

PART 3

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THE RETURN OF FANNI HALL

uni's eyes were only inches from the floor. Her feet were several feet higher and held there by broad straps that ran to eyebolts in the ceiling. A tightly buckled belt and crotch-strap anchored her hand-cuffed wrists in front of her body, while a collar/harness arrangement held her upper body just off the floor with more straps and more eyebolts. The slightest movement she would make would have her swaying like a child's swing.

Her back, from the nape of her neck to the tips of her heels, was a livid red/blue bruise. The strap that had inflicted the condition dangled from a small hook near the door. She was so tightly gagged that she would have been totally unable to offer up any helpful hints about Fanni's location even if she'd tried. She rather suspected that the thrashing had been more to partially assuage Bertram B. than to extract anything useful in the way of information.

Gusting wind and whacking drops of rain rustled the bare branches outside the glass of her room. Even tied and silenced as she was, she ITI knew she wouldn't be long left in such an insecure arrangement. Back to the cellar and her tiger-cage. And the chains and the gag and the blindfold. Why the hell did they need the blindfold? The place was pitch black when they slammed the door. More pique from upstairs? She sweated more sweat onto the pool beneath her and tried to keep her jaws from dislocating from the pressure of her mouth-plug.

There were five of them waiting for Fanni in her hideout, all big-ranging-to-bigger. They were standing in a loose semi-circle as the penthouse elevator doors slotted themselves back into the frames. They were all armed but showed little inclination to shoot immediately; they probably had orders to bring the ladies in as alive as possible.

The one in the middle gestured towards Fanni with his free hand as his pistol-13 occupied hand began a slow swing towards her. None of them had apparently seen that she was similarly endowed with fireworks, what with the near-dark in the lift. Their collective ignorance disappeared when Fanni's first wad-cutter caught middle-man square at the base of the sternum and her second intercepted another man's kneecap.

In among the squeals and thrashings of the latter, Fanni managed to stir in another quick pair of shots as she punched the down button. The two remaining goons were hard about testing the bullet-proofness of a rubber plant and an aquarium as she did so.

As soon as she got the button, Fanni pan-caked herself right out on the floor of the elevator and stuck the pistol back towards the boys. The only sound she could hear in her immediate vicinity was her own jagged breathing. The recipient of her spontaneous knee surgery (the operation was very successful, judging from the sound effects at least) pretty well covered the slinking and slithering from the pair still at large. Fanni willed herself further and further into the floor and waited. When the hell were the goddamned doors going to close?

The actinic white muzzle-flash and tearing linoleum blare of an M-10 on full-auto gave her a spectacular, if dangerous target, and she ran off her last three rounds just as the doors finally decided to get off the mark. She was halfway through sticking her last magazine into the gun when they bumped together. A split second after they did, two muffled booms came from behind them and beat two dimpled, cymbal-sized dents on the inside of the doors. Shotgun. Damned good thing the doors were nice and thick.

Ian gone. No sign of Madame or the old man's kid. The Philistines arrayed in ambush. What the hell had happened? Better yet, what the hell was she going to do now? The basement was tempting, but it was almost as obvious as the lobby. If they could afford to put five in the room, they could afford to spread them all over the place.

She got off the elevator when it got to the fifth floor, ran down a long marble hall to another bank of elevators, went up to the eighth floor, switched to another elevator in the same bank, went down another floor, and followed the arrows to the fire escape. She cautiously stuck her head out the door and looked down. Two of the boys were standing down there, looking back up at her expectantly. She ducked her head back inside, but she was pretty sure that one of them had seen her. Shit! And they all seemed to be using little portable radios.

As she rounded a corner, she spied a tall, slender woman about her own age and build coming out of one of the rooms, struggling with a huge suitcase roped to a small collapsible dolly with bungee cords. The woman had apparently ignored or for-gotten the observation that the suitcase was substantially wider than the door, and she was wedging and turning the thing, swearing softly to herself.

Fanni grabbed her in a quick, painful wrist lock and whispered urgently in the woman's ear. After the initial spasmodic gasp of fear, the woman made no sound, but her eyes got wider and wider. She



nodded once, eyes crinkling in pain as Fanni increased the pressure of the wrist lock and they slowly stepped through the door, the woman pushing the suitcase with her free hand. The door closed and locked.

Minutes later, Fanni furtively slunk back out the door with a brand-new look. Gone were the leather jacket and jeans and boots. They were now in the small case she carried. Instead, she wore a long black dress with a broad floppy hat and ankle-strap high heels. Large round sunglasses hung on her nose, and an umbrella dangled from one arm. She put her bundles down while she waited for an elevator and shrugged into a tan raincoat, then picked everything up and leaned on the umbrella.

Just as she did so, three heavies came through the barely opened doors of the elevator, flicking hard glances at Fanni, and thudded down the hall past the door of Fanni's benefactor. Fanni got into the elevator amidst a covey of blue-haired matrons and heaved a grateful sigh as the doors slid shut again. Thankfully, the elevator was going down.

The woman who had provided Fanni with her oh so convenient change of clothes heard the men galumphing down the hall too and groaned into her gag. She shook her head against the wadded-up washcloth and the thin leather dress belt that held it in place, then rubbed her banded forehead against the covers of the bed. The blindfold rode up fractionally, and she redoubled her efforts. It finally slid up over her nose and she surveyed herself in a tall narrow mirror on the closet door.

Her carefully constructed makeup job was now mostly smeared around her face. Nylons pinned her at her knees and crossed ankles. Her legs had been bent back and up to join the nylon cinching her wrists. She could do little more than wiggle on the bed and moan. Her mother had told her there'd be days like this. Knowing good old Mom, she'd probably get a pretty good laugh if she were to see her now.

As the lady on the bed bit down on her washcloth, Fanni strode right straight across the lobby of the hotel, head looking neither left nor right—her eyes behind the dark glasses were doing all that—in amidst the cackling of the old ladies. One of them turned to Fanni to say something and stopped with her mouth open when she got a look at her. Fanni smiled at her and pre-tended to say something. Where were the boys?

Through the door of the lobby at last, Fanni broke from the ladies' group as they boarded their tour bus and began to walk for the corner and her car two blocks away. It was all she could do to keep from running. She couldn't believe her luck; it was too damned easy. Memories of the hole in the fence came vividly to mind.

At last she saw the car. Two men on motorcycles slid past her, the riders eyeing her. Just be cool now, Fanni told herself. The riders turned around in the street and began edging back towards her. One pulled a small radio out of his pocket and spoke into it. The car was bare yards away, and all four tires were flat right down to the rims. She knew it'd all been too god-damned easy; they'd watched her park and then just let her walk smack into the trap.

She sprinted across a muddy stretch of lawn and darted into a ramshackle parking building. This might have some possibilities, she thought. If she could pick off one of those riders, she could use his bike herself. The problem was to separate them.

She could hear them as they shot the bikes across the lawn and began a rush on the doorway she had slipped behind. One of the bike's shadow spread out onto the concrete that formed the floor proper of the place. She couldn't hear or see any-thing of the other one. As she began to edge around the corner,

a thinking blow caught her just under the right ear. Her last vision was that of the H&K bounding off the floor as if it were made of rubber and of the floor coming up to meet her in a darkening, slow-motion, elevator-out-of-control swoop.

The mousey little man who'd been reading the newspaper in the lobby lowered Fanni to the floor and pocketed his sap. One of the riders rolled over and got off his bike.

"Just like you said, Mr. Janes. Just like you said. She'd see the car with its tires out and us coming after her, so she'd just whip on in here to hide." The biker was impressed.

Janes stopped beside Fanni and fumbled in his pockets. "Get your friend over here, Quayles, and get ready to take her to Mr. Bertram."

"Shouldn't we radio one of the guys for a car?"

"No, your motorcycle will do quite nicely, I think. Just bring over that spare helmet and your rain poncho." The biker shook his head but walked back to the bike and opened the carry-all.

Janes fished several gleaming stainless-steel hose clamps out of his raincoat pocket and set about restraining Fanni. He rolled her onto her belly and pulled her hands back behind her, the palms pressed together. The first of the clamps squeezed her wrists together, sinking hard into the skin. The next one joined her elbows. The biker stood by and watched. His buddy roared into the lot and slid to a halt, then joined his friend.

Janes pulled a small plastic box out of another pocket and fumbled with the latch. Suddenly, like a jack-in-the-box, the top of the box sprang open and out popped a sphere of foam rubber a little larger than a softball. He propped Fanni up against one of his knees and diligently packed the entire incredible volume into her mouth, stopping only when absolutely nothing protruded. Holding the thing in her mouth with one hand cupped over her lower face, he pulled out another device.

This latter turned out to be a miniature mask kind of affair. A hole allowed Fanni's nose to protrude, and that part went on first. Janes then pulled and tugged the rest of the mask down over Fanni's mouth and pushed her jaws back together enough so that a cup-type affair snapped down over her chin at the bottom. When he finally tied off the two trailing ends of the mask, it was as if Fanni's face has been born with no mouth or lips. The mask was so tight that her cheeks bulged over the top of the thing's edge. The men threw another knot into the tail and stood up, motioning to the men to bring one of the bikes over.

They hefted Fanni off the floor and lifted her high enough so that the bike'sissy bar would slide between her back and her bound arms, emerging behind her head as they slid her down to the seat. Janes secured her arms to the bars at both wrists and elbows, then again with bands the encircled her body under her breasts and around her throat. Janes motioned again, the one named Quayles plopped a full-coverage Bell Star helmet down over her head. The gag was now nicely out of sight.

Janes tied Fanni's feet to the pegs with thin black leather straps that matched her shoes. They would still show, but only under minute scrutiny. Quayles was busy arranging the poncho down around Fanni's shoulders so none of the bindings would show. When they were all done, it was just like a lady was out for a ride on the back seat of her lover's motorcycle. The gag hidden under the helmet would keep her quiet enough, and the hose clamps would keep her from wiggling too much.

"I'll meet you at the house," Janes concluded. "Keep on the freeway as much as possible. Harder for people to get a close look at you that way." He strolled to a waiting car and got in. Quayles and friend didn't wait for him to leave; they kicked the bikes over and roared back off the street, slowing to pass a traffic cop writing a ticket for the grounded Ford at the curb.

Fanni woke up while they were still in route to the house. She awoke to a wind howling and plucking at her, the poncho flapping frenetically in the roar, the bike's exhaust ripping along them like a banshee. The other rider circled like a mother guarding her chicks. The bikes flashed past cars and trucks and other motorcycles. Once they slowed to edge past a prowling highway patrol black-and-white. The single driver glanced at them incuriously. Bound as tight as she was, Fanni could hardly twitch. The tremendous gag, hidden by the helmet, would reduce any amount of noise she might make to nonexistence compared to the background rumbling of the traffic. The cop switched on his lights and pounced on a VW with off-road wheels and a half dozen lights spanning the width of its windshield.

They parked in back of the mansion and dragged her off the bike, then quick-marched her down a thickly carpeted, oak-paneled corridor and into a surprisingly light, airy room. They unscrewed the clamps and tore the clothes from her. That poor bitch in the hotel ain't gonna like that, Fanni thought. Momentarily free of ties, she thought that she might have taken a shot at them but for the fact that her arms were totally numb. She looked at her blue hands as one of the men pulled her over bent at the waist by grabbing her hair and the other end, then performed a quick but thorough body search. With very cold hands, as usual.

Satisfied with his search, Quayles brought out a figure-eight of very fine wire with a slip-lock at the apex of the two loops. He pulled Fanni's arms behind her again, slid the loops over her wrists, and snapped the loops tight with a jerk. Fanni winced at the fiery bite. She hoped to god he wouldn't put the damned things on her elbows.

Instead, he flipped a slip loop of the same gauge wire around her throat and jerked her over near the far wall by pulling its other end. When he had her located directly beneath a heavy ornate gas light fixture twining out from the wall, he reached up and ran the end of the wire through one of its gilt loops, then drew up the slack until Fanni was almost on her tip-toes. The wire felt like an incredibly thin line of flame biting the skin of her neck.

Selecting another length of the wire, he slipped another slip loop around her throat and, while the other man held up her left knee, he tied off the loose end. Fanni understood exactly what was happening, and when the bastard let go of her knee, she made a very conscious effort to keep the thing exactly where he'd held it. Lower the knee and slip loop slips—around her neck! Don't stand on tippy-toes and the same thing happens. Lose your balance, and that's all she wrote.

Quayles walked around her, examining the status of his wire work, then nodded to the other man, who gave Fanni a derisive smirk. Then they both went out.

The strain began almost instantly. Holding all the weight on the ball of one foot while keeping one knee permanently in the air and trying desperately not to lose her balance, Fanni knew that with any amount of time involved this would at first be an excruciating nightmare, ultimately fatal. Maybe that was to be the old man's justice: for her to hang herself from one of his gas fixtures!

Suni dangled from a low ceiling of rock and cement. A broad steel collar was attached to two similar steel bands on her wrists by a length of heavy chain, and these, in turn, were attached to another length of chain to a ringbolt set into the ceiling directly overhead. The chain was as taut as a bowstring from the ringbolt to her collar, and she described a perfectly straight line from her wrists (fingers frantically working to relieve the strain on her neck) to her toes, providing support at only the tips of her big toes. She groaned for probably, she felt, not more than the second or third thousandth time since they strung her up years ago.

The door to the cell slammed open and she heard steps coming in. She was too exhausted by the position to raise her head. Anyway, what more could they do than they'd already done?

Amazingly, miraculously, it seemed, there was some fumbling and cursing at the ringbolt, and with a clank, the lock was sundered. She went flat to the floor amid a clatter of coiling chain and the clinking manacles. She could hardly move her arms at all. Her knights in shining armor didn't seem much impressed with the performance and immediately set about rear-ranging the bonds. They seemed in a hurry. Maybe they had somebody else to hang up there like a side of beef. Whoever it was, she wished her well.

A tether with a tiny steel jaw on one end was snapped to the rings on the permanent bracelets her wrists sported. The end of this, in turn, was drawn down so that she had to arch her back to an exaggerated bow, and attached to her ankles. The tether branched out into two shorter segments near the bottom, and when the last of the three jaws was attached, the tether line itself had the appearance of a long thin inverted Y. It straightened the whole of her upper body and formed a highly effective hobble all at the same time.

She was then shoved, floundering with the hobble, to a post, free standing in the approximate center of the floor. She was made to face it with her round breasts mounding softly out, one on each side of the post. A thin cord was run through the rings in her nipples and jerked tight around the pole, securing her to it with a bit of novelty, but no less securely than with more conventional means.

As one corded her feet to the pole, the other produced a bulky red leather hood with what appeared to be a surprisingly small rubber pear-gag attached to the inside. Suni accepted it into her mouth with no difficulty at all. Somehow it made no sense at all, considering her captor's previous penchant for overkill and softball-sized gags.

The man adjusted the hood with great care, smoothing and pulling. Her ponytail was positioned to project through the hole provided for it, and the thing was finally zipped up from the nape of her neck to just beneath the rope of her hair. It felt as if her whole head was being gently squeezed.

The eyeholes were perfectly positioned, and she had time to blink her eyes a couple of times before a blindfold blinkered out the view of the cell.

There came some fumbling's at the front of the hood over the gag, and then the thing began to grow. It was inflatable! She should have known! The hood kept her from opening her mouth, and the thing just got bigger and bigger, swelling against the insides of her mouth and flattening her tongue. She had lurid images of a grimy redneck levering away on a floor jack, lifting the backside of a beat-up GMC pickup, as the ball got harder and harder. Finally, it stopped. The man on the other side of her dark little world jerked the pump hose off the teat sticking through the red leather and quickly set about releasing her from the pole. She was going to do a little traveling, she supposed.

Alisha, a very few seconds away in a very similar cell, was being made sea-worthy too.

Like Suni, she too was strung from the ceiling, but in a rather different way. The heavy length of chain looked incongruous compared to the spidery thinness of her nose ring. A large brass padlock joined the two, and enough of the chain had been allowed to depend from the ceiling hook that Alisha could by dint of standing on the very tips of her toes keep the ring from stretching her nose to elephantine lengths. Her big toes were joined by wire-thin circlets of steel.

Her wrists had been braceleted together in front of her, secured to her middle by a ring set into a broad leather belt. The bracelets were detached and the belt removed. Instinctively, she reached up with both hands to grab the chain and lift herself, removing the stress of her long-suffering nose. The cracker guard laughed and fetched two short thin chains from a pouch at his waist.

She didn't resist at all when he snatched her right hand down from its grip on the nose chain and drew up behind her back and up under her left shoulder blade. One end of one of the thin chains was snapped to the ring in the hand's bracelet. What came next was as surprising as it was unpleasant. Still holding her hand high on her back, he brought the other end of the chain up under her left arm and ran the end of the chain through the ring in her left breast and pulled it taut. Maintaining the tension with one hand, he doubled the chain back along its own length and snapped the small catch at the very end of the chain through one of the links, locking it. Her right arm was now rather firmly attached to one of the more sensitive portions of her anatomy.

Within seconds, the left arm was similarly tied off to her other nipple. Another volunteer tie. So long as she didn't twitch her arms or pull in any way, she was perfectly comfortable. It was even a little erotic, she hated to admit.

"Open wide for Chunky, honey," the man said, smirking and holding up a bone-white ball. –Who said we ain't integrated around her, sweetie?"

"You bastaarrummph!" was as much of a reply as she could make before the huge ball popped behind her teeth. The strap was jerked tight, her nose was finally released from its perch, her head was pushed down so that her chin was on her chest, the gag strap was retightened, and she stood, both fuming and relieved as the man attached hobbles and slid a blindfold over her head. His smile had grown from the time he'd started the job and now threatened to split his face. Pleased at his own wit, she raged to herself. Asshole. A clear, jewel-like tear rolled down her cheek. The man saw it and gave her a laugh. She bit on the gag. The man laughed harder and snapped a leash on her nose ring and tugged her towards the door.

The memories of the last few days were still bright and sharp: that horrendous ride in those trucks out in the woods; the sound of the shooting and that tremendous explosion; the men's strangely fearful mood as they drove like maniacs back out of the woods with her dancing around like a third-class package in her web of cords; the near endless mind and body restraints and positions in which she'd worn those restraints. And always the hot staring faces. The accusatory eyes and words and motions. It was as if some great calamity was sorely her fault. And she never did know what it was!

The first night of her captivity, she'd gone straight from the truck to a tiny little windowless room where the cords had been removed. Even with the restraints gone, she had been so stiff she could barely move her arms or legs. Annoyed, the guards poured a little water down her throat, stuck a small wafer of one of those ubiquitous and largely tasteless instant breakfast bars into her mouth for her to chew,

and followed it with another swallow of water. She was still chewing and swallowing when they threw her face down on the damp floor and put her into a hogtie so strict that she would remain motionless for the rest of the night. The mask gag went back on even tighter than before. With that, the lights went out and the door slammed shut.

It had been several hours later that the doors came open again and the lights snapped on with a glare that made her squint her eyes in pain.

"So, this is the other one." It wasn't a question. Alisha craned her neck against her collar of ropes and peered over at the voice. It was a tiny, reed-thin, wizened man who looked at her. The mouth was a thin line drawn with a hard pencil. The hair was wispy white fringe that circled the shiny little head at the level of the ears. The eyes were a very pale blue and were as cold as either of the poles.

Alisha couldn't meet his gaze. She'd met some powerful people in her day, but this little dude was power with a capital P, the kind that makes and breaks countries, builds up and destroys whole economies, shoots smart-assed presidents. This dude was not somebody to cross, especially when you're lying on the floor tied and gagged and capable of moving maybe your eyeballs.

"You have cost me very dearly, you black trash," he said. His tone of voice as flat, almost as if he were discussing wheat futures in a men's club. —Very dearly. When I think of what you scum did to my son. . . " Alisha thought she caught a hint of carefully reined hysteria in the man's voice, but he visibly fought it back down and was in control again in seconds. What about his kid? That asshole actually had a child? The thought of the little prick in bed with a woman was almost enough to push her past her border of hysteria her-self. Probably artificial insemination. She was getting closer to the edge and knew that one snicker, gagged though it was, would spell instant death.

The thought of tough little Alisha catching a 9mm bullet behind the ear while she lay on a filthy wet floor with her hands tied behind her back and her mouth filled with a disgusting plug was enough to bring any giggles to a screeching halt. There would be time enough (she hoped) for that later. —

"Keep them alive. I want all of them together—alive."

"But, sir, we don't even know that we'll get all of them. Wouldn't it make more sense to just get rid of these now that we've got—"

"I want all of them, and I want them alive! They attacked me together and they will die together! Do I make myself under-stood?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Bertram. Yes, sir! I thought it would just be a little easier if we—"

"You, Mr. Bundy, have a good deal to learn about revenge. It can be quite one of the most fulfilling, rewarding experiences a man can experience. Get the others!"

That was Alisha's first and thus far only look at Bertram B. She had no real enthusiasm for more contact.

Subsequent to that cheery little confrontation, she had to deal with his goons and their apparently infinitely variable sexual imaginations. They had poured out of the woodwork with the cheerful glee of New York City's entire (including any undocumented workers) population of cock-roaches at the delicious aroma of Godzilla dead in Central Park for a week and a half.

She had heard the odd snatch of conversation about "the Asian cunt" and how "tight and slippery" she was, so she could only assume that Suni wasn't exactly bored either. She had the nasty suspicion that she'd just made a pun. A really bad one.

But all that was in the past. Now she was moving. Blind. Laced like a spider's fly. Moving. Into what? Her breathing was loud in her ears. She wondered how Fanni had made out, fearing that she'd been in the cabin when they'd shot it up with some kind of missile. The boys weren't exactly being security-conscious—maybe they figured they didn't have to be with some-body that only had another day or two to live! Cheery thought. She stumbled and got yanked by her tether. Painfully.

It seemed that every single muscle in Fanni's body was quivering like a bowstring after a release with no arrow. The muscle of her right calf had knotted itself up into a fist-shaped ball of flesh. The cramps would start almost immediately thereafter, and that would be the end. It seemed a distinctly unglamorous way to die.

"Looks like you've had just about enough for the day, eh?" came a voice. A guard—a watcher—and she hadn't even noticed the pig come in for her concentration on keeping the wire from slipping. She heard no footsteps; he didn't seem inclined to come rushing right over to help her despite the conclusions of his observation. Come on!

"On the other hand, maybe not," the voice mused. Now she heard slow foot-steps. "Hard to tell with you, Miss Hall. I've heard that you're an excellent actress. Really quite outstanding, in fact."

He finally came into view—hove into view might have been more like it, considering his Victor Buono heft. The effect was complete right down to the carefully manicured goatee and mustache. The twinkle in the eyes was a good bit more lethal, though.

"Remember our delightful little Paula?" Fanni did. "And the boob you adorned with the blasting cap?" He put back his head and roared with genuine glee. "Oh, I must say, that was a touch of genius. Needless to say, both parties had nothing but the highest admiration for your thespian skills."

To Fanni's tear-streaked vision, he was nothing more than a multicolored amorphous bulb. The bulb glanced down at her trembling legs. "Still, though, I suppose it's beyond even your skills to affect such a display of muscle control disintegration. Interesting." He paused. "It would be even more interesting to see what the final results would be when your leg fails you. Unfortunately, my master in this affair wills you alive. For now. Sad, indeed."

The bulb wormed a pudgy hand down into the folds of the robe he wore and brought out a small pair of wire cutters and poised the tiny jaws around the knee/neck wire for effect, beaming Fanni a sad smile she couldn't see. He closed the cutters and, with a musical ping, the wire parted. Both feet on the floor! The incredible luxury of it! She would have kissed the rotten son of a bitch if she could have.

"Close the eyes, please, Miss Hall." He had walked around behind her again. She did as she was told. A rubber blindfold pushed her eyes back into their sockets. Some things just don't change.

"I have a small surprise for you, gentle lady, one which will no doubt thrill and amaze. One has first to make some small preparations, however. Be patient." With that rather nebulous promise hanging between them, he lumbered away and, from the sounds of it, went out the door.

As for the "hot and slippery" one, Suni was well past the stage where a simple qualifying remark on her capabilities had any significance at all. Like Alisha, she had become a toy for the boys, to be used and (not too badly) abused until Mr. God Himself decided what to do with them. Fortunately, most of them were not much into pain, contenting themselves usually with the more mundane aspects of "the spoils of war."

She had first become aware of him because of his huge bulbous build. He had contented himself merely with remaining on the periphery of the goon's sexual gymnastics which were themselves of a plebian nature. Once their initial interest had waned, he began to assert himself. And his interests were far from plebian.

The sad irony of her situation with the gross Goord was that he seemed able to seek her out, to reveal her to herself in ways very intimate and erotic and private to she and Ian. But Ian didn't know. That was the irony. The man she loved with her life had on several occasions scoffed at the freaks who were into submission/bondage. And here, with this great trembling tub of lard, she found a man who reveled in it and seemed to know instinctively that she did too. It was horrible. Infinitely more awful than mere rape, it was the misuse of her innermost self against her with no love, no caring, no tenderness, no sharing. Oh, Ian!

Many, many times, Suni had stared with open-mouthed disbelief at the strident rantings of Western "liberated" women. Suni considered herself liberated. She was what she was and pursued those goals important to her. There were prejudices levied on her by men, but men had always been fools, and that wasn't about to change. That was one of the things that made them men.

But they had gotten weaker. Infinitely weaker. And maybe that was the real problem.

Suni—with a brilliant mind, a beautiful body, and the capacity to kill with nothing more than her hands and feet—sought ultimately in her mind at least to be naked and bound in Ian's arms, loved and held and gently taken as a slave, an object of mutually shared love. Deeper in the fantasy would come the pain, his private mark on her body melding them together as one.

But Ian didn't know the dream, and she seriously feared she might lose him if he were to find out. He was like most men in his foolishness. The outraged screeches of treachery and betrayal to "the cause" that would be leveled at her by the new "liberated" women added the final little touch of disgust to her view of the world. They would never understand that to be truly liberated is to be exactly what you are in your heart, not to chant slogans and cut your hair short and refer to yourself as a "person." She had always particularly loathed that little term: person. Jesus Christ on a crutch, men were men, and women were women! What the hell was the problem with that? Too simple, she supposed. She would accept the premise only that she was any man's equal, but she was, for being a woman, fundamentally different, almost to the extent of being an entirely different species. Men didn't understand women, and women didn't understand men. That hadn't changed since they'd come out of the caves.

"Ah, there you are, my little jade goddess," Goord said with fine humor. And bringing "presents," as he liked to refer to them. Presents, for god's sake! "I have a lovely little number for you here. Please to stand up." Sly cheer and ebullition that almost bounced off the walls.

Suni slowly stood, cautious in the too-tight bracelets on her ankles. A short chain led to the wall from the cuffs. They were her only restraint. And clothing. Goord held up his prize with a flourish. "Something to improve your modesty, little one!"

A pair of black leather panties, buckled at the hips, was stretched taut between the huge pudgy hands. He threw them to her. "Put them on, my little nymph, if you please."

She bent down and hefted the garment, somewhat surprised at its weight. The reason for it instantly became obvious as she held it before her face. A long thick dildo was attached at the crotch of the panty. From its thick base a tall narrow swatch of cilia-like rubber fingerlings ran up the centerline of the inside of the leather and would, she knew, rest snugly in the cleft of her lips when the garment was donned. She gave Goord a look of total disgust, but she knew her nipples were betraying her.

"I've brought along some lubricant, but I think we shan't be needing any, what?" Goord was clearly enjoying himself.

"You dirty, filthy pig," Suni said in a monotone. "You rotten, motherfucking swine." As she was saying this, she was undoing the buckles. She could resist as she had done in the first days, but Goord would just send for men, and they would do the job with considerably less finesse than she would bring to the effort. And it was going to be an effort. Ankles chained together and to the wall, she would be able to offer no real resistance, she had found.

"You're going to have to release my ankles," she offered.

"Nonsense, Miss Ling. Just squat down a bit and open your legs. It'll do it every-time."

She would kill him for this. Very slowly. Very carefully. A millimeter at a time.

She slid her back down the wall for support and glared at Goord, locking her eyes with his. He stared pleasantly back into her face, then at her crotch. She never took her eyes from his face as she carefully, carefully inserted the immense phallus into her vagina. The effort required grew and grew as the thing stretched the walls of the canal around its rubber diameter. She was sweating and panting from more than mere exertion when the rubber cilia entered the cleft. Goord cocked his head for an unobstructed view around her hand. Her mons had been shaved earlier, so that was the only thing hindering the spectacle. She had never felt so naked in her life as she had when the warm wet washcloth had whisked away the last of the luxuriant black hair between her legs. And now this!

"Now buckle up," Goord commanded. A flush had crept to his cheeks as well.

She pulled the garment up between the gentle mounds of her rump and buckled the back flap to the front half over her left hip. She then turned to the right hip and performed the same task. When she had pulled the tongue through the buckle to the last hole and secured it (Goord always insisted on things being tight and got very petulant and whip-happy when they weren't) she stood out from the wall and put her hands on her hips. A small defiance.

She did her small defiance very carefully too, it might be added. The thing was huge inside her. Fast moves would be unwise, she thought.

Goord obviously approved in more ways than one. "Excellent, my girl. Truly excellent. From here, it looks just like what the girls are wearing in Nice! Except for our little secret on the inside, eh?" He chuckled. Suni knew she was close to an orgasm, and hated Goord just that much more for the pleasure that it would bring to both of them.

"Here, tie your hands," he continued, tossing her a small black braided cord. It was a lock-tie. Eight inches long, it had a small hook on one end and a lock-buckle on the other. Suni dourly threaded the hooked end through the buckle, forming a small loop. Walking back to the wall, she stuck the hook through a provident ring, held onto the loop with one hand as she turned her back to the wall, and then threaded both slim hands through the loop and walked away from the wall, tightening the loop around her wrists and locking it there at the same time.

"Turn around so I can see," Goord whispered. Suni did as she was told, wagging her fingers at the man. "Excellent. Now you may kneel." Suni knelt. As her knees approached the floor, the rings on her ankles bit with extra special enthusiasm.

Goord lumbered over behind her and yanked a restraint out of a bag. It was a rubber single-sleeve.

Goord rolled it down like a nylon until just the pouch end for her fingers and hands retained its original shape, then he pulled it over her fingers and rolled it up her arms. The rubber was so strong in its spring that it seemed to automatically squeeze her elbows together with a will of its own. Suni arched her shoulders and hissed between her teeth. She'd never been able to get her arms together very easily. The single-sleeve made it look a lot easier than it was.

Goord rolled the thing up till it was just beneath her armpits, then smoothed the rubber and tugged it into complete, glass-smooth conformity over her arms. It looked as if it had been poured on her. Then came the straps. Suni was very close to the edge.

Goord suddenly stooped and, cupping Suni's chin in one hand, straightened her up. With the other hand, he made a grab for her crotch, pulling the crotch of the panty hard up between her legs, jamming the phallus deeper within her. She did go over the edge then, bucking and gasping and hating.

"I thought so, little dove. Not quite all the way home. I will have to assay to rectify that small error of yours." So saying, he brought the narrow strap attached to the fingertip of the single-sleeve up hard between her legs, up and over one hip, then around her back over the other hip and back to the rising part of the strap which was slewed off at an acute angle toward her opposite hip. He threaded the end of the strap under the riser and pulled it back till the thing was running vertically up her belly, effectively shortening it in the process and causing it to actually depress the panty between her lips. The dildo was as far home as it was going to go. If Suni moved her shoulders and leaned forward in the slightest, the strap was pulled in harder. She hardly dared to move!

Goord beamed his beamish beam and yanked her leash.

"Tea time."

To be continued