

The Bondage Bandit

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Originally published in Bound To Please Vol 1, No 6

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Phil Torfield realized that his "perfect" marriage was on the rocks. His beautiful wife was getting bored with him, especially in bed, and he knew some big changes were needed. He got an idea for the needed stimulant from a news account of a bizarre rape, but his real education was first hand!

Elaine Torfield had made it plain to Philip, her handsome thirty-six-year-old husband, that she was finding their five-year-old marriage just a little boring. It puzzled him, because he had believed that everything was blue skies with the two of them.

There was no doubt that Elaine was one of the loveliest girls that he had ever seen, and indeed that was why he had been attracted to her from the very start. She looked ethereal, with her glossy black hair falling in helmet style over her slanting, high-set cheeks, her high arching forehead which was partly covered by a lovely fringe of tiny curls all along the tip, her dainty aquiline nose with its thin, mercurial wings, and her pouting, wistful red mouth. Her luminous dark brown eyes, set widely apart, were fringed with thick lashes, and surmounted by elegantly expressive, daintily penciled brows.



She was twenty-six, and yet at times she had the appearance of a teenaged gamine, youthful and evocative, not a mature woman at all but rather a kind of child woman who could be distant and uncommunicative at moments. She was fond of art and poetry, she loved symphonic and operatic music, and that indeed had been one of the ties that had bound them from the very outset of his courtship.

She was five feet six inches in height, and her skin was a warm olive. There wasn't a blemish on it, save for the tiny oval brown birthmark high on her inner left thigh near the exquisite shrine of love to which he believed he had paid such ardent homage.

Her voice was soft and throaty, a stimulus in the shadowy confines of their conjugal bedroom. Yet she had an unworldly attitude about her, a kind of dreaminess which made her all the more desirable. That was why he was piqued and even hurt by her sudden unexpected avowal at the breakfast table this morning.

Philip was sturdily built, about six feet tall, though he was developing something of a paunch from good living in his post as assistant account supervisor for the large Michigan Avenue advertising agency of Forester, Davidson & Coroway.

Occasionally, he had to make trips to St. Louis, Milwaukee, Indianapolis, and even New York to get new business for the agency, and he was earning about thirty thousand dollars a year with bonuses at Christmas and had a sizable expense account.

He'd met Elaine, as a matter of fact, at a concert of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra at Orchestra Hall. There had been a crowd going down the stairs from the balcony at intermission, and some big ape had wedged himself through people to get down to the main floor fast, and had pushed her against the stairway. She'd stumbled, and he'd caught her, and she'd blushed and stammering, thanked him. His heart had been in his mouth, and he had felt stirrings in his loins at the sight of her exquisitely poignant face, a cameo of the most expressive and wistful beauty.

First Date

He'd bought her an orangeade, and they'd chatted a little bit, discovered they both liked Rachmaninoff and Prokofieff, and he'd managed to get her telephone number. A week later, he'd dated her for the first time, taken her to an art gallery and then an exceptionally good dinner at LaTour which overlooked all of Chicago and whose view at night was breathtaking.

A month later, they'd become engaged, and two months after that she'd said yes when he'd asked her to marry him.

They'd gone to Majorca on their honeymoon for three glorious weeks. In a bikini bathing suit, Elaine's figure had excited him wildly. And he'd thought they'd been passionately welded. True, she was almost puritanical in some respects. She had to have the lights out, she wouldn't touch his cock, and much less use her mouth on him. Nor had he tried using his mouth on her, except to suck her sweet nipples which grew dark and dusky and firm as hard buds on a maple tree when erogenously stirred.

Yet when it came to cleaving together, when he felt himself within her, with her long legs locked around his and her arms clenching his shoulders, his mouth on hers, and he could feel the pulsebeat and the welling up of her life, he had thought that no other woman in the world could so satisfy him.

And now to hear the ego-shattering remark, "Darling, don't you think it would be a good idea to take a vacation from each other for a little while?" And when he'd asked her why she'd said a thing like that, Elaine had sighed, looked out of the window in their breakfast nook which fronted Lake Michigan at Lake Shore Drive, and she'd said, "I don't know, Philip dear. Sometimes I think we're beginning to take each other for granted. It's becoming boring, if you know what I mean."

"In bed too?" he had gasped.

She'd blushed and nodded.

"But my God, darling, what more do you want? Don't I make love to you enough to convince you that I'm just as madly in love with you now as I was five years ago?" he had incredulously demanded.

Mechanical Sex

"I—it's terribly hard for me to explain, dear. You know—you know I never talk about sex or anything like that. But—well, maybe it seems so mechanical, so—well, inevitable, I guess is the word I want. I mean, I know you are going to come to bed with me, and it's very lovely, yes, and I know you love me, but I just can't—well, I don't seem to respond. Maybe it's my fault, Philip. Maybe that's why we need a vacation."

And so, he had gone off to work completely dazed, wondering what the devil he was going to do to win Elaine back. It was true that his new secretary, Francine Williams, was beginning to catch his eye. She was a tall busty golden-haired young woman of twenty-four, and obviously sophisticated. She had already given him several signs that she wouldn't mind a little affair on the side. But so far, he'd been faithful, and he saw no reason not to be, so long as he could have his gorgeous black-haired wife be his bed bitch and give him everything a man could yearn for. And yet apparently, he was a long way from obtaining all of that wonderful pussy potential which Elaine could offer. Where had he gone wrong, what hadn't he

done to waken her from the ethereal, ivory tower beauty into a clawing, biting, scratching and furiously ardent mistress?

This Friday morning, Elaine had professed a mild headache and asked him to excuse her for not preparing breakfast for him. So, he'd whipped up some scrambled eggs and fried some bacon, made some toast, peeled an orange and eaten the sections, and was reading the morning paper. Elaine had already read it, apparently, for it was folded and crumpled on some of the pages. And then suddenly his eyes fell on the story on page ten, whose headline read, "**Masked Rapist Strikes Again**".



Bound and Gagged

He frowned, and then read the story slowly. It was a reportorial account from Flint, Michigan. A twenty-one-year-old girl, probably a member of kind of hippie commune, had been found bound and gagged in the woods. A hunter had discovered her lying in a ravine, naked except for a blindfold and with the marks of ropes on her wrists and ankles and waist, as well as many whip marks. When she had been taken to the hospital and revived, she told a harrowing story of having accepted an invitation from a girlfriend who asked her to drive out to a farmhouse where there would be a party. She had gone along trustingly, and once she had got there, four masked girls had seized her, hustled her upstairs to the bedroom, where she was stripped naked, blindfolded and gagged, then tied spread eagle on the bed. She had lain there for an hour, straining to hear any noise, trying to cry out, to free herself from her bonds. But she couldn't.

Tied and Teased

And then the door had creaked open, and someone had come in slowly. She could hear the heavy breathing of a man. Then she had felt his fingers on her bare skin, gently and lingeringly, and she had squirmed and twisted. Next, he had begun to tie lengths of rope very tightly around her knees and thighs and ankles, and even tortured her breasts by binding them and pinching them after he had finished the fettering. For at least an hour he worked over her, and then he took a feather and tickled her until she nearly fainted. After that, she related, he assaulted her.

Much later, after he had left, someone else came in, turned her over and spread eagled her lying on her belly. Then she was subjected to a severe spanking, apparently by several people, and finally assaulted again. She couldn't identify any of her assailants.

Philip Torfield felt himself trembling with lust. He could visualize everything that had happened to that girl. And then a shattering idea entered his mind. Was this what Elaine was trying to tell him? Did his ethereal, unworldly wife really yearn to be atavistically brutalized, bound and gagged and blindfolded, subjected to torture endlessly, and finally raped?

He felt himself seized by a tremendous erection at the very thought. Perhaps he had always had this subconscious yearning to master a girl, but a sweet gentle creature like Elaine had put such notions far from his thoughts. And yet, was this what she really craved from him? Maybe in this way he could awaken the sleeping beauty and turn her into a goddess of the bed... At his lunch hour, instead of going to a



restaurant, he sent Francine downstairs to the coffee shop to get him a sandwich and coffee and pie, closed the door of his office and thought about his tactics. He was trembling with lust when it was time to go back to be a masked rapist, to tie and gag and blindfold Elaine and keep her as his slave, should let her believe he was a stranger?

It was an idea worth trying.

The rest of the day went swiftly. He was dictating to Francine at four thirty, when the lovely blonde looked up and, crossing her legs slyly so that her short skirt hiked up to the tops of her charcoal-brown stockings, she murmured, "I don't think you'll finish by five, Mr. Torfield. I wouldn't mind the overtime work, if you want to get these letters out and that presentation to Ben Olsen, too."

"That's a thought, Miss Williams."

"Why don't you call me Francine, boss? I've been with you for six months now, and I hope my work is good enough to be on a moral equal basis with a nice boss like you," she smiled at him. All of a sudden, he felt a keen desire for her. The rich thrust of her big round breasts, which were accentuated by the tight blue sweater. The cling of her short brown skirt to long, nervously muscled thighs, and the sleek, rippling sensuousness of her stockinged calves. Her mouth was ripe and sensuous, her eyes gray green and knowing, and he suddenly had the feeling that she could be had.

"Yes, I think that's a good idea, Francine," he found himself saying. "Perhaps we could have dinner first and then get back to work. You're sure you haven't anything else planned for tonight?"

"Oh no, Philip – may I call you that, please?"

"If you like. That's fine then, we'll plan it that way."



A Little Overtime

He'd called Elaine and told her that he might be home quite late because he had a lot of work to do. She'd thanked him for letting her know, told him that she'd probably stay in and watch TV.

He'd taken Francine to Jacques for a superb French dinner and a little wine. Then they'd come back to the office and finished the work about nine-thirty. As he was rising from his desk and lighting a cigarette, with a sigh of relief, Francine approached, holding out the letters which she'd already transcribed, ready for his signature. "That was fun," she murmured. "Wouldn't you like to take me home and give me a nightcap, boss?"

"Sure. Say those letters are just great! And that presentation is nice work, Francine. I've got myself a pretty good secretary."

"I'm glad you like me, Philip. I want you to like me other ways, too," she said enigmatically.

Francine Williams lived in a little apartment building just off North Dearborn Street. She was on the sixth, the top floor. Philip Torfield watched her take out her key and open the door, and followed her. His pulses were racing, and he felt the thick hot surge of desire in his cock. She took off her hat and coat, then turned gaily to him and said, "Just make yourself comfy, Philip dear, and I'll get our drinks. I'll be back in a jiffy."

He sat down, lit a cigarette, and leaned back. He closed his eyes, thinking that now he had found the secret. It would be like starting all over again with luscious Elaine. And what was wrong with having a little practice with a girl like Francine, anyway?

Something Comfortable

"Here's you drink, dear." He was wakened from his reverie by her husky voice. He blinked his eyes, and then gasped. She stood there, leaning towards him, holding out a cocktail glass, clad in only a black nylon wrapper, and red high-heeled leather pumps. He could see the magnificent globes of her titties thrusting boldly against the filmy materials, the aureole broad and brownish-orange, the nipples swollen as with desire. He could see the thick dark blonde tufts of pubic hair at the apex between her long sleek thighs. He sipped at the drink, while she sat down beside him with hers. He felt the pressure of her long thigh, and she shivered voluptuously.

A few minutes later, when she put down her empty glass and he as well, it was almost instinctive that he should turn to her and find her there smiling, her lips moist and inviting. His hands moved to her shoulders, their lips met, and then his hands descended to salute the magnificence of her breasts. With a little moan, she parted her lips and let him put his tongue between them. Then she sank back, drawing him down atop her...

It was incredibly glorious. It was spontaneous and magical, and it had drained him of all his vigor. It was midnight when at last he tore himself away from her pink-sheened nakedness, promised they'd meet again very soon, and used her phone to hail a cab to take him home.

"That was fun, Phil darling," she had breathed. "But I'm afraid we can't meet next week. My husband's in town from California."

"Your husband?"

"Uh huh. Oh, we're sort of friendly enemies, if you know what I mean. In fact, I'm trying to get him to divorce me. He's a bad boy, you see."

"Why so?"

Old Tricks

"Well, he has a thing about, shall we say, rape, darling. He spent two years in a California jail for trying to rape a girl. She wasn't exactly a girl; she was a grown woman he met in a tavern. She invited him up, and then she teased. Of course, she didn't want to prosecute too much, but her lawyer made her do it. That's why he got a relatively easy sentence. But I have a notion he might be up to his old tricks, and I'd just as soon be rid of him, legally. So why don't you talk to me Friday, and maybe we can make a date the following week, Phil dear?"

"All right. I will, you're wonderful, Francine."

She turned her head lazily and looked at the alarm clock on the little table beside the couch which was rumpled as proof of their fiery amour. "It's after midnight. Are you sure you have to go home?"

"I think I'd better."

"Yes, well maybe you should."

Bondage Quirk

"Your husband—I mean—he isn't a psychopath, or anything like that, is he, Francine?"

"Oh no. He just has this quirk about bondage and stuff like that. I wouldn't play those games with him, and I guess it turned him on to other women. He likes it with strangers. Matter of fact, he lives over by Belmont Avenue in a little hotel. Come to think of it he called me this noon and wanted me to have supper with him. But I told him I was going out with somebody I like very much."

"I see. Well, thanks for a glorious night, Francine. See you at work, Monday."

"Yes, Philip. I can't wait till we meet again like this."

It was one in the morning when Philip Torfield paid off his cabdriver and walked into the lobby of the high-rise building where he lived. He opened the elevator door with a key, pressed the button for the fifteenth floor, and walked down the end of the corridor to the apartment "15-01."

He put his key in the lock and turned it, and as he entered, he heard gasps and moans.

He moved slowly down the hallway towards his wife's bedroom, and the sounds grew louder. Then he could identify the voice of Elaine. "Ohhh—oh you're torturing me so—ohh, do it to me, I can't stand this anymore, I need it so, fuck me, please, please fuck me—I'm so hot, oh darling!"

The Bandit Strikes

He stood riveted to the spot, his mouth agape. There was a tall man wearing a stocking mask, sneakers, corduroy trousers and a sweater. He was standing over the big double bed, and Philip could see Elaine spread eagled on her back, naked except for her long charcoal brown stockings and a garter belt, a hand towel knotted around her eyes, and gagged. He could see, for the lights in the room had been turned on blazingly. A heavy leather belt lay on the bed beside her, and the man, who had his back to Philip, was bending over her now and advancing with his right hand. There was a long white feather in it, and he began to tickle Elaine's pussy.



As in a dream, Philip watched his wife's body arch and squirm, trying to thrust her pussy towards the solace of the feather. The man laughed sadistically, a soft mocking laugh, "You really want it, don't you, baby? Well, beg for it. Does it tickle nice? Are you getting hot, Laney? That is your name, isn't it?"

And Laney begged, "Oh, yes... I want you to fuck me, I want you to give it to me hard and ream me out, oh please, I can't stand this torture anymore, I'm dying to be fucked, please, darling!"

The Fog Clears

And then Phil Torfield felt his blood curdle in his veins as the man mockingly replied, "Now if only my own little Francine would only have been as accommodating as you, Laney baby, I wouldn't be getting a divorce and I might not have to do this to a sweet piece like you. But seems to me I came just in time. I'll bet your hubby never satisfies you. Isn't that right, Laney baby? Wouldn't you much rather have me give it to you now than him?"

"Oh yes, yes, but for pity's sake, do it, do it before I go crazy! Oh what are you doing to me down there, what are you touching me with, it's driving me insane—oh put your cock into me there, fuck me, give it to me, fuck me, anything you want, only do it, do it!" his wife babbled.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

He watched as in a dream. He was powerless to utter a sound or to move. He saw the man cast aside the feather now, unbutton his corduroy trousers, draw out his swollen organ, and then fall upon his naked straddled wife. Elaine uttered a shriek as she was pierced, and then her body began to buck and thresh upon the bed. And her frantic cry, prolonged and raucous, told her husband that she had for the first time achieved the most complete and frenetic orgasm of her marriage.

He staggered back against the wall, clammy with sweat. Francine Williams — that treacherous little bitch — she must have told her husband about his wife and where he lived, and the bastard had come over here, probably guessing that he would be with Francine. And yet, a sly conniving instinct told him to disappear, not to make a sound to interrupt the rapist. Because there would be other times for him. Now he knew what to do with 'Laney'. Yes, and he knew how to pay Francine for her treachery.

Philip Torfield tiptoed into his room and closed the door. He stripped naked, and then, going into the bathroom, where there was a chink of plaster loose in the wall, glued his ear to it so that he could still hear the faint sounds of his wife's frantic ecstasies. As he did so, his hand caressed his aching penis. And even as she cried out again in a new climactic fulfillment, he had his own.

Yes, he would be the bondage rapist next.

