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VALLEY OF CAPTIVE MAIDENS



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Hit 207

Valley of Captive Maidens

by F. E. Campbell

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A Hit Book

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1

Captured!

Arizona Territory-1870

I know I made a mistake. I should have never teased that new hired hand. If I had acted more like the proper daughter of a wealthy landholder, I would not be riding to who knows where, my hands bound behind my back, my ankles tied to the stirrups, and my blouse torn enough to expose one breast. Well, partly expose it. I also wouldn't be hot, thirsty, and kidnapped.

It was all innocent enough. There was this new hand on the ranch. Well, let me explain that my father, Reinholt Walters, owns about the biggest spread west of the Pecos: cattle, horses, and plenty of land. Which makes him about the richest man around in a country where it is the land that makes the man rich. I'm his only daughter, Brenda. And, so long as I'm filling you in, I'm 19 years old, very pretty (all the men say so), and have a figure that takes after my mother, and she was a knock-out, believe me! And I'm a trouble maker, and a real head-ache to my poor father. But he loves me anyway.

The new hand was a drifter but not a saddle bum. I could tell that right away. His clothes were worn but not ragged. And that big 44 hanging on his hip in its low holster tied down was not the gun of a saddle tramp. But he came along, asking for a job, and the foreman, Mark, took a liking to him and hired him. Marlow was his name. I never did catch his last name, just Marlow. Sort of handsome in a rugged way, with that strong jaw and those really deep blue eyes. And I didn't fail to notice that lean, hard body. He was maybe ten years older than I, but who says a girl can't look at older men?

As I bounced along on this gray, my wrists hurting where they were bound by tight rawhide, the hot sun burning down on me, I thought about my mistake. It was two nights before, after dinner. It was hot and I took a little walk down by the creek where the air would be cooler. There I found Marlow, just sitting by the creek, tossing stones into the water. I don't know what he was thinking about but his thoughts were sure somewhere else. I walked up and began talking to him.

Now Dad always says that I talk too much, so I'll try to make this short. I talked. He talked, well sort of. Mostly he just answered my questions without really telling me anything about himself. And I flirted. Dad also always says that I wear clothing that reveals too much. Well, I have this really nice pair of breasts and what girl doesn't like having men admire her? Maybe it was because I had already turned nineteen and was still a virgin. Most of the girls I knew were certainly not virgins by that ripe old age, hell, most were married and working on their second kid. But that just wasn't the kind of life I wanted. Oh, sure, I figured that I'd settle down one day and raise a family -- Dad sure dropped enough hints that he was expecting that. But not at nineteen. There was just too much of life to be seen.

Well, see? I told you that Dad says I talk too much.

Getting back to Marlow, I sort of let him see a fair amount of my breasts when I leaned forward. And I sort of swished my hips a bit too much, you know what I mean? It was exciting to tease this big man. He was older than I, seemed so experienced in the ways of the world, and was quite intriguing to a girl who had grown up on a ranch and never seen any big cities at all. I guess I over did it with showing off. He didn't do anything that evening. But I knew he saw what I was flaunting what I had in the evening light. Could hardly miss it. And I could feel him undressing me with his eyes, like he could see every part of my body under that blouse and skirt. It sent a tingly, exciting feeling down my spine as those eyes devoured my body! Of such things are the thoughts of a nineteen year old girl filled.

Like I said, he didn't do anything that evening. But I know that was when he decided to kidnap me. At least I think it was then. The next night, I was taking my walk down by the creek, sort of expecting to find him there again, but he was nowhere in sight. I sighed and was about to return to the house when a hand suddenly clamped over my mouth and another one grabbed my wrist.

I was dragged back into the bushes a ways, unable to utter a word or fight those strong hands. A voice in my ear told me not to struggle and I wouldn't get knocked over the head with a gun. You have to know that I was not one of those girls who subscribed to the theory that rape is a "fate worse than death." It wasn't the way I had hoped to loose my virginity, but it wasn't the end of the world either. Still, I really didn't want to be raped, so I was getting ready to kick whoever this was in the balls and run when I heard a terrible sound. The hammer of a 44 being cocked.

Suddenly I saw the wisdom of cooperating. Guns scare me, always have. Oh, I know how to shoot one and can hit what I aim for ... Well, most of the time. But they're so loud! And having grown up on a ranch, I've seen what a 44 bullet can do to an animal -- or a man. I had no desire to argue with a 44. So I stood there, making only tiny whining sounds through clenched lips, while a strange man tied my hands together with a rawhide strip. They were bound really tight and expertly. Then a cloth was shoved into my mouth and tied in place with another, shorter length of rawhide. I was then picked up and carried away from my home.

I recognized then who it was. There was enough light to see Marlow's ruggedly handsome face, set firm with determination. His arms were very strong as he held me and carried me through the bushes to the waiting horses. I was put on one and my ankles tied to the stirrups. Then he mounted his horse and led me off into the night.

We followed the valley for a while, sticking to the main road. That would, I knew, make it harder for

anyone to track us. There was simply too many horses coming and going for even a good tracker to follow. Then, after darkness had descended in full, we turned off towards the Saguro Mountains. Later, after the moon had risen, we turned again, this time towards the desert.

The rawhide holding in my gag was untied and the cloth allowed to come out of my mouth only after quite a while of riding, when we reached the edge of the big desert.

"Why are you kidnapping me?" I asked in what I thought was a reasonable tone of voice.

"Money," he responded. Somehow that answer made me feel both better and worse. "Your dad is pretty rich. He'll pay good money to get his daughter back."

I couldn't argue with that. At least the part about Dad having money. But as to whether he would pay it or not... Well, that I wasn't too sure about. My Dad loved me but he hated being forced into anything. My first reaction was that he would rather chase down this hired hand than pay money.

But there was a part of me, so long as I'm being honest, that was a little sad. Rape, ravishment, and sex weren't the reason, only money. I guess I was disappointed. Being a virgin isn't easy.

We didn't take our next break of the day until nearly noon, when the sun was becoming too much to take. He detoured towards a few scraggly scrub bushes in one depression and there tethered the horses. He untied my ankles from the stirrups and helped me down. I was very aware of his strong hands upon my waist, as much aware as I was that my hands were tied behind my back where I could do nothing with them. The idea that this man could do anything he wished to my body was both frightening and stimulating.

But ravishing my body wasn't on the agenda. Instead he strung a blanket between two bushes and allowed me to sit on the ground in the bit of shade thus created. It wasn't much, but it helped. Then he gave me water from the canteen. I notice that each horse carried two canteens and deduced that he had planned this kidnapping carefully.

"I don't know if my Dad will pay you any money," I said, partly just to get the conversation going.

"He will."

"Could you untie my hands? We're far from the ranch and they hurt."

"No."

"But they hurt. Couldn't you please untie them? I'll be good. And where can I run to?"

He didn't answer, only took some water himself and then stood to look around, scanning the horizon in all directions. All I could see were hazy mountains in the distance. I hoped he knew where he was going. Then I asked a question that had been on my mind for a while, "Are we in Mexico?"

"Crossed the border a while back," he grunted. That wasn't good, I thought. I vaguely remembered something about US lawmen not being able to cross the boarder.

I looked down to where a couple buttons had popped open on my blouse but thought better of asking him to button them. It would be better, I thought, not to let his hands get too close to my breasts. Besides, there was a tear that showed a patch of bare skin where even having the buttons done would not help.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"I know a hiding place."

He packed the canteen back on my horse.

"My father will track you down." I tried to make it a statement, not a threat. No use getting

him mad at me.

"He'll try. He can get some Apaches. They're good. But by the time they follow us, I plan to be somewhere they can't go."

"And what's going to happen to me?"

"I'll keep you captive. A letter will be sent to him, telling him how to pay for your return. When he turns over the money, I'll let you go."

"And if he doesn't?" Marlow looked down at me and I felt very small and vulnerable. "There are any number of rich Mexican landlords and petty dictators down here who would pay good money for an American girl. Especially such a pretty one."

"Why the hell would a Mexican pay for me?"

"To make you his slave." That answer sent shivers racing down my spine despite the heat of the day. I was pretty naïve about some things in the world but it didn't take much to know that men liked to use women for sex. You can be a virgin and still know what sex is.

"If you let me go, I promise I'll send you money." He didn't bother to answer what was a silly statement anyway. Then my impish nature got the better of me and I asked, "Is that all you're going to do to me? Hold me captive?"

Marlow stood over me, casting an additional shadow across my face. He looked huge to me as I sat there on the ground with my hands bound behind me. "Depends," was all he said.

While I was wondering what kind of an answer that was, he was rolling up the blanket. Rest stop over. He helped me back up onto the horse, one of my father's, I noted, and we began a slow trek across the sands. It was early summer, only June but very hot. A little later in the year the heat prevented anyone from traveling that wasteland. I noted that he had not tied my ankles to the stirrups but didn't see where that helped me much. My hands were still tightly bound behind me and the reins from my horse were tied to his saddle pommel. I could have jumped down but what would that do me? Even if I could get away, the idea of being lost in this desert with my hands tied behind me wasn't pleasant.

By evening the horses and myself were exhausted. The heat sapped our strength out and several times I almost fell from the saddle. I couldn't understand how he kept on going. When the sun touched the horizon, we were a lot closer to the mountains that had danced before us in the heat haze all day. For a long time he stood up in his saddle on top the highest sand dune he could find, scanning the horizon. Apparently satisfied that pursuit was not close, he made for a depression.

A small camp fire was allowed, just some twigs from dead bushes. The smoke rising up could not be seen in the night sky, and the sand dunes around us hid the light. After tethering the horse, he spread a blanket on the ground and suggested I sit down. Once again, I suggested that he untie my hands. "They really hurt. I won't run away," I promised.

Dinner was beef jerky and cold beans from a can. He made coffee in a small pot over the fire. It wasn't much but I was awful hungry and ate everything he held up to my lips. I think I would have knelt down and licked up food from a plate like a dog, so hungry was I. Hot water from a canteen washed down the food.

He had two blankets, one I was sitting on and one that he unrolled from back of his saddle. "How am I suppose to hold the blanket around me with my hands tied like this?" I asked what I thought was a reasonable question. His reply was to knell down and pull my feet together. Suddenly my ankles were being tied with another rawhide strip, rather tightly. "What?" I protested. "Hey, don't do that." And then, in obvious understatement, "You're not a nice man."

"And you're not going to be kicking me or running away during the night."

I couldn't disagree with that. But it still didn't explain how I was going to wrap myself in the blanket.

He plopped down a saddle to use as a pillow and lay down on the same blanket I was sitting on. Suddenly his hands were gripping my arms and I was pulled down beside him. One leg covered over my bound legs and held me down while his hands covered us both with the second blanket. Carefully he tucked that in every place he could. When he settled down, we were both on our sides with his front up against my back, one arm was over me with the hand resting almost on my breast. His leg held down my legs. The blanket covered most of us. I could feel his hard body against mine and knew a thrill of sexual excitement. Just his body against mine would have been stimulating, but my being bound hand and foot somehow added greatly to that excitement. I lay as still as I could, trying not to reveal that both my heart beating and breathing were faster than they should be.

But it had been a long day and I was tired. For a while I watched the glow of the fire die down, then the millions of cold, hard stars shinning down on us. Body heat kept us both warm as the night cooled and I was glad for that. I knew that the nights out on the desert could get very cold. When his hands made no move to touch my private parts, I relaxed. I don't know which of us fell asleep first.

I felt cold air as Marlow lifted the blanket and removed his body from mine. He replaced the blanket over me but it wasn't as warm as with him beside me. For a few seconds I was confused and wondered why my bed was so cold. Then reality came back to me and my eyes snapped open. There was only a bit of pink and orange in the east, outlining the dark shape of Marlow standing on the dune, looking around. A few seconds later he was staring a fire with a few twigs. There wasn't much to burn out in the desert.

I shivered and wished I could wrap the blanket tighter around me. But my hands and feet were still bound and all I could do was lay there to await whatever fate had in store for me.

Breakfast was simple and washed down with warm coffee. And then we were on the trail again before the sun rose above the mountains before us. I watched our shadows stretch out before us on the white sands, growing shorter as the sun climbed in the sky. The warmth it brought felt good against my back.

"Marlow," I called. "Please untie my hands. I've been tied for over a whole day and they hurt."

He didn't answer. Finally I changed the subject. "How long before we get to this hideout of yours?" I asked.

"Two more days."

"And I'll be tied up all that time?"

"Yeah."

"Great! And my feet will be tied at night?"

"Yeah."

"Wonderful! And what happens when we get to your hideout? Do you have a prison cell all set up for me? Or will I have to wear leg irons and handcuffs like a prisoner?" I knew I was being sarcastic but was pretty cold and miserable at that point.

"No cell. But I will probably keep you tied up." I couldn't tell if he were serious or not. Probably was, so I shut up. Then I began to wonder how long I would be bound up. Somehow it was an exciting thought, not depressing as it should have been. It was stupid and illogical and didn't sound right, but I felt a tingle race through me when he had bound my ankles the night before. It had been ... well, been a feeling like I had never felt before. Somehow exciting and scary at the same time.

By mid morning there were some high, wispy clouds and the air felt different. Marlow noticed it before I did and kept looking at the horizon. We were close now to those mountains, traveling parallel to the foot hills. Apparently his hideout was in some distant purple mountains, not those gray ones closer. At least that's what I figured from his comment about it taking two more days of travel. We were less than an hour from the hills to our right. The sand dunes were giving way to a desolate

landscape of boulders and hard, parched ground. Very little grew here, and water was not to be seen. Perhaps up in those hills you might find a spring. You might also die while searching for it.

Marlow stopped the horse and stood up in the saddle, looking behind us. At first I wondered if that meant we were being followed but he was looking at the sky. Then he urged the horses into a trot and turned towards the hills.

The sand storm overtook us just as we reached the hills.

The sun dimmed and everything turned a gritty gray-brown. I had trouble because I couldn't cover my face, my hands being useless, and could only close my eyes and hope for the best. For a while I could feel the horse continuing up a canyon we had just been entering when the blowing sand stuck. Finally I felt a stop and a few seconds later I was lifted down from the horse to be dumped up against something hard. A minute later I felt Marlow next to me, covering us with a blanket. In the darkness and heat under that blanket I was able to open my eyes a bit to see him holding the blanket over us, and the gray material fluttering as the wind raced over it and sand blasted us. Behind my back I felt hard rock and knew he had found a little shelter. I prayed it would be enough.

2

Oasis

It felt like hours before the winds died down, but finally the roar of angry air diminished and Marlow lifted the blanket. Sand cascaded down around us from the blanket but the air was clear. He helped me to my feet where I stood looking around. It didn't even occur to me to ask for my hands to be untied, I was getting used to them being behind me. Sort of out of sight, out of mind.

Mountains on one side of us, desert on the other side. And no horses in sight. Marlow didn't look very happy. In the small canyon where we had taken shelter was a low straight edged cliff, and it was there that we huddled. We could either go down the canyon, back to the desert, or up to who knows what. Marlow rolled up the blanket he had covered us with and tossed it over his shoulder. He began walking up canyon and I had to hurry to catch up with him.

Walking with your hands tied behind you isn't too bad, unless the ground is rocky and uneven, and then it's difficult. You never realize how much you use your arms for balance until they're taken away from you.

"Wouldn't the horses have gone down canyon?" I asked, doubting the wisdom of heading up into those bleak looking mountains.

"Maybe. If they did, they'll die out there. Us too, if we try to find them."

I looked down at the ground and realized that there would be no tracks to follow, the wind and blowing sand had taken care of that. And he was right. If the horses had wandered into the sands of the desert, they might have gone any direction. It was only later that I realized it was strange for the horses to have wandered away in the first place. I had heard that they will stay near their humans in sand storms.

The sun was hot now that the sand clouds had disappeared. The more we walked, the better that hot water in the missing canteens seemed. Marlow had been able to grab one canteen as we got off the horses but the other three were still on the animals. It seemed strange that those horses might die from lack of water when they carried three canteens of it on their backs. But they just lacked the hands to open the canteens. Then it occurred to me that I, also, lacked hands to do much of anything.

The day passed and we climbed higher and higher into the mountains. It was rough going and many were the places where Marlow had to help me up inclines or over rocks. But he steadfastly refused to untie my hands. No reason given. I began to wonder if he simply liked to see me with my hands tied behind me. We drank sparingly of the water but most of it was gone by evening.

The sunset was beautiful, probably because of dust still in the air, all reds and oranges and every shade in between. But it also found us without food for dinner, or much water to ease our thirst. We huddled together against a cliff wall, covered by a single blanket. It felt strangely comforting to have his strong arms around me and to feel his hard body against mine. I told myself that those thoughts of what his hard body might do to mine were just feverish dreams left over from a harsh day of hot sun and long walking. Plus lack of food. Breakfast had been a long time before.

I awoke stiff and cold with the blanket only half over me. Marlow was gone. I got to my feet in a hurry. The idea of being alone in this wilderness and with my hands tied behind my back was frightening.

I found him at the top of a small rise, his back to me. It felt good to stand at his side again, the fact that he was my kidnapper and captor notwithstanding. He was the only human out there and I wanted to stay right next to him.

"There's water," he said, pointing off to the north. I looked but could see only canyons, tall cliffs and dirt in various shades of brown and gray. "I can smell it."

I had heard of horses smelling water quite a distance away and wondered if this man could do the same. I certainly didn't smell anything beyond our own, unwashed bodies and dust.

He retrieved our blanket and we started out in the direction his nose led. We had to circle around a couple of cliffs that blocked the way he wanted to go, and it was beginning to look as if there was no way to get to that water he claimed was there. Those cliffs would be impossible to climb.

Then he found the crack in the cliff wall. It was almost impossible to see unless you were right next to it. But there was a passage with towering walls of sheer rock, just wide enough to allow a horse to walk through, if we had a horse, which we did not. Marlow hurried through and I had to rush to follow. The passage twisted left and right a few times, then opened. I came to a halt next to Marlow and just stood there in astonishment.

It was a valley. Not too large, but about a thousand acres at least in the part we could see. The valley curved around to the right so we couldn't see all of it. But what we saw was filled with green trees and bushes and a good sized creek flowed down the center. Marlow headed straight for the creek, tossed his hat aside, threw himself flat on his chest and buried his face in the wonderful wet stuff. I was only a few steps behind him. I nearly fell flat on my face in my eagerness to get to the water because I didn't have hands to cushion my fall. But I got my face into the water and it was wonderful, the finest, purest, most delicious drink ever.

We drank our fill and Marlow splashed water on his chest.

Then he cupped water in his hands and splashed it all over my blouse. It felt good. And I didn't even give a thought to how a wet blouse would cling to my breasts and make them much more obvious than they already were. It just felt good.

Marlow was about to toss some more water on me when he must have heard something. Suddenly his hand dropped to the 44 on his hip and it was out of its holster. I've seen cowboys practicing fast draws many times. And some of them looked pretty good. But this man would have beat them all and by a big margin. You almost couldn't see the gun move. And he turned as he drew to crouch there, gun level and ready.

I turned and was surprised to see a mounted man not more than a hundred feet away. He was a vaquero, a Mexican horseman, I could tell from his dress. Our ranch wasn't too far from the border and I've seen plenty of vaqueros before. He simply sat there, hands holding the reins and crossed on his saddle pommel, as he watched us. The wide brim of his sombrero kept his face in shadow but what I could see looked neither hostile nor happy. Next to me, Marlow was slowly rising to a standing position, the gun held not quite pointed towards the vaquero but not far away, either.

For a few seconds the scene held, then Marlow slowly put the gun back in his holster. I could see no change in the expression on the vaquero. Then he lifted the reins and turned his horse. A few seconds

later he had disappeared behind some trees, heading up the valley.

Marlow looked around, then gathered up the blanket.

"Come on," he said, not looking back to see if I were following. I could have dashed back out the hidden opening in the cliff and he probably wouldn't have even seen me. But outside was only the harsh mountains and nothing more. At least there was something here. I followed him like an obedient dog.

The valley curved gently and rose slightly. We seemed to be following a trail that in turn followed the creek. A few minutes later we saw the hacienda.

It was a large house, with whitewashed walls and red tile roof. Two or three secondary buildings could be seen behind the main house. A covered porch ran the full length of the front. The vaquero was nowhere in sight but a couple of horses stood tied to a railing before what must have been the main entrance. Marlow didn't pause, he just strode right up to the door with me hurrying to keep up. Only when he was an arm's distance from the large double door did he stop. Then he just waited.

A few seconds later the door opened and out stepped a man dressed in finery that marked him as the owner, not one of the workers. He was tall, one of those handsome Mexicans with dark eyes and an easy smile. He seemed to be about the age of my Father.

"Greetings!" he said warmly with very little accent. "I am Don Carlos Mendosa. Welcome to my home."

Marlow took the offered hand but I don't think there was any warmth in his handshake. These two men looked at each other for a few seconds like they were appraising each other, and they probably were. Then Don Mendosa broke the silence.

"Please come in out the sun. I will have refreshments brought for you."

"We became lost in a sand storm," said Marlow as he followed Mendosa inside. The interior was very cool and tastefully furnished in leather and polished wood and decorated with shades of blue. I stood there feeling foolish, suddenly again aware of my hands being bound behind me. I was sure Don Mendosa had seen that as I entered the house, but made no comment and did not stare at my rawhided wrists as most men would have done.

"My name is Marlow Kincaid. This is Brenda Walters."

Then he seemed to remember that I was tied up. "I'm a sheriff and she's my prisoner," he added.

"And such a beautiful prisoner she is," said Don Mendosa.

"I would kiss her hand as is traditional when meeting a beautiful señorita," he said easily, "but it would be a bit awkward. Instead I will simply welcome you to my humble home."

"We lost our horses when we took shelter," continued Marlow, maybe to steer the conversation away from my condition. "Would it be possible to get some food?"

"But of course! My home is your home. Maria!" Don Mendosa was playing the perfect host.

A young girl hurried in at his call. "Maria, prepare some food. Our guests here are hungry." Then he turned to us again. "It will take a few minutes. Perhaps you two would like to clean up?"

I became aware that I was dirty, my hair a mess of tangles, and Marlow was no spring flower, himself. A bath would be wonderful.

"Thank you," Marlow said. Mendosa paused with a slight frown on his face. "The young lady ... It would be difficult for her to clean herself. Perhaps you wish to untie her?"

"She is a very dangerous woman," said Marlow with honest conviction. "She must not be

allowed a chance to escape. That is important."

For a second Don Mendosa looked at Marlow then over to me. I felt like I should say something, like about being kidnapped and all that, but words did not come to my lips. These were two strong men in a man's world. I had the feeling that Mendosa would believe Marlow before he would believe me. And maybe something else held my words in. Strange as it may sound, I was somehow used to being tied up. Maybe the idea of being Marlow's property was appealing to me. But whatever the reason, I did not say a word to our host.

"Perhaps I can offer a solution," Don Mendosa said at last.

"Please wait here a moment."

As soon as he left, Marlow was by my side. "Don't say a word," he hissed. "I would not be pleased if you were to try and tell some ridiculous lies about being kidnapped to these people."

I believed him. Marlow was a man not to be fooled with.

My legs felt weak and I could only obey this man who was my captor. Had not so many strange things been happening in the last two days, I might have found it laughable that I was a dangerous criminal needing constant restraints. But somehow, in that place and time, it didn't seem so ridiculous.

Mendosa returned and my heart sank at what he had in his hands. They were shining steel and looked very effective. It didn't occur to me to ask what a hacienda owner would be doing with a pair of handcuffs such as might be used by real sheriffs, bright steel and shining, but he did.

"These, señor Kincaid, might be used in place of that rawhide. That way she could be given a bath by one of my servants. It would not be a good idea to get the rawhide wet. But these handcuffs ... They would hold her hands quite well. Would that be acceptable, senior?"

Marlow seemed to be thinking. "The handcuffs must be put on her behind her back," he finally said. "She is very dangerous."

"As you say, señor. If you would remove the rawhide?"

Marlow cut the knots. It might have been possible to untie them but they had been tied there for so long and tied so tightly that it would have been a difficult job. It was a strange feeling when he peeled the leather strips from my wrists. Looking back, I think that the rawhide had shrunk after getting wet at the creek. As the last strip came off, my hands were free for the first time in over two days. But before I could move them or enjoy that freedom in any way, they were grabbed and I felt steel up against my wrists. There was a clicking sound and steel pressed against the other side of my wrists. Marlow put the handcuffs on rather tightly, I thought, but decided against saying anything. I had already been branded as a dangerous criminal and protests over the severity of my restraints would just be ignored.

My hands again taken from me, those two men returned to thoughts of cleaning me up. I could see Don Mendosa looking at my figure the way any red-blooded man would. He was polite enough not to stare but I knew he was well aware of the mounds pushing against my blouse and the narrowness of my waist, not to mention the curves of my legs. I had a damned good body and knew it! So did those two men. I could feel their awareness of me as a sexual object. Each was probably wondering what it would be like to give me that bath themselves. Visions of me naked and with arms secured behind my back must have danced around in their macho minds.

But it was a servant girl who was given the task of taking me to a bath and making sure I was clean. It only occurred to me later that Don Mendosa had never said a word to the girl, whose name was Maria, about why this girl was handcuffed.

The bath was wonderful. Taking all my clothes off had been a little problem, but finally Melinda simply cut my blouse off. She explained that fresh clothes would be provided. Then I was in the warm water and it felt ever so good.

I would be dishonest and doing you a disservice if I failed to mention that at that point I discovered a most delightful sensation I had never before felt. Maria's hands upon my body as she soaped me and washed me sent tingles down my spine. As she soaped up my breasts I sighed and closed my eyes. She said nothing but seemed to understand for she took far longer to soap my breasts than was necessary. The same when it came to cleaning my pubic area. Her hands were gentle but made my loins heat up in a manner I had never before experienced. It was nice and I would happily have sat in that tub, letting her hands stroke my body forever. But it was not to be.

As I stood there with Maria drying my body off, I decided that being bathed with your hands handcuffed behind you was the only way to do it. If being a dangerous criminal prisoner felt this good, I was content to stay a criminal. For a while, at least.

The underthings and skirt presented no problem. But when I was properly covered from waist downward, Maria had to pause. How was she going to get a blouse on with my hands chained behind me?

Marlow provided the answer. I'm sure the men would have been happy to see me come to the table with nothing on above that lovely red peasant skirt. But Marlow came in, without knocking I might add, with the handcuff key in his hand. My first reaction was to cover up my breasts but solid steel prevent that so turning away was all I could manage. Marlow didn't seem to pay any attention to my half unclothed condition which made me feel a little angry. Wasn't the sight of such fine breasts supposed to reduce men to quivering jelly? They were always so eager to get their hands on our globes. He should have at least stared at them.

He unlocked one of the handcuffs but only long enough for Maria to slip the blouse on me, then I was again locked in steel.

I'll say one thing, steel handcuffs are a different feeling from rawhide strips. It's more comfortable but somehow you feel more helpless. That was a little strange to me but a very real feeling. There was something about steel locked snugly around my wrists ... Maybe it was that with rope or leather strips you have the feeling that you could work them loose with your fingers. After all, that's the way they're taken off you by someone else. But with handcuffs, it takes a key. Even if Maria had wanted to take off those handcuffs, she would not have been able to. It took the key, which was now in the possession of Marlow, my keeper.

The food smelled wonderful as I was led into the dinning room. Marlow and Don Mendosa were already sitting at the table but Mendosa rose politely when I came in. Marlow did not. As I was being seated, I wondered if Marlow was going to feed me himself as he had during our travels. That would make a strange sight for our hosts, I ventured. But it was not to be. Don Mendosa came to my rescue.

"Perhaps you could change the handcuffs from back to front, señor Kincaid?" he suggested.

Marlow looked unhappy about that idea. "Hands cuffed in front are not much of a restraint," he said. Then he turned to Don Mendosa. "Would you happen to have another pair?"

Don Mendosa, the polite host, took all of a minute to produce another pair of shining steel handcuffs. Marlow knelt down to lock them on my ankles, making me a doubly chained prisoner. This was getting ridiculous. He did unlock my handcuffs and allow my hands to come around in front of me before locking that cuff again. That marked the first time in over two days that I could see my hands. Progress, I guess, but those tight metal circles on my ankles and the few inches of freedom between my feet felt more like a step backward.

I ate in silence. I was hungry and the food very good. Traditional Mexican food but cooked very well and spicy, not blinding hot. I was very much aware of the tiny clinking sounds I made as I used joined hands to eat, and even when I shifted my feet under the table.

After Don Mendosa had seen to our hunger, he suggested we go to the main room to sit down and rest. As I stood, Marlow, the ever-present jailer, was suddenly there to take my hands and change the handcuffs from front to behind me. Then he left me to follow him with short, snubbed steps. The tinkling sounds made by the short chain on my ankles made an embarrassing sound in the quiet of this man's lovely house.

I was allowed to sit down but only after I considered a sarcastic comment about making me stand in the corner of the room with my face to the wall like a bad schoolgirl. It was probably a good thing that I reconsidered the words before they fell out of my mouth.

"How far is it to San Delores?" asked Marlow.

"Many miles," replied Mendosa. "We are quite far from any towns. My little valley here is hardly on the main roads."

"That is true. How did you find it?" Marlow seemed genuinely interested.

"I was lost, like yourselves," Mendosa said. "Many years ago. My water was very low and it looked like I was going to die in this rugged country. Then my horse led me to this valley and my life was saved. There is a natural spring a little ways behind this house. All year around it provides more than enough water for us, and our gardens. At the end of the valley, the water flows into a crack in the cliff wall and disappears. Only this valley has water for many miles around. It is sort of an oasis, an island of greenery and water amid some of the roughest country in Mexico. I came back here with a few trusted friends and we built this house. I have lived here ever since."

"And no one knows about this place?" asked Marlow.

"No one. I value my privacy, señor. Mexico can be a harsh land, señor. There are wars, revolutions, Indians, and bandits. I prefer to hide away from it all in my valley."

"That is good. And I am certainly happy that you are here. We would have died if it were not for your valley." Mendosa nodded as if taking full credit for an oddity of nature. "But I do have to get to San Delores. Would it be possible to borrow two horses?"

"Of course. I only ask that you not tell anyone about my little home here. As I said, I value my privacy." There seemed to be some communication between them that I didn't catch. "But why not stay here a few days and rest up?" Don Mendosa continued. "You are welcome to enjoy the hospitality of my home."

"Thank you, but I think we had better get going," my jailer said. Perhaps Marlow wasn't sure how long I would keep my mouth shut.

"Señor Kincaid," began Don Mendosa slowly, "this is the first time I have ever seen a sheriff with a woman prisoner. May I ask what she did?"

Marlow looked unhappy. "She murdered her husband," he said with just the hint of a smile on his face.

"Murdered her husband." repeated Mendosa, with a smile of his own tugging at the corner of his mouth. "Surely a most dangerous criminal. You are wise to keep her well restrained. Did she shoot him?"

"No. Stabbed him with a Bowie knife. Cut the body to pieces."

If Marlow was trying not to grin, he was doing a good job.

Don Mendosa, it seemed to me, was again saying more than the words surface meanings. "I can understand the need to keep a female restrained if she is dangerous. Or if she needs to be punished...." He let that hang in the air for a second. "I have occasionally had to punish my female servants, and binding their hands behind their backs for a day is a good way. It keeps them feeling the punishment all day but does not hurt as much as a whipping. Have you, as a sheriff, ever punished a female prisoner like that?" His slight emphasis on the word 'sheriff' told us that he knew full well Marlow wasn't a lawman.

"Sometimes," was all Marlow would say.

"Sometimes a man must remind a woman that she is a woman," said Mendosa smoothly. "Occasionally I have to even punish my daughter in such a manner. She is sometimes a wild creature, and being raised here without her mother, a little hard to control." Marlow said nothing. "Melinda!" called Mendosa.

For a while nothing happened. I had the feeling that all the rules were about to change, that a different scene was about to be played out now. Just how right I was would eventually surprise me.

"Melinda!" called Mendosa again.

"Father, do I have to?" came a voice from a hallway.

"Melinda, come out here."

Melinda was a beautiful girl with long black hair and dark eyes. She was at least two years younger than I and really quite beautiful. And her figure was really good, too. It was shown off very well by the thin peasant blouse she wore and the skirt that was surprisingly short. Actually, incredibly short is a better term. Peasant skirts normally went almost to the floor, but this one ended only a little ways below her hips, revealing all of her lovely legs. She was bare footed, I noticed a second before I noticed that her arms were bound behind her back.

I almost gasped. Someone had bound that lovely girl's arms very tightly behind her with a rope like nothing I had ever seen before. Her wrists were tied with the palms together, and her elbows had been pushed together and bound tightly that way with rope just above them. The effect was quite startling. She looked very helpless with her arms tied like that. Helpless and beautiful. Something inside me went zing! and I longed to touch that girl, to run my fingers along the rope holding her arms to tight, to explore the cruel yet beautiful way she was tied. And a part of me longed to touch those lovely breasts straining against the thin cloth covering. It was obvious that she, like me, had nothing on under the blouse.

"Melinda, please show your arms to our guests," Don Mendosa urged politely.

"Oh, Father, please...."

"Melinda"

The teenager girl came into the center of the room and turned around slowly so we could see the way her arms were bound. Up close it was even more impressive and beautiful. The ropes dug into her flesh and I shivered to think how that must have felt to her. And that skirt! If she wore nothing under that skirt, as I had been dressed, it would take very little for people to see her private parts. If she were to bend over... Or raise a leg ... I had never realized how sexual and exciting a garment could be.

Marlow was breathing just a little heavier but kept his composure under conditions that would have shaken most men. Finally he managed a comment, "That is a very fine way to bind a girl. I'm sure she feels punished."

"Melinda...." prompted Mendosa.

"I am being punished," said Melinda softly, "because I was bad. My arms were tied this way this morning as soon as I got up. And they will stay bound like this until tomorrow morning at first sunlight. I am sure that tomorrow I will be a good girl."

"You see," said Mendosa, "I understand about the need to punish a female. And what properly placed ropes can do to her."

I noted his use of the word female rather than woman or girl. It made me feel more like a sexual object than a person. But it wasn't a bad feeling, either. This whole scene was turning stranger with every minute, and I had the feeling it wasn't over yet.

"I've never seen a rope like that before," said Marlow.

"It is something I have made here. It is woven from the softest cotton. It is especially made for the purpose of binding a woman. It is strong yet soft. It is smaller than a lariat, and easier to tie a knot. And the knot holds better. I will show you." He went to a small cabinet and withdrew a length of the rope they were talking about. I felt my stomach tighten and a warmth in my loins as I wondered what it would be like to be tied with that rope.

He handed the rope to Marlow who studied it carefully. As he was doing that, I realized that the strange feeling I was experiencing in my loins was much like the one I had while Maria was soaping down my naked body in the bath, only much more so. It was a nice feeling.

"Allow me to demonstrate," said Mendosa as he gently took the rope from Marlow's hands. "Melinda...." The teenage girl got a worried look on her face, then a resigned one. She sat down on a chair, exposing an shocking amount of inner thigh and the hint of pubic patch before her legs came together. Don Mendosa knelt down before her and lifted her legs to put the heels on the edge of a small table. He then doubled up the length of rope made from cotton, made a loop from the end, and slipped that loop around her ankles. As he wrapped that rope around and around her slender ankles, I noticed how much that short skirt rode up on her hips. Really short skirts, I told myself, will never become popular, they show too much. He came to the end of his rope where he split the two ropes, wrapped a couple cinch ropes to hold the other down, and tied a couple knots. Then he stood up.

"Please feel free to inspect the rope. See how it holds the legs firmly. Test the knots, they will not loosen."

With Don Mendosa smiling in the background, Marlow knelt and inspected the rope tied on the embarrassed young girl. It seemed to me that he was doing a pretty good job of sneaking a look up her thighs at the same time. She was showing far more than any proper girl would ever consider. Finally he returned to his chair.

"That is very good rope, it does the job quite well."

"Thank you," said Mendosa. "I invented it for my own use. I am glad that you like it. We are, shall we say, somewhat the same ... You understand, do you not?"

Marlow gave Mendosa a look that I could not understand.

Perhaps he was agreeing because he then smiled and nodded his head. "Yes, Don Carlos Mendosa, you are right. We are much the same."

"That is good, señor. I will give you a supply of this kind of rope. I have much. You may wish to use it in the restraining of your prisoner."

"I thank you, you are a gentleman," said Marlow. He gave Melinda another looking over, especially those youthful but shapely legs. Then he looked at me. "Perhaps we've had a rough time of it," he said. "No use even considering leaving tonight. I would be grateful if we could spend perhaps a day or so to rest up."

"Of course, señor. I will arrange for a room for you. You will, of course, wish to keep your prisoner in the same room with you?"

"Of course. She is my responsibility. I would never forgive myself if she were to escape."

The two men grinned at each other, and I felt like I was the subject of some joke.

"Come, I will show you to the guest room," said Mendosa as he placed a friendly hand upon Marlow's shoulder. "It is this way."

They began down the hall, leaving me on the chair.

Melinda, I noted, had remained exactly as her father had put her, legs on the table and skirt riding up to show all of her legs. I rose to my feet, unsure if I was to stay there or follow. Marlow looked back at me and made a motion with his hand. I began following with tiny steps and ankles being snubbed

with everyone of them. This walking with handcuffed ankles takes some getting used to.

The guest room was large, comfortable and possessed a large bed. Unlike my bedroom at home, this one had a high ceiling and three open beams going across the room. Marlow was already there, grinning at the expression on my face when I saw the bed. It would be wonderful to sleep in a bed again inside of on the hard ground. But there would be a man sleeping there with me, that much was sure. Don Mendosa had just finished telling Marlow something that included gestures towards the beams. I caught only the end, ".... so if you need them, they are there." Of course the beams were there, what was he talking about?

Feeling like a fool, and embarrassed at not knowing what was going on around me, I stood there just inside the door and awaited the next strange turn of events. I was sure that we had not yet reached the end of strangeness or surprises.

Don Mendosa wished us both a pleasant rest, informed that dinner would be at seven, and was making his way out the door when Marlow asked an innocent question that shocked me.

"Would it be possible for Brenda here to have one of those short skirts?"

"I'm sure I can provide one," said Don Mendosa with a smile. I was getting to not like his smiles. And he certainly didn't think the request for a garment that showed more than it hid, strange.

As soon as he was gone, I let Marlow know where I stood on recent issues. "I will not wear such a short skirt!" I exclaimed loudly. "You may have kidnapped me but you can't make me wear something that makes me look like a prostitute. And get these handcuffs off my feet, they hurt. You're taking a lot of liberties with me, mister! My Father isn't going to be happy when he hears."

"Then don't tell him," said Marlow with one of his infuriating grins. Suddenly he was next to me and his arms around my body, pressing me close to him. Then, before I could protest, his lips were upon mine. The kiss was hard, surprising, and quite incredible. I fought but what can a girl with her hands locked behind her and ankles chained together do? It was a most strange feeling to both hate what he was doing and find it exciting at the same time. When he broke off, I was breathless. He tossed me on the bed where I bounced and squealed.

"You had better get one thing straight, missy," he said with a finger pointing at me. "I kiss you when I want to, I keep you chained up when I want to, and I sleep in the same bed with you when I want to. Understand?"

I was speechless. The effrontery shocked me, but something inside was melting under emotions I had never felt, and did not understand. Meekly I nodded.

"And if it pleases me, you'll wear nothing to dinner tonight. Be thankful that I only want you to wear a short skirt."

With that pronouncement he sat down on the bed and removed his boots. I set up and pulled away from him. But he seemed more interested in taking off boots than reaching for a chained up girl captive.

"I'm going to take a nap," he announced. "You can lie here beside me and be comfortable, or I can tie your handcuffed wrists up to one of those beams and you'll stand there all afternoon bent over. Your choice." With that he lay back, pulled a pillow under his head and closed his eyes.

What was a girl to do? I mean, I was being treated like some kind of animal. He kept me tied up for days until a couple pair handcuffs appeared then he apparently expects me to wear those every minute of the day. We were certainly not married, yet he expected me to sleep in the same bed with him. Never mind that we slept together on the trail, we had to do that to keep warm. And that skirt he wanted me to wear! That thing was so short it was like an advertisement to every man for miles around. Come and get it! the thing shouted. I certainly had no intention of wearing such a thing.

And yet there was a part of me that found this treatment exciting. This was the greatest adventure I had ever had, and it was very exciting. Being so helpless around these men made me go weak inside,

and it sent delicious shivers down my back. This was all so strange.

And those feeling I had inside when I saw that young Melinda with her arms so tightly bound, and the fascination at the ropes being wrapped around her ankles. I wondered if she were still sitting back there with her legs up on the table, or if her father had allowed her to put them down. Perhaps he had even removed the ropes around her ankles so she could at least walk around.

Marlow seemed to be ignoring me, and I was tired. It had been a rough few days and I found myself yawning. Surely it wouldn't hurt to just lay down for a while. It was a little awkward getting comfortable with my hands locked behind my back, but soon enough I was lying on the bed, my shackled ankles up there too. I had to lay on my side to be comfortable with my hands behind my back.

3

Tied Up for Dinner

It was a knock on the door that woke me. Marlow was instantly out of the bed, gun in his hand. I was a little groggy from sleep but he was on his feet, ready for anything. It was the servant Maria. She had a small piece of material which she presented to Marlow with a shy smile. Then she was gone.

Marlow held up the skirt and looked at it, imagining, I'm sure, what I would look like in it.

"No! I will not wear that thing. It's obscene!" Marlow grinned and put it on the bed. I pulled my feet away from it. "Let's get something straight," he said firmly. "We are the guests of Don Mendosa. This place is far from any civilization you or I know, and it has it's own rules. But if he thinks girls should walk around in these short skirts, then I won't argue with him. I think it would please him to see you in this skirt, so you'll wear it to dinner to please him." Then he grinned. "And me."

I sniffed. Those steel handcuffs were heavy upon my wrists and ankles, and reminded me that I was a prisoner. "It's not decent."

"I agree. But you're not at a church social. You're my prisoner and you'll wear whatever I want you to."

I sniffed again. "Very well," I said as haughtily as I could. "You may call Maria to come and dress me. Unless you wish to unlock these handcuffs?"

His reply was as even more shocking to me than the thought of wearing that skirt in the first place. He lifted me to my feet, then pulled down my peasant skirt until it was lying on the floor around my ankles. I started to cry out in anger but his strong arms went around my body and picked me up. When he set me down, it was next to the skirt on the floor. Since I had not been given any undergarments, my private area was in plain sight. I was shocked and speechless. I tried to cover my pubic area with one leg crossed over the other but almost fell down.

"What the hell are you ashamed about?" he asked.

"You've got terrific legs and a nice pussy."

I guessed that pussy was a slang term for my pubic patch.

Or for the whole private area. And a part of me glowed inside at his praise for my legs. I blushed under his gaze which, for the first time, openly admired my sexual attributes. I began to turn my back when I realized that would give him a good view of my bottom. Well, that would be better than having him stare at my ... my 'pussy.' I turned my back to him.

The slap across my bottom was a surprise. And it hurt. But it told me who was boss in that room. This

man could hurt me a great deal. And I wasn't sure that Don Mendosa would do a thing to prevent him. Hell, that Mexican would probably enjoy watching him rough me up.

"Very well," I sniffed. "I will wear that... That thing. But I won't like it." Right after I said it, I realized how ridiculous it sounded.

Marlow helped me put the skirt on. It was good to get my private parts covered up, even if it wasn't much in the way of covering. So long as I was standing the lower edge of the material came to just below my bottom. I wasn't even sure that just walking wouldn't reveal too much to any watcher. And the idea of sitting down gave me a shiver.

"You look fine," Marlow told me. Then he reached over and untied the string that held up the top of my peasant blouse. If he let go of the string, the whole top would fall down, exposing my breasts totally. But he retied it with, I might add, the neckline much lower than it had been before. Before the beginning of my breast was visible over the top of the blouse. Now my breasts were exposed almost down to the nipple.

"You can't be serious!" I protested. "I can't go to dinner looking like this. The girls at Ned's Saloon don't even show this much!"

He sighed. "Brenda," he began as if explaining something to a child, "you are totally under my control. If I want you to go to dinner completely naked, you will. I can always drag you there by your hair. Now, one more word out of you and you'll be going naked."

I shut up. I really believed that he would do it. Dinner was sort of formal. There were candles and wonderful smelling food. Don Mendosa was sitting at the end of the table and rose when I came shuffling in. I blushed as his eyes traveled up and down my legs, devouring my flesh. But his seeming to like what he saw very much made a part of me feel proud. A girl likes to be admired by men.

Melinda was already sitting at the table and I could see that her arms were still bound behind her back with the elbows tight together. I cringed inside at the thought of being tied that way since morning. How would she be able to sleep tonight? She would be in pain all night, I was sure. But she seemed not to be in any pain right now. She was demure but her youthful eyes looked at me with interest. As I approached the table I wondered if her ankles were still tied together. I couldn't see her feet, they were tucked in under the chair, but I had the feeling that they were still bound.

In fact, I was getting the feeling that Melinda's being punished with bound arms was not very unusual around this house. Every person I had met so far had showed no surprise at my hands being tied, and now handcuffed. Marie was placing food on the table as Marlow held out my seat, and she showed no interest in my chained up condition or the ridiculously short skirt. There was something very different about this place.

I sat down as fast as I could but was certain that I had shown much more of my private place than I wanted to. It was that damned short skirt plus the fact that my hands were behind me and unable to pull down the material. I was grateful that cloth covered my public patch as I sat there, but aware of how much thigh and flank was showing. That, plus the low front of my blouse made me feel almost naked.

I was expecting Marlow to unlock my wrists and put them in front of me so that I could eat, but he didn't. Apparently Mendosa had told him of how they did it in his house. Maria came to Melinda's side, cut a piece of meat for her and put it to her mouth on a fork. While she chewed that, Maria turned to me and performed the same service. The food was good but I was not used to being served and it was an uncomfortable meal.

Maria managed to keep us both fed from her position between us, even holding up glasses of wine for us to sip. I hardly listened to the small talk as I tried to take in all this strangeness. It was hard to believe that I was actually sitting here, nearly naked before strangers, completely chained up like a prisoner, and being fed by a young woman.

Finally the meal was over and Don Mendosa suggested brandy in the main room. He rose and went to his daughter where he pulled back her chair. Then he picked her up in his arms and carried her off.

I saw that her ankles were still bound in the same manner as they had been before.

Marlow grinned and pulled my chair out. "No thank you," I said. "I'll shuffle along." Ignoring me, he picked me up and carried me easily in his arms. It was a nice feeling and I had to resist the urge to put my head on his shoulder.

Melinda was kneeling on the floor next to her father. She was sitting down with her legs doubled up under her, her back very straight, and her head bowed. With her arms bound so very tightly behind her, it was a wonderfully strange but beautiful picture of utter submission. Marlow put me down by another chair. A gentle push on my shoulder let me know that I should kneel. That same firm hand on my flesh also told me that protest would be useless. I knelt all the way down until my legs were doubled up under me. Then I straightened my back until I was erect. I bowed my head. If they wanted me to play this game, I would. No matter how much of my flank that stupid skirt revealed in that stupid position.

I told myself that I wasn't being submissive, I was only avoiding confrontation. I was, after all, rather controlled by those metal bracelets on my limbs. They would make me play their little game. It was inevitable, they held all the strength and all the cards.

Even as I was telling myself what a smart girl I was, there was also a tingle of excitement inside. Why I should feel a good feeling at being so obedient, I did not know.

The men drank brandy and talked of ranch things and towns they had seen. The two women in almost non-existent skirts knelt at their feet with bowed heads and kept their mouths shut. It was terribly humiliating. But also vividly exciting. Nothing like this had ever happened to me. Not even in my wildest fantasies, and there were some pretty wild ones, did anything like this happen.

My legs were beginning to hurt but I tried not to move.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Melinda staying perfectly still and wanted to do no less. She really was a beautiful girl, I thought. That tiny skirt looked very good on her, sort of made her look more like a woman than a teenager. Not that she was childlike -- that blouse of hers bulged nicely in front proclaiming to all that she was nearly a fully developed woman.

A long time later the men rose up with the announcement that it was time to retire. At a single word from her father, Melinda rose to her feet; quite a feat considering she had no arms to help and her ankles were bound. I rose up, too, but a little more awkwardly. My legs were tingling where the circulation had been hindered.

The slap across my bottom was loud in that room. It also stung although I was sure Marlow could have hit me much harder. "Off to the bedroom with you," he told me. I looked around at him but could read nothing in his eyes. "I'll come along later," was all he added. I began shuffling my way to what I was thinking of as "our" room. Out of the corner of my vision I could see Melinda shuffling off towards another part of the house. With the agility of a teenager, she was managing to shuffle on tightly bound ankles, perhaps not making as fast a speed as I was but very respectable considering her condition. The sight of her back with those tightly bound arms and the wiggle of her young ass as she shuffled off evoked some strange feeling inside me. It was such a beautiful sight in a strange way.

The door was open to our bedroom so I just shuffled in.

For the first time in days I was alone. It would have been tempting to crawl out the window and escape into the hills. I suppose it was possible that I could make my way back to Daddy's ranch, but not very likely. I was handcuffed both hand and foot, had no horse, didn't know which way home was, and knew Marlow would track me down before I got half way down the Valley. And the window was barred.

I sat down on the bed and sighed. Any time Marlow would come walking in that door and I would find out the sleeping arrangements. Which, of course, would be whatever Marlow wanted. I wondered if the fear and excitement I felt was what a newlywed bride felt on her wedding night. Out on the trail was one thing, but this was a civilized, comfortable, warm, soft bed. There had to be something seriously wrong with Marlow if he didn't feel an attraction for me. That Don Mendosa was certainly

attracted to me. If it weren't for Marlow, I was sure he would have me in his bed that very night.

Marlow came in, looked at me, and grinned. "Now, wait one minute...." I began my protests.

"Oh, shut up," he said casually, and then took me in his arms and kissed me. I fought. Well, sort of. I mean, I tried to pull back and did sort of wiggle, but I'm not sure that the rubbing of my body against his didn't do more to enflame his passion than help me escape. Finally I held still and let myself get lost in the kiss.

For a rough trail hand, this Marlow was a good kisser. It was strong but gentle. It sent electric shocks through my body and began certain chemical reactions that I didn't understand then. All I knew was that my loins were warming up and I wanted that kiss to last forever.

When he released me, I forgot all about protesting. I'd never been kissed like that before, not by any of the teenage boys, and certainly not by my father. This was something else. And, for some reason, I was very much aware of the handcuffs on my wrists and ankles. Strange that during a passionate kiss I should be feeling those metal shackles as much as I felt his lips and his strong body against mine.

On a dresser next to the bed rested several lengths of that cotton rope Don Mendosa had shown us. Marlow picked up one and fingered it. "Looks like it would work a lot better than rawhide or lariat," he commented. Then he turned towards me and one eyebrow went up.

I grumped and turned my head away. As a proper woman who was kidnapped against her will, I should have resisted any and all efforts at restraint, or anything else. But those handcuffs were hard and sleeping with them on didn't sound too good. And it's not like I hadn't gotten used to my hands tied, even sleeping that way. Besides, I was curious about how that cotton rope felt. It should, as Marlow said, be better than the rawhide he had used on me.

I turned back to him. He was still holding out the rope.

"Well...." I began. "Maybe it would be better than these horrible handcuffs...."

It wasn't exactly permission, but Marlow accepted it as such. He unlocked the handcuffs from my wrists. For a moment I was able to massage my wrists in front of me, about the only time they had been in front of me for days. The sudden thought of hitting him over the head with something and running leapt into my mind. But there was still the handcuffs on my ankles, and I wouldn't be able to get very far with those on. When he took my hands and pulled them behind my back, I didn't protest.

But I was surprised when he placed my hands palm to palm rather than cross them as they had been all that time when tied with rawhide. But I was too busy thinking about the new rope, which although soft but still very strong, to wonder about why the change in position of my hands. He wrapped the rope around my wrists, not too tightly, then passed the rope between my arms and around the other ropes, cinching them down. Everything tightened down with those cinch windings, so that, when he tied the final knots, my wrists were pretty tightly bound together. But it was much more comfortable than rawhide -- thank heaven for small favors.

Just as I was wondering how it would be to sleep like this, I felt a loop of rope going around my elbows and tightening. Suddenly it hit me what he was doing -- he was duplicating the way Melinda's arms were bound! "No!" I started to protest, but suddenly his arm pulled my elbows together and then the rope tightened around them. Quickly he was wrapping more rope around my arms just above the elbows and I was becoming quite helpless. It was a strange feeling. I had never touched my elbows behind my back, and certainly never been tied with them like that. It was uncomfortable, yes, but not terribly so. I could see where it would be okay for a while but had a feeling that it would grow more and more uncomfortable as time passed. It was quite a strain on my arms and shoulders.

It was then that I realized what else being tied this way did to me. It made my breasts stick out! Forcing the arms back behind me sort of pushed my chest out and I could look down to see my breasts straining against the fabric of the blouse. I also noted that my nipples were rather enlarged and had to wonder about that. I knew from some times when I had experimented with touching myself that the nipples do get larger. But I wasn't touching myself then and didn't know why they should be doing that. But there they were, little bumps showing through the thin material.

"Try to get those ropes off," Marlow said. It wasn't spoken harshly but I knew it to be a command. I pulled at my arms, trying to force the ropes off but they wouldn't move an inch. Then I shook my body, trying to loosen them. Also no luck. I stopped that when I realized that Marlow was staring at my breasts as I shook. "... I can't get them off," I said, a little surprised at how heavy I was breathing.

Marlow just grinned and I felt ashamed. I don't know why, unless it was because I had failed at working the ropes off. Not that I really expected to be able to get them off, they were tied too tight for that. Maybe it was because my nipples were so hard and it showed. No man had ever seen my nipples like that.

Marlow knelt down and unlocked the handcuffs around my ankles. As I looked down at the slightly red indentation left from the steel around each ankle, I noticed that the short skirt had ridden up and was hardly even a skirt anymore. Quickly I clamped my legs together. It felt so strange to be nearly naked before a man. And exciting, too. Mixed and hard to understand emotions raced through me. I comforted myself with the thought that he wouldn't do any harm to me because he wanted me for ransom. He might rape me, but from what I've heard that didn't kill girls.

Okay, I'll admit it! Before that night in Don Mendosa's house, in the bedroom I was to share with Marlow, I had rape fantasies. Okay, there, I said it. Most girls do, you know. There were dreams of tall, handsome men kidnapping me and taking me off to some forest glade where they forced themselves upon my protesting and powerless body. In those dreams I wasn't tied up, but still powerless because of the strength of the male. There were times those fantasies got pretty intense. Now I was sitting there, not much clothing covering me, my arms tightly bound behind me so I was really helpless, and about to live out a rape fantasy.

And how did I feel? To tell the truth, I was scared. But I found the idea that I had no choice in the matter somehow reassuring. I mean, I was tied up, right? There was no way I could have talked Marlow out of anything he wished to do, right? I was simply along for the ride, so to speak. Oh, terrible pun! Sorry.

I wasn't thinking about puns then. When he gently lifted me to my feet and stood there only inches from me, I was trembling. He fingers untied the string on the blouse and lifted the garment over my head. I could hardly catch my breath. This was different from when he had seen my breasts earlier. This was intense. His hand cupped on breast and I sighed. Sort of a whine, actually. But it was as if his touch was electric, it sent tingles racing along all my nerves. My body was crying out in ways I did not understand. Then I was pushing my breast against his hand and moaning.

I had no idea what I was doing or why. I simply closed my eyes and let nature take its course. His hands kneaded my breasts and his fingers teased the nipples. Suddenly his mouth was upon one breast and I almost fainted. His lips around my nipple as he sucked and his tongue toyed with my rigid flesh was wonderful. It sent tingle through me and was wonderful. I had never felt anything like that before.

While his mouth was busy exciting my breast like you wouldn't believe, his hands were not idle. One teased my other nipple, and the other was upon the waist band of my skirt. I felt the skirt being pulled down over my hips and then down my legs but didn't care. It fell to the floor and I still didn't care. I was naked before this man. Naked and helpless. And I wanted it that way.

I don't think it was love. I certainly shouldn't have been in love with a man who kidnapped me and dragged me across the desert, nearly killing us both. But it was wonderful and I was lost in intense, exciting, and overpowering emotions. My body was on fire. I could hardly catch my breath. It was wonderful.

I was lifted up into his strong arms and then deposited on the bed. I lay there on my back, not caring about my bound arms under me, and watched as he removed his clothes. Then I couldn't take my eyes off the male organ that was revealed. It was huge! It was like nothing else I'd ever seen. It was frightening, yet I felt myself drawn to it like a magnet.

He mounted the bed between my legs and pushed them apart. I gulped and felt my legs trembling. This was it! That moment of deflowering, that instant in time when a girl turns into a woman, that

first lovemaking. I followed his rod until it disappeared below my pubic patch. Then I felt it at the entrance to my sex, pushing aside my lips and about to enter me. Having made sure that I was juicy enough, he impaled me with a firm but not harsh push. I cried out. There was a little pain then a sudden rush of sensations that overpowered me.

I was lost in a world far different from the real one. My body was on fire, every part of me filled with desire and an incredible awareness. As he pumped away, burying his shaft deeply into me, I gasped, moaned and cried out in passion.

Then suddenly my mind was exploding. Bright colors flashed before me. I think my body was arching up to thrust against his. I saw nothing but those colors, heard nothing but a roaring in my ears, and felt nothing but the hot sensation in my sex.

Some time later I drifted back to the real world. I remember thinking to myself, as I lay there beside Marlow, that if this was sex, then why the hell did I wait so long to try it?

His arm was around my shoulders and I was half turned so that my breasts were against his chest. One leg was over his and my pussy was pressed against his thigh. It was comfortable to lay there with my head on his shoulder. I realized that my arms were still bound behind me with the elbows together and that they were hurting but I ignored it. In the afterglow of sex, nothing mattered and nothing was important enough to disturb the quiet moment.

4

Girls Punished in the Night

I awoke later that night, mostly from the pain in my arms and shoulders. Those ropes holding my elbows together might have been better than rawhide but it still hurt. Marlow was lying beside me, his arm no longer around me but our bodies pressed together. I rolled over onto the other side, trying to find a more comfortable position, but the problem was not the way I was lying, it was the way the rope was holding my arms. Then I considered waking Marlow to ask him to untie the ropes. Surely those handcuffs would be preferable to this pain. I remember thinking that sex was great, far better than anyone ever told me, but I was hurting now and wanted to go home.

Then the thought occurred to me that I could simply walk away! My legs were untied, only my arms restrained. And if I could find a knife or some way to get those ropes off my arms, I could steal a horse and get away from this place and Marlow.

I eased myself out of bed, not as easy as you might think with your arms tightly bound behind you. Marlow's breathing stayed at a slow, even pace and I knew he was still asleep. I tip-toed out of the bedroom.

The house was dark but the moon had risen and pale, silvery light poured in half the windows. I made my way towards where I thought the kitchen was but sort of got lost in the dark and a strange house. It was a big house, too, with many rooms. Most had doors closed and I didn't want to go around trying doors at random. Don Mendosa and servants were sleeping somewhere behind them. But one door made a sound while I passed it and I paused to listen.

It was a moan and it came from behind a closed door. I listened for a minute until I was sure that what I heard was a woman's moan of pain. Then I turned my back and lifted the door latch slowly so as not to make noise. Turning back, I pushed the door slowly open with my foot and peeked in.

What I saw was a surprise but oddly not out of character with this place. Apparently this was Melinda's bedroom for it was she who was lying on the bed. It was also she who was doing the moaning. Half the bed was illuminated by moonlight and I stepped closer to see what was the matter. It was quite simple, she was completely naked and tightly bound with that cotton rope, the same as I was. Her arms were still tied behind her back in the same manner as mine were, the elbows tightly together, but, in addition, her legs had been tied together, at the ankles and again above the knees.

She was lying on her stomach, and ropes from her legs went under the sides of the bed so her legs were tied down to the bed. In addition, a rope was tied around the ropes on her wrists and that rope went down to the foot board of her bed. That rope was the unkindest of all. It was pulled so tightly that the poor girl had to arch her body backward. Her arms were pulled in a straight line towards the foot board and her breasts were completely off the bed! Her head hung down with her dark hair hiding her face, but I could easily hear her moaning. In shocked silence I gazed at the way this unfortunate teenager had been tied.

It was certainly a secure way of tying a girl. There was no way that she could possibly free herself, no way at all. Hell, there was no way she could even more than a wiggle. And it was certainly a good way of punishing a girl. I don't know what Melinda had done to deserve this punishment, but it must have been something terrible. With the top half of her body arched backward, she was suffering. She had to be. She was unmoving but I guessed that all she could have done, were she to try, would be to shake her head and shoulders from side to side. And that would have probably hurt her arms worse. This was a really punished girl, I realized.

For some reason I didn't let her know that I was there, I could only stand there and look at the suffering girl. There was something fascinating about the beautiful lines of her body as it lay in terrible restraints and suffered. Her legs were stretched out with the toes pointed. Her round, smooth bottom and the curves of her young, not-quite full grown breasts were beautiful. The dark hair as it hung around her head to lay on the bed was soft looking and shining in the moonlight. My eyes kept returning to the tight cotton ropes digging into the flesh of her arms and legs and holding her prisoner.

Strange sensations raced through me. I was, of course, appalled by this punishment. And yet I was attracted to it. And also wondering what it would feel like to be tied that way. My arms were already tied the same. All it would take would be for someone to tie my legs together and then lash me down to a bed. A shiver of fear and some other, strangely delicious, feeling raced down my spine.

But finally I realized that this might be my ticket out of this strange kidnapping. If I could untie Melinda, and if she were grateful enough, she might help me get away. It was a risk, but one worth taking.

I turned my back and tried to find the knots to the ropes on her wrists. Suddenly the moans stopped and her body froze. Her head turned back and she must have seen who it was through her hair because she began shaking her head and making noises that sounded like a no. I left her ropes alone and knelt down so my face was near hers.

"You don't want me to untie you?" I whispered. Her head nodded affirmative. "You want to stay tied like this all night!" Another affirmative. I sighed. This was a strange place. "Are you being punished?" I asked.

A nod. "And you'll get in more trouble if you're untied?"

She seemed to be pointing her head in my direction. "I'll get in trouble?" A nod. "Can I at least take the gag off?" She shook her head.

"Are you hurting?" I asked. I would have preferred to ask her what it felt like, how long she had been tied like that, and if it happened very often. She nodded once, sadly.

"Listen, I was kidnapped against my will. Marlow isn't a lawman, he's holding me for ransom from my Father. If I hold my hands near your fingers, will you untie the knots?"

A vigorous shake of the head. This girl was determined to keep us both tied up.

"Well ... Please? I really want to get out of here and back to my Father," I pleaded.

Again a side to side motion of the head. Before I could figure out another approach, there was a voice from behind me and my heart almost stopped.

"You shouldn't wander around, it's not polite when you're a guest." It was Marlow.

He came into the room and inspected the restraints on Melinda. I think he was also inspecting her very nice body, the evil-minded bastard. It wasn't like he hadn't just had sex with me, or something. That should have been enough for any man. Finally he straightened up and stood beside me. "If I had more rope, I'd sure like to fix you up like that. Would serve you right for snooping around where you don't belong."

"Snooping! I'm a kidnap victim. I have a right to try and escape."

"You also have a right to get punished for that attempt," he said. I couldn't see his face in the dark but I was sure he was grinning.

Then we both noticed Melinda making noises through her gag. She was nodding her head towards a dresser on one wall. Marlow understood before I did. "Rope?" he said. Melinda nodded affirmative and I could have cursed that teenager. Hell, she was a victim, too, she should have been helping me!

Marlow found a great deal of rope in the top drawer. He took a handful and returned to me. His strong hand on my arm led me to the door. "Thank you, ma'am," he told Melinda as we left. I wanted to say something much different to her.

Our bed had a head and foot board, fairly heavy beams across the ends of the bed. I had a sneaky suspicion that the beds in this house were designed to make it easy to tie a girl down. I had to sit on the edge of the bed while Marlow tied my legs together. Part of me wanted to protest that I didn't deserve this. Part wanted to beg that he lay me on the bed, spread my legs and do that wonderful sex thing again. And part was wondering what it would be like to tied as Melinda had been, terrible as that had appeared. It seemed as if the last part was the only part that was going to get its way.

My legs tightly bound together, he rolled me over on to my stomach. As he was tying the end of one of those ropes to my wrists, I tried to avoid the inevitable. "You're not really going to tied me like that and leave me all night, are you?"

"Yep."

"But that position hurts terribly. Didn't you hear her moaning?"

"Nope."

"Well, she was. Maybe you could just tie me like that and leave me for a little while? That way we could both see what it looks like. Then you could untie my legs and..." I fear I was blushing too hard to finish the sentence.

He stopped the binding of rope to my wrists, lifted them high off my back, and swatted my bottom with a hard, stinging blow. I yelped. "I decide what is to be done, missy," he said firmly. "You'd better get used to that."

I should have felt rebellious at his tone, and what he was doing to me. Instead, I felt a funny feeling in the pit of my stomach, a heat in my loins, and I gulped. Even though I knew I should be hating all this, there was a feeling that this was somehow right and proper. And a feeling of excitement mixed with some apprehension.

My bottom stung and my arms still hurt, but all I could think of was the way he was tying rope to my ankles and then down to the sides of the bed. There must have been something down there for him to tie the ropes to, because I was quickly lashed down. At least my legs were, with ropes from ankles and above my knees and my waist to the sides. Then he picked up the rope to my wrists and I gulped again.

He pulled gently and I felt my arms raise above my back.

He wrapped the rope around the foot board and pulled some more. I felt my shoulders being pulled backwards and could do nothing to stop my body from lifting up. It was a strain on my shoulders but worse on my back. When he finally stopped and tied the knots, my breasts were completely off the bed, and, as I think I have told you, I have good sized breasts.

Surprisingly the strain wasn't too bad. At least I wasn't moaning. Not yet. But I was sure, right from the start, that this would become increasingly uncomfortable. The thought of an entire night like this was frightening. And exciting. What strange emotions I was feeling right then. I was afraid, hurting, excited by my complete helplessness, and very much aware of the male beside me who had my body completely in his control. Words fail me, but a delicious kind of agony might be one way to describe what I was feeling right then.

I found, as I had expected, that the only movement allowed me was a side to side sway of my head and shoulders. And as to the possibility of escape-forget it! Even if I were left alone for a week, I could not have worked a single rope off me or loosened a single knot. I was helpless like I had never been in my life.

My breathing was faster than it should have been. I attributed that to being naked and handled by a man. My loins were heated and tingling, against all logic. I could see, when I hung my head, that my nipples were rigid and ready for something.

The strain of holding my head up was considerable, so I let it hang. There was still stress in the muscles of my neck but there was nothing I could do about that. This was, as Melinda and Marlow seemed to feel, a punishment. And a punished girl doesn't not get to be comfortable. I was aware of Marlow's walking around the bed, undoubtedly looking at my body in its horrible bondage. I wondered if I looked as good as Melinda had, then realized that I probably looked better. I was a little older than she and my breasts were considerably larger. My pubic patch was thick where hers had been sparse. And I think my legs were a little more shapely. My waist a little narrower. Hell, I am a beautiful woman with a great body! Might as well tell it like it is.

Marlow spoke not a word but I knew the sight was getting to him. I could hear him breathing. Then the sound of his pants being pulled down, at which puzzlement crossed my mind. My legs were tightly tied together, how was he going to have sex with me?

I was a naive girl back then, inexperienced in matters sexual. It did not occur to me that there is more than one place on a woman's body where a man might shove his tool. I'm much more experienced now, and have had all my orifices used many times. But back then I knew only that a male phallus was inserted into a woman and they had sex. So you can understand my confusion when he mounted the bed and knelt before my head. His hands pushed back my long hair and lifted my face. His huge prong was only inches from my eyes. At first I thought that perhaps he was just showing it to me, sort of teasing me with it. I mean, it was obvious that he couldn't have sex with me, tied as I was.

Silly girl! I guess he realized just how inexperienced I was, because he took charge. "Open your mouth!" he ordered. I obeyed. It's hard not to when you're completely naked, tightly bound up, and a strong man has his hands on your head. Suddenly his tool was in my mouth and I sort of gagged in reflex. I tried to push it out with my tongue. "Keep it in!" he ordered. Then he wiggled forward a bit so that his tool filled my mouth and pressed against the back of it.

"You let it slide in and out," he said. "And don't dare bite. You try anything stupid like that and I'll use my hunting knife to make sure that you never have sex again."

I didn't want to find out what he meant by that. I sort of nodded agreement to his demands, and he grunted approval. Then he began moving his hips so that his penis slide almost out of my mouth then deep into it. Once I got over the urge to gag when it pushed deeply in, it was sort of a nice feeling. I knew that I should have been repulsed, angered, even revolted at what he was making me do. But I wasn't. The way the end of his shaft rubbed against the roof of my mouth sort of tickled. I made sure my mouth was open enough so my teeth didn't touch his weapon.

It wasn't like having his tool inside my pussy. But it was good. I felt so excited as he pumped away. I closed my eyes and concentrated on my new and unusual feelings. Awareness of what was going on in my mouth was the first, but there was also the tight ropes around my body, the awkward and uncomfortable position I was held in, and, strangest of all, the pleasurable feeling of being so controlled by a man.

Well, all good things come to an end, someone once said, and it was true here. He increased his

pumping until his tool was sliding very fast in my mouth. Then suddenly he was shoving it deep in, arching his body forward and grunting. I felt something hot spurt into my mouth. The urge to gag came again, but his curt command to "Swallow it!" made me force down normal reactions and swallow.

It was a long time, or so it seemed, before his rod shrink within my mouth. I swallowed several more times to make sure all of that stuff was gone when he withdrew.

Marlow lay down beside me on the bed, his legs along side mine, his head on the pillow denied me. I could look into his eyes if I held my head up. For a while I searched his face, trying to read his emotions and intent. All I could see in the flickering candle light was a relaxed man.

I waited, hoping that he would be so grateful after what I did for him that he would untie me. Or at least enough of the ropes on me to allow me to sleep. I might even have asked him to put on the handcuffs instead, but never had the chance. He fell asleep!

Now I'm a healthy young girl, fairly strong and agile. But spending the rest of the night in that strenuous position was not pleasing. But if I woke him up, he might be angry. It wasn't fair! Why should I be punished? All I did was discover Melinda being punished. Now I was the punished girl. It just wasn't fair.

I wondered if I could last the night. Or would my moaning wake Marlow before the dawn? It was uncomfortable, true. And he had said that I was to be left for the rest of the night. The best bet might be to simply keep quiet, suffer in silence, and be a good little girl.

That lasted perhaps an hour. By then my shoulders and arms were hurting terribly, and my back felt like it was being broken. Assorted aches and pains had overridden the pleasurable feelings, and I was no longer comforted by the surge of sexual excitement. I've found that girls can endure and even enjoy terrible punishments so long as they're sexually stimulated and excited. Something in the nature of a woman's body diminishes discomfort and even pain when she's aroused. And often that same 'something' makes that pain become a part of the excitement and pleasure. That's how it was when he had first tied me like that. I was excited, turned on and ready to ride. An hour later the sexual stimulation was almost gone, leaving the pain.

I made it through the night. I'd like to be able to say that it was because of intense personal perseverance, extreme bravery, and super-human tolerance to pain. Actually, it was mostly because once my moaning woke him up, Marlow gagged me by shoving a bandanna into my mouth and tying it in place. After that it was easier to keep quiet.

Oh, and did I mention that he threatened to tie my arms up to the headboard over my head, and "whip the hell out of my ass" if I woke him again?

I spent the rest of the night with the top half of me arched up, hurting, and trying to be a quiet, good little girl.

5

Captives on Display

I hurt. There was no other way to describe it -- I was in pain. That bastard Marlow actually kept me tied like that all night, until the first light of dawn turned the room into a gray box of suffering. When he untied the rope connecting my wrists with the foot board of the bed, I nearly screamed from the pain in my backbone as I lowered my breasts to the bed. As he unlashed my legs from the bed, I was crying. Gone was the wonderful glow of sexual excitement that first being tied in that position had generated within me. After many hours of darkness and pain, all I wanted was to rest and even sleep, something which had eluded me. That bastard Marlow could take his prick and shove it anywhere he wanted, I wasn't ready for sex or anything else.

He removed the ropes from my wrists, making comment about the red marks left there. Well, hell, my wrists had been under considerable pressure for half the night and they had a right to be sore and have deep, red marks in them.

I guess he could see that I was exhausted. Not that he would feel anything like that. He had lain on the bed just inches from my body and slept comfortably while I had to hold within the moans and groans of agony lest I awaken him. I don't know if it was pity he took on me, or if he simply was tired of seeing me suffer for the moment, but he locked those handcuffs on my wrists (behind my back, of course), and locked one ankle to the foot board with the second set. I didn't care. My body could now straighten out and the pain was slowly receding. He covered me with a blanket -- it had been cold towards morning -- and left me to rest.

I found out later on that he told Don Mendosa at the breakfast table that I wasn't coming to eat because I hadn't slept well that night. I'm sure that Don Mendosa got a chuckle out of that, since Melinda later told me that she had informed him of my midnight visit and Marlow's departure from her bedroom with a handful of ropes and the intent to bind me in that back-breaking position.

It was Melinda who brought me a bit of food sometime in the early afternoon. She was no longer bound and looked fresh and happy.

"How can you walk after spending all night tied that way?" I asked.

She just shrugged as if to say that it was nothing. My back still hurt whenever I moved.

"Melinda, tell me the truth," I began, "does your father tie you up often?"

She paused then answered honestly, "About two or three times a week. I mean, I spend the whole day tied up two or three times a week. My Father, of course, ties me to my bed every night."

"Of course." I suspect my sarcasm was lost on her. She seemed to accept daily restraints as an unremarkable part of life. "Are you that bad that you need to be punished all the time?" I ventured.

"No, not really. Sometimes I am bad. But often I am tied because ... Well, just because."

I hate people who think that "because" is an answer. I pressed on, "What do the staff think of this?"

"Oh, the girls are usually tied up themselves," she said in full innocence. "Or handcuffed. And Juan doesn't mind. In fact, he is usually the one who ties me or the others -- on orders from my Father, of course."

"Of course," I muttered. There was a pattern forming here.

Not a pretty picture.

"How many people live here?" I asked. Maybe this wasn't as big a hacienda as I was used to.

"Oh, there is Juan and my father, then there is Maria, Carmen, Sally and Kitty. That's all."

"Only two men? And five of you girls?"

"Yes. We do not work cattle here, nor do we farm the land, except, of course, for the fruit gardens. Twice a month Juan drives the wagon to Santa Delores and brings back food and other things we need."

"Do you ever go to this Santa Delores?"

"No. It is a long trip and we are never allowed to leave the Valley."

I was getting a picture that fit along with the tendency I've seen in Marlow to prefer me tied up. Were all men that interested in seeing women tied up? I hadn't gotten that impression from the people at my father's ranch, but this was different country and people. At least here in this Valley.

"Honey, about last night, you really didn't want me to untie you? I mean, you were suffering. I know that way of being tied hurts."

"I did not want you to untie me. Father had ordered me to spend the entire day with my arms tied, and the night in bed in a punishment position. To untie me would have been to go against his orders."

"And you would have been in trouble for that?"

"And you," she said with a shy smile. "Father is a very strict man, I'm sure he would have punished you for interfering. None of us is allowed to untie another girl unless it is by orders of Father or Juan."

"And you have no mother around?"

"My mother died when I was very small. That was just after Father found this valley and we moved here."

"Wait a second," I said. "What were the girl's names that you mentioned?"

"Maria, Carmen, Sally and Kitty."

"Kitty? That isn't a Mexican name. For that matter, Sally isn't either."

"Sally is an American. Juan found her wandering in the desert. She had lost her husband when they were ambushed by bandits. They didn't kill her, but they all took turns raping her, then let her loose in the desert. It was fortunate for her that Juan found her. That's what Father said."

"Yes. What about Kitty?"

"Kitty's real name is Katarina. She's from Germany, wherever that is. One day father sent Juan out and he was gone for many days. When he came back Kitty was with him. She was tied up and gagged and for a long time all she would do is fight us and try to escape. Father taught her that to try escape was a terrible thing. She does not try anymore. Of course, Father has to keep her chained most of the time, just so she won't try to run away into the desert."

Sounds like what happened to me. Perhaps, I thought, this Kitty might be an ally. Sounds like she would like to get out of here as much as I did.

Melinda finished feeding me -- my hands were locked behind me with handcuffs, remember -- and left. I would have been happy to have her stay and talk but she said that if she stayed too long, Juan or her father would come to investigate. She did tell me that there would be a little fiesta that night in honor of us guests.

I rested again after she left, even napping a while. A lot had been happening to me the last few days and I was mentally as well as physically tired. Besides, there wasn't anyplace I would be going with my ankle chained to the bed. I bet that Marlow was getting a chuckle out of that, wherever he was.

At dusk, Marlow returned and informed me that it was time to dress for dinner. I was allowed a peasant blouse, tied very low and showing everything above my nipples. I feared that if I moved the wrong way, it would totally uncover my breasts so I tried to breathe carefully. That ridiculously small skirt was given to me and I allowed Marlow to slip it on, not because I liked it, but because the alternative was to go to dinner bare-assed. My hands were kept locked behind me with a pair of handcuffs.

The patio was decked out for a fiesta. There were colored lanterns, a fire in the fire pit, and some colored paper streamers. We were served dinner on the patio by Maria. Melinda remained unbound and I could see nothing of restraints on Maria. Of course, I couldn't see what was going on in the kitchen, perhaps everyone in there was naked and chained up to their necks.

Marlow, himself, fed me dinner. No one seemed to comment on that or even think it unusual. Don Mendosa was a gracious host and the conversation light and interesting. After dinner, we went to chairs in the patio for the men to sip brandy and smoke some evil smelling cigars. Why do men like those terrible things?

After a hot day, the cool of the patio was welcome. A slight breeze had come up from somewhere and came to us from over the creek. I was full of a good meal and relatively content. Still a prisoner, of course, but nothing terrible had happened to me for a while. And I was beginning to get idea about what might happen when we retired to bed. That sex stuff was potent!

Juan, while a rough-looking caballero, surprised us by playing some very beautiful music on a violin, a couple of tunes with a strong Mexican flavor. Then he bowed to our polite applause and left. Well, some of us could applaud. I could not.

Don Mendosa nodded to Marlow, who nodded back and stood up. What the hell is going on, I wondered, is the party over so soon? Marlow led me back to the bedroom.

"Time to change your clothes, darling," he said.

"You mean you're going to give me a descent skirt?" I asked sarcastically.

"Nope." Have you noticed that Marlow is a man of few words?

The change he refereed to was both clothes and restraints.

First my hands were unlocked. Then the blouse and skirt taken away from me. I was tempted to put my arms around Marlow's neck. I mean, he was taking my clothes off, we were in the bedroom, and ... Well, sex is addictive!

But he took those arms and pulled them behind me. That cotton rope was then employed to assure that I would not be able to see my arms for a while. It was the same tie with my elbows together, very tightly done. For a moment it flashed through my mind that he was going to lash me down to the bed and bend my back again. But he didn't. Instead he used some of the rope he had used on my legs the night before to bind my arms to my body. There was rope wrapped around my chest just above and below my breasts, and some more around my arms and tummy. When he finished my arms felt welded to my back. I couldn't move them at all, only wiggle my fingers. Marlow stepped back and looked at me, then grinned. "Pretty," was all he would say.

Then he took a poncho and put it over my head. The bright red and white patterned material came down to my knees and had a neckline that covered much more of my breasts than the blouse had. Then he led me back out to the patio.

Don Mendosa was waiting for us. He smiled when he saw me, rose and bowed. Marlow told me to stand beside his chair. Then he sat down.

I had to wonder what was going on. There were some torches burning brightly to go along with the lanterns, but no one, save for Mendosa, was to be seen. What kind of party is this, I wondered.

Then Juan came from the house, leading a string of females behind him. Each wore a poncho in different colors and patterns, each was barefoot below the poncho, and each had a loop of the rope connecting her neck to that of the girl next to her. Juan held the final end in his hand. Like a string of livestock, they were led out to stand before us. I counted five and figured that this was the entire population of the valley.

"I would like to introduce you to my servants," said Don Mendosa grandly, now on his feet. "And, of course, my daughter. Juan?"

Melinda was the first one in line. Juan untied her loop from the rope then, pausing dramatically with his hand upon her poncho, suddenly lifted the garment off the teenager. Melinda was naked underneath, and bound much as I was. Her arms were together behind her back, elbows tight together. Without being told to, she stepped forward so we could see her very well, then turned around

slowly. I will admit that she was a lovely sight, all that glowing skin in the torch light, all those lovely curves, and those tightly bound arms. She was smiling and apparently happy to be showing off her body to strangers. Of course, we had seen her naked on her bed the night before but that had been by moonlight and partly in shadow. In the torch light she was quite impressive.

Don Mendosa was smiling like a proud parent. "Next is Maria, whom you have already met."

Juan removed the rope from her neck and whisked away the poncho from Maria, revealing her very nice body to be totally naked. Her arms were also bound behind her back but only with the wrists crossed. She stepped forward and turned around to show us what she had. I guessed Maria to be only a few years older than Melinda, not much older than myself. She had a fine young body with nice, heavy breasts and a nice flair to her hips that Melinda lacked.

"And this is Carmen," Don Mendosa said. Juan duly removed her poncho. Carmen was another dark-haired Mexican beauty, full figured and quite pleasing to the eye. She couldn't have been over twenty-three or so, and still had that lovely soft skin of youth. I could tell that Marlow was enjoying this show from that silly grin on his face.

Actually, I will have to admit that I was enjoying it too. At that point in time I didn't even know what the word lesbian meant, but I knew I liked what I saw and felt some longings, mainly the desire to touch that soft, smooth, youthful flesh being displayed in the torch light. Each of these three girls was beautiful and had a wonderful figure.

When Sally was introduced, I was delighted to see that she was a blonde. Her breasts weren't as large as mine, or even Maria's, but they were perky, high on her chest, and quite nice. She was the tallest of the girls, an inch or so taller than I, and she had the longest, nicest legs. I guessed her age at twenty-two or three. As she stepped forward to display her goods, I could see arms were tied the same as Melinda and myself, elbows touching. I could hear Marlow breathing a little faster. Maybe he had a thing for blondes, some men do.

"And Kitty," said Don Mendosa. The girl Juan next uncovered was also early twenties, short, and had Germanic features. I guess you could call her cute, the word that came to mind when looking at her was "Pixie." She was innocent and sweet looking, yet sexy. I heard Marlow suck in some air and knew he liked that sweet, innocent look. A lot of men do.

Kitty's arms were also bound, but differently from any style I had yet seen. Her wrists were tied together but they were high up on her back, above her shoulder blades. And her elbows were tied together, making her forearms tight together all the way. I guessed that someone had forced her hands up behind her back, tied the wrists together, then forced them up higher until the elbows came together. I grimaced at the thought of being tied like that. It must have been quite a strain on the arms. I mean, that position isn't natural for a girl's arms to be in.

Don Mendosa sat down, grinning like an idiot. He was proud of his stable of naked and tied up beauties, and had set up this show to impress. Marlow was impressed. A girl can tell when a man is interested in another woman. The man who I had to share the bedroom with was interested, and unless I missed my guess, it was in all four of these lovelies.

For a few seconds no one spoke. The girls stood there, like models on pose. Something was expected, you could sense that in the air. Then I felt a hand on the shoulder of my poncho.

"My I present Brenda," said Marlow. Then he pulled off my poncho and sent me forward with a swap upon my bare bottom.

Shocked, I hardly know what to do. Here I was, naked and tied up, and standing before a group of strangers, including three men. Of such stuff nightmares are made.

I had two choices. I could scream, run and hide, and refuse to play their game. Or I could go along with the show. Now you have to remember that I was a captive. I had been kept tied or chained up for several days, and found myself deep in a strange world where girls are routinely bound and handcuffed and heaven only knows what else. And I had a taste of punishment the night before at the hands of Marlow. Playing along was the only reasonable thing to do.

Of course, there are those who will say that I played along a little too eagerly. Pshaw! I was simply doing what was expected of me in order to avoid punishment. Holding my head straight erect and thrusting my breasts out was only what I had seen the other girls do. And turning slowly so everyone could see everything there was to see was also expected. I'll admit that perhaps I didn't really have to stand up on my toes during the turn, but that does make a girl's legs look better, you know. And it might have been just a tad much when I walked up in front of Juan, and then Don Mendosa, so they could get a good eyeful of what I had. I turned in front of each of them and smiled sweetly.

I could see Mendosa suck in air. He was impressed, no doubt about that. And for good reason. I had a figure just as good as any of these girls, probably better. Sometimes a girl's got to simply admit that she's damned good looking and show others. What is that saying, if you've got it, flaunt it?

Then I got in line with the rest of the girls. I don't know why I did that, but it seemed the proper thing to do. I was standing next to Melinda, for whom I was beginning to have warm feelings.

For a long time we stood there, proud, young girl flesh on display for an audience of three appreciative males. Don Mendosa kept looking at me -- leering was a better word. Marlow's head was moving from side to side like he couldn't decide which girl to look at. Will you understand if I tell you that I had a twinge of jealousy? It's not like Marlow was even a friend. But we had shared the desert and bed together, and I guess that makes for something between a man and a woman. I've found out since that when a woman has had sex with a man, she feels like she owns him. Doesn't always make sense but that's the way most women are.

Don Mendosa was lavish with his praise of Marlow's possession, as he seemed to imagine me. Most of the favorable comments were directed to him rather than to me. Marlow, in turn, was very complimentary about the stable of nudes Mendosa had on display. I could only stand there, wondering if this mutual admiration would lead to an exchange. I did not want that. Marlow might have well been interested in screwing one or all of those other girls, but I wasn't interested in Don Mendosa having me to play with. Marlow might be a bastard, but he was a bastard that I knew and could accept. Don Mendosa gave me the creeps. There was something about him, something about the way he looked at me that sent shivers down my spine.

After the displaying of naked girls, there was still more of the party to go. With Juan playing the fiddle, Don Mendosa and Marlow took turns dancing with each of the tied up girls. I found it strange and sort of exciting to be whirling around with his arms around me and my arms so tightly tied behind me. And I did feel a little jealous when it was my turn to sit out a dance and had to watch Marlow dancing with one of the other girls. He was a surprisingly good dancer for a trail cowboy.

Don Carlos Mendosa was a very good dancer, I had to admit that. But I still felt funny when he took me in his arms. It was undeniable that he was a handsome man, but there was something about him I just didn't like.

It was with a sigh of relief that the little party came to an end. Marlow led me off to our bedroom, a hand firmly on my arm and me very glad of it. Mendosa went wherever he went at night, probably taking one of those girls with him. Perhaps Juan also took one of the girls with him. There was certainly enough of them to choose from. And all naked and their arms already bound behind them. An easy piece of sex for any man. The only one I didn't think was fair game would be Melinda. I mean, she was the daughter of the boss, right? This place might be strange, but I doubted that Mendosa was bedding down his own daughter. That's sick. And he probably wouldn't let the hired help screw his daughter. I certainly wouldn't.

Marlow was excited. A girl can tell when sex is on the mind of the man she's with. That lecherous grin, that heavy breathing, the hands that keep returning to parts of her body ... Oh, yes, and that bulge in his pants. Yes, Marlow was ready.

The terrible thing is that so was I. Why is it that a woman gets turned on by showing off her assets to men? Well, not all women perhaps, but enough of us. That little bit in the patio had me breathing hard, my nipples erect and hard, and my not minding those male hands on my body. He hurried his clothes off and I was on my back on the bed before I could catch my breath. On my bound arms, actually, but I didn't care at that point.

Sex is wonderful. Did I tell you that? Well, it is. And sex with your arms bound behind you is a blast. There is something about being helpless. It's sort of like when a man pins you to the bed and holds you arms down while he's making love to you. Only more so when your arms are tightly bound behind you. And try it with a gag in your mouth and your legs bound wide spread ... Well, that's another story.

Our second night in Don Mendosa's hacienda was spent making love, long and hard. I think I reached an orgasm three times, but wasn't really counting. When Marlow had spent himself, I was one exhausted but contented woman. I expected he would go to sleep with me in his arms. Perhaps, if I were lucky, he would take off those horribly tight ropes and lock on a pair of handcuffs. But he did neither of those. Using another piece of that cotton rope, he tied my ankles together. Then he covered us both with the blanket. We slept all night with me completely tied up and his arm around me. I didn't mind.

6

Captives, Wet and Making Love

I awoke the next morning with a feeling of satisfaction and contentment. My arms hurt, it was true, but it mattered little. A woman who is sexually satisfied is often very illogical about things. It really didn't cross my mind to ask Marlow to untie my arms, if he wanted them tied all that day, I simply didn't care. I was discovering that a sexually satisfied woman is a docile animal.

I attended breakfast wearing only that short skirt which hide very little, and the ropes on my arms. Marlow simply didn't want to bother trying to get on a blouse over bound arms.

Apparently Marlow and Don Mendosa had been talking about the status of women on his hacienda because nothing was said about my topless and bound status, nor was a thing said about Melinda's similar condition. The teenager was also topless and her hands were bound behind her back but with the wrists crossed, not with the elbows together. We sat down to eat, Maria feeding Melinda, and Kitty feeding me. The serving girls, and indeed they were exactly that, sat on chairs next to us tied girl and fed us breakfast and held the cups up to our lips that we might drink. And they did that with their wrists handcuffed in front of them!

After breakfast we were taken on a little walking tour of the valley. It really was a most strange place, a rather small valley in the middle of desolate mountains that hardly held a gallon of water in the whole range, yet it was a fertile and cool valley, all courtesy of a spring. Where that spring got its water from, I had no idea. But there were trees and green bushes and even fruit trees Don Mendosa had brought in himself. The sun was hot but one could find relief among the shady trees or in the cool water of the creek.

The hacienda was of good size, certainly more than enough for the number of people who lived there. Behind was the usual stables for horses. I saw only four horses, and Melinda later told me that was all they had. There was a very nice garden between the house and the creek, fed by waters diverted from the spring. Within were paths and clearings and what seemed like many little hideaways. A couple that I saw had strange posts in them, but I was not given a chance to examine them very closely. And Marlow showed little interest, almost as if he'd already seen them.

Back at the house I was taken to the bedroom and my ankle handcuffed to the foot board of the bed. Marlow said that he had "men talk" to do with Mendosa and left me. Strange thing was that my arms, which hadn't been bothering me much before that, suddenly began to hurt the moment he closed the door. I really wished that I had asked him to take the ropes off before he left. The worst he would have done is refuse. And a pair of handcuffs right then would have felt a lot better. I guess the strain sort of builds up when a girl's arms are bound like that. Mine certainly were hurting.

I never really knew what it was the two men talked about.

But after that morning, there was no more talk about ransom from my father, criminals, nor of traveling on to wherever it was Marlow was planning to hide me. But the biggest change was the dropping of the pretense that I was a criminal prisoner of "Sheriff Marlow." From that point in time on I was simply a female captive of a man far stronger than I was. And we were the guests in a house where females were always kept captive.

That's just what it was. I found out that Don Mendosa usually had one or more of the girls tied up around the place, while the rest wore handcuffs as they went about their duties. And punishments were handed out for minor infractions of some set of rules that only he seemed to really understand. At that point I had been introduced only to the use of tight rope bondage as a punishment, but it wasn't too long before I was to become painfully aware that other forms of punishment were used upon the helpless female captives.

It was for lunch that I was unlocked from the bed and led to the dinning room. Melinda was still with her hands tied crossed behind her back, a condition she didn't seem to mind at all. I got the impression that it was the norm rather than the unusual. My arms were slowly aching more and more, and I resolved to talk to Marlow after lunch.

After the midday meal, I was taken back to the bedroom where I was about to launch into my firm but polite request to be untied. I was planning to be very polite and docile about it, and as meek as I could. But he beat me to the draw and untied my arms. I gasped loudly as the cotton rope was peeled from my flesh. The rope sort of becomes part of your skin after so long in such tight bondage. But it was nice to be able to see my arms again.

Not that it lasted long. A minute later my arms were again gathered up behind my back and locked in steel handcuffs. I pondered if this meant an improvement in my status. It was nicer to be handcuffed than bound. Not quite as sexy, but more comfortable. I guess I should explain that statement I was becoming aware that being tied up was a stimulus to my sexual nature. Just having my arms bound behind me by Marlow was enough to get me all hot and bothered, and certainly thinking thoughts about what he might do to my helpless body. And in this strange but very nice form of sexual stimulation, I had found that the cotton rope used by Don Mendosa and now Marlow was more stimulating than the cold, hard steel. Just a matter of degree, not kind. I mean, being handcuffed, especially when a second pair was locked upon my ankles, made me feel that warmth and tingle inside. But not as much as when I was tied, no matter how painfully, with those ropes.

I told myself that I had been kept tied up for four or five days, and that was bound to affect a girl's mind. Well, that seemed logical. Girls being nearly naked and tied up seemed to be perfectly normal around that place, and I was merely fitting in.

Talking about girls being nearly naked, that is what happen to me next. Marlow's strong hands took hold of that short skirt and pulled it down off my hips. I began breathing heavier, my body thinking that he was going to do some more of that sex stuff to me, but it was not to be. At least not right then. He attached a short piece of rope around my neck, then led me out of the room like a puppy on a leash.

Under normal circumstances I would have resisted being led around someone else's house completely naked and tied up. But this place was getting to me and I figured (with a mental sigh) that it was no different from the show the night before where all of us girls were displayed for each other eyes, not to mention male eyes.

Our destination was the creek. It was rapidly becoming the hottest part of the day. I could feel the heat of the ground on my bare feet as we walked along. We found Melinda and Kitty already there when we got to the creek. An area had been dammed to form a small pool. The water was crystal clear and very cool, the deepest part being only up to the top of my breasts. Since we could stand on the bottom, there was no need to untie our hands -- we would simply do our bathing with hands behind our backs. Somehow that seemed to go along with this place.

I entered the water carefully, allowing the cool water to slowly creep up my legs. It was most pleasant. Melinda and Kitty, both with their wrists crossed and bound behind them, were already in the deepest part, enjoying the water like school girls. They even contrived to splash each other by quick flicks of their heads. Both girls had long hair, like myself, and not much water could be splashed upon each

other that way, but they seemed to be having fun, giggling and laughing. When I entered the water, they stopped and looked at me for a few seconds. I was the stranger, after all, the intruder upon their games. But we were all naked captive women and they accepted me into their little group. I was soon trying to splash the other two. They were better at it than I, probably more practice.

Marlow lay against a tree by the bank and watched with amusement as three naked girls cavorted in the water. Juan and Don Mendosa were nowhere to be seen. After a while I wondered if the fact that there were three girls missing, Maria, Sally and Carmen, had anything to do with that. But I was probably wrong. Someone, after all, had to clean the hacienda and prepare food for the next meal. Still, it wouldn't have surprised me at all to find that the other two men were off somewhere, screwing away at two bound down and helpless girls.

I realized that I was beginning to pick up language that I would have never used back at my father's ranch. For example, myself and the other girls I talked with would have called it 'making love' when talking about that wonderful sex act. But Marlow called it screwing' and I began to think of it that way. I mean, I wasn't in love with Marlow, what a ridiculous thought! So it couldn't be 'making love,' it had to be something else. And screwing, while a bit crude, had a better ring than some of the other names I had heard for it. Like 'plugging her hole,' and 'banging her,' or the ever-popular 'fu' Oh, hell, I just can't say it. I may have been in the process of becoming addicted to sex, but I was still a lady.

At one point Melinda was standing next to me when I felt something touch my bottom under the water. I started to jump until I realized it was Melinda's hand. Her hand traced its way around my hips and into my pubic patch. She had to walk around me to do it, but she did, looking back at me with a smile over her shoulder. It was such a sweet, innocent smile that I could hardly get mad at her. Besides, her hand on my private parts felt good. How very strange, two girls with tied hands touching each other in the middle of a pool. After a minute, Melinda turned and pressed her lips against mine.

The Brenda of a week before would have been shocked and withdrawn, probably with a few well-chosen words about perversions. But that was a different girl from the one who stood in that pool and felt the body of this lovely teenager pressing against hers under the water. And those lips upon mine were exciting ... I kissed her back with a hunger I didn't know I had in me.

After a minute we broke apart. She looked up into my eyes with such a sweet smile that I felt my heart go out to her. I was about to kiss her again when I remember that we weren't alone. I looked around in embarrassment, wondering what Marlow would think of our little display. But, fortunately, he wasn't watching. Kitty had apparently seen Melinda's bold approach and left the pool. I later found out that Kitty wasn't lesbian and thought it something sick. She was in the process of bending over to pick up a towel with her teeth. Then she walked over to Marlow, hips swaying seductively, and dropped it in his lap. I couldn't hear her words, but I gathered she was asking him to dry her off. The fool was grinning like the idiot he was.

My first reaction when he got up and walked off with Kitty, was to rush out of the pool and give him a piece of my mind. But then Melinda's body was against mine under the water and I was distracted. Let him play with that little floozy, I thought. Serve him right if Mendosa caught him in the middle of screwing his woman. Or one of his women.

I turned my attention back to the teenager pressing her body against mine. She had pushed one leg between mine and lifted it until her thigh pressed against my sex. That felt good, so I leaned forward and kissed her again. We kissed for quite a while, our tongues playing with each other's in a manner I had never experienced before, but which seemed perfectly correct. I could feel her taut nipples pressing against my breasts and knew mine were doing the same. Suddenly she broke the kiss.

"Quickly," she whispered. "We won't be alone for long. Come."

I followed her out of the water and along the creek, my heart beating faster. Was this an escape attempt? Was she going to help me get out of there? Had Kitty's distraction of Marlow been part of a plan? We came around some trees and were suddenly in the garden in a clearing that was covered with grass and not visible from the house. Melinda turned and smiled at me. "Lie down," she said in a strange, trembling voice. I obeyed and was soon lying on my back on the grass. Melinda knelt between my legs, pushing them apart with her knees, then she bent over and her mouth was upon my

sex.

I had never made love to a woman before, nor had one make love to me. Yet I knew I wanted it, just as much as Melinda wanted to do it to me. I closed my eyes and arched my back to tilt my hips to make it easier for her. The teenage girl knew just what she was doing, her tongue darted in and out of my sex in a way that made me shiver in delight. And when she licked my clit, I gasped out loud. It was a feeling unlike anything I had ever known. Not even Marlow's stiff and huge rod inside me felt quite like that. It was soooooo good! Soon she had her lips tight around my most sensitive place and was sucking and teasing with her tongue. I lay on the ground, arched up and trembling all over with desire and pleasure. When I could stand it no more, my body exploded in pure fire. Colors danced before my closed eyes and I shook all-over with ecstasy. It was much like what Marlow had done to me, but at the same time different.

It was Juan who found us lying next to each other, Melinda's head upon my breasts, two spent but happy girls. I expected him to be mad but he merely shook his head sadly and motioned for us to return to the house, which we did. I, at least, was blushing red to have been caught right after the act of making love with another girl. Melinda seemed to take it more casually.

That night, after dinner, our punishments were announced.

7

My First Cropping

Apparently Don Mendosa had talked to Marlow before, because my captor merely sat there while our host announced that I was going to be punished. Either he felt I deserved it for making love with another woman, or he simply felt it was within Mendosa's power to punish any female who breaks his rules in his house. Either way, I was sentenced and led away for that sentence to be carried out.

"A woman should not have sex with another woman," Don Mendosa said as the dishes were being cleared away. "That is not the way of things, not right. Any woman caught doing this will have to be punished." He sounded sad that this was so and what came next was a necessary evil. "Melinda should know better. Her punishment will be to spend a night and a day hogtied in the tool shed."

I glanced at Melinda. I knew what a hogtie was, it was a horrible way to tie up a person. The arms are tied behind them, and the legs, then the feet are tied to the hands behind them, making the person bend in half. Spending a full day like that would be rough, even on a girl like her. But she didn't seem too worried. She caught my glance and gave a tiny shrug.

"And Miss Brenda, you are older and should know better even more than Melinda." I thought I saw the hint of a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. "Your punishment will be to have your bottom cropped, and to spend the night in one handcuff."

Cropped? I wondered. Then I realized that he was talking about a riding crop. I gasped. A riding crop was used on a horse, not a human female. "Are you crazy...." I began but was cut off.

"Better not to express your feelings, Miss," Don Mendosa said. "You might regret doing so."

Fuming inside, I turned to Marlow. Surely he wouldn't let this happen to his girl. Well, his captive. Whatever. He just sat there, looking mildly interested but not overly concerned.

"Juan, take away both girls," Don Mendosa pronounced. "Wait, what the hell are you talking about? You can't do this! Wait!" Juan's hand upon my arm was quite solid. Both Melinda and I were still naked and our hands tied behind us. It wasn't hard for him to propel me out of the room and towards the back of the house. Melinda meekly rose from her seat and proceeded us out.

The tool shed was rather large for such a building. There were tools, to be sure, but they occupied only a small portion of the room. The rest was taken up with a wooden contraption that I only

recognized after staring at it for a minute as a pillory. It was a solid post in the middle of the floor, topped by two large, heavy planks with holes for the head and wrists. There was a hasp and a padlock, letting me know that this was for real. There was a cleared space around the pillory, with wooden planks for a floor.

Juan took a short length of rope from a peg on the wall, where there were many such pieces of varying lengths, and looped it around my neck. He then tethered me to the pillory like a horse. Melinda meekly turned her back to him and lifted her bound wrists for him to untie. That puzzled me for a bit. Her wrists were already tied, why untie them? Why not just tie her feet and then connect them into the prescribed hogtie?

The answer became obvious when he began to tie her arms again as soon as the rope was off. This time the palms were facing each other and the elbows tightly corded together, just as I had spent the night and morning. Melinda, strangely, did not seem too upset at the prospect of spending a whole day tied like that. At one point, while Juan was busy behind her, she looked up at me, smiled, and blew me a kiss. I got the impression she was saying that the pleasure we shared was worth the punishment. I was not so sure.

She sat on the floor when her arms were finished and put her legs together. He tied them above the knees, and then at the ankles, fairly tightly. Then she rolled over onto her stomach and bent her legs. Juan did not make it a comfortable hogtie. He could have just tied her wrists and ankles connected by a short length of rope. That would have kept her legs from unbending, certainly a very uncomfortable way to spend so long a period. But he pulled the rope tighter and tighter, forcing her feet closer and closer to her hands. When he tied the knots, her heels were pressed against the palms of her hands. I grimaced as he tied the knots up at her elbows. That was one hell of a hogtie! I had no wish to ever be tied that way. I didn't even want to think about poor Melinda being tied that way for so long.

I had thought that the hogtie would have been enough punishment for any girl, but Juan wasn't finished with her. He tied a rope to her elbow ropes and then threw that rope over a beam. He passed it again around the elbow bondage, pulled and then tied the knots. The rope over the beam lifted her elbows slightly. It didn't add much to her discomfort, I figured, until I realized that it meant she would be unable move from that spot, and even unable to roll over on her side. That unfortunate girl would have to stay on her stomach and in that terribly tight hogtie until someone released her. I was sure there was no way she could ever escape from those ropes.

When Juan untied my tether to lead me away, I swallowed hard. If this was the way he punished his own daughter, what would he do to me?

There was a place next to the house where a dozen wooden beams came out of the roof and were held up by posts forming a patio. Don Mendosa was waiting here, sitting in a chair, sipping brandy. Marlow was also there, holding his brandy in one hand but not drinking. They stopped talking when we came up.

"señor Marlow," said Don Mendosa grandly, "perhaps you would like to inspect how my daughter is going to spend tonight and all of tomorrow? We will prepare Miss Brenda but not begin the cropping until you return. The shed is that way."

Marlow glanced at me, then turned to Mendosa. "Thank you, I would like that." And he was gone, heading back the way I had just come.

Don Mendosa waved his hand and Juan prepared me for a whipping. It wasn't hard. First he untied my hands. Then he locked one cuff from a pair of handcuffs upon my left wrist. He positioned me under metal ring on the bottom of one of those beams, then took the free cuff and locked it through the ring. That might not sound so bad until you know that the ring was so high that I had to stand on tiptoes for the handcuffs to reach it. With one pair of handcuffs, I was completely helpless, very uncomfortable on my toes, unable to put my feet flat to the ground, and feeling very vulnerable. The steel of the handcuff was cutting into my wrist and hurting already.

When I turned around, Juan was handing Mendosa a riding crop and my heart skipped a beat. It was black, made of leather, and looked very wicked. I had used one of them on a horse's rump ever since I was a tiny girl, I certainly knew the instrument. But the thought of that being used on my bottom

scared me silly. A horse has a thick hide, you have to hit hard and make it hurt to make the animal feel it. I had no such tough hide.

For a while I just stood there, twisting a bit this way or that, never comfortable. And the strange part was that one of my hands was free. I could reach up and touch the steel bracelet digging into my wrist. But I was very helpless and feeling it.

Marlow's voice was the first I knew of his return. "A very beautiful job of tying," he said. "That girl will not be freeing herself, nor will she be moving." He sat down as Mendosa grinned his pleasure. "And," Marlow added, "she will be suffering for many hours. She will be punished."

I didn't like my man talking like that. So far he had been content with tying me up. Maybe a bit overly tight until it became a punishment by itself, but he hadn't hit me or anything like that. Actually, when he was making love to me, he was rather gentle. I wasn't happy to see him picking up ideas from this Mexican.

Don Mendosa rose up and circled me slowly, enjoying the view of my body, and probably the fear in my eyes. I wanted to say something to stop this but didn't now what words would do it.

"Your ever so delightful ass will be whipped with this riding crop," he began. "I will deliver two dozen strokes." I gulped. "All across your ass. You will keep your hand away from your bottom. If you hand touches your ass or tried to prevent the crop from striking you, additional strokes will be added. I hope you understand this."

"Couldn't you punish me some other way...." I began.

Suddenly my ass burst into fire. I yelled and lifted one leg in reaction. It was a terrible pain in my left cheek, more pain than I had thought it would be. Much more. "No!" was all I could think to say. My hand flew to my injured flesh as if holding it would help.

"I said you were not to touch your ass," said Mendosa with pleasure in his voice. "That stroke does not count."

The second stroke landed on my other cheek, a fresh burst of fire and pain lancing into me. I yelped, rather loudly, I fear.

The hardest part was trying to keep my free hand from grabbing my bottom. I did not want that crop to hit my fingers, I feared it might break them. But my hand wanted to touch my bottom. For the first time I found myself wishing that I had been more restrained than I was. If both hands were locked above me, I wouldn't have to worry about touching my injured part.

The whipping of my bottom with the riding crop continued leisurely, each stroke numbered and delivered with accuracy and impact. My bottom felt as if it were on fire and being cut to ribbons, so terrible was this cropping. I cried, gasped, and even screamed as an endless supply of pain was inflicted upon my soft flesh.

I fear I must have made a spectacle of myself. There were times when my feet left the ground and I hung for a moment suspended by one wrist, enduring both the pain in my bottom and my wrist. It wasn't until half the promised strokes had been delivered that I thought to take my free hand and clamp it on the chain of my handcuff. That lifted one foot off the ground but it took much of the hurt off my imprisoned wrist.

Finally two dozen lashes, plus three extra earned when I couldn't help myself from grabbing my sore bottom, were finished and that horrible man and his riding crop backed away.

For a long time I heard nothing. When I turned to look through teary eyes, I found Don Mendosa and Marlow both looking at me with a mixture of admiration, lust, and pleasure in their eyes. Men! They're terrible beasts to get such pleasure out of hurting a girl.

Marlow was the first to approach me. For a few minutes he inspected the flesh on my bottom, probably enjoying the ragged flesh cut to ribbons. I felt his fingers gently touch that ruined flesh, and

that hurt. Not enough to cry out but just his touch upon that tortured skin was enough to evoke a fresh burst of pain.

Don Mendosa had his inspection, after Marlow was finished. I vaguely heard both men commenting upon the lovely colors my bottom was turning, and upon the wonderful way I had 'danced' to the tune of the whip. I didn't tell them how wonderful I thought it was.

They were gone and I didn't realize it for a few minutes.

But when I looked up, I found myself alone. Suddenly I felt afraid and shocked as I realized that this was the way I was going to spend the night. This must have been what Mendosa had meant by "one handcuff," a terrible punishment in itself.

But with the men gone, at least I could bring my free hand down, and lower both feet until as much of my weight as possible was taken on my toes. Carefully my hand explored the flesh of my bottom. I expected to bring away my hand with bloody fingers but found none. My flesh was sore and burned and bruised something terrible, but not cut to ribbons as I had feared.

It was a long night. I'd like to say that I managed some sleep, but there was none. My upraised hand hurt terribly, soon more so than my bottom, which had settled down to a ache and hot feeling. I shifted my weight from foot to foot, even held on to the handcuff with my free hand to ease the strain. At times I clamped my free hand around the chain of the handcuffs and hung by that hand, the captive wrist and my feet gaining wonderful relief. But there was always the return to an agonizing suspension in the cruel clutch of steel. Often I wept, trying to keep the sound down lest I earn fresh punishment for disturbing someone's sleep. But by morning I could not prevent moans from escaping my lips.

I could see the silent, cold, hard stars slowly wheel overhead during the night. It gave me a measurement of time, like a clock. Occasionally I wondered if Marlow was sleeping alone or had taken one of those other girls to bed. These men were bastards and it would not have surprised me to learn that Don Carlos Mendosa had made a present of one of his girls to Marlow. That thought made me feel even worse.

It was a long night.

8

I Get Shafted

Juan unlocked my wrist at the first light of dawn. To say that I was a sorry girl would be an understatement. I was sore, my arm and wrists hurt terribly and my feet ached something horrible.

Perhaps as a concession to my very chaffed and raw wrist, my hands were not secured again. Instead a pair of handcuffs were locked upon my ankles. It was just as effective as securing my hands behind me, I could not get them off and I certainly couldn't run. The tiny steps I had to take were both very limiting and humiliating. Rather than wait for me to hobble along, Juan simply picked me up in his arms and carried me back to my bedroom. Marlow was nowhere in sight, so Juan simply dumped me on the bed and left.

I could have tried to escape, tiny steps and all, but it seemed simply too much effort. And doomed to failure anyway. So I curled up on my side on the bed and fell asleep. I didn't feel like sleeping on my sore bottom.

Lunch was my first meal that day, spent at the table eating with my own hands for a change. My feet under the table were joined by handcuffs but I didn't mind. I was hungry and considerably refreshed by the morning nap. My wrist was red and bruised from the hard steel but otherwise unhurt. What felt worst was where my bare bottom came in contact with the hard wood of the chair. I fear I was almost constantly squirming and wiggling in vain efforts to get comfortable. The men said nothing, but I was

sure they were enjoying my discomfort.

After lunch I was given a bath by Maria, lots of warm water and soapy bubbles. And I didn't mind her hands rubbing that soap all over my body. I did not, of course, touch her back, nor make too big a deal over her touching me. I was too fresh from a punishment for lesbian acts to risk yet another one.

After the bath I was taken for a walk by Marlow. No clothes were offered after I was toweled down, and somehow I had come to expect that. This was a different world from the one I had known, a world of male domination and female submission.

Marlow didn't seem to mind having to walk very slowly while I shuffled along, the hard steel snubbing my ankles with each step. Once outside the house, we made for the gardens where the trees would provide welcome shade. I used the opportunity to talk to Marlow about things on my mind.

"Tell me," I began, "why did you let Don Mendosa punish me? I mean, I am your ... Well, sort of your prisoner, not his. Why let him punish me?"

Marlow didn't answer at first and I thought perhaps he wouldn't. "You broke one of his rules," he said finally. "This is his house, his rules."

"Oh, pooh! I don't believe that was the only reason."

"Maybe you're right. I was curious to see how he would punish you. He asked me if it was okay. You were caught playing lesbian games on the grass with his daughter. She was punished, too, you notice."

"I noticed. So I had to stand all night hanging by one handcuff and have my bottom beaten to pieces just because you were curious?"

"Yap."

Don't you hate men who speak in monosyllables? I tried a more direct accusation. "You enjoyed watching him whip my bottom, didn't you? I saw the look in your eyes."

Again he paused before answering, as if carefully weighing the words. "You're quite right. I did enjoy watching it happen. You were an incredible sight."

"Thank you, I think." Part of me was pleased that he enjoyed it, but part wanted to scream at him how unfair and terrible it was for a girl to be whipped just so men could watch. I settled on a mild reproach, "It hurt me a great deal."

"Wouldn't be punishment if it didn't," he replied logically. The discussion of my providing the evening's entertainment came to a halt at the tool shed. I could hear moaning coming from within and was suddenly reminded of how terribly tight Melinda had been tied the night before. Marlow opened the door and gestured for me to enter.

It was dark in the shed after the afternoon sunlight. There was one window but it was shuttered and allowed only tiny rays of light to fall to the dirt floor. It was hot in there and smelled of oil. As my eyes grew used to the dim light, I began to see Melinda as she lay on the floor. As expected, she was still tied exactly as she had been the night before. I didn't think anyone could escape from those ropes. She lay still on the floor, her head turned to one side and resting on the wooden planks, the long dark hair covering her face so I could not see it. Perhaps she had struggled violently during the night. That would explain the hair covering her head. I knelt down awkwardly and gently pushed back her hair.

Her eyes were red from crying and tear stains ran down her cheeks, but she looked up at me with a small smile of welcome. My heart went out to her. I had suffered but she was still suffering. Without thinking about it, I bent down and kissed her on the lips. It was not a kiss of passion, but of love.

I quickly regained my feet, looking to Marlow to see if he would object to my kissing this helpless nudity. He said nothing. Then I looked back down at the tight package that was Melinda and had to

marvel. It was terrible the way she was tied, but also beautiful. Maybe that place was getting to me, but there was something truly beautiful about the way her arms were tied cruelly tight and her legs were bent backward until the feet met the hands. I felt for her suffering and felt excited at the sight of it, all at the same time.

Marlow patted my bare bottom, which brought forth more pain than a little pat should have, then he left. For a second I hesitated to follow him. I had to communicate how I felt to this helpless girl, had to say something to her. The kiss had told her how I felt, but I wanted to add something more. I squatted down and whispered that she alone might hear, "When we have the chance I'll do that thing to you. I'll make love to you. To hell with the men."

I think she smiled at me but I was rushing to get out and back into the sunshine. I didn't know why I had said what I did, but I did know that I meant it. And I knew inside that I would do it, make love to her, as soon as we had the chance. I still loved what Marlow did to me when he had me in his bed, but what Melinda and I shared was something special. I really loved the girl.

Marlow and I set out upon the garden paths again, sort of exploring the place, sort of just walking. I wanted to talk some more. So much new and strange was happening and I just had to talk to someone.

"It is Don Mendosa's rule against girls making love to each other," I began. "But how do you feel about it?"

He stopped, put his hands on his hips, and stared at me.

"Gal," he began, "so long as you're ready in bed whenever I want you, you can do all the sucking and tonguing and pussy nibbling you want. Hell, I wish I had been there to watch. Might have been an interesting show."

I knew from the tone of his voice that he was serious. "I liked what she did to me," I ventured. "It felt very good."

"Yap."

"I mean, well... What you do to me is very good. Great! Wonderful! But what Melinda did to me was different... It was wonderful, too." I was afraid I had gone too far. So far Marlow had kept me to himself, perhaps he wouldn't like the idea that I derived so much pleasure from another girl. But I didn't have to worry.

"Gal, you can eat pussy all you want, I think that's just fine. Just have that pussy of yours ready when I want to use it."

I didn't know what to say. But I was glad inside. At least I wouldn't have to worry about Marlow when it came to Melinda and I playing any games. I might even get him to help us arrange it, I thought. But then I pushed that thought back down. He would probably want to watch and the idea of a man watching while Melinda and I made love was embarrassing as hell. Finally I said, simply, "Thank you." And I meant it.

We found some interesting places hidden in the gardens.

There was a set of stocks, heavy wooden planks with holes for feet and another plank set on edge for the unfortunate girl to have to sit on. There was a place with a post in the ground. That's all, just a post in the middle of a clearing. Could be used for many things, I figured, most of them involving a girl being made helpless. There was a clearing with a short, thinner post. As we got closer I blushed. The top of that post was carved and polished wood in the shape of a male penis. There were threads at the base of it so it could be screwed up or down. And it was just about the right height to be inserted into a girl's pussy if she straddled it. The image of me straddling it and having Marlow screw it up into me until I was on my tip toes flashed before my mind. It was scary but also very exciting.

Marlow was probably thinking the same thing to judge from the grin on his face. "Now, gal, there's one thing that another girl can't give you," he wisecracked. "Reckon a few hours standing with that

thing up inside you would make you satisfied. Of course, it ain't as big as me, but looks like it would fill you right up."

It was a lie. The wooden phallus was a little larger than Marlow but I had the good sense not to say that to him. I was happy with the feeling in my pussy when his tool filled it up, but found myself getting warm inside at the thought of this wooden one filling me up.

Perhaps he sensed my thoughts, perhaps they were simply the same ones he was having. But whatever the reason, he unlocked the handcuffs from my ankles and lowered the shaft until the end was just at the height of my pussy. I gulped at the obvious intention.

He helped me straddle the shaft, parting the labia so the end of it would enter properly. Then he began twisting the base of it. Slowly it entered me, with much less discomfort than I had expected. I sort of expanded to fit the large prong. And I was juicy enough to make its passage easy. By the time the whole artificial penis was buried into my flesh, I was gasping and moaning. I wasn't very experienced with sex and had so far only one male penis to judge by, but I was sure that this wooden one would have been large for any girl, perhaps too large for some. And the way it twisted as it slowly rose into me made for an interesting sensation.

Marlow, the male bastard that he was, continued screwing until I was up on my tip toes. When he stepped backwards to look at me, I realized that I was not only being raped by a piece of wood, I was also helpless! Being on my toes gave me no leverage to lift one leg and try to lift myself off that shaft. Had I been flatfooted, I might have lifted myself to my tip toes and gotten off. Maybe. Probably not even then, but with me this high there was no way. I could not reach the shaft with my hands or I could have unscrewed it. I might have been able to bend forward and reach the shaft but I was afraid of falling forward and hurting myself inside.

I looked to Marlow. He was enjoying my awkward situation. I really didn't want to appear too sexually excited in front of this man but the sensations were making my body do things I didn't want. I could see my nipples rigid and knew I was blushing. It was wonderful and terrible at the same time.

"Marlow, I'm ready to get off," I tried. "Please?"

Marlow didn't unscrew the shaft. Instead he locked the handcuffs from my ankles on my wrists behind me. "In case you get any ideas about reaching down and unscrewing that thing," he said. "Gal, I reckon you're sort of stuck there."

I glared at him but said nothing. It was too true, I was stuck there. Marlow grinned and slapped my bare bottom. "You have fun, Brenda. But just remember, tonight, when you're in bed with me, that pussy had better be ready for my prong." Then he was gone.

I gasped. It was not easy staying on tip toes, and I didn't want to sink down to flatfooted. There simply wasn't any more room inside for that thing to sink deeper into me. Just how long did he plan to leave me there?

I had to sigh aloud. This was ridiculous. Then I got to wondering if I could have a climax while on this thing. I could make it move a little bit inside me by wiggling my hips. And I found that I could flex my toes and get some up and down motion out of it. Oh, that felt good! I began cursing that bastard for not leaving me flatfooted. Then I could have risen up on my toes and made the shaft side in and out a few inches at least. But I made do with what I had.

It wasn't the same as when Marlow make me climax, and not the same as what Melinda had done to me. But it was nice. I've heard a saying to the effect that sex, even when bad, is still pretty good. So it wasn't an incredible orgasm, it was still nice, and I had all I could do to keep in an upright position during the most intense portion of it. As I was coming down from a sexual high, a male voice interrupted my glow.

"Very nice, señorita, very nice, indeed." It was Don Mendosa, standing there for who knows how long. "I carved that shaft myself," he boasted, "it is very realistic, no? And modeled after my own rod."

I did not comment, I was too busy blushing. He walked slowly around me, admiring my form impaled upon his shaft. With my hands locked behind my back, I couldn't cover up a thing. "Of course," he continued, "an artificial penis isn't the same as the real thing, don't you agree?"

I agreed but didn't give him the pleasure of saying so. He patted one breast then cupped the underside as if weighing it. "Your bottom, it is nicely colored, all blacks and blues and purples. The riding crop is very good for whipping a girl's bottom, no?"

I was getting tired of his questions. "Perhaps you would like me to lower the shaft... Perhaps you would like the real thing inside you?"

Before I could find a reply, another voice from behind him interrupted Don Mendosa. "She's suppose to stay on that post until dinner time," said Marlow. "She's being punished."

Don Mendosa smiled and his hand left my breast. "Oh? And what for, may I ask?"

"She wasn't walking fast enough." Don Mendosa lifted one eyebrow at that but said nothing. Then, with a sigh, he walked out of the clearing, passing very close to Marlow. I could sense a tension in the air that I hadn't noticed before. Up until then those two seemed to be, if not buddies, at least in agreement. They both seemed to feel girls should be treated the same -- restrained and helpless. I felt a thrill inside that Marlow would be so protective of me. It was nice to be owned.

I immediately rejected that thought. I was not the property of Marlow! I was his captive and would escape as soon as I could.

That escape would have to wait a while. I was going nowhere at the moment.

"Oh, Marlow, thank you," I exclaimed. "I don't like him.

"Because he whipped you last night?"

"Because I just don't like him. I felt that way before last night. He wants to hurt a girl, I can tell."

"You may be right there, honey," he said as he came closer to me.

"Were you there very long?" I asked.

"Long enough to see him watching you get it off on that thing. I figured you'd rather the didn't replace the wood with his prong."

"You got that right," I agreed. He can keep that thing in his pants for all I care. Oh, Marlow, would you let me down now? It's not easy standing on my toes like this."

Marlow looked down at my feet then knelt beside me. I felt the shaft turn within my sheath and breathed a sigh of relief when my heels again touched the ground. But the shaft stopped there.

"I can't step off unless you lower it some more," I observed.

"Yap."

"You mean you're actually going to leave me here until dinner?"

"Yap."

"Bastard!"

"How did you know about that?"

"Oh ... Oh, shit!"

I don't know what came over me to utter such an unladylike word but it just came out. Instantly Marlow was grinning from ear to ear. I had to laugh out loud along with him. It was pretty silly for a girl in my position to be cursing like a cowboy.

"You'll be comfortable," he told me. "You just won't be going anywhere. Hell, gal, maybe you'll even have another go at the thing. What do they call it, Organism?"

"Orgasm," I supplied.

"Yeah. Well, whatever, you're getting your jollies, that's for sure."

"Marlow...." He turned back to me. "Marlow, I... I would rather have you inside me."

I am sure I was blushing. What kind of girl was this place turning me into? A wanton hussy? Good girls don't go around asking a man who is not their husband to do things like that to them.

He grinned, then did something I would not have expected. He leaned over and kissed me gently on the lips.

I sighed as I watched his departing back. I took that kiss as a promise that he would do what I wanted him to do that night. Part of me was very happy, hussy or no.

9

A Wanton Hussy Gets What She Wants

I must have been crazy. That night, after a dinner which saw Don Mendosa polite as usual, and Melinda looking exhausted and with deep red marks upon her arms and legs, Marlow took me to the bedroom. My heart was all a flutter, anticipation running high. This sex stuff was proving very addictive, both with Marlow and Melinda. I felt as if I couldn't get enough. Which must be the reason I acted like a whore when we were finally alone.

My ankles were handcuffed together but not my wrists.

That was out of consideration for the wrist made rather sore from the handcuff the night before. And I was naked. Marlow carried me back to the room and set me down on the bed. For a while he stood there over me, just looking at me. I watched as his eyes roved over my body, obvious male enjoyment lighting them. It made me tingle all over to have this man devouring my nudity, even with his eyes. I rose up to my elbows and looked him in the eye.

"Marlow ... I'm a bad girl. I have to be punished. You should tie my arms behind me. Very tight. Very tight" I was almost panting. "Tie my elbows together. Then tie my legs to the corners of the bed." I remember licking my lips right then before adding, "Tie them very wide and tight."

Now what kind of girl talks like that? I surprised even myself. I mean, I knew I was horny. The orgasm on the wooden shaft only wetted my appetite. I wanted this man's rod inside me very much. But to beg him to tie me in a painful position? And to ask that my legs be spread wide, like some two-bit whore? I must have been crazy.

Grinning, he lifted me to my feet and roughly turned me around. I put my arms together behind my back without having to be told, still entranced by whatever kind of spell I was under. I felt the ropes loop around my wrists then jerk down tightly. More rope cinched down the first loops. I don't think my wrists had ever been tied so tightly before. Then the rope was forcing my elbows tightly together. When he finished the last knot, he jerked me around. Suddenly his mouth was on mine, hungrily kissing me. I responded with everything that was in me. I pressed my breasts against his chest and felt a fire burning in my loins.

I don't know how long the kiss lasted but I was panting when it ended. Suddenly I was on my back on

the bed. A few seconds later my left ankle was looped and being dragged wide towards one corner of the bed. Then my right ankle, spreading me wide. Then he pulled some more and I thought I would split up the middle with a ripping sound.

I should have been afraid but was not. All I could think of was Marlow's rod pumping away inside of me. I lay on my bound arms, very much aware of how that made my breasts stand up and my hip thrust upward. I didn't care about what I looked like, or what I felt. Like a rage, desire held my body and mind in its grasp. I moaned in passion and begged him to screw me, using words as crude as I could think of.

Then he was on me. He knelt between my legs and cupped my sex with one hand. "You're wet as hell, gal. Guess you want it real bad."

"Shut up and screw me." I wanted to scream at him. The desire inside me was almost a pain. I had never suspected that a woman could feel this way. His fingers teased my clit and I shivered all over. Then his rod was at the entrance to my tunnel. Then it was an inch in. Two inches. Three inches. I was moaning with passion. Then it was two inches in. One inch. OUT!

"Just a taste, honey," he muttered. Then he pinched both my nipples at the same time, hard pinches that really hurt. That should have cooled down my ardor but it only fueled my lust more.

"Bastard!" I cried.

"Yap," he said. But he placed his rod back at the entrance to my sex and I closed my eyes in anticipation. The plunge was hard and I cried out as his hips banged against my wide spread thighs.

It was a good thing that he had my legs tied down. And that my arms were firmly bound behind and under me. And that he was used to riding bucking broncos. I jerked, thrust my hips up at him, and wiggled fiercely as he pumped away in me. Every time his hips thrust in, mine thrust up. We rocked the bed and I made animal sounds that I'm too ashamed to try and describe. It was one wild ride.

When I came to an orgasm, it was like a tornado whirling up my brains. I saw colors, flashing lights and felt totally on fire. I think I left this earth and floated someplace else for a long time.

I hope it was as good for him, but I've found that men don't have the same kind of orgasms as women. It may be intense for a man but it lasts only a few seconds. Then it's all over and thank you, ma'am. A woman builds up to an orgasm slower but it lasts a hundred times longer.

When I floated back down to earth, Marlow was still lying on me. His rod was still inside me, but not of the size it had been a short time before. For a long time we lay there like that. My arms hurt some but that was fine with me. As I lay there, wondering how long it would be before I was ready for another ride, a funny thing happened.

His hands went to my bottom and clutched a cheek in each. His fingers dug in strongly, which would have hurt a fair amount by itself, but was doubly painful because of the fresh bruises and whip marks decorating my rump. I cried out and wiggled under him. Almost immediately I felt his rod stiffen inside me. Then his hands kneaded the sore flesh of my bottom, causing a lot of pain. The more I wiggled and struggled under him, the harder his phallus grew. And the harder it grew, the more the smoldering fire in my loins flared up. Before long I was moaning again and he was pumping away with a fresh vigor I found delightful. The pain caused by his fingers digging into my ass merged with the pleasure in a wonderful way.

The second ride was a little less urgent than the first but very pleasurable nevertheless. The whole house must have heard the sound of creaking bed and whatever you'd call those noises I made. But it was wonderful and I couldn't control my body.

After his climax, he rolled off me to lay beside me. I was still trembling and shaking all over from the wonderful sexual high. If every night with a man was like this, I cursed myself for waiting so long to try sex.

Marlow blew out the lantern and tossed a cover over us.

I felt asleep with his arm across my breasts, my arms and legs still bound that way. I didn't care.

Sometime in the middle of the night he must have awoken because I slowly became aware of a wonderful dream in which I was tied down to a bed and being screwed by Marlow. It is most pleasant to awaken and find such dreams are true.

We slept a little late the next morning. Well, after all, we hadn't gotten much sleep during the night.

That next day was the beginning of real trouble between Marlow and Don Mendosa. It all came about because Don Carlos Mendosa wanted me. Quite simple, and an old story -- two men, one woman equals trouble. Not that Mendosa didn't have a woman, hell, he had four. Not to mention a daughter who went around tied up and naked most of the time.

Which is something that I noticed. After the night when I was whipped with that riding crop, all of the girls, including Melinda, were usually to be seen with some form of restraint upon their limbs. Often that was a pair of handcuffs, in front if they had chores to do, or behind if not. And nudity became the uniform of the day for all female inhabitants of that valley. Juan and Don Mendosa, not to mention Marlow, never lacked for clothing to protect them from sun, dust, thorns, etc. But us girls had to beware of too much sun, prickly thorns, rocks on the ground hurting bare feet, and other concerns that a normally dressed person doesn't have to worry about.

Okay, having said that I and the other girls were running around bare-assed naked. It was only natural that all males present would be in a state of constant horniness, sometimes arousal. And Don Mendosa was apparently tired of the four he had to screw when and where he wished, for he cast his eyes my direction and wasn't too subtle about it. The incident of grabbing a breast while I was impaled on that wooden phallic shaft was just the first. The next day he made a move towards me in a big way.

Marlow wanted to take a ride. There were horses and a trail hand just can't stay away from horses for long. Sometimes I think they love their horses more than they do their women. Well, he was off riding one of Don Mendosa's horses and I was left to enjoy the fine morning, blue sky, relatively mild temperature and fresh air. Unfortunately I wasn't paying much attention to the beauty around me, I was busy trying to ignore pain in my shoulders and arms. Marlow, you see, had thought it amusing to fix me under one of the trees in the garden in a position that might be amusing to a male but isn't much fun for the girl. My arms were bound behind me, elbows together, and then a rope from my wrists were thrown over a large branch above me. My arms were then pulled up behind me until I was bent forward with my head hanging down. That would have been bad enough but then he looped my ankles with rope and tied my legs spread wide. If it hadn't been for my arms tied above me, I would have fallen forward on my face, so wide apart were my feet. He patted my bottom and told me that he'd be back in an hour or two. Or more. He was a little vague about that part.

It was uncomfortable at first but grew worse. After an hour or so I heard footsteps coming up behind me. Looking through my legs, expecting to see Marlow coming, I was surprised to see it was Don Mendosa. And disappointed. I didn't like that man and wasn't too happy about being naked and so exposed before him.

Can you image what I looked like? I mean, I was bent over and my legs spread wide. That gives a man a great view of my pussy, from the back to be sure, but still a great view. And I was feeling pretty vulnerable with my sex so wide open and my hands in no position to protect any part of me.

He didn't greet me, didn't comment on what a lovely morning it was, didn't even ask if I would like some attention paid to my sexual parts. It was just a hand suddenly grabbing my pussy from behind. And it wasn't a gentle hand. It kneaded my flesh and really hurt. I leaned forward to get away from that touch but the ropes held me quite firmly and all I achieved was to lean a little more and put more stress on my arms.

If what he did to me was any measure of the way he treated his other women, it was no wonder that they were always tied up. This man had either no knowledge of how to warm a woman up or didn't care. Probably the latter. Suddenly a finger was shoved into my sheath, a sheath not lubricated enough to make that an easy task. It hurt. The hand continued to knead my flesh while the finger

poked and prodded me from inside. It was not pleasant. The other hand came around and found a breast to squeeze. Having my breasts squeezed is nice, even when it gets a little hard. But he dug his fingers in and really hurt me.

I guess that was the operational word here, hurt. This man simply liked to hurt women. With a whip or with his hand, he enjoyed seeing them squirm and cry out in pain. Unfortunately a woman's body can often betray her. Even when hurting, a hand playing with our sexual parts can evoke a response. So it was that my vagina became wet from unwanted sexual excitement. When it was wet enough for his purpose, the hand withdrew and a sound behind me made me know that his pants were coming down.

Rape is a funny thing. It can be horrible or a delight. When Marlow first had sex with me, it was technically rape. But it had been wonderful. With Don Mendosa it was simply a violation of my body, unwanted and with no pleasure. He was rough where Marlow was gentle and considerate. He was in a hurry to get his rocks off, where Marlow, I'm sure, held back to make sure that I 'got my rocks off.'

He did get his rocks off, I could feel his hot spurts inside me. Then he withdrew and came around in front of me. One hand grabbed my hair and pulled my head up. The other held his limp penis in front of my lips. "señorita will lick it clean," he said simply.

The señorita didn't want to lick it clean. She wanted no part of it. But she was also very helpless and in a position such that her bottom was very available for the riding crop. And I had no doubt that he would use a riding crop if I was the least bit disobedient. I licked and tried to keep from gagging. It was an act that I would happily have done for Marlow but now was distasteful.

The licking was interrupted by a strong male voice from off to the side. "I'd appreciate it if you didn't use my woman," said Marlow. His tone was matter of fact but there was a hard edge hidden there.

Don Mendosa was surprised but recovered quickly. "But, señor, she is only a woman. Women are meant to be used by men."

I could see Marlow out of the corner of my eye. He sat on a gray, perfectly still in the saddle, eyes cold and hard. I was reassured to see that big 44 in its holster on his hip. He did not answer Mendosa.

In front of me, Mendosa was pulling up his pants. "But, señor, you did not think it unusual when I gave you Carmen. You did not refuse to fuck her, did you?"

"I didn't ask for her," he replied evenly. Mendosa's eyes grew hard. Then he remembered that he did not have a weapon and the mean look left his eyes. "Amigo! I did not know you felt so for this woman. I am sorry."

Marlow simply turned and left. Mendosa muttered something under his breath and stomped away.

Well, he had gotten his screwing of me and I hoped that would be the end of it. It seems to me that some men will chase a woman until they get her. Then they lose interest real fast and go off after fresh game. Perhaps Mendosa would be happy now and leave me alone.

Marlow came back shortly and untied my wrists and ankles from the trees, leaving my arms still bound behind me. He then lifted me to the back of the horse and we rode off up the valley. During the whole operation he didn't say a word.

The valley was no more than a mile long. The house was near the place where the spring burst out of the side of a mountain to give life to what should have been a desert. The valley continued a little ways above that point, but the trees thinned out very fast and we were soon riding over rough, bare ground strewn with boulders and rocks. The walls of the valley were mostly cliffs and rose around us until progress could not be continued on horseback. There, in the shade from one cliff, we dismounted. Marlow sat on a rock and I, still being bound, sat beside him.

There was no grass around, no bed, nothing but dirt, yet I would have been happy if he had thrown me to the ground and screwed the hell out of me. I guess it was sort of a reaction to what Don

Mendoza had done to me, sort of a flushing out of evil with good. But I held my tongue. I had found out very quickly that Marlow was a man who would do what he wished, when he wished. If he wanted to screw me, then he would do it.

"One thing puzzles me," he said finally. "And what is that?" I replied.

"Where does Mendoza get his money?" He looked around and waved his hand in the general direction down the valley. "That house costs money to build. Everything here is the best money can buy, from the silverware to the food. Yet there is no visible source to all this money. He grows no food, he raises no cattle, breaks no horses. And he let it slip once that when he found this valley he was lost, broke and being chased by bandits. So where did he get all that money?"

It was a good question. I wished I had an answer but there was nothing I could think of. I hadn't looked at the house and valley like Marlow did, but what he said made sense. Where did all the money come from?

For a while we sat in silence, both thinking about this problem. Finally I changed the subject to something more pressing from my point of view. "Marlow, can you keep Don Mendoza from using me? I hate that man. He really wants to hurt me, I can tell."

"I'll try."

That simple statement made me feel all good inside. A girl loves to have a big, strong man take care of her.

"You get caught messing around with that young Melinda again and I won't be able to keep him from punishing you."

"Yes, Sir." You will note that I didn't say I wouldn't 'mess around' with Melinda, only that I understood what being caught would mean.

A few minutes passed before I brought up what was bothering me. "Marlow, did you really use Carmen?"

"She came into my bedroom the night you were hanging by one hand in the patio. She was naked and her arms tied behind her. And she was most insistent. Maybe she had been ordered to be nice to me. Maybe not."

That was all he would say on the subject. I got the impression that he considered it of no importance. I was about to ask him if Carmen gave him pleasure but reconsidered. Perhaps I didn't want to know the answer.

Eventually we rode back to the house. Don Mendoza was polite again over lunch and no mention was made of the mornings friction.

I went swimming with the girls again, but since Juan was watching intently, was careful to not stay next to Melinda for more than a few seconds. My arms were still tied behind me with the elbows together, and Melinda was tied with wrists crossed. One time we managed to touch hands under the water for a second in a message of love. I really was getting more and more anxious for the two of us to get together and I think she felt the same way. At least she looked at me like she wished the men would just go away.

That night Marlow tied me spread-eagle on the bed with ropes so tight that I thought I would be torn apart. Then he mounted me and rode me for a long, long time. It was wonderful and we slept with me spread wide open. In the morning he made love to me again and that was wonderful, too.

Golden Secret

I think I figured it out. Marlow was troubled after that incident with Don Mendosa, I could tell. Up to that point he was content to stay in Mendosa's little valley and enjoy a very unique place where females were always naked and restrained. He and Don Mendosa shared a great deal in their love of bound and chained females, and that was enough to make them friends. But when Don Mendosa began to want his woman, Marlow began to have second thoughts about staying in this isolated paradise. There was a snake in paradise, and that snake wanted me.

One of the nice things about being a captive is that you don't have to worry about making decisions. Whatever Marlow decided to do, I would have to go along with. It was that simple.

I was of a mixed mind about the situation. I wanted to get away from Don Mendosa, true, but I also wanted to stick around in the hope that his daughter and I could be together. I was discovering a whole new world of sexual delights, not to mention my own submissive nature, and this was a perfect place to practice those delights.

Then there came an additional factor that just complicated the whole mess. There was gold in that valley. And I don't mean the small bits of dust you can pan out of most any river or creek. I mean piles of pure gold. Let me explain.

The next afternoon, after Kitty, Melinda and I had our afternoon swim - all naked and with hands tied behind us, naturally - I was lying on some grass, warming up and drying off in the sun. We were whispering to each other so that the watching Juan could not hear. I don't think he cared anyway if we talked, it was only when we touched that his ears perked up.

Well, I happened to mention the question about where Don Mendosa got all the wealth to build such a nice house and not have to work. Melinda gave me a funny look then turned her head to check on the presence of Juan.

"It is the gold," she whispered.

I was suddenly very interested. You have to understand that anyone living in the Southwest was aware of the gold mines of that area. There were legends of lost mines, hidden gold, and huge veins just waiting for someone to come along and find them. And enough gold and silver had already been mined to prove that there was plenty there. My father might have been wealthy by most standards, but there isn't a person who doesn't start drooling at the mention of golden fortunes.

"What gold?" I said innocently.

"At the top of the valley," she replied. "There is a cave. It was there that my father found many gold objects. Statues and bars of purest gold. I have seen it, although he tries to keep it a secret from the other girls. Juan, of course, knows, but he is absolutely loyal to my Father. All Juan wants to do is screw a girl every night and occasionally whip a bare ass.

The gold is from the Indians, I think. There are many statues, some jaguars, some men. There are bars of gold, some so heavy that I cannot lift them. Father cuts off pieces as needed, then pounds them into the shape of nuggets. Those Juan can use to trade for food and anything else we need."

"But where did this gold come from?" I was curious. Greedy and curious.

"Father says that the local Indians are savages and could never have mined the gold or made such beautiful statues. He says that this gold was brought up from far to the south and hidden here. I know nothing of such tales but Father seems to know."

"Is there a lot of gold?"

"The cave is large. There is so much that I think we will never use even a tiny part of it. Si, there is much gold." She was bragging but suddenly got a look of fear on her face. "Oh, Brenda, please don't tell my Father that I told you of this. He would punish me most terribly."

"And probably kill me to keep the secret," I added.

Melinda's eyes grew wide but she did not disagree.

I lay my head down on the grass but my mind was racing furiously. If Marlow and I could get some of that gold, we could flee this valley. With money anything can be done ... He wouldn't have to be a saddle cowboy ever again. And he wouldn't have to ransom me back to my father. Hell, with the kind of gold Melinda was talking about, he could buy my father's ranch.

Gold, they say, creates a fever in humans. I can believe it. I had seen many men spending their entire lives walking the mountains in search of something few ever find. And I wanted that gold, too. It meant that Marlow and I could get out of here and go set up a valley of our own someplace else. Someplace, that is, with no Don Mendosa to bother me.

Maybe I was foolish but the dream of Marlow and I being by ourselves was pretty attractive to me. Hell, I wouldn't mind if he kept me constantly tied up, so long as he screwed me each night. But then you have to remember, I was only nineteen and had a pretty healthy sex drive. After years of frustration I had discovered sex and wanted all I could get. I would have rolled over and began licking and tonguing Melinda right then and there had it not been for the man sitting nearby, and the certain punishment such an act would earn me. I was tempted to do it anyway.

But back to the gold. All I could do at that time was promise myself that I would tell Marlow as soon as we were alone.

"Be sure not to tell señor Marlow," Melinda whispered. I could hear the fright in her voice as she realized that she should not have told me their secret.

"Of course I won't," I lied. When it comes to gold, lies are okay.

The afternoon passed slowly. I was distracted all during the evening meal and hardly was aware of any of the conversation. Finally bed time came and Marlow led me off to our bed chamber.

I was still tied with my arms behind me and the elbows together. They hurt but I had gotten so used to being tied that way that I tended to forget about them. When I stopped to think about them, they hurt, when I was busy with something else, I forgot about them. I must be flexible or something because I could endure being so bound for very long periods with no real trouble. It was not uncommon for Marlow to leave my arms so tied after we made love and I would sleep that way.

When he closed the door, I got very close to him and whispered in his ear, "I have to talk to you. Private." He had a puzzled look on his face but was quick enough to realize that I was serious.

"Maybe I would like to take you for a little walk before bed," he said. Then he made a leash out of a short piece of rope, looped that around my neck, and led me out of the room.

It was a dark night, the moon not yet having risen, so we didn't stray too far from the lights of the house, just far enough into the garden so that we figured we were out of earshot.

"Now, what's this big thing you have to talk about," he said.

I explained about the gold. He was silent. "Well," I asked, "what about it? Could we steal some of that gold and get out of here?"

"That would be dishonest," he said evenly.

"Dishonest!" Quickly I lowered my voice. "Hell, you kidnapped me and were going to ransom me. I suppose that's honest!"

He didn't answer me. For a long time we stood there in the dark. "I'll think about it," he finally said. Then I was led back to the house.

Lovemaking that night was a bit distracted for both of us. Still pretty good but not as great as the other

times.

The next morning, as first light was coming in the window, Marlow whispered to me of his plans. "If he has so much gold, I don't suppose he'll be hurt by our taking some. But we don't want him to suspect. Today I'll try to find that cave when I go for a ride. If it's as you say, some night we can slip out of here, get as much gold as we can carry, and get out of here. I think I know the way to the nearest town."

I cuddled up against him and put one leg over his by way of saying I approved.

"Meantime I want to keep Don Mendosa's mind occupied. You don't have to like it, but do you think you could be nice to him?"

"You mean let him screw me?" He paused at that. "I guess around here a girl doesn't really 'let' a man screw her. He simply uses her when he wants to. Okay, can you just not protest too much when he uses you?"

"I guess I can. It won't be for long."

"Okay. I'll find ways of keeping him occupied with you while I go searching around."

I should have asked him what he meant by "occupied" but something else came up and we were busy for a while.

At breakfast he dropped the bombshell. "Don Mendosa, Brenda has been acting up," he said. "I think she needs some punishment. But I'm not too good at that. Do you think you could punish her this morning for me?"

Bastard! I thought. "She has not been obeying?" asked Mendosa, obviously interested.

"Refused to use her mouth last night," Marlow said with a male conspiratorial wink.

Liar! I wanted to yell. But I bowed my head. "I'm sure you'll have some way of punishing a girl who refused a simple thing like that."

"I'm sure I can provide something appropriate," Mendosa said smoothly. "Tonight she will be a more willing slave."

That was the first time I had heard the word 'slave' used around that place but it fit. All us girls were kept like slaves, in almost constant restraints and treated like property.

"Good. Well, I'm going to go for a ride. I'll drop' by later and see how you're doing." He dropped his napkin on his plate and left without even glancing my way.

If I hadn't known better, I would have thought that he really wanted me punished for failure to perform sexually. Of course, that wasn't the truth. If there was any sexual act that I failed to perform, it was only because I was tied down to the bed and couldn't move.

Don Carlos Mendosa wasted no time in getting me into that punishment requested by my owner. I suppose owner isn't the right word, but I couldn't think of what was. He certainly wasn't my husband. And friend didn't really describe our relationship. Since he stole me from my fathers' ranch, I guess he owned me. At least for the time being.

My hands were handcuffed behind my back, Marlow having finally untied my arms. I guess I can take that being tied with elbows together for a long time but it gets to be a pain and there are limits. To be honest, I've never really found my limit and I've been tied that way for over two days at times. You sort of get into a state where you forget about having arms.

But I digress. That morning I was led out into the garden by our host, his hand upon my arm, and me trying not to pull away from him. Isn't it funny how some people you thrill to the touch of, others repulse you? Our destination was a place where he had installed two posts about ten feet apart with a

cross beam bolted up near the tops of them. That cross beam was at least eight feet off the ground. About that point I was really beginning to dislike my job of keeping Don Mendosa occupied.

It was simple. My handcuffs were taken off and my wrists bound with that cotton rope but in a comfortable crossed position behind me. Then he sat me down on the grass and bound my ankles together. The third length of rope was looped around the rope on my ankles and pulled tight. I suspected what was to come next and it was confirmed when he tossed the rope over the beam. All that was left to do was to pull on the rope and Brenda Walters was slowly lifted into the air by her ankles.

It's a strange feeling to have your legs rising before your eyes, and to have them keep on going. The worst part is when only your head is still left on the ground. You want very badly to reach down and touch the ground with your hands but you can't. He stopped pulling when my feet were almost touching the beam, then tied the rope off to a tree.

It was a most strange experience for me. I was slowly twisting in mid-air, everything upside down to my vision. My ankles hurt some but not too bad at all. But the position did make me feel very helpless. I had never been hung upside down in my life and I can tell you, it really makes a girl feel helpless.

I could see his upside down smile as he admired my hanging form. I don't know what I looked like, but I could see that my breasts looked a little strange, gravity pulling them up instead of down. Well, it was down towards the ground but it was up to my body. Well, you understand.

Don Mendosa watched for quite a while before leaving me alone. As I hung there, I wondered how long this punishment would last. It wasn't very uncomfortable right then, but I was sure it would get worse. Much worse. I mean, a girl just isn't meant to hang upside down. My guess was that I would hang there until Marlow returned. Don Mendosa would, like all men, want to show off this punishment.

But Mendosa returned after ten minutes or so. And he had a riding crop in his hand. My heart sank, which was hard while hanging upside down. It might have been inverted but I didn't like the leer on his face.

"You must learn to please a man in every way," he began the lecture. "It is the duty of all women to please all men. It is their only purpose on earth." Was this guy for real? "Those who forget this have to be reminded." He swished the crop before my face, probably to scare me. It worked.

"señorita, you will hold your hands away from your ass. I do not wish to whip your fingers, only your ass."

"But my bottom is still black and blue from the last whipping," I complained. "You'll injure it."

"Your bottom can take far worse than I have given it, or will give it today."

The terrible part was that I believed him. He walked behind me and I pulled my arms up on my back to get them away from the target area. It's bad enough being whipped on your bare bottom, but at least there it's padded. The first stroke, even though expected, was still a shock. This man had a strong hand and that crop delivered quite a sting on bare girl flesh.

The strokes came slowly. After each he paused to watch me writhe at the end of my rope like a fish dangling at the end of a line. The impact of the blows plus my jerking away reaction made me twist and sway, and he waited each time until my body was hanging still before delivering the next stroke of pain. It was unpleasant, grossly unfair, and I hated the man. I wasn't too happy with Marlow, either, for coming up with this idea. But later I had to admit that this was the one certain way of getting Don Mendosa's attention. As fresh marks were being applied over old ones, I kept telling myself that I would get the last laugh when I was hauling away this bastard's gold.

I don't know how many strokes had impacted upon my flesh before he stopped. A lot. I was crying, sobbing actually, and my bottom felt on fire. It was worse than the first cropping, perhaps because of

the skin being still sore from that first one. I had done a fair amount of yelling and moaning, any girl in my position would have, but I prided myself that I hadn't screamed. Some pretty loud yells but no real screams. If you've been in this position, you'll know the difference.

A burning bottom and the discomfort of hanging upside down were not to be the total of this punishment. Oh, no, Don Mendosa had more in mind. Dropping the riding crop to the ground, he stood before my face and unbuttoned his pants. It didn't take much imagination to figure what was coming next. I mean, hanging there my face was just about the height of his rod. I wondered if he had arranged for me to be at the right distance from the ground for just that purpose, then decided that this had to be the case.

I had to take his disgusting rod in my mouth. The riding crop was nearby and he hinted, not too subtly, that my breasts could easily be as marked up as my ass. Now, that scared me! It was awkward trying to slide my mouth up and down a penis while hanging upside down but I got the knack of it pretty quickly. I was pumping away on his rod and he was making grunting sounds like he was enjoying this something fierce. I wasn't, but at least it was better than being whipped on the breasts.

Strange things can pass through a girl's mind at times like that. While I was trying my best to make Mendosa shoot his load so this would be over, I was thinking how incredible this would be if it were only Marlow standing there, receiving the loving attention of my mouth. I even made myself a promise that I would ask him to do it to me as soon as we had the chance. This post and beam set up would still be here tonight, my silly mind told me, and Marlow would probably love having me like this.

He shot his load but before he did he grabbed my bottom with both hands and dug in his claws. That hurt something terrible! Right when he came in my mouth, he pressed my body against his. It pulled me close enough so that I couldn't pull my head back enough to dislodge his rod. All I could do was swallow as the hot fluid spurted into my mouth. It was not pleasant.

When he withdrew I figured the worst part was over. But I did not figure with the twisted mind of Don Carlos Mendosa. He left me hanging there for a while but returned with Kitty in tow.

The German girl was not looking very happy about whatever Mendosa was planning. She was naked, her arms bound behind her back with the elbows together. He made her stand before me in the same position he had shortly before vacated. With crude language, he ordered her to bend forward and put her pussy up to my mouth. I was ordered to lick it and suck on her sex until she had an orgasm.

I began my task with mixed emotions. Under normal circumstances, I would have loved this assignment. Even more so if the girl had been Melinda, but this Kitty was very pretty and had a lovely figure. I felt attracted to her and would have loved to explore lesbian sex with her anytime. But to have to do it because a man ordered it is something different. Mainly the fear of that riding crop across my breasts drove me to attack her sex with vigor. I figured that the sooner I brought her to an orgasm, the sooner that part would be over. Besides, a part of me wanted her to enjoy it as inducement for future activities. Only after I sensed her disgust at the act she was forced into, did I remember Melinda saying that Kitty didn't like girl-girl sex.

While I lavished tongue service upon Kitty, Don Mendosa positioned himself behind her and to one side a bit, then began slowly cropping the backs of her thighs. Now, a girl's bottom is padded and the part of the body best suited to taking a whipping. But the backs of a girl's thighs are sensitive and a crop across them can really hurt. At that point I hadn't been whipped there but I was to later discover just how awful it can be. Kitty jerked with each stroke, and cried out. Between the strokes she was muttering something in German, something I was sure was not very kind about the man with the crop.

As I've said before, a girl's body can betray her, and it was no different with Kitty. Before long she was showing every sign of being sexually excited, heavy breathing, eyes closed, pussy increasingly juicy, and her hips thrust even more forward to meet the attentions of my mouth. By the way, hanging upside down put my mouth in a good position to reach the best parts of her sex. I was able to get in some good licks.

Finally Kitty could take no more and exploded into an intense orgasm. With a wild cry she jerked away from me and fell to the ground where she lay there, doubled up, clenching her tights tightly together, and repeating some German word over and over. Must have been a good orgasm. I congratulated myself.

Mendosa hardly let her enjoy her pleasure before he flicked the crop across her flank and ordered her to her feet. She obeyed but hardly opened her eyes and didn't walk very well. My heart went out to her, it wasn't pleasant to be jerked out of that wonderful glow of sexual orgasm. He marched her off towards the house.

I hung around the garden for a while.

11

Ambush!

"You do get into the damndest situations, gal!" I looked up to see an upside down Marlow standing there with a grin on his face. "Hello," I said meekly. "I've been hanging here since you left. Could I come down?"

Marlow looked me over. I was not sure just how long it was but at least three hours to judge by the sun. Hanging by my ankles was no longer a discomfort, it was an agony. My ankles hurt terribly and I had a headache. But Marlow took his time to walk around me. His hand touched my inflamed bottom and I jerked a bit. "That hurts," I informed. "He whipped me again." I guess I have a talent for stating the obvious.

Coming around to the front of me again, he stood there for a while before saying, "You know, gal, you're just about the right height to give a man a blow job."

Bastard! That's all men every think about, getting their rods into our pussies or mouths.

"Yes, sir. That's what Don Mendosa did."

"He did?" Marlow's tone was suddenly harder.

I told him exactly what had happened. He said nothing but went to the tree and unknotted the rope. As my legs were coming down to the ground, I remembered that I had promised to ask Marlow if he would like what he called a "blow job" with me hanging upside down. But when I made that promise I had only been hanging a few minutes. After three hours of it, I was only anxious to get down. Another time, I promised myself.

He untied my ankles. I immediately got to my knees and scurried forward until my face was only an inch from the front of his pants. "Let it out," I begged.

"Ain't you the damndest gal!" he said. But he let it out. It was already at attention, probably every since he saw me hanging upside down. I guess any man would get excited seeing a naked girl hanging upside down. I grabbed it between my lips and wasted no time in getting a good rhythm going.

It didn't take long to generate an orgasm in the man I was coming to realize I loved. This time I swallowed without being told to, wondering at the time how strange it was that I enjoyed doing this for Marlow and hated doing it for Mendosa. I licked his limp rod clean, also without being told to. It was a task I wanted to do.

As we were walking back to the house, I realized that I had made three different people reach an orgasm that morning, but hadn't had one myself. I sighed.

It wasn't until bedtime that I remembered to ask Marlow if he had found the hidden cave or if I was

going to have to 'occupy' Don Mendosa some more the next morning. We were lying in bed, so it was easy for him to whisper in my ear. Yes, he had found the cave, and, yes, there was more gold there than I could imagine. He was calm about it, I would have been yelling and turning cartwheels. I asked him when we made our move and he told me when the time was right. I then slid down in the bed to pay some lip service to his limp rod in hopes that it would arise from the dead to please me once again. It worked.

The right time never came. Marlow and I discussed the best way we could flee the valley and take gold with us. At first it seemed like the best bet would be to sneak away in the middle of the night. But there would be noise saddling the horses and we would have to pass by the house again after filling up with gold at the cave. Too much chance of being discovered.

Marlow was of the mind, and I agreed, to take the people here captive and make our getaway at our leisure. Hell, the girls were tied up most of the time anyway, that left only Juan and Mendosa. If Marlow could get the drop on them and lock them in the shed with several pairs of handcuffs on them, it would keep them out of the way. We could make sure that all the other girls were secured someplace or the other, but that Melinda could work her way out and free everyone else. But only a long time after we left. I made him promise to fix it so Melinda could get free. The thought of all these people being tied or chained and unable to get free was satisfying when applied to Don Mendosa or Juan, but wasn't what I would want for Melinda. I knew that when Marlow, or Don Mendosa, tied a girl, she didn't get untied. They would starve to death if we left them secured as well as Marlow could do.

But, as I said, we never got the chance to carry this plan out. Don Mendosa beat us to the punch. I don't know if he or Juan overheard something or if he was just naturally suspicious. But I do know that he hated Marlow and wanted to add me to his stable of naked slave girls. Whatever the reason, he set a trap to kill Marlow.

I was the bait. After our swim the next afternoon, as Melinda and I were lying on the grass drying out, Juan came up with some more rope in his hand and a gag. My hands were bound behind my back already, so it was easy for him to push the wad of leather into my mouth and buckled the straps around my head. It was sort of like a horse's bridle with straps going around and over my head and under my chin. The leather wad filled my mouth completely, forcing my jaw wide open and pushing my tongue down. And it tasted terrible.

Melinda protested the use of gag. It sounded like that gag was a familiar object around there, but used only during severe punishment. She threatened to tell her father about Juan's use of it without reason, at which point he told her that it was her father who had ordered this. She sat there, unsure what to say after that.

My feet were tied together. Then he rolled me over on my stomach and tied my feet to my hands. It wasn't a tight hog tie like I had seen Melinda put in, but it made me pretty helpless. While I lay there, he took Melinda away, probably to make her secure somewhere so she wouldn't know or object to what was going to be done to me. I rocked about on the grass in an attempt to free myself of the ropes, but the knots were tight. When Juan returned, I was still there.

Like a satchel, Juan put his hand on the ropes connecting my wrists and ankles, and picked me up to carry me away. My body arched backwards and it hurt my arms quite a bit, the worst part being my crossed wrists. If they had been tied palm to palm, it might have been less painful, but they were crossed and my weight was trying to straighten them out. That made the ropes dig into my wrists. It was a most unpleasant way to be transported, but there was nothing I could do about it.

The trees and greenery grew only near the creek in that valley. Get more than a few hundred yards from the source of water and you get back to the desert. Juan carried me right up a low, bolder strewn hill and set me down on hot dirt half way up. Next to me was the edge of a small cliff. Small rocks under me dug into my chest and hips, but again, there was nothing I could do about it. He unknotted the rope between my hands and feet but only so he could jerk it much tighter. My heels were pressed against my crossed wrists when he tied the knots again, to my elbows where there would be no chance of fingers reaching them. Then, as if a tight hogtie wasn't enough, he took another length of rope out of his pocket, looped one end around my neck and tied the other through a hole in the top of a wooden stake driven into the ground. Even if I wanted to roll around on that hard, rock-strewn

ground, I could not leave the spot.

This was obviously all part of a plan. That stake had been there before he brought me up. Perhaps it was just another bondage device like the posts and stuff in the gardens, but I doubted it.

Juan grinned at me, then pulled out his gun. My heart stopped. Had he brought me up here just to shoot me?! But he only checked the weapon, opening the cylinder and looking the rounds in it. Then he closed it, returned it to his holster and disappeared behind some of the boulders.

A trap! That was all it could be, and I was the bait. Sooner or later Marlow would come along, looking for me. While he was untying me, Juan would come out and shoot him. I wanted to scream. The reason for the gag was now apparent. They didn't want me warning Marlow.

I whined in frustration and anger and fear. I struggled with the ropes but all that got me was dusty and hurting from the rocks I was lying on. I even tried screaming to see if I could do it but what came out died a few feet away. I could make noises but they were simply the noises of a gagged girl, not words. All I could do was look and sound anxious, perhaps upset, but that was all. My mind raced for some way to warn Marlow when he came but I was helpless.

Marlow came. I don't know what Don Mendosa said to him, but he came walking right up the hill like he knew I was there. I began screaming into the gag, an effort doomed to failure by the huge wad of leather crammed into my mouth. I shook my head violently from side to side in hopes he would understand that something was wrong.

Perhaps he did for he slowed down as he neared me. Then a frown crossed his face. He stopped a dozen feet from me, watching me, perhaps puzzled by what I was doing.

Another few seconds and it might have dawned on him that something was seriously wrong. But Juan didn't allow him that couple seconds. He stepped out from behind a huge rock, gun already in his hand, and shot Marlow in the back.

The gun shot was loud as it echoed from boulder to boulder. I saw Marlow's body arch forward and his hand go to his back. I screamed. Marlow began turning around, his other hand going for the 44 in his holster. But he never made it. Juan shot him again just as he faced him. I saw Marlow jerk backwards as the bullet hit him. I was continuously screaming into the gag. Then I saw his foot slip and Marlow fall backwards off the cliff.

Juan came up to me, grinning like an idiot, smoking gun still in his hand. He looked over the cliff and nodded to himself. Then he put away his gun, untied my neck of the stake, and picked me up to carry me back down to the house.

"It is too bad about señor Marlow," said Don Mendosa with mock sadness. "He was one of the few men I have met who really understood how to keep a female in line and remember what she is. Too bad we could not have been friends."

I was lying on the dinning room table, still hogtied, still gagged, and getting dirt all over his table. I probably wouldn't have been able to speak even if the gag had been taken from my mouth, I was too deep in shock. My whole world had collapsed around me.

"Of course, I will be happy to provide you with a home," he continued. "You will be happy here with the other girls. Melinda, for one, will be glad to hear that you will be a permanent member of our little family. She loves you." He sighed. "Perhaps a little too much, but I can cure both you and she of that." He was enjoying himself. "Tomorrow we will begin your training. But don't worry, I will not break your spirit. I like some spirit in a woman. It is good when she fights the ropes or handcuffs. But you will become very obedient. Yes, I am sure you will be happy here." He was grinning from ear to ear. I wanted to spit in his eye.

I was put away for the night. The training would not begin until the morning. But before being secured for the long dark hours, I was carried to Mendosa's bedroom like a package under the strong hand of Juan and deposited on the tile floor next to the largest bed I had ever seen. The bedroom was huge and the bed could have held a dozen people. There was a massive post at each corner and the

frame was of solid planks.

I should have been afraid of what was going to happen. Or even hated it. But I was numb, my mind refusing to accept that all this was happening to me. Even when I was untied, I felt nothing. Juan and Mendosa removed all the ropes from me then held me up between the posts at the foot of his bed. My hands were tied towards the top of the posts, then my ankles looped and tied spread wide. I was wide open, my sex and breasts readily available for whatever Mendosa wanted to do to me, and I didn't care. He could do what he wished, I simply couldn't feel any emotions.

Juan was dismissed and Don Mendosa shed his clothes.

Then he picked up a small whip. He showed me the whip, pointing out the leather thong at the end. "It is a whip made especially for a woman's breasts. It will produce maximum pain with very little harm to the so very soft flesh there. You have never been whipped on your breasts. You are a virgin to that kind of punishment." He seemed amused at that idea.

The first stroke was sudden and unexpected. The wicked little whip cut across my left breast, including my nipple. I screamed into the gag. Numb my mind might be, but my body responded to pain the same as always. It was a terrible pain in my breast, worse than anything delivered on my bottom by the riding crop. I jerked against the ropes but that only hurt my wrists.

He whipped my breasts, half a dozen strokes on each. They were on fire, and the pain shot into my body with each stroke. I was sobbing into the gag between the screams. It was terrible.

Two quick strokes squarely up between my legs exploded into a ball of pain in my sex and nearly made me pass out. It was even worse than being whipped on the breasts. My flesh down there is so sensitive and there are so many nerves. It is terrible to be whipped there.

The severe pain was good for me-in away. It shocked me out of an emotional death and brought me back to the real world. When Mendosa pressed his body against me and shoved his shaft up my sheath, I was able to feel emotion again. I hated him.

He screwed me standing up. I got no pleasure out of it, only pain in my tortured place. Afterwards, he called Juan in to take me away.

It was good to be out of that bedroom and away from that man. I was glad that I was not taken to the bedroom I had shared with Marlow, I don't think I could have taken that. Instead I was taken to the tool shed and hogtied exactly like Melinda had been. The ropes dug into my arms and legs, evoking whines and moans of pain, which Juan ignored. The rope from my elbows up to the overhead beam was pulled tighter than it had been with Melinda, but then I was a little bit bigger a girl. I felt my elbows rise up and knew it was going to be a long, uncomfortable night.

When Juan left me for the night, I was quite helpless. He had even left the gag in my mouth to add to my torment.

The next day I was to discover that "training" meant mostly punishments inflicted upon helpless female flesh. Perhaps I was growing more used to being constantly tied or chained up, but I managed to even sleep part of the night. Towards morning the pain in my arms woke me and kept me from going back into blessed sleep. My jaw was aching almost as much as my arms and shoulders. It was then that I discovered the female jaw just isn't meant to be forced open for hours on end. The muscles at the base of the jaw get to aching something fierce. After a while they're burning and cramping. By the first light of dawn, it was the agony in my jaw that occupied my mind totally.

I was fed breakfast but that was the last nice thing done for me for quite a while. Training began with a lesson in running. I thought I was a good runner but it's a little harder to run when your arms are bound behind your back and a noose around your neck is tied to the saddle horn of a moving horse. Juan did the honors of walking, then trotting, me along the Valley. For the most part we stayed on dirt or sand that followed the creek. Which was better on my bare feet than rocks. The noose was a slip knot so it tightened down when I lagged behind the speed set by the horse. Juan seemed amused when I had to strain to keep up. Falling to the ground and being dragged by the neck was a fear that constantly plagued me. I did not fall though there were times when I came very close to it. Later, I

had to wonder if he would have stopped had I fallen, and decided that he would. Don Carlos Mendosa wanted me alive so he could punish me and screw me. But before the horse could be stopped I would be dragged some and not able to breath. I vaguely remembered something I once heard about a man's neck being broken when he's hung, he doesn't actually strangle. If the execution is done right, that is. I wondered if I fell would the rope jerk hard enough to break my neck.

It was a wonderful morning run. At noon I was allowed a plate of cold biscuits and a pail of water. Afternoon I was placed upon a fence rail and left there to ride the rail until supper. The rail was rough hewn wood, with sharp ridges. It wasn't too wide but enough to take my weight. A portion in the center had been sanded down until it was smooth and free of splinters but still had a ridge along the top. My arms were still bound behind my back, elbows touching, naturally, when Juan and Mendosa lifted me then set me down over that rail. The ridge I mention was squarely centered on my crotch and dug in as soon as some of my weight came to rest on it. I tried to tell them that it hurt terribly and that I would be injured if I had to sit there. They found my protests amusing.

My legs were tied to the rails below the one I was sitting on. But the fence was tall enough so that I could not touch the ground with my toes. The last part of the bondage was a short length of rope Mendosa looped around my neck then passed down my back to my wrists. The rope circled that already around my wrists then was pulled back up towards my neck. My hands had to come up on my back and my elbows stuck out. When he tied the knot, my hands were in the small of my back and I had to strain a bit to keep them up there. They laughed about something as they left me.

It hurt. That's the first thing you have to understand. The wooden ridge dug into my flesh and there was no way I could ease any of my weight off it. And I quickly found out that the best thing I could do was sit straight up and not move. The top of my body could bend forward, backward a bit, and even to the side. But that motion only put sideways stress upon my crotch and made the wood hurt more.

As time passed, the pain changed and grew. It became more of an ache than a sharp pain. It gnawed at me, an insistent ache that I could do nothing about. I tried to get my hands free, but that did nothing save pull on the rope attached to my neck. And that became worse as the hours passed because if I let my arms relax, the hands tried to lower and that tightened the rope around my neck. It was horrible.

When Juan came back that evening, I was crying softly and was a very pathetic girl. As he untied me from that torture, I tried to tell him that my sex had been ruined and would never work again, an idea that saddened me greatly. To have just discovered sex and then be denied it for the rest of your life is not a pleasant thought. But he laughed at my stammerings, telling me that other girls had ridden the rail and their sex still worked -- he knew that for a fact.

My arms were left bound behind me but at least the rope had been taken off my neck. I could hardly stand and had to be helped back to the house. When I tried to walk, my legs bowed out like an old saddle cowboy. The area of my sex was a mixture of shooting pains from returning circulation and ache from flesh compressed and abused.

Just as dinner began, Juan came in with a worried look on his face. He whispered something in Don Mendosa's ear and that worried look transferred to his boss' face. Mendosa hurried out. Later I was to find out from Melinda that the excitement was because Kitty was found missing from where she had been left for punishment. Apparently she had worked loose some of the ropes and made her escape. She had been tied with her arms behind her back and her ankles crossed and tied after her legs had been wrapped around a post. Melinda said that she must have worked the ropes off her ankles because that was the rope they found lying on the ground. Her father was furious. Both at Juan for not tying the girl better, and Kitty for daring to escape. He immediately sent Juan off looking for her, figuring that a girl who was naked and had her arms bound behind her back could not get too far. Late that night Juan came back empty-handed, which did not sit well with Don Mendosa.

That night I was again fixed up for the night in tight rope bondage, as if they feared I would somehow escape were I to be restrained in something less than massive amounts of rope. I was taken to the patio and my arms untied. But immediately I was backed against a post and my arms gathered behind it. Hardly had the ropes been taken off when they were back on my arms, including some that tried to make my elbows touch. The post was too large to allow that to happen, but Don Mendosa pulled them as if he were trying to dislocate my shoulders. When he was finished, the ropes on my

elbows were tighter and digging in more than if my arms had only been behind my back. He bound my legs together with angry jerks and tugs, making the simple act of bondage a punishment by itself.

With my ankles tied together and my knees joined, he wrapped some rope around my tummy and the post, pulling it until my stomach felt like it was being cut in two. I wanted to protest but bit back the words. This man was mad about something and had me totally in his power. A wrong word might set him off and result in serious harm to me.

For a while he stood there, looking at his a creation in girl and ropes, breathing hard. Then he took his belt off and doubled it over. I didn't like the look in his eyes. I was so vulnerable there, tightly lashed to the post and hardly even able to breath. Then he vented his anger by lashing my breasts, hips and thighs with the belt. So simply a thing to say, so terrible to endure.

The stinging blows to my breasts brought tears to my eyes.

When the leather cut across my hips and the fronts of my thighs, it wasn't as bad as when he slashed by breasts, but it hurt enough to make me yell. It was no more than a dozen blows, but delivered swiftly and with anger. Then he stomped off.

I cried for a while, each sob difficult because of the ropes cutting into my middle. Then the tears dried but the burn remained in my breasts. I could see marks forming in various colors upon the tops of my poor babies and knew it would be days before my breasts again looked like they should. By then he would probably whip them again.

The night was long and lonely and filled with frustration, anger, anguish and pain. I moaned and whined now and then, but kept noises down as much as I could. It would probably be a terrible punishment were I to awaken the master of the house. A short while after I had been beaten on my front, I heard cries of pain from within the house. Don Mendosa was apparently taking out some more of his anger upon one of the other girls, but I never did learn just what is was he was doing. Whatever it was, it must have hurt for the screams went on quite a while.

Don Mendosa was in a better mood the next day. Thank heaven for small favors. Maybe he had gotten out his anger upon me and one of the other girls, I think Carmen. Or maybe a night's sleep helped. My punishment that day was relatively mild -- for Don Mendosa, that is. I was untied from the post and taken into the garden where my naked form was stuffed into a small cage.

I hadn't seen the cage before, it was hidden in one of the many small areas of the garden. And I think it must have been made for a girl smaller than myself because I could hardly fit inside. My wrists had been crossed and bound behind me, but that was all the ropes used. I had to pull my legs up until my knees were against my chin, and bow my head forward in order to be fit into the cage. It had a wooden floor and top, with iron bars forming the sides. One of those sides swung open and could be locked shut. As I said, it must have been made for a girl smaller than me because the iron bars pushed against me on all sides. Even Melinda would have been cramped in there.

The cage had a ring on the top and a rope running up over tree limb. Juan tugged until I was swinging in air about ten feet off the ground. Then he tied the rope off and left me for the rest of the day.

As punishments go, this was not as bad as being whipped.

A more passive kind of punishment, but still an unpleasant one. The human body is simply not made for being pressed into a cube and left that way for hours. Muscles cramp, ache and complain. Pains appear where you're not used to pains, and it is very frustrating not to be able to move.

But it gave me some time to recover from the whippings and even a chance to get some sleep. I had slept very little the night before. And it gave me a chance to think.

There was a great ache inside every time I thought of Marlow. He might have been only a hired hand, but he was all man. I cared for him and would have done most anything for him. But the shock had worn off and I decided I wanted to live. If only so I could extract a measure of revenge upon the man who ordered Marlow killed in cold blood. I didn't know how, but someday I was going to kill

Don Carlos Mendosa. That hatred helped me get through the day.

That night the man I wanted to kill took me to his bed. I was lashed spread-eagle on the huge bed, the rope so tight that I seemed they wanted to tear me apart. Before climbing on top of me, Don Mendosa had an additional little cruelty to impose upon this helpless nudity. He teased my nipples until they were hard, then he tied string around each nipple at its base, jerking the string hard until it disappeared into my flesh. That thin string cutting into my nipples was horrible. It felt as if they were being cut off, and for a while I wondered if that could actually happen.

Then, when I was suffering sufficiently for him, the master of the house mounted me, shoved his ugly little rod into me and lay upon my body to pump away his lust. He took delight in squashing my breasts and listening to my cries as the nipples sent messages of pure pain into me.

He seemed to enjoy screwing me and laughed as he squirted hot juice into me. I closed my eyes and concentrated on how much I hated him.

After that bit of degrading, I was taken from the bed, my arms bound behind my back, and hauled off by a grinning Juan. The string was left on my nipples, which were now swollen and discolored. They throbbed and I had to wonder if some damage was being done. They had been such nice nipples, Marlow liked to suck on them.

Before I was secured for the night, Juan had his way with me. In the stables there was a railing that came only up to my hips. My ankles were noosed and pulled wide apart to be tied to the posts of the rail. Then I was bent over the rail and my neck tied down with ropes towards those same posts. I could not straighten up more than to have my body horizontal. It was an awkward position and one that left my pussy wide open for an assault from behind.

But it was not my pussy that interested Juan. I felt his fingers smearing some kind of grease around my rectum and got a cold knot of fear in my stomach. When he shoved some into my rectum, I was certain I knew was coming next. I had heard from a girlfriend that some men liked to screw girls in the bottom rather than the vagina. I also heard that it hurt.

Juan's shaft was, fortunately, not huge. Unfortunately, It doesn't take a huge one to hurt when shoved up your ass. I was ever so grateful he used lots of grease or whatever it was. His prong slid in easily, given me the strangest sensation, not unpleasant but still somewhat painful. As he slowly pumped away, I was surprised to find that there was almost a sexual pleasure to the act of being raped in your ass. It hurt, yes, but had I been properly excited and worked up to a good sexual high, I would have enjoyed this sensation. And when he shot his load inside me, it was definitely a unique feeling.

It only later occurred to me that having a man prefer to use your asshole rather than the proper receptacle for his penis is an insult and degrading to the girl. Maybe I was turning into something like a slave girl from too much restraints and being used when men felt like it. Don Mendosa had used that word and perhaps it fit. Slave. Slave girl. A female owned by another and used or abused as her owner wishes. I have found that such slavery can be either intolerable or a pure pleasure, all depending on who your owner is.

But that night I was not happy with my owner. My body ached almost all-over and I had just been raped twice, once in the ass, by men I hated.

When Juan untied me from the rail, he pulled me into the patio and up to the same post I had spent the prior night tied to. Only this time he pushed my front against it and began wrapping ropes around my middle and the post, as tightly as the night before but with less distress for me because the ropes were digging into my back, not my stomach. He tied my ankles together. He also tied some rope around my neck and the post, forcing my head against the hard wood, turned sideways with my right cheek pressing against it. He checked the ropes on my elbows and wrists and then was about to go when I called out.

"Please!" I begged. "There is string on my nipples. They're all swollen up and hurt terribly."

Juan checked the condition of my tortured nipples and grunted something about that bastard doing it again. Then he took a pocket knife and worked the point under the string. The string was so

embedded in my flesh that he could hardly even see it, let alone cut it. I feared that he would cut more flesh than string but apparently he had done this before. The string came off first one, then the other nipple. I gasped at the sudden pain from blood rushing back into my poor titties. Sharp pains shot into me, making me whine loudly. I was glad the string was off but, boy!, did it hurt.

Juan laughed at my suffering. The men around that place seemed to be laughing at girl's suffering all the time. "You're lucky," he said. "One time Don Mendosa tied a girl's tits that way and left the string on all night."

"Was she hurt?" I managed between gasps.

"The nipples were ... Well, it wasn't pretty. Don Mendosa didn't like her after that, damaged goods. We got rid of her."

I knew I was going to hate myself for asking, but I did anyway, "What did you do with her?"

"Gave her to the Indians. I took her many miles from here and staked her out on a trail they often use. I hid and watched when they found her. There was a lot of los Indios. She screamed for many hours as they used her then tortured her to death." He grinned and seemed amused by his story. "The Indios, they don't care if a girl's tits are not perfect."

Then he was gone. I felt sick to my stomach. In the dark it was hard to see but my nipples still looked swollen up and funny colored. I prayed that they weren't damaged.

12

So Close Yet So Far

My nipples, while being sore and tender the next morning, were otherwise undamaged. I was grateful for that. Things sort of settled down a bit after that. I mean, Don Mendosa wasn't so much out to punish me as he had been. That afternoon, after spending the morning standing on my tiptoes with my hands tied overhead, I was even allowed to go swimming with Melinda and Carmen.

My arms were tied behind me, tightly and with the elbows together, but Melinda's were only tied crossed. Carmen must have done something to offend the Don because her arms were tied crossed and high up on her back with ropes passing over her shoulders to keep her hands up above her shoulder blades. I hadn't yet been tied like that but could see that it was rather uncomfortable. It certainly took away a girl's hands. Up there they could do nothing. I mean, with my arms tied the way they were, I had a lot of freedom compared to Carmen. I could even bring my hands around the side of my body until the fingers could almost touch my belly button. I could pick things up and even do some things with my hands so long as I worked with my back turned to whatever it was I was doing. But Carmen could do nothing with her hands. They were well out of the way.

Still, Carmen went into the pool with us, enjoying the water even if she had no hands. Juan sat by, watching as usual. I was pretty sure he was just a spy for Don Mendosa, hoping to catch us in some kind of escape attempt or lesbian activity for which we could be punished. We were careful not to touch each other, so he had nothing to report to his master on that account. Not that I didn't want to touch Melinda, and I knew she wanted to touch me. But this wasn't the time. Perhaps there never would be a time, but I pushed that thought out of my mind.

Our watchdog didn't seem to mind if we talked, and even seemed to not be listening. Still, we whispered mostly as we enjoyed the cool water on a hot afternoon.

Kitty was still missing, Melinda informed. "Father has resigned himself to having one less girl around. He has hinted that he will send Juan out to find another but that hasn't happened yet. He figures that Kitty made it out of the passage and into the hills, maybe even the desert. She's dead, he says. A naked girl with her arms bound behind her cannot last long out there. And it's almost a hundred miles to the nearest village. And there are the Indians. He says she's dead."

I had seen the country outside this valley, and could agree.

It had been rough on Marlow and myself, and we had clothes and some provisions, at least at first. My hands might have been tied behind my back, but Marlow was able to do everything for us. I had to agree that we would see Kitty no more.

"Kitty never was happy here," continued Melinda. "Father thinks she preferred to take her chances out in the desert than stay here. It is sad."

We exchanged stories about what had been happening to us. We saw each other at mealtimes but couldn't talk the way we wanted then. Melinda expressed sorrow at the way I was being treated. "It is terrible to have a man shove it up your rear," she agreed.

"How would you know?" I asked.

"Juan has done it to me."

"Your father lets him screw you?"

"Oh, no! I am a virgin. Father will not let Juan do that to me. But he does not think a girl's rear is the same as her pussy so he does not mind if Juan sticks his thing in there. It hurts but, you know, it also feels sort of good."

"Yeah, sort of." I explained that I felt it might be a nice thing to do if you were properly excited and with a man you loved. Or at least liked. At least Melinda had answered my unasked questions about her and the men around the place. Her sheath was off limits to Juan, and her father wouldn't use it, so she was a virgin. It seemed strange that a girl who was naked and tied up most of the time around two full grown men would still be a virgin, but this was a strange Valley.

As we were lying on the grass, drying off, Juan did something I don't think he was suppose to do. He had been looking at Carmen as she sat there, sort of like he was thinking a lot. Then he suddenly got to his feet, took her by the elbow, and disappeared into the garden. Melinda and I looked at each other.

"He's going to have sex with her," Melinda said, her teenager eyes twinkling. "We can sneak up and watch, or...." She reached over with her crossed wrists and touched my thigh.

"It maybe a trap," I offered. "Give the two girls a few minutes alone and see if they do something wrong."

"Maybe...." Melinda looked saddened.

"Oh, the hell with traps," I exclaimed. Then I got to my knees and forced my way between Melinda's legs. "Last time you did it for me, this time I'll do it for you," I said as I lowered my face towards her furry mound.

"We can both do it," she said breathlessly. "I'll show you."

I have since learned that it is often called '69ing', although I'm not sure why. But when we both lay on our sides, it was easy to bury our faces into each other's pussies. We worked with a passion (excuse the pun) for we knew not how long we had before the return of our guard. It was a stupid thing to do, and our only excuse was that our bodies wanted each other too much. There was little comfort in what life had become for me, and I wanted to grab any I could. And I loved Melinda

It was wonderful. I don't think that a man can understand what it's like for two women to be performing oral sex upon each other. I can get very excited and enjoy very much just licking and sucking on Melinda. But add to that the tingling stimulus of her tongue and lips upon my sex and WOW!

We were just building up to what would have been an earthshaking orgasm for both of us when an

angry voice brought us crashing back to earth.

"What are you two doing!" It was Don Mendosa, standing at the edge of the grass, hands on hips, shaking his head. "I have told you many times that such sex is wrong. And yet you do it! Melinda, what am I to do with you? And you, Brenda, you are corrupting my daughter!"

It was useless to protest. We disentangled our bodies awkwardly and awaited our fate. My main regret right then was that he hadn't let us finish what we started. It had been building up really nicely.

Our punishment was elaborate yet simple. After dinner we were taken into the stables where the smell of horses and straw met us. One of the stalls had been cleared out so the bare earth was all that was left. We were both laid on our sides, facing each other. Our arms had already been bound behind us, elbows tightly together so we would be feeling the ropes all night. I was on my right side, and a rope was looped around my left ankle. That rope was then tossed over a beam and pulled until my left leg was straight up in the air. Well, not really straight. I was made to stay on my side so my leg could only go as high as I could spread my legs apart. Then rope were tied around my other ankle and down to the wooden slats of the stall, pulling that leg in that direction. Another rope was tied to my wrists and then to the slats behind me, pulling my arms away from my body in that direction. Another rope was looped around my neck and tied ahead of me and behind me.

Melinda was tied the same way, but facing me and with her head only a few inches from my open pussy. Likewise, her sex was only a few inches from my lips. Then rope was used to tie our waists together.

It was quite an arrangement. We could not move forward nor backward. We could not lower our legs, nor could we move our heads more than a few inches. And the worst part was that we could not reach each other's sex no matter how hard we strained. Yet each of us was in position for pussy nibbling if not for the ropes holding us back. It was much like the sixty-nine position we had been in earlier in the day, only with a lousy, damned couple inches preventing us from sharing the love we felt for each other. Her pussy was so close to my face that I could smell her scent.

Don Mendosa got a chuckle out of the situation. We would be so close and yet so far, he said. I hoped we would have a pleasant night. And then he left.

It was a terrible punishment. Perhaps not as terrible as being whipped or having something shoved up your ass, but bad enough. I really wanted to strain that extra inch so I could please the girl I loved. And I would have been very happy if she could do the same for me. That little bit we had been allowed in the afternoon sun had not satisfied, only wetted our appetite. We were hungry for each other's body with a very real passion. I know the expression 'aching for something' is over used but that was what was happening. It was almost a physical pain to be so close and yet not able to touch.

We talked, took turns struggling against the ropes, and even slept some. It was perhaps not as terrible a punishment as Don Mendosa imagined it to be, but it was a very frustrating night.

In the morning we were untied and allowed to eat breakfast with only our hands handcuffed behind us. I guessed things were returning to whatever the normal was around there, because that was the first time in a long time that I was allowed handcuffs instead of ropes. And I'll have to admit, it was much nicer.

I don't know why, but that next day I wanted Melinda's body all day. It was like a fever. When I saw her, I ached with the desire to touch her, use my tongue on her, and give her pleasure. I think Melinda felt the same, at least that's what I saw in her eyes. Unfortunately, we were not allowed the chance to get at each other. Instead I was locked in that iron-barred cage again and left to sway back and forth in mid-air.

After a day suspended in that cage, I was taken to Don Mendosa's bedroom, tied spread-eagle again, and left there for the pleasure of my owner. When he came, he tied string around my nipples before screwing me. It was a repetition of the previous night, complete with a visit to my back door by Juan later. I was beginning to see a pattern.

I spent the night tied to a post in the patio with ropes only a tiny bit short of full punishment tightness.

While standing there with nothing to do all night but watch stars slowly circle the heavens, I wondered why I was being left outside almost every night. Carmen and the other girls were usually inside, I assumed in a bed somewhere. Why was I left to the cool night air?

The next day Don Mendosa invented a new way to torture a girl.

It was by the pool. Juan had worked most of the morning to deepen a section of the pool next to the bank and under a large tree. All the girls were brought to witness this new torment. Each had her hands tied behind her back, and Juan linked their ankles. A pair of handcuffs joined Melinda's left ankle to Carmen's right. And another pair linked Carmen's left ankle with Maria's right, and another Maria's left to Sally's right. It would take a group effort for them to walk anywhere, let alone run.

I was prepared by being hogtied. It was a tight hogtie, with elbows together and heels pressing against the palms of my hands. As I lay beside the creek, I was getting a bad feeling about this whole show. When a rope was looped around the ropes on my hands and feet, I knew I was in trouble. The free end was tossed up over a branch and fixed so that it would hang down right over that place Juan had made deeper. A rope was tied around my waist and the other end tied to a heavy hammer. Then both men pulled on the rope and I was doomed.

It was quite simple. I was lifted into the air, my body arched terribly by the hogtie, then lowered into the water. They did it quite slowly so I could feel the water crawl up my body until I was holding my head as high as I could just to keep gulping air. Then I was under water and holding my breath.

It was terrible. Horrible. I was frightened nearly to death! I thrashed around under the water, trying to get the ropes off, which was, of course, an impossible task. Had I not had the hammer tied to my waist, perhaps I could have floated or something. But the heavy hammer kept me entirely under the surface and in immediate danger of drowning.

They pulled me up and I gasp wonderful air into my lungs.

It hadn't been too bad, the air in my lungs had lasted with no problem. Then they lowered me again. That time they left me down a little longer. I was sputtering when my head again broke the surface.

This was great fun for them. While four helpless women stood by, another was pushed closer and closer to drowning. Down I went, then up, each time a little longer between. My lungs screamed for air by the end of the tenth dunking, and I nearly passed out as the rope began to pull me up .. On the eleventh time I thought I was going to die. I had to cough to get some water out of my throat for I had gulped air too soon. On the twelfth dunking I died.

Well, I thought I had. Actually, I could hold it back no longer and tried to breathe water. Everything went black after that. When I came to, someone was pushing on my stomach and I was spitting water out.

That told my captors just what they wanted to know. After I recovered, I was again hauled up and over the pool. I trembled in fear and begged them not to do this to me but again the water crept up my helpless body until it closed over my head. They kept me down until I was panicking and about to lose control. Then they brought me up. Then it was repeated. I did not count, but Melinda later told me that they dunked me fifteen times, and that I looked nearly dead towards the end.

I really had no thoughts save for the need for air while it was happening, but later, while I lay on the grass and gasp like a fish for air, I concentrated on my hatred of Don Mendosa. If it took me the rest of my life, this man would suffer for what he did to me. And to Marlow.

girls. I noticed that Sally, although the meekest and most obedient of girls, was often punished in some way that was particularly painful. Several times I saw her hanging by her thumbs in the patio. Yes, I said hanging by her thumbs. The bastard used leather bands formed into loops and actually hung her with her feet off the ground. I could tell that it hurt as much as it's reputation -- all you had to do was look at her face. And the tear stains drying on her cheeks.

Perhaps he somehow blamed me for Kitty running away.

But I hardly caused that. It was simply coincidence that she chose the same time to run as Don Mendosa chose to kill Marlow and make me his slave.

The night of the day he tried to drown me, I was again brought to his bedroom, where I was resigned to being spread-eagled on the bed and screwed while my nipples suffered from tight, cutting string around them. But that was not the program that night. Instead I was made to stand in the middle of his bedroom while my arms were bound behind my back, elbows together, and then a rope from my wrists was tossed over a beam. The rope came back around my wrists and was pulled until I was bent forward and my arms straight up behind me. It was a most uncomfortable position, I can tell you. Not terrible at first, but it grows worse with each passing minute. After an hour the muscles in your shoulders are burning. Your back gets to aching. Your arms feel as if they're going to drop off when the ropes are taken away. It's not comfortable.

Added to the suffering from having arms pulled up behind me, my legs were tied together. Not really much discomfort from that, but it did make it harder to keep my balance. And every time I started to fall, it was my arms and shoulders that took the weight until I could get my balance back, and that hurt.

But Don Mendosa was not finished with my punishment.

There were still two additional torments to be added to my suffering. First, he tied string loops around my nipples and jerked them tight so my poor flesh felt as if it was being cut off. He left some string hanging down and I soon found out what that was for. To the hanging string he tied a heavy iron horseshoe. As he held it in his hands, I was looking right down at it and wanted to scream. If he let that weight fall, it would rip my poor titties off! If he slowly let it down, it might not rip them off right away, but it would sure cause pain and pull my breasts down horribly.

But he did neither. Instead he tied a piece of leather to the horseshoe. The end of the leather strip was knotted into a ball. Ordering me to open my mouth, he inserted the ball into my mouth. I was then told to hold it clamped tightly in my teeth. I quickly saw the wisdom of obeying. If I let the leather ball slip out of my teeth, the horseshoe would fall. The string had been doubled and tripled so I doubted it would break, but it would certainly jerk on my poor nipples. I didn't want to find out how much pain that would cause so I held on to the ball very tightly.

The second additional torment was when he brought in his daughter. She was completely naked and her arms tied behind her back. I glanced up out of the corner of my eye to see the worried look on her face. She seemed concerned about my condition but also gave her father worried looks that made me certain she was anxious about what was going to happen to her.

What happened was that she was punished for her lesbian activities. It was unclear if she had done some fresh transgression or just for her prior activities with me. We certainly hadn't done anything that day. The poor girl was taken to the end of the bed and bound between the large posts there. Her hands were tied crossed behind her back and that was left as it was. But ropes looped her elbows and those were pulled to either side until her arms were trying to come apart. The effect was that her elbows went out to the sides and her crossed and bound wrists came up to the middle of her back. The ropes were tied tightly and poor Melinda was a prisoner unable to move from the end of the bed.

Juan and Mendosa had tied her with her back towards the bed, so she was facing me and not more than a couple feet away. I was turned to the side so that I could see her by looking sideways. It began to look like a big production number when Carmen was brought in and tied spread-eagle on the bed. She was completely naked and tied quite tightly. I knew what it felt like to be tied down to that bed and felt pity for her. It was after all three of us were tightly restrained that the activities began.

It started with Don Mendosa removing his clothes and mounting the bed. But he didn't crawl between Carmen's legs, he knelt at the top of the bed with her head between his legs. His erect prong was pushed into her mouth where she began sucking on it without being told to. I suspected this was not the first time she had been forced to do this.

Next Melinda was whipped. Juan stood beside the bed and used a riding crop to slash the tender flesh of her bare ass. With her legs untied, each stroke of the leather beast brought forth a little dance of pain. Her ass remained the only target but it suffered through twenty strokes that night. After each stroke, after her cry of distress and even small screams of pain, she called out the number and thanked Juan for her "correction", as she called it. I'm sure that she was ordered to thank him, I couldn't see her, or any girl, doing that on her own.

When the last stroke was counted off and thanked for, Juan came around to stand behind me. At the same time, Don Mendosa left his position astride Carmen's head and mounted her in a more typical manner. To the accompaniment of weeping from his punished daughter, Don Mendosa began pumping away inside Carmen while he listened for the next portion of the drama.

I was the next portion. Juan hissed that I should take care to hold the leather ball in my mouth, then he cut the riding crop across my bottom. My first reaction was to jump and scream. But, at the last second, I was able to hold the ball between my teeth and only let out with a gasp.

After the third swat my bottom was beginning to burn and I was clenching that ball for all I was worth. It was then I heard a terrible sound. From his position on top of and inside Carmen, Don Mendosa called out, "Hit her harder. Make her scream."

Juan grinned and lifted his arm back. I braced myself. The explosion of pain was terrible. A riding crop may not be the most horrible of whips but it can hurt a girl's bare bottom something terrible. I came close to dropping that ball. I could feel the horseshoe sway and tug at my nipples each time my body jerked. The thought of dropping that weight and hurting my poor titties frightened me deeply.

I wasn't made to count or thank Juan for each delivery of fiery pain on my bottom. But I think the number of strokes was the same twenty that Melinda had endured. It was terrible, worse than a plain whipping would have been because I could not relieve myself by screaming or jerking around. But I wasn't stupid. I tried to make all the noise I could, even though it's not easy to scream around a leather gag. I feared that if Don Mendosa did not hear enough pain, he would command even more force be used or a more wicked whip be selected.

Don Mendosa grunted like an animal as he spurted his juice into Carmen, who took it in silence. And then the show was over. Juan untied Melinda's arms from the bed posts and took the crying girl away. He came back to untie Carmen from the bed and take her away.

Then a terrible thing happened. Don Mendosa blew out the candles and pulled a blanket over his nudity.

I gulped at the idea of my having to stand there all night, clutching desperately onto that terrible tasting leather ball. The position was bad enough. I mean, have you ever been tied like that? My arms were, I swear, straight up behind me, and I wasn't bent over very much. When my arms had been pulled up, at first I was forced to bend forward. But as they went higher, my head came back up. It was a terrible strain on the body, a horrible way to tie a poor, naked girl. Just being left like that for any length of time would be torture. But all night would be impossible. Aching joints and burning muscles told me that I would be screaming before dawn. And the first scream would probably rip my nipples off.

In the dark I wanted to weep. My bottom hurt but that was nothing compared to the fear of what the night would be like. I considered letting the horseshoe fall right then because it was destined to sooner or later. But then my nipples and breasts would be tortured all night. And there was always the faint hope that I could hold the ball all night and escape with nipples intact.

What was my downfall was that I was clutching that ball with my teeth too hard. My jaw muscles began to ache. Then they burned more than my whipped bottom. Then they began to tremble and I knew it would not be long before I could no longer hold out. I tried, heaven knows I tried. Salvia

dripped down the leather strap to the horseshoe and then to the floor because I could hardly swallow. The muscles in my shoulders and back began trembling in addition to burning and aching.

Finally it happened. The leather wad slid slowly from my mouth and I could not stop it. When the horseshoe fell it was only a few inches, perhaps a dozen at most, but I felt as if my nipples were cut off. I screamed. I didn't want to but there are some things I girl can't control. I screamed.

Then I began begging to have the pain in my nipples take away. Don Mendosa lit a candle and examined my condition with a smile on his face. I knew full well the bastard knew I would drop the wad, it was only a matter of time. And my scream awaking him gave him the excuse to punish me some more.

I pleaded for him to cut the string, anything to stop the sharp pains in my nipples. It was horrible to look down and see my breasts distended by the weight pulling them down. I don't really remember what I said but I think I was offering my body, my eternal, humble submission, anything to get the pain to stop. I was truly afraid of permanent damage to my nipples.

Don Mendosa grinned and twanged the string between my nipples and the horseshoe like a guitar string. I cried out again. I dared not move lest the horseshoe sway and tug at my nipples some more. But I think my fingers were frantically wiggling uselessly somewhere above me.

I think he was really going to leave me like that for the rest of the night... But he wouldn't get much more sleep than I was. I could not help myself, I whined, moaned and cried at the terrible pain and damage to my poor titties. I just couldn't hold it back. So finally he came back to me, holding the candle out before him. One hand took my long black hair and held it aside. The other moved the candle flame closer and closer to the horseshoe. Finally the strings holding the iron tethered to my nipples caught fire. With disbelieving eyes, I saw the string burn for a second, then felt the sudden snap as the horseshoe fell to my feet. And then watched as the string continued to bum, the tiny flames rapidly moving upwards towards my already tortured nipples. I yelped and greatly feared what was to come.

The flames reached my flesh and I felt a burn in first my left and then my right nipple. I don't know if Don Mendosa planned it that way, or if the string simply bums itself out quickly, but no sooner had the flames kissed my ballooned flesh than they went out. But in that brief second, I felt my flesh burnt. I jerked hard but could go back no more than an inch.

Don Mendosa laughed at my panic. This was great fun for him. He kicked aside the horseshoe and teased my nipples with his finger. The string that had tighten into the flesh of my nipples was still there, still encircling them and making them balloon up, the flame had not burned that part of the string. It hurt when he flicked my nipples and I cried out each time he did. Eventually he tired of that sport and went around to inspect my bottom. I felt his fingers tracing the bruises there but that was minor compared to the other pains I had been feeling.

"Should have made it forty instead of twenty," the voice behind me said. "But, I won't call Juan back to add more. He's probably burying his rod deep into Carmen's asshole right now." He chuckled at that.

"I would leave you like this for the rest of the night," he said seriously, "but I fear you would make too much noise and not allow me a good night's sleep. So...."

The thought flashed through my mind that he was going to gag me with a leather wad or something. Then perhaps I would be quiet enough for this man to sleep. But he didn't. Instead I felt my arms coming down. I sank gratefully to my knees when my arms were low enough. When he pushed against my back in a silent order to get down on the floor, I obeyed. Anything to get out of that terrible position with my arms so high up behind me.

As I lay on my stomach on the floor, he pulled my arms up behind me and tied the rope off at my wrists and then passed the end down to my elbows and tied it here again. Then he took another piece of rope and tied that to my ankles. My legs were bent double and the rope tied to my elbows so I was in sort of a hogtie, my legs bent and tied to the elbows not the wrists. Then he went to bed after warning me that if I woke him again during the night, I would spend the next morning hanging by

my thumbs .

I was so grateful to be out of that standing position and not have that horseshoe pulling on my nipples that I promised to be silent and meant it. I figured out later that he had tied my feet up towards my arms because that prevented me from working my feet under me and standing up. If he hadn't done that, I might have been able to get to my knees which would have put considerable slack in the rope joining my arms to the beam. Probably wouldn't have enabled me to escape, but it would have eased my position more than Don Mendosa wished. And there was always the possibility that I could have worked something loose.

I spent the night lying on my stomach on the floor at the foot of his bed. My arms hurt but it was much more comfortable than the standing version had been. What hurt more was my nipples. I was forced to lay on my breasts and the nipples were still tied with string. They burned from the string nooses, not to mention that the ends of them were a little raw and sensitive from burning of the string. Still, I managed to sleep most of the night. But I had terrible nightmares about my tits falling off and my being given to the Indians.

14

Golden Torture

The next day Don Mendosa showed me his cave. It was then that I became sure that he did not ever intend to let me leave the Valley.

I was fixed up for the little hike up the valley by having my arms tightly bound behind me, the wrists crossed up high on my back. Rope coming over my shoulder held the hands up there, as did some additional rope around my neck. If I had succeeded in pulling my arms any amount down my back, I would strangle myself.

My knees were tied together but not my ankles, which puzzled me a bit. But then a loop was tied around my neck and down to my knees and I knew I was in for an uncomfortable time. That rope was pulled until I was bent far over and my head down by my knees. The position was a strain on my back, to say the least.

Once tied in that bent over position, Don Mendosa was ready to go. A sharp crack of his riding crop across my bottom told me that I was to start walking. I won't say that it was impossible to walk when tied like, only nearly impossible. I could take only short steps with my knees tied together. And it was hard to keep my balance. Not too easy to see where I was going with my head held down like that, either.

It took all morning to traverse half of a mile. My neck was chaffed badly by the time we got to the cave. Mendosa laughed at my discomfort but I wasn't amused. I had spent all morning in an awkward gait with my bottom stuck up in the air and wiggling back and forth. When he untied the ropes joining my neck to my knees I almost creaked as I straightened out.

But Don Mendosa had a strange sense of humor. He left the rope looped around my neck and after only a minute of being able to stand straight, he pulled that rope backwards until my head was bent as far backwards as I could force it. He passed the rope between my legs and up to then loop it around my waist. With that noose tightening around my neck, I had to arch my back as much as I could to keep it from tightening.

I could not see for my face was turned almost straight up, but Mendosa said that my breasts were sticking straight out and were very pretty. He twisted a nipple and slapped them both a bit, just to see me dance in frustration and pain. Since he kept the riding crop in one hand, I feared that he might be tempted to use it upon my breasts. But he didn't.

Instead he led me into the cave. I really couldn't see much with my head pulled back, mostly sky then rock ceiling. He led me carefully through a twisting passage until we came to a large open area. I

could feel the cold air against my bare skin and see the flickering of a candle on the ceiling. Then Don Mendosa untied the rope from my waist so I could see his treasure.

It was even more than Melinda had said. The large cavern room was filled with gold everywhere. Golden statues littered the floor, gold bars were stacked against the walls. The only thing missing was gold coins. I looked down to see a statue lying in the dust at my feet. It was of a man lying propped up on his elbows. His feet were pulled up and flat on the ground, and his head turned to the side. Strange little statue. But it appeared to be made of solid gold. There were more statues like that only a few feet away.

There were also animals of gold, jaguars, birds, snakes and even frogs. Only a few people, but plenty of animals. But what was most impressive was in the center of the cave, a pyramid made of gold bricks. It stood taller than a man and twice as long on each base. My mind just could not image how much money that pyramid represented. Probably enough to buy the whole United States.

While I gaped at all the gold reflecting light from his candle, Mendosa was busy setting that candle on a pile of bars. Then he took out another candle, lit it and placed it next to the first. Then he took some more rope from his pocket and placed it on the pile next to the candles.

"Does señorita Brenda like all this gold?" Silly question.

"That is good. Perhaps you would like to spend some time with it." I didn't like the sound of that. "Come over here."

"Over here" was next to the pyramid. He pushed me up to the base of the pyramid, then kicked my feet apart until I could hardly keep my balance. He pushed my feet forward so that I had to turn my toes outward and the inside of each foot was pressing against the first row of bricks. By each foot was a metal stake driven into the ground. To those stakes he tied my ankles.

I should have known what was coming next. A simple push against my back and I was falling forward until my breasts bumped against the side of the pyramid. He then took the rope which was still looped around my neck and passed that around the pyramid, bring it back to tie to my neck again.

I was then tied to the pyramid, flat against one side, the edges and comers of gold bricks pressing against my chest and legs. I quickly found that I could not regain my feet, the rope around my neck held me to the pyramid. With my hands tied so efficiently behind me, I would have to stay there until someone freed me.

"You are like all people, you love this gold, this oro. All this gold is mine, but I will let you share it for a while." He laughed and I knew that he was infected with gold fever the same as any other sucker. "I will leave you here today. Perhaps I will return this evening to bring you home. Perhaps you will stay the night here." He bent closer to my ear. "Perhaps," he whispered, "you will stay here forever. This gold has been here many years, maybe hundreds, and only I come here."

I was becoming afraid. This cave was a wonderful place, a place of dreams. But to a naked and helpless girl, it was once again simply a cave, a dark cave with hidden horrors within.

Don Mendosa blew out one candle and the gold shone a little less brightly. "Pleasant dreams, señorita, if you can sleep." He laughed again and I heard his footsteps departing.

There was nothing I could do. What could I say to make him stop? This man loved to torture me, this was only the next torment in a long line. I whined and watched as the final flickering light faded. It was not just dark, it was black. The passage in turned enough times so that the tiny amount of sunlight that entered the cave never made it back to this room.

I tested the ropes. What else was there for me to do? When I pulled back, the rope around my neck tightened and cut off my air. I quickly ceased that. Then I worked at my hands, trying to reach something with my fingers. All I could touch was a bit of the rope around my neck with the tip of a fingernail and that did me no good. There wasn't a knot to be felt. As to wiggling my hands loose, I dropped that idea pretty fast. My wrists were simply bound too tightly. I worked on them for a while

but all I got was sore wrists. I couldn't twist my wrists within the ropes, I couldn't work any looseness into any of the loops. I was tied really good and would stay that way.

I even tried pulling the stakes out of the ground but they were too solidly embedded in the dirt of the cave floor. My inability to get any kind of leverage with my ankles didn't allow me to get any force behind my efforts. My legs would stay spread wide.

Time passed. I don't know if it was fast or slow. Without anything to see, it becomes increasingly hard to judge the passage of time. I tried to sleep, figuring that in sleep I would not have to endure the discomfort of the ropes and metal bricks pressing against my front. But sleep would not come. I was feeling very helpless.

These gold pieces must have come from somewhere. They didn't look like anything I had seen and I could only guess, as Melinda had said, that they came from Indians in the south of Mexico. My mind began wondering about the people who had hidden this treasure in the cave. Had the valley been as green with water when they came by? Seems likely since they chose this place to hide their gold. But why hadn't they stayed? There was water, they had gold. They could have grown crops.

Perhaps my mind began wandering because I found myself wondering about ghosts. Did some kind of ancient ghost guard this gold for the long dead Indians? Had they placed a curse on this precious metal before something killed them all? Was I offending the ghosts that guard the gold?

I'm not a stupid girl, but when you're naked, completely helpless and in absolute blackness, your mind can play tricks on you. I began to hear tiny sounds in the dark. At first they sounded like the fluttering of bat wings. Then they sounded like footsteps, but not human. They were the faint footsteps a ghost might make.

By the time Don Mendosa came to fetch me, I was almost a screaming wreck. I kept babbling about ghosts and monsters. And I had chafed my wrists, neck and ankles fighting against the ropes in blind panic.

He allowed me to walk back with only my hands tied behind me, a lot easier task than with your head tied down next to your knees. I had been in the cave only three hours, yet I had been sure it was all day and night.

15

Whipped Nipples

That night, after leaving me in the gold cave for a part of the day, Don Mendosa took me to his bedroom again. This time it was yet another variation, one not yet tried on me. I found Melinda already there, the teenage girl naked and tied to one of the bedposts. Her arms were behind the post, and much rope had been tightly bound around her to assure that she could not move from the corner of the bed. As I was brought in by Juan, Don Mendosa was just finishing the addition of a gag in his daughter's mouth. I don't know what was inside her mouth, I got there a few seconds too late to see, but whatever it was, she apparently wasn't happy with it for she was trying to shake her head. Her father had one hand over her mouth, holding her jaw shut while the other hand fumbled with a length of cloth ribbon a couple inches wide. That he placed around her head then continued to wrap it until the bottom half of her face was completely covered by the tight cloth. From her nose down there was only the smooth wrapping of the black cloth, apparently tight enough to keep whatever it was in her mouth in place. I watched her try to get the wrappings off but she could do nothing. The distressed look in her eyes made me wonder just what it was that was being held inside her mouth. As I stood there, naked and with my hands bound behind me, I conjectured up some pretty unpleasant possibilities, ranging from chilly peppers to some things totally unmentionable.

It was then my turn to be positioned for the night's entertainment. With my hands still crossed and bound behind me, I was positioned facing the back of a chair only a few feet away from where Melinda stood tied to the post. Juan tied each of my ankles to a leg of the chair. Then a loop was put around my neck and I was bent over the chair, that rope holding my head down by the seat. Since the

loop around my neck was a slip loop, and pulling back tightened the rope around my neck, I tried very carefully to keep myself bent over. The fact that my bottom was sticking up in the air did not escape me. I feared a riding crop was in my future.

It was not a riding crop. While Melinda watched wide-eyed, Juan shoved a finger-full of grease up my ass and then screwed me in that hole, a screwing that lasted a long time. It hurt a bit at first and I jerked so hard when his rod was first shoved into me that I nearly strangled myself, but after that it settled down to a strange feeling, not too unpleasant, but definitely shaming to me. What girl wouldn't feel shamed that a man would prefer to use her asshole than her pussy?

I guessed that I should have been grateful that Juan wasn't more well endowed than he was, or the sodomy might have hurt much more.

When Juan shot his load. I felt dirty and used. But also had to tell myself that this was the usual condition for a girl in that valley. We were kept tied or chained, and used whenever a man felt like having sex. Or felt like hurting a girl. A lot of the punishments I experienced didn't end up with the man obtaining sexual satisfaction, and certainly without my getting much, either. Don Mendosa and Juan simply enjoyed hurting a girl.

After my rear was reamed, I was released from the chair, and even my hands were untied. But that was not to last long. Don Mendosa had a bed with large and very solid bed posts, and one of them was still empty, so I was pushed against it and my arms gathered together behind it. With ropes connecting my elbows and wrists, and a lot more wrapped around my body, I was soon welded to the post in a similar manner to Melinda. The ropes were tight but I had experienced worse. Before the candle was blown out for the night, Don Mendosa shoved a wad of cloth in my mouth and wrapped a length of cloth strip around my mouth. It looked the same as what had been done to Melinda but I tasted nothing unusual and couldn't understand why she had made such a terrible face and still looked as if she wished she could get whatever was in her mouth out. I guessed that there was something different in the teenager's mouth, something undesirable.

We spent the night tied to Don Mendosa's bed post, uncomfortable but not suffering too much. My asshole felt a little strange at first but returned to normal soon enough.

In the morning I was the first one released from the post and could see Melinda clearly. The girl looked like she had not slept a wink. I also got the impression that she was anxious to be untied and get that gag off. Which didn't make sense to me. I had been comfortable enough to sleep a good part of the night, and Melinda was tied about the same as I. But I was never to find out what had been done to her for I was led out of the room to begin the day's tortures.

After a breakfast eaten on my knees and licked from a plate like a dog, I was taken out into the patio and secured to one of the posts with a couple pieces of string. If you think that a little string isn't enough to make a girl helpless, consider that they were tied to my nipples savagely tight and then I was pushed up against a post so that my breasts went on each side of it. The strings were then tied together on the other side, connecting my breasts on the other side of the wood. After Juan left me, I tried to see if I could break the string. I probably could have, it was only string. But when I pulled the damned stuff cut into my nipples so hard that I had to stop. With my hands tied behind me, I couldn't just reach up and break the string with my fingers, so I was stuck to that post. Later Juan came by and added to my torment by swatting my bottom with a riding crop. Not really hard strokes and only a few of them, but enough to make me jerk. He laughed each time I hurt myself by involuntarily jerking.

The cropping of my bottom didn't last long. I guess I learned to hold myself a little too still for his game. Without the girl jerking and hurting herself, he lost interest. It wasn't easy to endure a riding crop stroke on the bottom and not move, but the pain that shot into my breasts each time that string was pulled on helped a lot.

Later I was released from the post but the strings were not taken from my nipples. Instead they were tied together, pulled tightly enough so that my nipples nearly touched, no small accomplishment considering that I have large breasts. The breasts themselves were pulled towards each other by the nipples, and it was a painful way to have your nipples tied. Don Mendosa himself tied them that way and was amused to see the pained expression on my face.

After that I was left alone for most of the afternoon. With bound hands behind me and my nipples tied together, I wasn't about to run off. Not that I didn't think about it. I found that no one objected when I walked out towards the garden and found a quiet, shaded place where I could sit on the grass. For a while I shook my chest, trying to dislodge the strings or break them. But shaking doesn't exert enough force on the string and my poor titties stayed cruelly tied. And it was cruel to tie a girl's nipples that way. They were enlarged, like tiny balloons, and discolored. And they hurt, sharp pains from the string cutting into the soft flesh, and a throbbing ache in the nipples themselves.

For a while I considered trying to break the string or even rubbing it off on the bark of a tree. But I wasn't sure that would work, and was sure that it would hurt. Besides, I suspected that if I were to return with the string broken or missing, I would only earn more punishment, probably much more painful than this string.

It was a quiet afternoon. The sun was hot and bright, as was usual, but in the shade the air was relatively cool. I considered walking to the creek and cooling myself off in the water but it seemed a bit too much effort right then. Instead I thought about escape.

Maybe Kitty had the right idea when she took off into the desert. She was naked and her arms still bound behind her back, or so the men thought. It must have taken a great deal of courage to simply walk out of the Valley. I could imagine her drinking as much water as possible, probably lying on her stomach to sip from the creek. Then awkwardly getting to her feet and desolately marching for the opening in the cliff wall. It had taken either courage or a desperation born of too much pain over too long a time. Maybe she just figured that a death in the desert would be better than a living hell in the paradise valley.

I tried to picture myself doing the same thing. I could have done it right then, my legs were free. Just walk down along the creek and out that slender crack in the cliff. I could be out of the valley in fifteen minutes. And then? Maybe I'm a coward. But I just couldn't muster the courage to face a certain death in preference to a life time of torment at the hands of Don Mendosa.

I wandered back to the house and watched Carmen fixing dinner. She worked away in the kitchen, hardly impaired at all by the handcuffs on her wrists, or the pair on her ankles. At least her hands were in front of her. And, I mentioned to myself somewhat bitterly, she didn't have her nipples tied together.

I had to eat dinner on my knees on the floor, doggie-style again. Which I didn't mind, Carmen was a very good cook. What I did mind was my nipples throbbing so much and looking like they were going to explode. I had to wonder just how long Don Mendosa would leave them tied like that. Maybe he really didn't care if permanent damage were done to my body. Then I remembered the story Juan told me about the girl who did have her nipples damaged by string, and I shuddered. But it would not surprise me if Don Mendosa did use such barbaric methods to get rid of girls he no longer wanted.

I must have still been enough of a novelty for me to be the star in the bedroom show that night I was beginning to pray for the time when I would simply be tied up for the night and left alone.

Something must have upset Don Mendosa because the show that night was more pain and less sex. I was brought in by Juan, then tied to the bed post. He had to untie my hands to pull them around the post, but when he tied my elbows, it was with considerable force. The result was that my breasts wanted to stick out. Yet the nipples were still tied together with the string and my arms and shoulders being pulled back only made that string cut deeper into my tender flesh. And it wasn't just my arms that he tied, rope was actually wrapped over my shoulders and pulled back to force my chest out to the maximum. Then my ankles were tied together and Juan stood aside to allow his master to do his thing.

Don Mendosa was grinning but not with humor. There was a gleam in his eye that I didn't like. I had seen that before, always just before he hurt me. Then I saw what was in his hand and a shiver raced down my spine. It was a whip, not the usual riding crop. A small whip. A black leather whip with a single, thin thong at the end. I began to breathe heavily in fear.

"señorita Brenda," he began. "have you seen this kind of whip before? No? Well, no matter. It is a special whip designed for a woman's breasts. The flesh on your breasts, it is very soft, no? A whip that I might use on your ass or back would cut that soft flesh, and we do not wish to have those wonderful breasts cut to ribbons."

We certainly did not. He flexed the whip a couple times. "Tonight I wish to whip your breasts. It will hurt, señorita, actually rather badly. But your lovely breasts will not be harmed. Not much."

The time for talk was over. Perhaps he had explained all that to me simply because he enjoyed seeing the fear in my eyes. I certainly was feeling it inside. My poor breasts had been tortured enough that day, they didn't need a whipping. And then it occurred to me to wonder what it would do to my poor nipples. They were still bound together with that string. Would a whipping on the swollen nipples hurt more than otherwise? Would it do damage to already sore and aching flesh? I did not know the answers and didn't want to find out.

But my owner had other ideas. He teased one nipple with the end of the whip, showing me that he was well aware of their swollen condition. Then he reached back and flicked the whip across my left breast. I yelled. It hadn't seemed as if he put very much force into the stroke, but the pain that exploded in my breast was terrible. I jerked but my body did not move. It is hard to describe the agony that filled my poor nipple and radiated into my breast. It was terrible but that word does not describe pain so intense that it shoots deep inside your body and makes you want to die.

When the same pain exploded on my other breast, I screamed. There was no holding back and my pain echoed off the white washed walls. "No, no, no!" I begged over and over. "Please, no!" I also made other sounds, mostly not words but inarticulate cries of agony.

The whipping of my breasts continued. He applied each stroke with a careful eye for placement and strength. Later I was sure that he held back considerably on the force he could have used behind that whip, especially when the thong cut across a nipple, but the pain he dished out could hardly have been worse. That black leather cut fiery lines on the undersides of my breasts, marked scarlet traces across the tops, and made my poor nipples scream in agony.

About the sixth stroke, the string joining the nipples broke, but that only gave Don Mendosa the insides of my breasts as a new target. As I alternated sobs with screams, he covered all sides of my globes with thin lines of an angry red. My breasts bounced with each impact, I remember looking down and seeing fresh lines appearing on what had been smooth, perfect flesh.

Somewhere around the fourteenth or fifteenth infliction of pain, he stopped and lay the whip on the bed. But it was only so he could take a pocket knife out and use it to cut off the string deeply embedded in my nipples. He was not gentle nor careful, my flesh was cut on one nipple. But the string was off. At first I was glad because I had wanted that terrible twine off all day. But then the returning circulation awoke nerves and a fresh pain appeared, a terrible pain.

I didn't scream but an animal howl of agony came from my throat. It was born of pain, frustration and anger, and poured out my emotions to all who could hear. I shook all over as every nerve in my nipples and breasts cried out. Then a fire exploded in one breast and I did scream. I hadn't seen him pick up the whip, nor the slash across one breast, squarely on the nipple. I vaguely remember picking up my legs and kicking out with them. The ankles might have been tied but they weren't lashed to the post and kicking out was instinctual. All I wanted to do was curl up and wrap my body around the tortured breast. But the ropes held me vulnerable. Again that terrible whip kissed my tender flesh, bringing fresh pain with each visit. I screamed. How could I not?

It just wasn't fair. I had done nothing to this man, why should he want to hurt me so much? I had to stop this pain but could not. I think I was pleading, begging for mercy. I know that I was thinking that my poor nipples were being destroyed. They couldn't take this much punishment and still be whole.

All things end. I know that for a fact but as that whip gave me more pain than I ever thought possible, time seemed to stand still. Endless agony was my fate. Suffering going on to eternity lay before me.

I think I fainted. Or at least blacked out for a bit. When I came to, my breasts were on fire, hurting horribly, but there was no fresh flashes of pain. My nipples throbbed with agony and I wept for them.

Later, how much later I was not sure, I gradually returned to this world. Don Mendosa was on the bed behind me, a naked Carmen lying spread-eagle under him as he pumped away. Apparently my suffering had stimulated his sexual urges and he had fetched another girl to provide an object for his lust. I was grateful that he hadn't just untied my legs and taken me as I stood lashed to the post.

Still later Juan came and untied me. I was taken back to the shed and hogtied there. The hardest part was having to lay on my stomach, on my tortured breasts that still burned. The hard wood beneath me did nothing to ease the pain there. Before going to sleep, I remember being thankful that the string was off my nipples. And thankful that I didn't have to spend the night tied to the bed of a man I hated.

16

Rawhide Torment

It was the eighth day after Marlow had been killed, and Don Carlos Mendosa had, as he had each day before, increased my torture. Turned it up a notch, so to speak. It was a typically hot day, the late morning sun beating down upon my naked body as I stood before my owner. I was sore and aching from the torments of the night before, and almost a beaten, defeated girl. It wouldn't take too much more before I simply couldn't take any more. I guess that's what they mean when they say a girl's 'spirit is broken.' With no hope for the future, and nothing but endless torture and pain ahead, it's hard for a girl to hold out.

I was naked, as always. But, for a change, my arms and legs were completely free of restraints. A pair of handcuffs had just been taken off my wrists by Juan, but I could generate little enthusiasm. I would soon be tied or chained and helpless again.

We were out in the coral, wooden fences around us and bare, trampled dirt underfoot. Don Mendosa was sitting on a chair. All the girls were there, each one tied to the fence behind him. All were as naked as any girl in that valley, and each had her arms bound behind her and then tied to the fence rail so she had to stand there. Juan stood beside his master, grinning. Don Mendosa seemed in good spirits that morning.

"I have a special treat for you this morning," he began.

"Something different from anything else you've experienced here. It is a punishment. It will hurt, but there is also the exciting prospect that it will also do serious harm to you, even kill you." He let the last sentence linger in the air before going on. "See this bucket? In it are rawhide strips that have been soaking all morning. They are very wet and will stretch out."

Juan picked out a strip and pulled on it. The leather did stretch. I knew about leather doing that, a girl doesn't grow up on a ranch and not know such things. But I had a bad feeling about what was coming next.

Juan walked behind me and pulled my arms together behind me.

"Your arms will be bound with the rawhide," Mendosa continued. "Juan will pull the leather as much as it will stretch before wrapping it around your arms." Juan was doing just that. I could feel the bite of the wet leather just above my elbows. It was tugged and knotted as viciously as any rope had ever been tied on my elbows. Another strip was used to bind my wrists together.

"The leather is tight, good. Now, my dear, comes the interesting part. Please spread your legs wide apart."

I hesitated then obeyed. What was the use? These men already had my arms tightly bound behind me. If I were going to try to escape, I should have done it before now. Not obeying would only mean that they would force my legs apart.

Juan tied a strip of rawhide around my waist, very tightly.

Then he tied another piece to the first right in front. Getting down to his knees, he used his fingers to push aside the lips of my sex, then passed that wet leather right along my clit and between my legs. It was tied to my waist behind me. Then another strip was tied in the same place, passing on the other side of my clit so between them they squeezed my clit. It might have felt good under different circumstances.

In front of me, Juan stretched out another piece of rawhide and then noosed it around my right breast. He tied it as near the base of my breast as he could, making my flesh balloon out. He tied my other breast the same way. My stomach was a tight knot of fear.

"It is hot today," Mendosa said with a smile. "The sun is hot. It will dry out the leather. And when leather dries out... Well, it shrinks. It grows tighter and tighter. I have seen shrinking leather grow so tight that it cracked bones. I once saw a man spread-eagled by leather strips. When the leather dried, his limbs were torn from their sockets." He paused to look dramatically up at the sun. "I have also seen leather strips tied around a girl's chest squeeze her until she could no longer breath."

He gestured to Juan, who took the final length of rawhide out of the bucket. Suddenly I felt the wet, cool leather encircle my neck. I tried to jerk away but the thin band was already around my neck, being knotted down. I felt my mouth go dry.

"The leather will shrink, it is true," continued Don Mendosa. "But the question is how much? Will it be enough to break the bones in your arms? Will it squeeze your breasts until they pop? And what about your pussy? How much will those strips cut into your pussy? And what about that single strip around your neck? Will it squeeze enough to cut off your air? Perhaps even squeeze your neck so hard it breaks bones?" He grinned from ear to ear. "But perhaps not. Perhaps you will be able to get enough air down to live. Perhaps."

From behind him I heard Melinda call out, "Padre, please! Do not do this!"

Without turning around, a sharp comment to his daughter silenced her. He smiled at me again. "I am not a cruel man ..., he said sweetly. "If you survive until the sun goes down today, I will cut the rawhide strips off and you will live."

I wanted to spit in his eye but my mouth was too dry with fear. I knew he was laughing at me. Already I could feel the leather bands tightening upon my flesh. The first one put on my elbows was noticeably tighter. Or perhaps it was my imagination. But they would soon be shrinking, digging deeply into my body. That strip around my neck felt pretty tight already. I was certain that I would not see the sunset, that this sadist wished only the pleasure of watching me struggle uselessly then flop around in the dirt, gasping for air I could not get down my lungs. I wondered how many girls he had killed this way before.

My arms hurt worse as the leather constricted. I looked around but escape was denied me. The corral was closed, I could get out only by climbing the fence. And with my arms bound that way, it would be impossible. I felt the urge to drop to my knees and beg for my life. But I could still breath and there was still a bit of pride left in me. I didn't know if my resolve would hold out but for now at least, he would not see me beg.

As time passed, my arms were hurting like they never had from just ropes. I could feel the leather around my waist cutting deeper, as was that passing through my sex and up my ass. And my poor breasts were looking terrible. They were swollen, turning blue and blotched shades of red as the leather constricted around their bases.

I do not know how much time passed, it was measured for me differently than for normal people. I measured how much life was left me by fractions of an inch increase in tightness of a simple strip of leather around my neck.

I had lost feeling in my hands, so tightly had my arms been crushed together. My breasts grew numb and they looked as if they might burst from the pressure. It felt like a sharp knife cutting into my loins where the leather tried to dig in.

But the worst part was that I had to gasp for breath. Each precious ounce of air came at a high price in effort. My vision began to grow dim at the edges, and I knew that very soon I would no longer be able to suck in air. And then I would die.

I was going to beg then. Pride mattered not a bit, only survival. I would kneel before this terrible man and beg for my life. I would promise anything, swear obedience. I started to, dropping to my knees, but the words would not come. I gasped with open mouth but could not speak. It was then I knew I was going to die. And the last thing I would see was Don Mendosa's grinning face.

Something distracted Mendosa and he turned aside. My vision was blurring and growing dim but I managed to turn in the same direction he was facing now.

It was impossible. Perhaps my oxygen-starved brain was making me hallucinate, but standing there in the dust of the horse corral was Marlow!

I would have cried out if I could. This was impossible. I had seen him shot, seen him fall off a cliff. He was dead.

But he was also standing there, the same rough face, the same lanky but strong body. Then I realized that his hand was hovering over that big 44 in its holster. I saw Don Mendosa straighten and his hand go down towards the gun in his holster. In the distance, I saw, as through a haze, Juan also reaching for the gun he always carried.

Everything passed as in slow motion, each tiny movement seen by my dying eyes, oddities noted with clarity, such as the sun glinting off Marlow's 44 as it began to clear leather. I noticed the riding crop fall from Juan's hand as it began to descend towards the handle of his gun. And I saw the snarl of Don Mendosa's lip and knew that he would kill Marlow this time for sure.

Perhaps it was simply that Juan and Mendosa wore holsters meant for cowboy work around a ranch. They were not low on the hip, they were not designed for a fast draw. Or perhaps Marlow would have beaten them no matter what they had. Marlow always wore his holster low on the hip, tied down to his leg the way gunfighters do. His gun was the first out of its holster, I saw the big hole in the end of the barrel as it swung up level with the ground. His first shot came with the gun still by his holster, the second shot followed almost immediately. Then his gun swung a bit to the right and two more shots came quickly.

I must admit I did not hear the shots. My vision was fading fast and the roaring in my ears was all I heard, but I made out the expression of surprise on Don Mendosa's face as a hole appeared in his chest and he was jerked backwards. I never saw any blood, and didn't even see what happen to Juan. Everything went black.

I drifted back to reality slowly. When I opened my eyes, all I saw was a reddish haze. But a few seconds later I realized that it was a white ceiling lit by a reddish sunset coming through the window. I think I moaned because suddenly there was a cry of delight from one side and there was Melinda, kissing my face all-over. I move one hand up to push her back so I could get oriented, but she managed to clamp her lips to mine for a few seconds. It was a kiss filled with love and more than a little hint of passion to come. I remember being surprised that lesbian love was allowed in heaven.

I was lying in a bed in the bedroom Marlow and I had shared. With the realization that I had not died came tears to my eyes. I put my arms around Melinda and we both wept for joy.

A little later, I sat up on the bed and explored my condition. My arms felt a little funny and there were still red marks where the leather had dug in. My throat hurt but I could breath and swallow okay. My breasts looked in good condition, and there was very little ache from the area of my loins where the strips had been digging in. A girl is a lot sturdier and resilient in those places than most people think.

Melinda was still naked and her hands were still tied behind her back. My first question to her was, "What happened."

"Oh, Brenda," she said happily, "Marlow saved your life! He cut the leather off. We thought

you were dead! It was so terrible. I was tied to the fence, I could do nothing."

"What of Don Mendosa? Juan?"

"Marlow killed them," she said simply. "Killed them?" I repeated stupidly.

"Si. He is out on the hill burying the bodies. He will be here soon."

"I'm back already," came a familiar and loved voice from behind me. I turned and threw my arms around his neck. It was my turn to kiss with love and passion.

When things calmed down a bit, and my heart stopped beating so fast, I was able to think of logical things once again. "But how? I mean, you were dead...."

"I wasn't."

"But I saw Juan shoot you! Twice!"

"He shot me twice but didn't kill me. Do I look dead?"

"And you fell over that cliff."

"Small cliff."

"Why aren't you dead!"

I almost screamed at him. But we were both smiling.

"His first shot hit me in the side of my back." He pointed to his side where a bulge under his shirt showed a bandage to be. "I turned, which was lucky. His second shot hit me in the chest, right here." He pointed to his pocket. "Fortunately, I had a pair of handcuffs there. Don Mendosa had told me that you were tied up on the hill and I could go and bring you back. He also said that you were tied very tightly with ropes. So I picked up a pair of handcuffs to replace the ropes with. The bullet hit them. Knocked me back and I guess I slipped and fell over the cliff."

"But Juan looked over the edge at you?"

"I was unconscious. I guess he saw blood from that one wound and the hole in the front of my shirt, maybe. Anyway he figured I was dead."

"But what happened then?"

"I came to later and managed to crawl up the cliff. I hid in the hills and spied on the house. But I needed some help. When I saw Kitty tied outside for the night, I went down and untied her. She agreed to help me. If it weren't for her nursing me and stealing food for both of us, I wouldn't have made it. It was still almost a week before I could walk again."

"You could have come down to rescue me earlier," I accused.

"I wanted to but had to wait until I could use my gun." He looked truly sorry. "I heard you screaming some nights."

I didn't press the issue. The look on his face told me that he would have come earlier if he could have. I looked around but Melinda was the only one present. "Where is Kitty?"

"She's outside with Carmen and Sally."

"I feel pretty good, there's no reason why I can't get up. Besides, I'm hungry and it is past dinner time."

Marlow laughed and hugged me. All the girls were in the main room, Carmen, Sally, Maria and

Kitty. All were still naked and all had their hands locked behind their backs with handcuffs. Melinda entered the room behind us and went to stand behind the couch they were sitting on. All looked expectantly at Marlow and I.

I'll admit, I was kind of at a lost to figure out what to do next. But Marlow apparently had been thinking about what would happen. "I have kept all of you handcuffed, or tied," he nodded to Melinda, "because I wasn't sure at first which of you would be friends and which might prove to be an enemy." Kitty sniffed. "Sorry, Kitty. I know you helped and I appreciate that. I'll be letting you free soon, so just stick with me on this."

He turned to Melinda who was still looking at me with love in her eyes. "Melinda. I have just killed your father. Do I have to keep you chained and tied? You would be very justified if you tried to kill me, given the chance."

Melinda looked surprised. "Oh, señor Marlow! I would not-hurt you!"

"But what about your father?" I had to ask.

"I used to love him," she said. "When I was young. Before he got with those bad men and had to run away. Later he came back to get Mother and me to take us to this valley. My mother died right after that, and that was when Father began kidnapping girls and bringing them here." She nodded her head towards the four girls sitting there.

"But these girls are all in their teens or early twenties. He couldn't have kidnapped them very long ago."

"These are not the first girls," Melinda said simply.

"When my Father grew tired of a girl, he got rid of her." Her voice broke a bit. This was hard for her to admit about her father. "You are not the first girl to have wet leather tied around her neck. And sometimes it amused him to stake a girl out in the desert and watch what the los Indios did to her. Either way, it got rid of a girl he no longer wanted. Then he and Juan would chain all of us in the shed and go away. A couple days later they would return with a new girl. It was simple."

I swallowed hard, after all. I had almost suffered the same fate.

"The man you shot is not the same Father I loved once."

There was sincerity in her eyes, I could tell. "I did not mind when he punished me, and keeping girls as prisoners is fine. But it was not good that he killed them. You did the right thing. I thank you."

Melinda's eyes brightened as she added, "And I love Brenda. If you wish, you may keep me a prisoner. So long as I am a prisoner with Brenda. I will be happy!"

Marlow nodded. That was all he would say on the subject, just a nod. But I understood it to mean that he understood Melinda and accepted that she would not be a threat to him.

He turned to Sally. "What about you? Did you have a family? Do you want your freedom?"

Tears slowly formed in her eyes. Sally rose from the couch and went to Marlow. She gently kissed him on the cheek and turned her back to present her hands. He patted her on the bottom and told her to sit back down. "You'll be set free, girl," he informed. "But it will be only after I've taken you to where you can easily walk across the boarder and to an American town. I'm make sure you have enough money to get home." He saw the hope in her eyes. It was nice to see her smile for the first time since we got there. "But I'll keep you handcuffed for now. Am I right in assuming that you were somehow bound when you were brought here?"

Sally nodded. "I was tied very tightly in a hogtie on the floor of the wagon."

"And could you see the way here?"

"No, sir. I was gagged and blindfolded and shoved into a wooden crate when kidnapped. It was only after we got to the desert that I was allowed out and hogtied in the wagon. From the floor of a wagon a hogtied girl can see very little."

"Good. Then you will be blindfolded and bound when I take you back across the desert. I'll untie you and give you clothes when we're at the border. That way I won't be concerned about your ever finding your way back here."

The way he said that made me suddenly aware that he was planning to take over this Valley. And why not? There was gold, water and a nice place to live. And the previous owner would not complain.

He turned to Carmen. "What about you? Do you want freedom?"

"señor, all I had was a Father who drank too much and beat me. Where would I go? Can I stay here? I am a good cook."

Marlow looked her straight in the eye. "I am a man who believes in some of the things Don Mendosa did. A woman should be kept restrained at all times. She should be punished if she is bad. And she should be used when her man feels like using her." He paused for a second. "But I do not believe punishment should be too painful. If you stay here, you will be kept chained or tied at all times. You will be kept naked all the time. If you displease me, you will be tightly bound over night as punishment. Or spanked. Or whipped with a small whip until your bottom is hot. No punishment will be worse than that. And .. ." he glared at me as he spoke the next words, "I will use you for sex whenever I wish." He turned back to her. "Do you want to stay here?"

I said nothing. Marlow had just served notice that he intended to replace Don Mendosa here, and that he would consider any girl in the valley as his property. I said nothing.

"I would like to stay here, señor Marlow," was all Carmen said.

"Good. Come here." When she was standing before him, he bent over and gently kissed her on the lips. I was to the side and could see that it really was a gentle kiss, not one of passion. But it was the best thing he could have done to Carmen. She smiled softly and I knew that she was falling in love with this very dominant man. He turned her around and unlocked the handcuff from one wrist. Turning her around again, he locked it back on in front. "Now go and get dinner ready for us. I'm hungry."

It was a smiling and happy Carmen who dashed off towards the kitchen.

Marlow turned to Maria. Maria had always been a quiet girl. She served us dinner, fed me when my hands were behind my back, and never spoke a word. She hardly spoke at that moment either. Instead she rose to her feet, came up to Marlow, looked him in the eye with those dark Spanish eyes of hers, and said, "How many girls can you keep pleased?" Then she stood on tip toes and kissed him.

"I'll worry about that," he said when she was finished.

"Same deal. You stay tied or chained. You get punished when you need it. And you get used when I need it. Now get in the kitchen and help with dinner."

Maria went off with a very slight smile on her face. That left Kitty sitting next to Sally. She rose to face whatever Marlow had to offer. "Am I to be offered the same deal, Mr. Marlow?"

"Maybe," he said. "What do you want? You were the rebellious one around here. Mendosa said that you were always trying to kick him in the balls or run away. I'm going to be the boss around here now, and I say that all girls who stay in this valley will follow my rules."

Kitty crossed the couple steps between her and Marlow.

"If I ask to be set free, will you do it?" she asked.

"I told Sally I would set her free. I'll do the same for you if that is what you want."

For a few seconds they looked at each other and I wondered what she would say. I also wondered what went on between them during the days she was helping him recover from the gunshot.

Kitty sighed and looked out the window at the final traces of red and orange in the western sky. "Then I will stay. But I reserve the right to be rebellious. It is not my nature to be submissive. But if I am kept bound up at all times...." She looked up into his eyes. "You had better guard your balls."

Marlow laughed. There was communication between them. Sort of an agreement to fight but to fight fair with each other. I wished I had the nerve to tell this hunk of a man that I just might kick him in the balls sometime so he had better keep me well tied. I just wasn't the same kind of girl as Kitty.

"I'll guard them." He went to a cabinet and withdrew a pair of handcuffs. Those he locked snugly upon Kitty's ankles. "I'll guard them very well," he said.

Kitty stood on her toes to give him a kiss. Then she shuffled off to the kitchen, the chain between her ankles clinking musically. I had the feeling that she was more than a handful for most any man, even when kept chained or tied up. But Marlow was more than just any man.

Then it was my turn. He turned to me. "You will be taken back to your father. When you came her, you were not in a crate, nor were you blindfolded like the other girls. Don Mendosa must have wanted to make sure no one knew how to get here. So I guess I'll have to rely on your promise not to tell anyone how to get to this valley."

"Silly man," I said. "I'm not sure I could find this place again," I said truthfully. "And, anyway, I don't wish to leave here. Not so long as you're here."

"You understand the rules?" He was serious. "I'm the boss. There is no second in command. You'll be kept naked, and chained or tied at all times. And you'll be punished the same as the rest of the girls if you do something wrong. And you'll be just one off the girls. I'll use you when I wish to. And in any way I wish to. But, more importantly, I'll use any other girl any time I wish. Just because you came here with me and we slept together doesn't mean that you'll get any special treatment."

I gulped. He was serious. I had thought of him as my man.

But here he was telling me that I was just one of the girls, that he would screw any and all of them as he wished, my feelings in the matter notwithstanding. I gulped again. This wasn't exactly the way I would have chosen things.


But then what can a naked girl say to a man as masterful and powerful as that? And a man who had just saved her life. I hurried to the bedroom. When I returned, it was to kneel before Marlow and offer him the length of cotton rope. When he took it, I stood and turned my back to him. I put my wrists together and pulled my elbows in until they almost touched.

As the rope looped my elbows and jerked them tightly together, I smiled. I knew that my arms would be very tightly bound. It would probably hurt, especially considering the way they had been treated earlier in the day. But that was okay. I would be his girl. Maybe not his only girl, but still his property and that was enough. He finished binding my arms, just as tightly as I had expected, and roughly turned me around. Then he took me in those strong arms and kissed me like every woman wishes she could be kissed. It was long, it was hard, and it made my heart flutter and my knees weak.

When we broke, he turned me around again, delivered a stinging slap to my bare bottom, and issued an order to me. "Get over there with Melinda. I want the two of you to make love to each other right now, on the carpet. It may amuse me and will help pass the time until dinner."

I hurried over to Melinda, my eyes probably as bright as hers. As we both sank to the floor and began to position ourselves for lovemaking between two girls with bound arms, I was overflowing with happiness inside. Life was becoming wonderful! So I had to share this man, big deal! He was enough man to handle four girls. I was sure of that. And there was always lovemaking between us girls...

I put my head between Melinda's legs and she put hers between mine. We began licking each other's sex.



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VALLEY OF CAPTIVE MAIDENS

BY F. E. CAMPBELL

Brenda Walters was kidnapped from her father's ranch in the Arizona Territory, 1870, just two weeks after her nineteenth birthday. She was led off into the night, gagged, hands bound behind her back with rawhide, and taken across the border where no American lawman could follow. Her kidnapper, a rough hired hand named Marlow, had plans to ransom her back to her father. But those plans never came to pass.

After almost dying in the desert, the man and his captive stumble upon a hidden valley amid the desolate hills. But this valley is inhabited by Don Carlos Mendosa and his daughter, plus a staff of beautiful young girls. Brenda soon comes to understand that in this valley females are not treated the same as at her daddy's ranch. Girls are kept bound or handcuffed, and punished for most any sin, especially lesbian lovemaking, which becomes a problem when she finds herself falling in love with Don Mendosa's dark-haired teenage daughter, Melinda.

Marlow and Don Mendosa see eye to eye on the proper treatment of females and before long all pretense to normalcy is discarded along with feminine clothing. And she discovers that the beautiful girls of the "staff" are really prisoners, held against their will and punished whenever the whim of their owner wishes. It isn't long before Brenda tastes the riding crop of their host, her first whipping but not her last.

Then Don Mendosa decides that he wants this Brenda Walters for his own and trouble follows—Western style.