



B BORED ROWBEATEN & BOUND

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I found myself in the pantry closet with somebody strapping my ankles together with soft leather thongs. Then there was a cord passed between my wrists and ankles, pulling my knees up against my boobs and my pajama pants were drawn so tightly over my ass that I thought they would split.

After having been out about four months with George Mason, whom I had accepted as my steady boyfriend, I was really beginning to be bored. I had come to the conclusion that George, although he was twenty-eight and had a reputation for being a lady-killer, was really nothing more than an old-fashioned square. His idea of a good time was taking me

out to concerts, art movies (and I don't mean the stag kind, either, but stuff like "Potemkin"), and lectures. I told Nancy, my roommate, that I was going to give him just one more chance and then declare the field wide open for competition. My name is Marla Baldling, I'm twenty-three, black-haired and slim and not too bad-looking if I do say so myself.



Nancy is honey-haired, and although she's a year younger than I am, she likes to appear much older. She puts on a sort of effective act and does her hair in a coronet braid around the top of her head and uses an English accent which she drawls out until I could just scream.

We had been rooming together for the past ten months, because we both work in Los Angeles. I'm a private secretary to an elderly vice-president of a freight company that goes far west as the Mississippi, while Nancy types theses and term-papers for college grads and a little part-time work with an

Well, it was the same old thing over again. This time George took me to a health-food restaurant, and it was just awful. I was all set for a steak or maybe a coq au vin and some nice wine and a flaming dessert, so you can imagine how I felt. And after dinner, which left me starved, what did George do but propose to go to hear a lecture on Mayan art.

I had just about had it with him, and I spoke up and told him so. I figured I didn't have anything to lose at that point. Oh sure, he was a handsome enough guy, with nice wavy hair and glasses and a pleasant, smiling face and blue eyes that always looked a little anxious when he was around me. But gallantry and courtesy are one thing, and having a good time is quite another. So, I told him off and then decided to take a cab home. I left him on the corner feeling very forlorn for himself.

Well, there would be other fish in the sea before much longer. Even where I worked, there was a nice black-haired, smooth-talking, traffic agent who had been giving me the eye for the past few weeks. Maybe next week I would be out with him and I would see just how far a venturesome male could go with a sexy girl like me.

envelope company. She split from her parents in Boston because she just couldn't stand the Establishment, which is one reason I left Chicago when my folks were starting to wrangle and eventually remarry and leave me high and dry.

So, when I got dressed to go out this Saturday night, Nancy was busy typing away and she looked over her shoulder and winked at me and said, "Can I hold you to what you just said if George Mason doesn't pan out, Marla baby?"

"Sure, why not," I said airily

I might hasten to add at this point that although Nancy is really gorgeous with big round boobs and a saucy round rump and nice pale white skin, she and I have never made that scene. I never had tried the dyke route, because I got my kick from thinking about the time that a man would take me in his arms and sweep aside all my quirks and defenses and give it to me and make me his woman. But George was definitely not going to be the one.

I got home about eight-thirty, and Nancy was still busy typing away. She cocked an eye at me and giggled: "He's mine now, remember? I gather as much since you're home so early on a Saturday night."

"You gathered right, roomie," I said grimly. "Me, I'm going to take a warm shower, get into my sexiest nightie, and then maybe watch TV or curl up with a good sexy book. As for you, Nancy, don't you ever have any boyfriends? I've never seen them around here."

"That's true, you haven't. I get along fine. Go have your shower," she said briskly as she went back to the type-writer.



Well, there was a pretty good movie on, a sort of spy film a la James Bond, and I got curled up in an armchair in my best yellow silk pajamas, and I was smoking a cigarette and wondering if the hero was going to get out of the toils when I heard the murmur of voices in the hallway. I thought maybe Nancy was on the telephone. Then there was a silence and all of a sudden, the hero started shooting his way out. I was so absorbed I didn't hear someone come up behind me and suddenly grab my wrists and pull them behind my back and tie them with a strap which was buckled so tight it hurt. By that time, it was much too late. As I was turning my head around, a black bandanna went over my eyes and that too was knotted tightly.

"Stop it! Nancy, I don't go in for practical jokes like this - - - now you cut it out and let me go - - my wrists hurt!" I complained.

But nobody answered. Then I felt hands grab hold of me and lift me out of the chair. I kicked and screamed but it didn't do much good. I found myself in the pantry closet, with somebody strapping my ankles with tight leather, buck-ling them just as hard as my wrist had been done. Then there was a cord passed between my wrists and ankles which pulled my knees up against my boobs. My pajama pants were drawn so tightly over my ass that I thought they would split, and I was awfully uncomfortable. I heard someone giggling, and I just could have killed Nancy for playing this sort of game. I didn't know where she had gotten the strength to overpower me, either.

"Cut it out, Nancy! Enough's enough!" I threatened. "I'm going to move out, you see if I don't. Just let me loose of this or you'll be sorry!"

The next thing I knew, some cold water was doused all over my pajamas. Upturned as I was, it ran down into the most intimate places and it soaked the silk pajama bottoms through and through. I squealed and kicked but I couldn't do very much. My slippers fell off, and that's about all.

"I think a gag would be in order," I heard Nancy say. and then her fingers were at my lips forcing my jaws open. I felt a handkerchief wadded inside my mouth and then a cloth pulled across my lips and tied at the back of my neck. Now I was really helpless, I couldn't even scream.

It was a terribly uncomfortable position. I tried to wriggle over onto my side, but I couldn't. Then all of a sudden, I felt fingers ripping away the silk bottoms of my pajamas and exposing my bottom. Something very soft and feathery grazed over my bare flesh, not only over my butt, but also down into the groove, tickling my anus. Then it went down to my pussy. I squealed and kicked and sobbed; I was humiliated more than anything else. But then I began to hurt, too. My shoulders and knees ached, and my back was killing me. My knees were digging right down against my tits, and I couldn't do anything except wave my bare feet frantically.

They next started tickling my bare feet, and I squealed and giggled till I was almost hysterical. Then the feather went back to tickling both my slits, till I was frantic with it. I felt all sorts of waves of heat prickling me, and I didn't know what to do. Then all of a sudden, a hand landed on my bare bottom and it stung. I yelled, but the gag muffled it entirely.

Then followed about twenty good hard stinging slaps, distributed all over my upturned bare and unprotected seat. I was



crying when it was finished, and my bottom was burning terribly.

"I wonder how she feels now, George," I heard Nancy say. I almost fainted. George? But how could he possibly have gotten back here - -

As if anticipating my thoughts, Nancy said in a soft teasing voice, "Remember, you gave up on him? So, he came around to the back door a few minutes ago and asked if he couldn't have some fun with you and wouldn't I like to help. And I said yes, so here you are, pet. Too bad, he's a very imaginative guy. I can hardly wait to watch the things he's got in store for you, Marla honey. And now I think it's my turn to give you a spanking because you've always been poking fun at my accent and my hairstyle and everything else."

She used a hairbrush, I could feel the smooth flat back as she rubbed it over my upturned, already stinging bottom-cheeks. I tried to beg off, I tried to tell her that I liked her, but nothing came out of the gag except moans and groans and sobs.

Then she teased me by rubbing the bristles against my sore behind, till I was just about ready to die of anguish. And all of a sudden, the hairbrush started smacking down; wicked, hard smacks with about a minute between each until I was crying like a baby.

Then back came the feather again to do its diabolical work all over my blazing bottom and tickling both my slits until I was nearly crazy.

"Would you like a little relief, honey?" Nancy purred. "If so, nod your head three times. Otherwise you're in for another spanking."

I did right away. I would have done anything just about then to get loose. My bottom was killing me, and I was going crazy from all that tickling.

Just then I felt strong male fingers grip my knees, and something hard and flat and stiff began to poke against my pussy. I knew it was George, and I tried to wriggle away, but I couldn't.

He pried himself into me, and he came up against my virgin barrier. He pressed forward a little bit, then repeated it, and the twinges almost drove me out of my mind. I was about to be raped, my cherry was forfeit.

But he didn't do that to me at all. Instead, he just kept himself inserted in the lobby of my pussy, and pushed back and forth a few times, banging up against my cherry and making me tense all up and get ready for it but then not doing it.

When he finally pulled out, it seemed like an eternity, I was almost ready to wet my panties, if I'd had any on!

Then I heard him say huskily to Nancy, "Well, that'll teach her not to be a teaser. Come on, gorgeous, it's got me all hot and bothered working her over, so you're going to have to take good care of me."

The closet door closed, and I heard Nancy giggle and then the sound of a big hot kiss. I had brought it all on my-self. I had been bored and then I had browbeaten George, and now I was bound and left forlorn and frustrated.

And there wasn't a thing I could do about it, either!