

BONDAGE BLACKMAILER

NO REST FOR RANDI ON THIS WEEKEND OF EROTIC PLEASURE!!!

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The tears in Randi's eyes were genuine, but her statuesque, raven-haired employer would have none of it. Erika had simply pointed out how much more miserable Randi would be if the police were to come into possession of certain photographs. So, the buxom blonde secretary, biting her lip, had phoned a last-minute excuse to her handsome young banker and resigned herself to another weekend at Erika's secluded country retreat.

After the other employees in Erika Shackleton's law office had gone, Erika led Randi into her private suite. "We'll go directly to the country, dear," she said firmly, "So, I want you to get ready now." She gestured to a table where a bizarre costume was laid out.

Head bowed; Randi began to remove every stitch of her own clothing. Erika watched intently, observing the girl's soft, ripe curves, and then smiled as Randi reluctantly donned the garments intended for her. She was trembling with shame and excitement by the time her boss was satisfied.

Mid-calf boots held her dainty feet in rigid pirouette. A latex corselet cinched her waist to a waspish eighteen inches and provided anchorage for a heavy body strap that Erika tightened until Randi gasped at the erotic pressure. A strapless half bra provided support for her high, full breasts without covering her sensitive nipples.

EFFECTIVE THREATS

Finally, Erika strapped her hands palm-to-palm behind her and fastened a long cape over her shoulders. "Now," Erika warned her as she zipped the cape closed, "It's about three blocks to the car and I expect you to walk quietly. You'll look quite normal in the cape, but if you're tempted to run or call for help, just remember those pictures in my safe." She chuckled happily. "And remember that charming little tongue clamp in my purse. You will be a good girl, won't you?"

"Yes, Mistress," Randi replied, thoroughly cowed. She was familiar with her boss's reactions to disobedience. Besides, the body strap was beginning to do things to her, reminding her that the weekend

wouldn't be all bad. She always hated it at first when her body's primitive response to bondage overcame her natural modesty, but it was something like rape: if you couldn't avoid it, you might as well enjoy it.

Erika gathered a stack of papers into her attaché case. "We have a lot of work to do over the weekend," she said casually. "It will be a nice blend of business and pleasure." Randi grimaced. Taking dictation bound in a kneeling position or typing while straddling a crotch bar was not her idea of ideal working conditions.

They walked to Erika's Cadillac without incident, although Randi felt sure that her humiliating helplessness must be obvious to everyone. She got into the car, leaning forward so as not to crush her imprisoned arms. Erika climbed in the other side, bent down to clamp Randi's ankles into cuffs at the base of the seat, fastened her seatbelt, and then pulled out into traffic.

As though there was nothing unusual about the situation at all, Erika began to discuss business matters and Randi found herself responding in the same vein. What were the chances that a big divorce case would be resolved in their client's favor? Should Erika raise her fee in a complex real estate transaction? It was like the calm before a storm, and Randi wondered wildly if she wasn't merely dreaming that she was in this exciting bondage.

LONG—AWAITED MOMENT

After they were well outside the city, Erika pulled off onto a country lane and soon parked in a thicket of trees. Before her helpless passenger could ask what was going on, Erika had opened the front of her cape and was groping hungrily at her defenseless body.

"You can't imagine how I've waited for this," Erika breathed, her hands and mouth working skillfully at the blonde's heaving breasts. Fearful of what protest might bring, Randi could only squirm. But soon she was panting with excitement herself as her nipples grew thick and hard under the passionate assault. Erika's strong fingers squeezed and kneaded her bosom flesh expertly. She shut her eyes and began to grind her hips against the tantalizing pressure of her body strap. But then Erika broke away and she could not stifle a small cry of disappointment.

"You're hot, too?" Erika smiled. "Well, this really isn't the place to stay for long, but I did want a good feel of those fantastic boobs of yours. Oh — lift up your fanny, darling, I've got a surprise for you."

BAR—B—CROTCH

With some effort, Randi arched her body up off the seat, only to discover that her mistress had a thick, padded bar to be wedged between her thighs. She moaned as she let her weight down, feeling it press up into her crotch and knowing it would drive her half out of her mind before they reached their destination. And the last few miles would be over a bumpy dirt road!

It was worse than she had feared. Between the hot itchiness Erika had started in her breasts and the stimulating pressure between her legs, Randi was grunting like an animal in heat by the time Erika braked the car in front of the luxurious two-story "cabin". Her mistress grinned in anticipation.

She freed Randi's ankles, only to fit them with a short hobble chain, and helped her out of the car. After the cape was off, she fastened a high leather collar about the beautiful secretary's throat, snapped a long leash to it, and led her hot eyed prisoner into the house.

Randi knew what to expect. Mincing along as rapidly as she could, she followed the steady tug at her leash to the main bedroom at the rear of the first floor. Obediently, she positioned herself astride a U-shaped crotch bar and waited for Erika to jack it up so that she was trapped. The ends of the bar curved up between her asscheeks and against her flat tummy. She would remain motionless until it was lowered.

STIFF AND COCKY

"Wait for me, darling," Erika crooned. "I'll get the fire going and fix us some supper." Randi could only nod helplessly, gyrating her hips against the bar and at the same time praying that the fire between her legs would soon subside.

By the time Erika returned, Randi had cooled down enough to be rational again. "Hungry, baby?" her boss asked brightly. "It's nearly eight o'clock and I'll bet you're starved!"

"You bet, Mistress," Randi admitted. "But must I eat dog style. It's so difficult, you know, and so sloppy..."

Erika told her firmly, "That's the way it has to be, sweetie. It gives you a proper sense of your own inferiority — and besides, I like to watch you eat that way." She began to free Randi's leather-bound wrists. "I think we'll put you up in a forearm X for a change... it will keep your torso nice and rigid while you eat."

Randi choked off a groan and gritted her teeth while Erika used her unusual strength to pull the blonde's left wrist up close to her right shoulder. A strap from the wrist went over the shoulder, back under the armpit, and across her back to pass under the other armpit and up over the shoulder to meet her right wrist. When the arrangement was tightened to Erika's satisfaction, Randi's fingers clutched vainly at the air behind her straining shoulders and her breasts jutted out so fantastically that they threatened to pop her bra strap.

Erika solved that problem by removing the bra altogether, and then took a moment to fondle the luscious, creamy passion globes. Despite the fearful tension on her arms, Randi moaned deep in her throat at the unexpected stimulation.

"Just beautiful," Erika murmured, rolling one throbbing nipple gently between a thumb and forefinger.

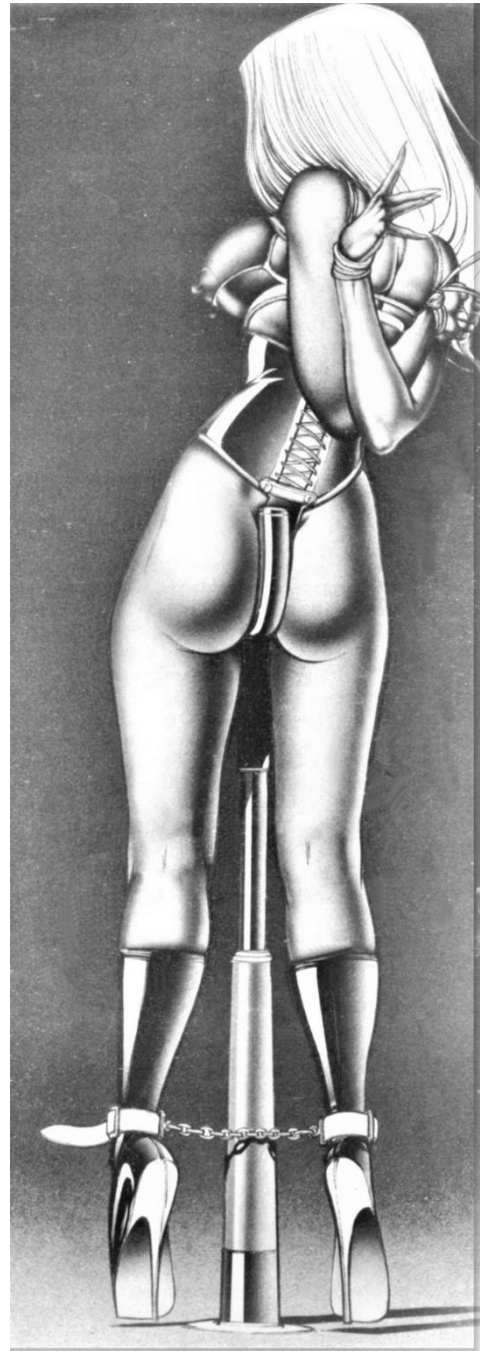
SERIOUS BONDAGE

"Oh, yesss..." Randi responded without thinking. She squeezed her eyes shut and leaned forward to enhance the delicious sensation. In turn, Erika bent down to give each distended pleasure bud a moist, sucking kiss.

Then she backed away. "That will have to hold you for a while, darling. Supper comes next!"

Randi managed to smile weakly at her mistress, aroused to the point where all pride and independence were forgotten. Whatever this beautiful, domineering woman wanted to do with her body would be all right with her!

Erika jacked the crotch bar down and led Randi into the dining room. The ramrod stiff blonde swiveled her hips vigorously with each quick step to get a better feel of her body strap's soothing pressure. The excitement was making her cocky. With exaggerated informality, she asked, "What's for dinner, Boss lady?"



"Oh, you'll like it, wiggle worm," Erika laughed. "You just get down on your knees here beside the table and I'll bring it."

Dinner was a marvelously humiliating experience. Randi barely shut off a shriek of laughter when Erika placed the dish before her — a single, giant wiener sticking straight up from a mound of mashed potatoes! Her mistress forced her head upon the wiener until it reached the back of her throat. Then she had to bite it off and eat it. The obvious symbolism both excited and mortified her.

WELL—TRAINED TONGUE

Erika chortled gaily at the girl's expression. "Have you ever had one that long before, dear? Or one that tasted so good?"

"No, Mistress," Randi answered quietly. Then, with a sly grin, she added, "Thicker, maybe, and perhaps better tasting — but not as long!"

Erika suddenly became stern. "That's enough cuteness for one evening, girl! Go ahead and finish your dinner while I eat mine... and I want that plate to sparkle when you're finished!"

Randi remained silent and leaned down to start on the mashed potatoes. With her arms restrained as they were, this was really strenuous work. By the time she had licked the plate clean, she was breathing hard and her face and breasts were liberally smeared with the gooey stuff.

She remained kneeling until Erika had finished and then, on command, heaved herself to her feet. Her mistress led her to the bathroom where she gave her a thorough scrubbing and toweling, an activity that brought her to a writhing pitch of arousal once more.

The remainder of the evening was a breathless, frantic montage of erotic stimulation and unrelenting restraint. It seemed to Randi that she was not given a moment's rest — that Erika's clever hands were at her helpless, writhing body continually, either driving her crazy with arousal or else securing her in yet another diabolical bondage outfit.

FANTASY AUDIENCE

At first there was a simple spread eagle, faceup over a hassock, with Erika wringing passionate moans and frantic twisting's from her victim through the adroit use of a long feather. Then came a full discipline helmet, her wrists secured at the back of a great steel collar, and the devilish sting of a horsehair whip that set her to leaping blindly about the room.

After she had fallen to the soft rug several times, Erika left her there and fastened some ceiling ropes to her ankles. She used pulleys to draw the helmeted prisoner's legs wide apart and to raise her hips well off the floor. Then, with her body strap removed and Erika's hot tongue at her hungry love lips, Randi went into a buckling, perking frenzy of passion.

She arched her body frantically, rolling and pumping her hips, and tried to squeeze her aching thighs about Erika's head. Strong fingers manipulated her breasts and clutched at her tensing buttocks. At last she stiffened, utterly quivering for long seconds in the total surrender of full climax.

But there was to be no pause in the evening's sport. Before she had recovered from the blazing glory of her pleasure, Erika brought a monstrous dildo of hard rubber, cunningly whorled and pebbled, and jammed it deep into her twitching pussy. She went rigid once more at this erotic invasion, and shuddered as her body strap was tightened to hold the tantalizing device in place.

FIERY PREPARATIONS

Then it was her turn to pleasure her mistress. Free of the helmet, and with arms bound behind her and legs strapped double, Randi was maneuvered so she knelt facing the bed. Erika quickly stripped and seated herself with Randi's face tight between her strong, velvety thighs.

The blonde knew what to do. Soon her mistress was writhing in delight as she nibbled, sucked, and lashed at the rampant clit with a well-trained tongue. At the same time, with the fabulous shaft penetrating her own loins so marvelously, Randi began to gyrate her hips. Bobbing up and down, thrusting her tongue deep between Erika's love lips, she finally reached another volcanic climax just as her mistress was crying out at the splendor of her own magnificent orgasm.

The statuesque brunette lay back to relish the afterglow, but only for a moment. Before Randi had stopped panting, she was dragged away from the bed and prepared for something new. "My God, Mistress — *m...more?*" she gasped.



As soon as the words were out of her mouth, she knew it had been a mistake. Erika glared at her for a second and then reached for a gag. Eyes wide with fear, Randi opened her mouth and allowed the brutal penis gag to slide in between her moistened lips. It stretched her jaws wide and filled the back of her mouth after the harness of heads traps was securely buckled.

Completely and uncomfortably silenced, she had to cooperate helplessly with her relentless

mistress. Her arms were laced into a single glove behind her, forcing her elbows hard together in the center of her back so that her breasts were thrust outward in wanton exhibit. Her legs were unstrapped, only to be severely hobbled at the ankles.

Then she teetered uncertainly atop her heels while Erika fetched a tube of itching ointment and a pair of nipple cones. Her eyebrows arched above the gag as she saw what awaited her.

Erika smilingly deposited a liberal dose of the ointment on each stiffened nipple and rubbed it thoroughly into the sensitive flesh. It went to work almost instantly. A stinging, fiery itch grew rapidly in Randi's bursting nipples. She moaned and twisted her shoulders desperately as the unbearable irritation blossomed further into her tender bosom flesh. "You always did hate this stuff, didn't you," Erika remarked calmly as she began to fit the hollow metal cones over the tips of her prisoner's quivering, burning breasts. Soon she had tightened a cable at the inside of each cone about the base of a nipple, and the cruel girl controllers were securely in place.

Their tightness helped to assuage the terrible itching, but Randi was still half out of her mind from the incredibly powerful ointment that was turning her breasts into turrets of throbbing, agonizing excitement. Then Erika snapped the ends of a forked leash to the cones.

"Come on," she said cheerfully. "A long walk will help you get your mind off your troubles." She tugged at the leash. Randi gave a shrill nasal grunt and they were off.

She soon discovered that a harder pull at her breasts would lessen the itching, so she held back somewhat to achieve this effect. But it was a delicate compromise. Too much tension on the leash resulted in pain, and too little would allow the terrible itch to return. Closely hobbled and whipsawed between the two forms of torment, she minced and half hopped along as her chuckling mistress led her on a tour of the mansion.

B&D ETIQUETTE

In a mood of bizarre whimsy, Erika made her halt and bow to every chair they came to, to kneel before each table, and to do a bump and grind routine at each window and mirror they passed. The unending physical activity heightened the effects of Randi's dildo tremendously. Every movement of her body seemed to magnify its gigantically rigid presence within her body. Before long, she was moaning and jerking with renewed passion.

Being made to hop upstairs to the second-floor playroom left her trembling with mindless arousal. Erika led her quickly to the electric Ride-A-Horse, purchased recently from an amusement company. She freed Randi's legs and helped her to mount the small plastic horse. Then she buckled her feet into the stirrups and drew them up, jockey style, so her knees pointed forward. Fastening her breast leash to the horse's reins, Erika gaily threw the switch that set the device in motion.

The horse tipped forward and backward, rolled from side to side, and occasionally gave its hapless rider ten seconds of harsh up-and-down bucking. Randi soon learned to move with the mechanical steed, and then to work against it in order to extract the greatest possible stimulation from her dildo.

She leaned back and forth to make the leash pull at her tingling breasts. She clenched her thighs against the saddle and even managed to bounce up and down. Perspiration gleamed as the steed continued to torment and arouse its involuntary rider. At last, while Erika shouted encouragement, Randi stiffened fiercely in yet another body wringing climax. Then, mercifully, Erika shut off the motor and allowed her to slump astride the horse, shuddering with the echoes of her pleasure.

A few moments later she had been removed from the horse and was being led downstairs again. By now, the dildo seemed much too big inside her, and hopping down the stairs only intensified the sensation. But she was gagged and helpless, and the leash's constant threat to her tender nipples forced her to follow her mistress willingly. Wearily, she shuffled and tripped along to the bedroom.

While she stood unhappily at attention, Erika yawned and said, "I guess that's enough for tonight," and took off the rest of her clothes. Randi wondered what was to be done with her for the rest of the night.



Then her mistress, nude and darkly voluptuous, gently removed the nipple cones and took the startled blonde in her arms.

She squeezed her lovely victim against her, moaning at the delicious touch of skin against soft skin. Randi shivered and pressed her gagged mouth into the hollow of Erika's throat. The taller brunette let her hands wander down over the firm, tautly rounded globes of Randi's derriere; and then pressed one thigh in between her shapely legs. Despite her tiredness, the trembling prisoner could not help pressing her hips forward and twisting her shoulders to increase the friction between her swelling breasts and those of her mistress.

"Mmmm," Erika sighed. "It's late, sweetheart, we'd better get to bed. Here, I'll get that gag out of your mouth." As soon as it was gone, Randi murmured her thanks. Erika smiled. "Well, I didn't take it out just for your benefit, dear." She knelt to remove the hobble from between Randi's ankles and then said, "I'm going to leave your arms in the single glove and your dildo in place, lover — but I've got plans for that talented mouth of yours!"

She took Randi's shoulder and guided her to the bed. "Even with your arms bound, baby, I know you'll do a good job of kissing me all over." She opened the sheets on the oversized bed and lay down, stretching out sensuously before her willing slave girl. "You can start with my breasts..."

Soon Randi was crawling clumsily but eagerly about the bed, directing her open mouth wherever her mistress told her, rubbing her body cozily against Erika's, and gasping with desire. The aroused brunette rolled and twisted her body to assist her, hissing between her teeth with excitement and occasionally grabbing at whatever part of Randi's body was most convenient.

Finally, Erika worked her restrained companion around into a writhing sixty-nine, clamped her head between strong thighs and grasped her blonde tresses with one hand to guide her oral lovemaking more effectively. Her moans became soft cries of happiness.

Then Randi arched fantastically at a new sensation. Her mistress had managed to seize a hand vibrator and was pressing it hard between her legs. The intensive vibrations were transmitted through the dildo into the core of her being and she was suddenly transported into another world of pure pleasure. She gobbled more greedily at Erika's hot pussy lips. The other responded by pressing even harder with the vibrator and at the same time pumping her hips sharply against Randi's open mouth.

In a frenzied explosion of energy and ripe woman flesh, mistress and slave both reached the supreme height at the same time. Locked hungrily together, they rocked back and forth, teasing and tantalizing and holding each other to this fabulous high heaven of delight for long, aching minutes. Then, as slowly as possible, they helped each other down through the lower levels of pleasure until they were simply resting easily together.

Later, as Erika strapped Randi's legs together and tightened the cinch straps that held her motionless on the cot beside the big bed, she whispered, "I'll wake you early darling . . . we've got lots of work to do!" Randi's lips curved in a silent kiss.

No rest for Randi was going to be marvelous!