during the night.

Two days later Donna was once again in the small clearing where she had spent the night with her legs raised in the air. This time it was mid morning and Pip obviously had something else in mind. Donna noted the couple extra coils of rope that Pip carried, as well as the riding crop tucked into the waist band of her jeans. Given the chance to buy clothes at the local stores, Pip had assumed a Western mode and wore mostly blue jeans, colorful shirts and boots. This day her shirt was bright green. She positioned Jan facing one of the younger trees and a couple feet away from it. Donna's clothing didn't get to run to Western. It was early slavegirl: full nudity save

for the metal collar and the ropes holding her arms tightly behind her back. Those ropes, instead of holding her wrists crossed, held them palm to palm and the elbows bound together tightly. And a gag, if you count a gag as clothing. It was the usual rubber wad with straps tightly buckled around her head.

It was a classic sight, a nude and uncomfortably tightly bound slavegirl being led by a teenage girl in cowboy dress. The nude slavegirl was older by half a dozen years and bigger, but the ropes made her helpless and completely obedient to the will of the youngster.

And that will was that she bend forward and down until her head was below her waist. Pip then walked her forward until her shoulders were against the tree trunk. Then she took rope and wrapped it around Donna's wrists and the trunk, pinning her hands to the rough bark. A second length of rope then wrapped around her arms at the elbows, locking her arms firmly to the tree. The teenager then bound her ankles tightly together.

To Donna it was a strange way to be tied. She was standing but her head was straight down and her arms, from shoulder to fingers, were solidly bound to the tree. She could not lift her head because the back of it was against the tree. Even if her ankles had not been bound together, she could not have moved from her prison tree. With them bound, she could do nothing but stand. Stand and be aware how much her bottom was sticking up in the air. The reason for the riding crop was now apparent, and would soon be painfully apparent. But first Pip teased Donna's hanging breasts and pussy. The teenager was showing signs of preferring her slavegirl to be sexually excited before being whipped. And Donna's body complied, warming up and tingling to the touch of those slender fingers. Donna didn't want to get all excited but there was nothing she could do about it. The fact that she felt very helpless in this position didn't help. Nor did the fact that she knew she would soon be suffering a whipping across her bare bottom. Soon she was moaning and praying for Pip to make a little mistake and take her over the line into a wonderful orgasm. But Pip was too good at it, probably from much practice with her sister, and she withdrew just before Donna reached that wonderful state of orgasm.

A second later the first blow landed across her curved rear end, a shocking burst of fire that made her gasp into her gag, "Mmmmmphhhh!" The second slash of the riding crop brought two gasps, one from the pain and a second later another, as Donna crashed into an unexpected orgasm. Pip must have gotten her very close, indeed, for two quick strokes from the leather whip to have Donna gasping out pleasure mixed with her pain. Her fingers wiggled but the arms didn't move. Her bottom swayed from side to side and up and down as her legs pumped it.

Pip stood back in surprise but quickly realized what was happening and laughed. It hadn't been planned that way but she was delighted that a couple whip strokes could make her slavegirl reach a sexual climax. Suddenly an idea struck her and she lashed out again with the riding crop. Donna cried out as the fiery pain exploded in her bottom, It was such a mixture of pain and pleasure that she nearly fainted.

Pip let her slavegirl come down from the sexual high before continuing the whipping, "Mommy says I can only give you a dozen strokes," she commented. "But she didn't say I couldn't make them as hard as I can." The fourth stroke illustrated her point quite dramatically. By the end of all dozen, Donna was crying and Pip was horny as hell. While considering if she might release Donna so that the slavegirl could service her, Jan walked into the clearing.

Jan expertly counted the marks across the taut flesh of Donna's bottom, confirming that there were no more than twelve. Then she took the whip from Pip's hand, Without preamble she cut loose with a stroke that evoked far more reaction from the bound girl than any of the others had. Jan's stronger arm and expert slash had doubled the pain of any previous stroke. Donna whined through the gag and wiggled her bottom in frustration and because there was nothing else she could do. Both Pip and Jan liked the way that marked up flesh was wiggling back and forth before them. Jan cut it again. Then again.

"I called Nigel. The detective is making no progress in finding that woman." She cut at Donna's bottom again.

The fact that Donna knew Jan was only taking out her anger and frustration on her did not make the pain any less but it did help her forgive her beloved mistress.

"They don't think she's from this country but that only makes it harder." She cut Donna's bottom three times in a row and Donna, despite her desire to hold it in, screamed into the gag.

In Jan's pause, Pip asked quietly, "Mommy? Nigel can't ask anything of that Mr. Kroff. But what about the other man who was there?"

"What?"

"The third buyer. Maybe he knows who the woman is. All three of them were talking together,"

Jan dropped the riding crop and stared at her daughter.

"Didn't you tell the detective?"

"He didn't ask me. I'm sorry if I did wrong."

"Don't worry, baby. Come on, we've got to talk to Nigel." A dozen feet down the path, Jan stopped to look back at Donna. "Don't worry, she's not going anywhere, Mommy," said Pip. Jan nodded and they both sped down the path.

Donna whined into her gag. But this time it wasn't only from the pain in her rear. It was because she wanted to be there if Nigel could do anything with this new information.

An hour later Jan and Pip returned. "Pip told Nigel all she could remember about the third buyer," she said without preamble to the still bent over nudity. "He's passing it on to the detective right now. Maybe..."

Pip untied Donna's arms and took out the gag. All three of them walked back to the house, a strange mixture of hope and despair.

8

Pain in a Distant Land

Donna was lounging on the couch in the den when the phone call came. As usual, she was naked and her wrists crossed and bound behind her back. In addition, that

morning, she was wearing a pair of handcuffs locked around her slender ankles. They didn't stop her from walking around the house but they certainly did slow her down and make her steps much smaller.

A few minutes later Jan came in holding a pad of paper and displaying the first smile Donna had seen on her face for a long time. "He thinks they've found her! She's a Natasha Krishka. She lives in some country I've never heard of before, somewhere called Abacastan. Nigel wants us to meet him at the LA airport. Oh, Donna, maybe we can get Patsy back now!"

Donna would have jumped up and hugged her mistress but for the ropes preventing her hands from leaving their home behind her back. Instead she stood and allowed Jan to hug her.

"Pip! Pip!" called Jan. "Get packed! We're leaving immediately!"

Thousands of miles from the joyous mother, her missing daughter was again suffering at the hands of her owner. This time the teenage girl was suspended near the ceiling of a stone room, spread-eagled with wrists and ankles locked in steel shackles that cut into her flesh. Patsy was naked as she had been every since being brought to his place of pain and suffering. She was face down with her limbs spread wide and taut. She had grown tired of trying to hold her head up and for the last hour had let it just hang. Her bottom and breasts were covered with whip marks in varying degrees of fading, showing clearly that this teenager girl had been whipped almost daily.

It took an effort to look up through her hanging hair when she heard the door creak open. Madam Natasha was standing there, once again dressed in her strange costume of a thin leather bikini and black high heel shoes. She also carried a black riding crop.

Patsy let her head hang down again.

"Why, my sweet little thing," Madam Natasha cooed.

"You're tired. Can't sleep? Too bad. You know, one time I hung a man like this. In this very cell, in fact. I had a slave tie heavy weights to his penis and listened to him scream and plead. He hung like that for seven days before he died." She flicked Patsy's left nipple with the tip of the riding crop. "He stopped screaming after the first day. Pity."

She slashed the black leather horror across both nipples. Patsy gasped and jerked.

"I could leave you here to see if you could last longer than he did. I could even tie weights to your nipples. That would stretch them all out of shape, right?" She took one sore nipple between thumb and forefinger and pulled until Patsy cried out. "I could even have them weave a rope into your pubic hair and hang weights from that. But they might all pull out. What an interesting way to pluck the hairs from a girl's pussy!"

Madam Natasha walked around until she stood between Patsy's wide spread legs. Patsy tensed up. But the dark haired woman only tapped the crop against Patsy's pussy. "When I was a teenage girl, perhaps a little younger than you, I was sold by my parents to a brothel," she said. "I was being used several times a day by men, and when I was not being used, I was kept locked in a cell with three other girls. If

we didn't obey, we were tortured. My country is old and very experienced in the ways of punishing a slavegirl. It is almost an art form here. I was once hung like you are. For a whole day and night I hung in chains. I was naked, like you, and I was whipped. As you have been. On the dawn of the second day I was let down and immediately taken to the front chambers where a man was waiting to use me. I fainted but he finished his business and left me lying there."

She cut a stroke squarely between Patsy's legs. Patsy cried out and her body went stiff for a couple seconds. "Don't worry, that was not nearly as hard as I could do it." She continued with her story as if the interruption for that little bit of pain hadn't even occurred. "I spent a year in that brothel, whorehouse, I think you American's would call it. Then I escaped. It was good to be free but there was no place I could go. My parents would only return me. Or sell me to another place. At another village, I would probably only be made another wife in the harem of the chief. In the cities I would only be arrested and returned to those who owned me. In this country, prostitution is legal. And the central government only gives lip service to the abolishment of slavery. Once you are away from the one big city we have, there are slaves. Slaves, usually young girls, in brothels, and harems. Girls bought and sold like cattle every day. There is much wealth in my country but also much poverty. The wealth is in the hands of a few. I starved for a while until I found a man who would take me in. He used me as other men did but at least he was kind to me. The food was good and I didn't have to sleep in a cage with two other girls."

Madam Natasha paused, remembering her earlier life. "One day I saw a very big car drive through our village. In it was a rich man. All bowed down to him. In his car were two woman, beautiful women, with costly silks and veils to hide their faces. They wore golden chains from their wrists to another around their waist. But the chains were thin and long enough to cause no restriction. They were a symbol, I realized. That man drove on after his business was finished. But I made a vow that I was going to become one of those few rich people in this country."

She paused again as she walked around to stand under Patsy's head. She pushed up on Patsy's forehead with the riding crop so she could look into her eyes. "I got that man who was kind to me to marry me. He was old and had no wives and his two sons had been killed in the fighting of one of the periodic rebellions in the southern provinces. He was old... No one suspected when he died. I got all his property for there was no male sons to give it to. No one knew I had poisoned him.

"I started a brothel of my own. It was the only business I knew. At first there was only me but I found another girl who had also run away from a brothel. I gave her a home. She still lay with men but she slept with me at night and in a comfortable bed. Then there were other girls. I moved to a town not far from the big city. Lot's of rich men would drive out for an evenings fun. And I found out that men loved to whip women. So I made sure that any man who wanted would find a girl he could whip before impaling her on his shaft. Of course, the richest simply bought their own slavegirls and whipped them to their heart's delight in their own homes. But there were plenty who could not afford their own slavegirl and sought their pleasure at my place. Strange, isn't it, that men find so exciting our pain. It makes their sex more intense." She paused again and smiled the only smile that Patsy had ever seen her exhibit. "Stranger still is that it makes us woman more excited, too. Sex while your back and ass are covered with fresh whip marks is... special."

Madam Natasha stepped back and let a vicious slash loose across Patsy's thighs. "Why am I telling you all this? It matters not. I am now one of the richest people in this country, I have the most famous brothel and enough information on those in

power to assure that I will be left alone. I can buy my own slaves... I can whip my slaves. I prefer female slaves but sometimes I whip a man. I love to use the big whip and see the flesh ripped from his body. I have killed more than a dozen men that way," she said calmly. Then she turned to leave.

At the door she paused, "You know that it's legal to kill your slave in this country? A slave is the property of it's master. Property in all ways." Then she was gone.

Patsy cried and her tears splashed against the stones below.

Donna felt strange. For two whole days she had been wearing clothes and going unfettered. Since all but a few hours were spent in traveling to a land far distant from the sunny shores of California, and therefore spent in public, she couldn't walk around naked and in ropes and chains. In the capital city of Abacastan the four of them finally had the chance to catch their breath in a huge hotel suite overlooking the ancient city that was a strange mixture of the old and modern. From their window they could see two story buildings made of sun-baked bricks that had been erected by hand labor a hundred years before Columbus set foot in the New World. A block away there were twenty story buildings of steel and glass, the same as you might find in any modern city.

No sooner than their minimal luggage had been set down and the porters disappeared, Donna shed her clothes and rushed over to Jan. Turning her back, she crossed her wrists in invitation for a return to her proper status as a slave. It took Jan only a few seconds to find a piece of rope in her suitcase and a minute to bind the hands of the slavegirl she loved. Donna actually sighed in relief when she was finally comfortable.

Nigel said he had to make some inquiries and left the room.

Since they had a suite that included two bedrooms, it was decided that Donna and Pip would share one, while the two who were obviously growing more in love each day would share the larger one. The growing affection between her mistress and the man who was once her enemy and who had once raped her, bothered her. She was not sure what it could mean for her, save that it would probably not be for the best. All Donna wanted was a return to the quiet existence they had led in Jan's home. All she wanted to be was a good slavegirl for her mistress and her mistress' daughters.

Donna carried her bag into the second bedroom and set it by the bed. She lay down on that soft looking bed to close her eyes and rest for just a second. A few hours later she woke to find a naked Pip sleeping with her arms around Donna. She closed her eyes and let sleep reclaim her and wash the jet-lag from her body.

A dozen miles from the capital city of Abacastan, nestled in the lower reaches of snow-clad mountains, was a small village noted for nothing save the huge, sprawling white building that covered as much ground as the rest of the village. There was a good paved road from the city, far too good for the needs of the simple peasants who tried to raise sheep in the foothills of that mountain. That white building had a front door like a fortress which, in other ways, it also resembled. The double doors could swing open to admit the limos and Mercedes Benz' from the city where they found a good sized parking lot in the center square. There were many rooms in that big white building, mostly bedrooms. But some were torture rooms.

Patsy was currently upside down but the rotation of the big steel wheel would again bring her upright. The naked teenager was bound in an ingenious and painful

position and had been suffering there for an hour already. The torture device was simple, a large tubular steel circle mounted on four short shafts. Those, in turn, were welded to other tubes coming together at the center. From that center a shaft that went into a hole in the wall. When that shaft turned, the whole assembly turned around and around. In the middle of that circle was Patsy, her arms and legs wide spread and bound towards the rim of the circle with thin cord. But simply binding her wrists and ankles was not enough for the pain-hungry Madam Natasha. Thin cord bound to her big toes and thumbs and then to the rim of the circle provided the unfortunate girl's only support.

Patsy's thumbs and big toes screamed in agony as the wheel slowly rotated, bringing new pressures to bear constantly and new agony for the naked teenager. At first she counted the seconds for one revolution and found that they numbered about one hundred and twenty, meaning a two minute revolution. When she was upside down, her big toes bore all her weight and she screamed, When she was right-side up, her thumbs took all the weight and she screamed. Other times it was a combination that produced her constant anguish.

From time to time Madam Natasha dropped in to watch and enjoy the suffering. Sometimes she said not a word, other times she asked if Patsy was enjoying herself. Patsy wanted to spit in her face but held back for fear of her life. This woman thought nothing of making innocent girls suffer and, if half of what she had told Patsy was true, held life itself to be of little value. Other peoples' lives, that is,

Patsy cried with the pain and wished she were back home.

In the morning, Nigel called a Council of War. "This is what I've been able to find out," he began, "The third buyer Pip described was indeed a business associate of Kroff's. Her description gave the detective enough to go on, When I talked with him, I was able to hint that Kroff's death had something to do with his buying of a teenage girl from Rashad, And that he might wind up the victim of an accidental hunting lodge explosion if he didn't help me find the other girl. It took a bit but finally he opened up and told me who the woman was that did buy Patsy.

"Her name is Natasha Krishna. She's a very powerful woman in this land where woman are definitely second class citizens. Very few women own land or any kind of business. This is the old world, you have to understand. All of you. Don't do anything stupid. And remember not to act like you own the place, like most American tourists."

"Okay. This Natasha is the owner of the largest and most successful brothel in the country and probably this part of the world. She's became rich by providing what the customer wants. No matter what the customer wants, You got the money, they've told me, you can have anything at Natasha's. Especially if you like to whip a girl's behind, Or torture a girl."

Jan gasped. Nigel hurried to reassure her, "No, I've checked and no one has heard of a teenage American girl, that would fit the description of Patsy, being a new girl there. This Natasha does often travel the world, purchasing girls for her place. But she also sometimes buys a girl for her own use. Just what that use is, I haven't been able to find out. But it probably involves some rough treatment from what I've been able to pick up about her."

No one said a word for a long minute, Donna finally broke the silence, "So what do we do? Could we just charge in there like we did with Kroff?"

"No way," replied Nigel. "She's got a small army of guards. And she could make one phone call and the entire military of this country would be looking for us. She's powerful."

"So was Margaret," said Jan. "So was Margaret."

"Margaret was different. And this is not California. I'm going to go up to Natasha's tonight and look around."

"Looking around is all you'll do?" asked Jan pointedly. "Well, I have to look like a wealthy American tourist sampling the wicked, sinful ways of the Middle East. Don't worry, I won't fall in love with a whore and leave you for her." His teasing didn't go over well with Jan. "Well, nevertheless, unless you have a better plan, I'm going in to look the place over. Maybe I can find out if Patsy is in that place. That would be a good start."

No one had a better plan so it was settled. That night, after a dinner of strange tasting dishes, heavy on the lamb and rice, Nigel set out on his quest. But not before Jan took him aside and had a little word with him. Donna could guess she was telling him that he had better not do any screwing around. From his arguments, it sounded like not screwing around would make him look suspicious. They finally agreed he could whip a little tail, and pretend to screw the girl. The girl probably would be grateful to not be raped and wouldn't say a thing.

With Nigel gone, Jan paced the room like an expectant father. Pip and Donna tried to comfort her but there was little to be done. She was nervous and there was no way to ease her mind. Finally Donna jumped in with both feet to try and distract Jan.

"Jan, honey, did you know that I kissed Nigel?"

"Huh?"

"I said I kissed him."

"You did what?" said Jan in disbelief.

"I got right up close to him and brushed his shirt with my breasts. Then I rose to my tip toes and gave him a kiss. It wasn't a sisterly kiss, either." Donna smiled sweetly. There isn't a man in the world who can resist a naked girl with her hands tied behind her back. And that's not all. He's quite a man."

Donna got the reaction she wanted. Being naked and with her hands bound behind her back as she spoke the irritating words, it was easy for Jan to grab a handful of her hair and drag her into the bedroom. There she threw the slavegirl on the bed, face down, and quickly looped rope around each ankle and tied them to the corners of the bed. Then she fetched the riding crop from her suitcase. Without a word she slashed the crop across Donna's bottom, a bottom which had not been whipped for a couple days but was still plenty sore. Donna squealed but held in the louder cry that the sudden pain usually evoked.

Several hard strokes in succession relieved Jan of some of the immediate anger but not much. Still she dropped the riding crop on the bed. But her reason was not to end the infliction of pain upon this naked girl, it was to bind her in a position that made her far more vulnerable to the whip. Jan tied another rope to Donna's wrist

ropes then pulled her up onto her knees. The ankles were left tied to the bed. She took the rope around the edge of the bed, got on her knees, and found the crosspiece of the bed. She put the rope around that then came back up to Donna's hands. When she pulled on that rope now, Donna's hands were pulled back and down. More and more Jan pulled until Donna fell back to rest on her stiff arms. Jan pulled some more and Donna's hands slipped off the end of the bed. Instantly the naked girl was bent backwards with her legs doubled under her and her arms touching the floor. Jan pulled until the rope was tight then she tied it to one of the legs of the bed.

Donna was in a very strained position. Her legs and bottom were on the bed but her shoulders, arms and head were beyond the edge of the bed. Her legs were bent double and spread wide. She could take some of the weight on her arms but it was still a very uncomfortable position. In a few minutes it would grow worse until it would surely become painful just by itself. But the position itself was not all Jan planned. She brought a gag from the suitcase and secured Donna's mouth full of rubber and encased in tight leather straps. Picking up the whip she watched Donna's eyes widen in fear as she realized how vulnerable her body was. From her breasts down to her knees, the whole front of her was an easy target for the riding crop,

When anger drives the hand, the blows come fast and hard. The first half dozen strokes landed across the big breasts, making the flesh bounce and Donna scream into her gag. The next half dozen were across the taut thighs, crisscrossing the flesh with vivid red marks. Then Jan positioned herself for lashes that would come up between the legs and inflict incredible pain directly on her sex. Donna was whining and her eyes wide with fear.

"I'll lash that thing right off you," said Jan through clenched teeth. It was followed up by a hard cut squarely into her pussy. Donna's body jerked and went rigid. A scream echoed around the room, muffled by the wad of rubber filling her mouth but still conveying the shocking pain this helpless nudity felt. Jan waited, panting, until Donna stopped screaming and the injured body fell back to the bed. Then she struck another blow in the same spot with much the same results.

Perhaps she would have gone on lashing her slavegirl until the offending sex was indeed slashed into ribbons. But a soft voice from the doorway held Jan's hand as it drew back for another blow.

"She didn't kiss Nigel." Pip's words were simple but effective, "Mommy, I was with her all day. She and Nigel have hardly talked to each other."

"Then why did she say that?" Jan was puzzled. She lowered the whip and looked at the crying girls bound to the bed. "Why?"

"Because she wanted you to get mad. She wanted you to have something to do besides worry about Patsy."

Jan dropped the whip on the bed. She knelt and removed the gag from a girl in considerable pain. "Why... You silly slavegirl!"

Donna just cried out her pain, tears running back the sides of her face.

"She knew you would get mad. And you would punish her, probably with the whip."

"Why didn't you say something?"

"I thought maybe it was a good idea," Pip replied simply.

"But you started getting too hard. You were going to cause injury."

Jan held Donna's head and kissed her full on the mouth.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I'm sorry," she said between kisses.

Somewhere the kisses stopped being signs of love and became signs of passion. An intense reservoir of emotions that had been finding release a moment before in anger now flooded out in love. Jan's mouth trailed kisses down Donna's neck to the breasts where her tongue teased the rigid nipples. Soon her kisses descended to the throbbing vagina where her tongue proved once again its talent for making another girl feel intense sensations. Donna was moaning, whether from pleasure or pain perhaps she didn't even know herself. Probably both. But soon she was arching her body upwards to meet that wonderful tongue and beg of it satisfaction. Donna panted and panted and wiggled her whole body in ecstasy as her mistress brought her closer and closer to orgasm.

Donna's eyes opened to behold Pip standing there, watching in amazement. "Pip..." the naked and bound girl panted, "come here." Then she beckoned with her tongue in an unmistakable invitation. Pip was out of her clothes in a flash and straddling Donna's head with her young legs. She put both hands under Donna's head and pulled it up to meet her young sex. Donna's tongue plunged immediately into Pip's private place, bringing a gasp of pleasure from the teenager. Sensing her own orgasm was very near, Donna hurried to bring Pip to a climax at the same time. But the slavegirl was too far down the road and she came with a muffled explosion of pleasure, her body going rigid and trembling. But her tongue kept lashing and her lips sucking until the teenager unleashed a loud gasp of her own and clamped Donna's head hard between her thighs.

For a long time, Donna was hardly aware of anything but the flashing lights and incredible pleasure in her body. When she came back to earth she was still tied at the end of the bed. Jan and Pip were lying on the bed, Pip's head buried between Jan's legs.

Later, when all were spent, Donna was untied. When Pip came to remove the ropes, Donna's arms were trembling from the strain of holding up the top of her body. All the ropes were removed save the last one binding the wrists together. In the mood she was in, Donna would probably have fought anyone who tried to remove what had become a part of her and she was fiercely proud of. She was a slave girl and a good one. Who else would sacrifice her body to save her mistress from mental distress? She was a slave and very much honored by her mistress. And her mistress' tongue.

All three girls rested, waiting for Nigel's return.

The night was warm and the stars shone down like brilliant, hard diamonds on the rocky mountain landscape. They were close enough to the desert to smell the dry air raising into the night sky, and high enough for the air to be thin and cold at night. Three figures were posed beside a Mercedes Benz, its lights off but its engine cracking and pinging as it radiated heat. One figure was a man. He sat in the car, his work over for now, awaiting the order to drive his mistress back to the brothel.

The second figure was a tall, darkly beautiful woman. She wore the traditional robes

of a desert tribe but in black. A veil covered the lower part of her face. She stood with her legs spread wide and hands on her hips.

The third figure was lying on her back on the ground. Each wrist was locked tightly in a handcuff, the other cuff of which was locked about an iron ring set in a cement block set in the ground. Each ankle was similarly secured to rings so she was spread-eagled on the hard, rocking ground.

"This is a caravan trail," said Natasha. "Does that surprise you? That camel caravans still plod these ancient desert trails? This country is as it always was and always will be." She picked up a handful of sand and let it run through her fingers. "The sand remains. It is timeless. As are the people who live on it."

The dark woman looked around. They were alone.

"Caravan's travel at night to avoid the heat of the day," she continued. "Perhaps there will be a caravan along tonight. Perhaps not. But do you know what will happen if one comes?" She laughed. "They will find a teenager girl chained on her back and with her arms and legs spread wide in invitation. She will be naked. She will be gagged so she cannot even protest her ravishment by a pack of dirty camel drivers.

"Do you know what a camel driver smells like? I know. When I was your age camel drivers were among the men who used my body. I know what they smell like." She paused to look around again. "Perhaps you will know before this night if over. I'm leaving you here. I'll be back in the morning. If you are found by a caravan, they will leave you here. They understand that sometime Madam Natasha leaves girls here. They don't know why but they use the girl and leave her. They won't unlock nor cut those handcuffs, You will be here in the morning."

She checked the straps on the gag, tightening up one that had loosened the slightest during the long drive from the brothel. "Sometimes I leave a rebellious girl here. A night in the desert is not pleasant for a naked and chained down girl. And if a caravan finds her, it is much more unpleasant, no? But sometimes I just leave a girl here as a gift to those who endlessly travel these wastelands."

Natasha turned back to the car. "Perhaps I don't even know why I do it," she said, perhaps to Patsy, perhaps to herself. But she did pause at the car to turn back to Patsy. "I'll see you in the morning, sweetness. Unless the jackals find you. There will be little left then."

The car door slammed and the wicked woman was gone.

Patsy jerked and pulled at the steel circlets holding her prisoner but to no avail. With the car headlights gone, the darkness closed in, only starlight as her company. That and whatever crawled, stalked or ran along the still warm sands. Patsy wanted to cry.

Nigel returned. He noticed the new marks on Donna's rump and breasts, now turning various shades of purple and blue and black, but said nothing about them.

"It's an incredible place inside," he began. "Any kind of bedroom, you've got it. Want a dungeon? You've got your choice of several. They even had one wall filled with different kinds of whips, more than I ever imagined. And your choice of twenty or thirty different girls. I saw a dozen different nationalities."

"But what about Patsy?" interjected Jan, nervously.

"No sign. At least she's not part of the regular inventory. I gave them the chance to offer her if they had her available. I described an American teenager type but the closest they could offer was a French girl I doubt was over thirteen years old. No, if Patsy's there, she's not part of the usual inventory."

Jan looked like she wanted to cry.

"Don't worry," Nigel continued. "We'll figure out something."

Jan's apprehension turned to anger. "And did you enjoy whipping and screwing that little French girl?"

Nigel's eyes turned hard. "Jan," he said slowly and carefully, "I know you're worried about Patsy. But I am a man. And I whip and screw any woman I want to, whenever I want to. You had better understand that."

The silence was absolute. For long seconds it drew out with Jan and Nigel locking eyes. Nigel was the one who finally broke it. "As it happens, I did not chose the French teenager. I picked a cute American girl who was about twenty-four. I whipped her ass enough for her to be in pain, then told her I'd stop and forgo the screwing if she would tell me anything she knew about the other Americans who were held prisoner. She described three other girls, but none were Patsy. She also said that she was kept to that one part of that building and didn't know what went on in the rest."

Jan put her head in her hands and started crying. Nigel put his arm around her. Donna stood up and motioned with her head for Pip to come with her to the bedroom. When they were out of the main room, Donna said, "Let's leave them alone." Pip looked like she was about to protest but then sighed and said nothing. "How would you like whipping my ass a bit?" Donna offered.

Pip smiled weakly. "Your bottom is pretty marked up already," she pointed out.

"Well, so are my breasts. Okay, how about you tie me up in some terribly uncomfortable position?"

"Okay." Pip seemed to brighten up a little at the prospect. What followed was not unusual for slavegirl Donna when at the hands of either or both of the twins. First a rope was tied to her neck collar. Then other ropes were used to bind her ankles and knees together, as tightly as the teenager girl could pull the ropes. Then Donna was placed in a sitting position on the bed with her legs straight out before her. The rope from her collar was passed through the cinch ropes of her knee bondage and back up to the collar's ring. Pip pulled that rope until Donna was forced to bend forward. Finally her chin was against her knees. Pip ran the rope back around the knee bondage and down to the ankles where she tied several firm knots, Donna was now lying on her side, doubled over. She expected Pip to bend her feet back under her and tie them to her wrists, making Donna nothing but a big, human, naked ball. But Pip didn't. Instead she tied one end of a rope to Donna's wrist ropes. Then she rolled Donna over on to her back and pulled her until she was positioned just right. Then Pip took the rope from her wrists and tied it taut to one corner leg of the bed. She then tied another rope to Donna's ankles and pulled that one up to the opposite corner of the bed. She pulled that rope as tightly as she could before tying it off.

When Pip stepped back, Donna was lying on her back, her legs pulled up and over her head and secured so she couldn't possibly unfold. Pip added a couple ropes from Donna's knees down to the other two corners of the bed and Donna was prevented from even rolling over on her side. It was certainly an awkward position. Donna had to wonder if Pip had plans for her bottom, which was a very vulnerable target, sticking right up and very taut. But Pip didn't fetch any riding crop. She didn't even seem inclined to spank the upturned bottom with her hand. Donna was to suffer purely from the tight bondage position she was in.

For a while Pip watched the television but there was only three channels and none in English. Leaving the TV on, she climbed up on the bed and straddled Donna's bound form. She lowered herself until she was sitting on Donna's legs, facing the TV which happened to also be the same direction as Donna's upturned bottom. After a few minutes she began running the tips of her fingers around Donna's pussy, teasing the bruised flesh. Before long she was doing more serious stroking and fingering of that part of the sex which was available. And before long Donna was moaning with pleasure and wiggling against the fingers tormenting her and the weight of the teenager sitting on her. As Donna approached an orgasm, Pip skillfully slacked off then withdrew her fingers. Donna moaned with frustration. Pip got off her and went into the bathroom. Donna shook with frustration then sighed. She was actually surprised to find her body so easily excited to orgasm after having experienced intense orgasms only a couple hours before. But she was young and healthy.

When Pip came back, she held a tube of tooth paste in her hand. And she had a wicked smile on her face. "Did you know that your pussy is sort of open when you're tied like that?" she asked sweetly.

"No, J didn't."

"And if someone wanted to put something inside that pussy, some demented, horrible person, they could?"

"I guess so."

"And if that evil person were to put something inside your pussy, something that irritated your sensitive parts, something that would make you itch, that you couldn't stop them, being all tied up the way you are?"

"Yes, Pip. I'm sure you're right."

Pip climbed on the bed and knelt before the upturned bottom. With the slender fingers of one hand she spread Donna's pussy lips apart and held them open. With the other she squeezed a goodly amount of the toothpaste into a place where toothpaste had never gone before. She smeared some up on Donna's clit. Then she returned the toothpaste to the bathroom.

Donna frowned. At first nothing seemed to be happening but... But within a minute she was experiencing a slight burning within her pussy. In two minutes the burning sensation was very real and had spread to her clit and either soft, moist tissue in that general area. After three minutes the burning was growing with every passing second and an itching had started to go along with it. By the end of five minutes Donna understood all too well the nature of Pip's torture and that it would be very effective,

"Pip, please gag me," she pleaded, "I'm burning and itching and it's going to

drive me crazy, I'm afraid I'll make too much noise if I'm not gagged."

Pip, seeing that Donna was very sincere, fetched the strap gag with the huge rubber wad. Donna actually helped the gag by opening her mouth as wide as she could. With the gag in place, she nodded her thanks to Pip and went back to trying to ignore a terrible burning in her sex. It felt as if the whole sex, deep inside her and all around her vagina, was on fire. And itched. Her fingers flexed as she wished she could just reach her tormented vagina. By the end of half an hour, she was struggling fiercely against the ropes and whining pitifully. She shook her bottom and stretched her fingers towards her inflamed loins but that was all she could do. Several times she tried to roll on her side but the ropes defeated her. Pip was very good at making another girl a complete and very secured prisoner.

"Patsy and I found out about the toothpaste," Pip informed. Donna strained to ignore the terrible fire and listen. "We wondered what could be put into a girl to make her feel more helpless when she's tied down. We tried lots of things but toothpaste seems to work very well. And it's always around."

Donna was at the point where she could stand no more. She began making pleading sounds through the gag and looking pitifully at Pip. If Pip and Patsy had experimented with this torture, then she must surely understand just how horrible it was. A girl could go crazy from this torture!

But Pip just watched her slavegirl suffer, occasionally telling Donna how beautiful she was when she struggled. After about an hour the fire diminished slowly. At the two hour mark all that was left was a smoldering warmth. Donna, on the other hand, was a very exhausted girl. Constant struggling against tight bondage can exhaust a girl. Most of the times when Donna was bound up by the twins, she was left alone. The bondage was often very uncomfortable but rarely was there enough pain to make her constantly struggle for escape. This had been different. The burn in her sex was terrible and she couldn't help herself from straining to reach and touch that part. Nor could she stop from jerking and twisting her body in restless efforts to do something.

Pip untied Donna when she knew that the toothpaste had exhausted its potency and the girl it tormented. Leaving only Donna's hands bound behind her, she took the slavegirl to the bathroom and gave her a loving bath in warm, scented water. Later, it was an exhausted Donna who fell into bed and instantly to sleep. Pip slept with her, the youthful naked body pressed against Donna's and her arms around the slave she loved.

Dawn comes to the desert with beauty. Delicate shades of pink and lavender tint the eastern sky while brilliant stars are still shining down on the barren landscape. Patsy looked up from her imprisonment on the hard ground and was grateful for the coming of the day. She shivered in the pre-dawn cold but was inwardly glad that no caravans had passed that way to ravish her naked and helpless body. No jackals to tear the flesh from her body. But there had been other creatures, all small and crawly. At one point she was sure that it was a scorpion which crawled up between her legs, past her pussy, across her tummy, and stood for a while on one breast. The dim outline she could see in the starlight looked huge and menacing to the frightened teenager. She had frozen with fear and eventually the sharp, tiny claws crawled away into the dark.

The car came shortly after the blazing yellow sun lifted above the black hills. No Madam Natasha, just a chauffeur to unlock her handcuffs and fetch the nude girl back to Madam Natasha's. She rode with hands handcuffed behind her back and

ankles handcuffed together, and was glad for the warmth in the car. She didn't know what today would bring but she was glad to get away from a night tilled with nightmares and terrible fears.

"Okay, here's what I've found out," Nigel announced as he poured himself a drink of straight whiskey from the small bar. "I hired a man to find out everything he could about our Madam Natasha. Sort of a detective, although they don't have any such profession over here. He talked to people who should know about the activities around her brothel." He paused to take another drink. "Found out some interesting things about this Natasha's routines. But, unfortunately, nothing about Patsy. There are, however, certain habits or routines that this woman follows. For one thing, she always comes into the city here on the first day of the month, She has a conference with a couple of the big wigs here, then drives back out to her brothel. That's about the only time she leaves the place, except for trips to other countries to buy slavegirls," He paused for another drink.

"Except for one other time. From what can be picked up, this Natasha enjoys torturing slaves, be they male or female." There was a gasp from Jan. "She especially likes to have an American girl around to play with. And one of the games she likes to do is to take her current slavegirl out into the desert and leave her in some kind of bondage for a day or a night. When she does that, she usually takes only a driver and the slavegirl."

Nigel sighed. "But my man says that when she goes into the desert or the mountains for these games, she's very careful, often doubling back and stopping to observe for someone following. He talked to one of her former drivers. He also told me that there are apparently a dozen places or more where she plays these 'outdoor games' and has no set pattern so she won't be predictable. He didn't think that we would be able to follow her without her knowing it."

"So, what do we do?" asked Jan nervously.

"Well... I have an idea." Nigel drained the glass. "I've arranged for a twenty-four watch to be put on the brothel. We know what car she takes from her driver. Next time she leaves for the great outdoors, we'll know. Then we..."

Nigel outlined his plan. It was simple and might work.

9

The Plan

All four of the people in the large 4X4 were silent as the vehicle sped down the paved road towards Madam Natasha's brothel. Nigel drove with Jan sitting beside him. He wore casual clothes that obviously were expensive. Jan wore a khaki suit that looked like a uniform without insignia. In the back seat, Donna sat next to Pip and wore the same type of outfit. Their outfits included rugged boots that would serve them well in the desert. Pip was covered with a blanket under which she was naked and well bound up.

After twenty minutes the vehicle pulled off the road. After a short drive it pulled up behind another vehicle near the top of a ridge. Nigel exited and dropped to all four as he crawled up to join another man who was lying on his stomach at the top of the small hill. Apparently this was Nigel's spy. After a minute Nigel came back.

"She's come back," he said. "That was twenty minutes ago. From the total amount of time she was gone, he estimates she went only a couple miles. He thinks he saw a naked girl being loaded into the trunk in the courtyard so this is probably one of her little games going on. It will be dark in a couple of hours so probably she has left the girl out there for the night. Apparently she enjoys leaving naked girls chained out in the desert all night."

"But was it Patsy?" demanded Jan.

"Don't know for sure. He only saw a glimpse of the girl being loaded into the trunk through binoculars."

Jan looked very nervous. Getting this close was harder on her than waiting back in Big Bear had been.

"We should wait about half an hour and then make our move."

Jan looked like she wanted to argue but held back. Sensing that Jan needed something to do or she would go crazy waiting, he suggested, "Why don't you secure Donna? She has to stay here while I go down. Tie her up nice and tight but make sure that we can pick her up real fast when we have to go."

Jan bit her lip but obeyed. Donna was escorted around to the back of the 4X4. Jan produced some rope from a bag in the back and turned Donna around to bind her hands crossed behind her back. She then wrapped a lot of rope around Donna's arms and chest, outlining her large breasts and pinning her arms tightly to her. "How's that?" she asked when the final knot was done.

"I won't be getting out of it," replied Donna honestly.

"Pretty tight. But at least I'm not naked." She knew that if this were just one of Jan's little games, she most certainly would have been naked out here in the desert. Just then Nigel called Jan and she went to the front of the vehicle. Donna looked around at the barren landscape and shivered. This would be a terrible place to have to spend the entire night. Behind them the hill faded away to a desert of rolling low hills stretching out to the hazy horizon. Over the top of their hill, Donna could see snowcapped mountains not too many miles away. Being ignored by Nigel and Jan, she walked around a bit, kicking rocks here and there but finally came back to the 4X4. She sat in the back and talked to Pip.

Before she knew it, Nigel was getting in and ordering Donna out. With Jan sitting beside him, Nigel put the vehicle in gear and left with a small shower of rocks behind the wheels. Donna sighed and walked towards the man who was still lying on the ground. As she got near the top she lowered herself until finally she rolled over on her hip and then onto her stomach to wiggle up the last few feet. When she got there, the man a dark skinned Arab with a mustache, looked at her, studied the way her arms were bound for a few seconds, noted how her breasts were squashed by the ropes and the hard ground, then turned back to watching the big white house below through his binoculars.

Donna could see the brothel easily enough. A moment later the 4X4 came into view, drove up to the gate and into the courtyard. After that she couldn't see it. Donna sighed nervously. Then she turned to the man lying next to her and asked, "Seen any good movies lately?"

Nigel casually stepped out of the 4X4, stretched, walked around to the passenger side, and looked around. An attendant dressed in some kind of Arabian costume came forward to greet him. He stood close to the vehicle, forcing the attendant to come near himself. Just as the man was about to make a polite inquiry as to what he could do for Nigel, a carefully staged event happened. Pip shook slightly and the blanket slid off her shoulders, revealing bare young breasts and lots of rope tightly binding her. Jan, who was sitting in the front seat, instantly snarled and got out. She was carrying a short assault rifle which she put on the seat. Then she opened the back door, slapped Pip across the face. As the teenage girl fell over to the seat, she pulled the blanket off her and ordered her to keep silent. Then she resumed her seat in the front, the assault rifle casually resting in her hands.

The attendant could not fail to see the little show but said nothing. Nor did he seem surprised to see an apparently naked and bound up teenager American girl in the back seat of the car. As if to cover up the whole thing, Nigel took the man's arm and began walking towards the big front doors, talking as he did about some of the girls he had seen the last time her was there. The attendant listened to him, offering suggestions as to which of their many beautiful girls might best suit his tastes.

Behind them Jan continued to guard what was obviously Nigel's prisoner.

Twenty minutes later Donna saw the 4X4 leave the brothel.

She wiggled back from the ridge and awkwardly got to her feet. A couple minutes later the vehicle came to a dusty halt beside her.

"Did it work?" was her immediate question.

"Hope so," said Nigel. "Everything went according to plan. Let's just hope that the attendant saw enough to think that this was Patsy. And that he tells Madame Natasha that some American has her slavegirl tied up in the back of his truck. And that Natasha does what we hope she will do."

He stopped to take a drink out of a canteen. "A lot of ifs." Five minutes later the Arab reported that Madam Natasha's car was rushing away from the brothel. Pip had already been untied and dressed. Donna was thrown into the back seat with her arms still bound but no one seemed to notice. And Donna, being a good slavegirl, didn't say anything. They took off in a cloud of dust.

"Did you really screw a girl while we were waiting?" asked Jan of Nigel, apparently continuing a conversation they had been engaged in before Donna was picked up.

"Had to. That's what I was supposed to be there for, wasn't I?"

"We're trying to rescue Patsy, not play around with the hussies in a whorehouse!"

"It would have looked funny if I didn't do something there," Nigel insisted. Part of him was concentrating on following the black Mercedes Benz but not too closely. But he turned and grinned at Jan, "Besides, they had this new girl, a cute little Swede. All blonde hair and big boobs."

Jan sat in a sulky silence the rest of the drive, wondering if Nigel was telling the

truth.

Madam Natasha's Mercedes Benz stopped half way up a boulder strewn canyon, She got out of the car and hurried along a dusty path a short distance. When she arrived she found what she did not expect to see.

Patsy, naked and chained up like Andromeda, was still there. The teenage girl was lying on her back on a rounded boulder, her arms straight over her head, locked in handcuffs extremely tight about her wrists. From the handcuffs, another chain ran down the backside of the boulder to a ring set in concert. Each of her ankles was also tightly locked in one cuff of a pair of handcuffs, the other part being locked through another ring set in the ground. Since the rock was not huge, the unfortunate girl was arched backwards enough to put strain on every part of her body.

Patsy raised her head with difficulty. "Forget something?" she asked sarcastically.

Natasha ignored the girl. For a long time she stood there, hands on her hips, studying the chained down girl and deep in thought. When the report reached her, she had gone to the courtyard herself. Without being seen by the female guard in the vehicle, she had been able to confirm that the girl in the back seat was indeed the American girl she had bought not long before. But here was the girl, still chained, still helpless. It was puzzling.

Suddenly Natasha's head snapped up. "Twins!" she uttered in disgust. There had been two of them at the slave trader's. Two of them. She had forgotten until now. She would have bought both of them but an American had already bought one. Natasha turned to go.

"If you would be so kind as to stand still."

Natasha's head snapped up to see Nigel standing on the path before her, a deadly looking 45 automatic in his hand. When she looked beyond him, she could see her driver leaning against the car, arms and legs spread wide in what the police call "the position," and guarded by Jan holding the assault rifle. Walking along the trail was the girl Natasha had mistaken for her new slavegirl, the twin to Patsy.

Both teenage girls let out with a cry, and Pip rushed past Natasha to embrace her sister. Quickly they were both crying with joy.

"... So you, see, Rashad should not have ever had the girls if Margaret had not kidnapped all four of them in the first place." Nigel was explaining to Natasha. Pip had been freed from her rock and was donning clothing they had brought along for her. Jan was taking turns hugging Patsy and then Pip. The driver was sitting on the ground, one hand handcuffed to one of the rings. Natasha was also handcuffed but only her wrists behind her back. She seemed to ignore the minor restriction as beneath her.

"I do not agree. A slavegirl bought is a slavegirl owned. It matters not how or where she came from. I own that girl."

Nigel shook his head. "Well, I'm taking back this slavegirl."

Natasha looked Donna up and down, noting not only the ropes still holding her arms tightly to her body, but that body also, noting it with an expert's eye. "Is this girl your slave?" she asked.

"Sort of, Jan's actually."

"I will trade you. Take that teenager and leave me this woman."

Natasha actually made it sound like a reasonable request and one she fully expected to be accommodated.

Donna looked quickly at Nigel, suddenly afraid that he might just decide to do that. He had Jan and the twins back, did he really need a fourth girl?

"No deal. I take all the girls." He grinned at this powerful woman. "Consider yourself lucky I don't take you, too." He paused to let the words sink in. Natasha's eyes narrowed a bit but that was all the reaction he got out of her. He shrugged and knelt down to attach another of the handcuffs to Natasha's ankles. "It's only a few miles back to your brothel. You'll be able to walk it. Might take you all night with those ankles chained but there's the breaks. By the time you get there, we'll be long gone from your delightful country."

He took the assault rifle from where Jan had set it and walked to the front of the Mercedes. A short burst cut one front tire to ribbons. When he finished with all four tires, he emptied the weapon into the dashboard and engine. No one would be driving this Mercedes.

Tossing the empty weapon in the back of his 4X4, Nigel asked the girls to get in. All hurried to obey. Nigel waved a friendly hand in Natasha's direction then got in himself. But he had driven only a few feet down the canyon when he stopped the vehicle. "Wait here," he said, then got out.

Natasha was still standing in the dust when he reached her.

Jan watched out the back window but all she could see was Nigel talking. They were too far away for her to hear. Natasha showed no reaction to his words, and Jan wondered what was going on. If it had been left up to her, this bitch who had tortured her daughter would be a rotting corpse for the buzzards to pick on. But Nigel had prevailed, pointing out that this woman was simply doing what was natural in her culture. And that Jan had herself kidnapped Donna and keep her as a slavegirl. And wasn't some of those things done to her by the twins torture, or pretty close to it?

Jan turned her head back to Patsy and missed when Nigel took Natasha's head in his hands and kissed her full on the lips. Donna saw it in the rear view mirror but said nothing.

Then Nigel was back and they were driving for the airport.

10

Tying Up Loose Ends

Jan's home was dusty but very good to be back to. Jan and the twins were overjoyed to be back and made no attempt to hide it. Donna, having had her hands crossed and tied behind her back in the car after leaving the airport, was back to normal. She was sure that very soon her clothes would be taken from her and she would be

completely back to normal.

Nigel was the only one not sharing in the joy. He sat on a couch, deep in thought. Finally, as Jan was announcing that she was going to fire up the kitchen for dinner, he stood and went to Jan. "I've got some things to do. Important things." Jan looked disappointed. "I'll be back. But there is something that has to be done. You go ahead and get things back the way you want them. We'll talk about... About us."

Jan nodded, apparently words failing her. Nigel kissed her gently and left.

Donna lost her clothes before dinner, the twins saw to that.

All four enjoyed the food and the twins took Donna downstairs to the big room for a little torture before bedtime. They put her on the Horse. Only for a little while, just half an hour. But it was enough to make Donna feel she was home. It also hurt her pussy considerably but she tried not to protest or cry out too loudly. Later, after the twins returned to let her down, she was taken to Jan's bedroom. There, naked and with her hands bound behind her back, she shared the bed of her mistress, servicing her with a lust and vigor that soon had her mistress gasping in ecstasy. Afterwards, her ankles were tied together and she slept happily beside her mistress.

The next day a phone call came for Jan. She listened, then sent the twins to fetch Donna from the tree in the garden they had lashed her to right after breakfast. Donna was dressed but with her hands handcuffed behind her back. Then all four got into Jan's car and drove over to Margaret Summers' house.

Inside, down in the dungeon, they found Margaret. The woman showed every sign of a struggle. Her hair was in disarray, there were some bruises on her arms and other marks that made it look as if her clothes had been torn from her body. She was completely naked and well bound when the girls walked in on her. Nigel was standing to one side, supervising the binding of Margaret's assistant, Julie. The beautiful black girl was also naked and had been bound with arms behind her back, elbows corded tightly together, and legs tied at knees and ankles. Nigel and another man were about to put her into one of the shipping boxes that had been used when Donna and Jan were kidnapped. The girl had just been bent over and the strap over her body was being tightened down to squash her to the bottom of the box.

That job finished, Nigel and the man approached Margaret. Beside her lay a second box, open and waiting. Margaret was gagged with a rubber wad and strap gag that effectively prevented any loud noises and made speech an impossibility. She was obviously mad as hell and all present were certain those were terrible oaths and curses she was uttering into her gag. She had been bound as with Julie, arms behind her with elbows together, legs together. Being a big woman and very strong, it was a struggle to get her into the box. Jan even helped.

"Margaret was the last loose end," said Nigel as he pulled savagely on the strap, crushing Margaret down. "If we didn't do something about her, she would just kidnap you and the twins again. And Donna. This woman is a menace. There would be no way you could keep her from extracting what she undoubtedly thinks of as justified revenge, Probably on you and the twins, but also me for being the one who took you and Donna from her."

"What are you doing with her?" asked Pip.

Nigel pointed to a label on the box lid. It was a shipping label and the address was

Madam Natasha's brothel. "She's going where she won't every get free. She'll be Natasha's pet slavegirl until Natasha tires of her. Then she'll spend the rest of her life in the brothel, pleasing men every day. I'm sure the Arab gentlemen will enjoy whipping this well-built American woman before they fuck the hell out of her." That was greeted with a muffled scream from the bound woman in the open box. "Margaret Summers will disappear. Just like you did, Jan."

Nigel patted her bottom and then put the lid on the box. It was quickly screwed down.

"Sort of justice, no?" asked Nigel, smiling.

Jan looked at the box containing her former friend and more recent enemy. Then she nodded agreement. "And Julie? What are you going to do to her?"

"Same thing. Natasha will know what to do with her."

"Nigel.. Jan searched for the right words. "Julie hurt us. She put us in some terrible bondage. She even tortured us. But it was all at the command of Margaret. And she was kind to us when she could be. Could you give her something beside a life of pain and degradation in a brothel?"

"That's what you want?"

"Yes. She doesn't deserve the same as Margaret."

"Done," said Nigel. He unscrewed the lid on Julie's box and unbuckled the strap holding her down. He and the man he had hired to help him, lifted the frightened girl from the box and sat her on the floor. But they didn't untie her or ungag her.

"I expect Julie has someplace she would like to go to? Some place far from here?" The black girl nodded. "Good. And I expect that there is enough cash or jewelry around here to settle her wages?" Again Julie nodded. "Good. Then we'll leave her here. She'll stay tied and a prisoner for one day, Then Bill here will come back and untie her, and she'll be free. I'm doing it this way to make sure that she doesn't suddenly have an attack of some sort of loyalty to Margaret and try to call the police to stop Margaret from being shipped out of the country." Julie was shaking her head to let all know that she wouldn't do that. Or maybe she was saying that she didn't want to be left alone for twenty-four hours bound like she was. Either way, Nigel ignored her.

"By the way, Natasha is expecting her. I'll call her as soon as Margaret is on the plane. She'll be waiting. I doubt Margaret will be in that box more than two days before Natasha gets her hands on her." He paused then added, "She'll probably wish she were back in the box before Natasha is finished with her."

Jan seemed pleased with the way things were turning out.

Before she lead the twins and Donna out, she whispered in Nigel's ear then kissed him.

With the girls gone, Nigel and the other man carried Julie down the hall to a small room with bird cage like cages hanging from the ceiling. When they left, Julie was crammed into one of the cages, and swaying in the air near the ceiling. They turned

off the lights before they left. Apparently Jan was grateful to Julie for small favors, but not too grateful.

There was the swish of leather flashing through the air followed by a female scream of pain. Then a second swish and cry.

"That is simply to show you that I can do it," said Nigel as he tossed the whip down. Jan, who was the recipient of the two hard and painful lashes across her bottom, looked up into the eyes of this man she loved. Her arms were bound behind her back, the wrists crossed and the elbows linked with tight ropes but not touching. It was a firm bondage and inescapable but one that this naked woman could wear for a long time with no problems. She had been kneeling with her head touching the floor, bottom sticking up in the air for the two strokes. Now she rose and shuffled around on her knees so she was facing Nigel. Her ankles being bound together made it a little slow to do.

"Yes, Master," Jan said in a quiet voice. All those present knew that she meant it.

Then Jan crawled forward towards the now sitting Nigel until she was between his legs. Nigel, like all those in the dungeon room beneath Jan's house, was naked. Jan crawled until her face was almost touching Nigel's rigid male rod. Jan smiled up at her man, then took the female-satisfying tool into her soft, warm mouth. Slowly she began sliding her mouth up and down the huge rod. Nigel leaned farther back in his chair and had a very satisfied grin on his face.

The twins watched from the vantage point of two tiny cages swinging near the ceiling. There were Pip's and Patsy's bird cages from Margaret's and held the naked and previously bound girls quite tightly. Both girls had been bound into balls with very tight ropes, elbows together behind their backs, legs tight together before they had been doubled up. Nigel was well aware of their abilities as escape artists and had made sure that they would not be freeing themselves this evening. Both girls were gagged, too.

Donna, on the other hand, was not tied into a ball and was not locked inside an iron-barred cage. She was astride the Horse with it's sharp wooden edge cutting into the soft flesh of her sex. Her arms were bound together, elbows touching, and raised high behind her, forcing the girl to bend forward. Her legs were pulled wide apart and bound that way so all her weight was upon her pussy. She was also gagged. And she had been bound so that she faced the place where Nigel was demonstrating his domination over Jan.

"Things will be like this," he continued as Jan worked his manhood deep into her mouth. "I'm the Master. No arguments, no hassle. But under me, Jan is second in command. The twins come next. And then Donna. Donna is a slavegirl and will stay that way the rest of her life. She is Jan's slavegirl."

Through the pain and agony of her outrageous bondage and punished pussy, Donna still managed to smile. She was still Jan's slave and that was all that mattered. She might not like Jan being submissive to Nigel but she had no say in that matter.

"The twins may use Donna as they wish," he continued in a lordly manner. "Jan will take care of that, as she always has. I will respect their tender ages and not use the twins as a man uses a woman." Donna thought she heard sighs from the bird cages. "At least not for a few years."

Jan was working a little faster now. "Donna, of course, being a slavegirl, I will use as I wish." That brought a muffled little cry of protest from Jan. But she did not allow his penis to slide out of her mouth. Nigel looked down at her. "I am the man around here. I've told you this before. I screw whatever woman I want, where ever and whenever. And however. And I will whip and punish any girl I wish. Understand?" His words were gentle but all could tell he meant them sincerely.

Jan nodded her head, which also served to resume her oral attentions of his manhood.

Nigel smiled. "Good. I think we're all beginning to understand each other."

Donna whined a little, not wanting to but the ache of that wooden edge cutting into her was horrible. She had been told that she would spend the entire night astride the Horse, an incredible eternity of suffering for any girl. Yet she felt only love for this man who had helped them so much. And a little tingle of excitement at the thought that he might be screwing her. She might feel guilt that all her sexual activities were not directed towards her beloved mistress, but Nigel was all man and Donna sincerely wished she were the one paying homage to that rod with her mouth.

When Nigel stood up and untied Jan's ankles, Donna whined in frustration mixed with her pain. Then he lifted his woman to her feet, sat back down, then pulled her down over his shaft so that she was sitting on his lap, his shaft deeply impaled inside her. Her breasts were pressed hard against his chest and his arms were wrapped around her bound arms. She had thrown her head back and gasped aloud as her sheath had been invaded.

When he began bouncing Jan upon his shaft, Donna whined in pure frustration. She was in physical pain and emotional agony at seeing what her mistress was getting and she wanted so badly.

But it was such a lovely agony.

BOUND ANKLES

BY F. E. CAMPBELL

In his book *Bound Wrists*, Frank Campbell introduced us to a young woman who discovers her own submissive nature when she is kidnapped by her aunt and Auntie Jan's darling but mischievous teenager daughters, Pip and Patsy. The trio keep Donna prisoner and begin training her as a slavegirl, constantly keep in restraints of some kind, often painful and contorted bondage positions, and punished almost daily. Some punishment she earned, but most was simply because the twins loved to hurt this beautiful young woman with the magnificent body.

In this sequel, we follow new adventures of this natural slavegirl as she and her mistress Jan, and the twins, are kidnapped by an evil woman who promptly sells off the twins to a slave trader, keeping Jan for daily punishments, and Donna for daily sessions of lesbian lovemaking in her bed. And punishments.

Rescued by a man she hates, Jan goes on a mission to find her daughters. This adventure leads her from a hunting lodge in Canada to the barren mountains of a Middle Eastern country where slavegirls are commonplace, and Patsy has been become the property of the sadistic Madam Natasha.

There are lot's of whippings, painfully tight bondage, punishment of soft female flesh, and tortures galore—just as you'd expect from an F. E. Campbell novel.

The vintage cover illustration, by the late Robert Bishop, has been selected from the HOM archives.