

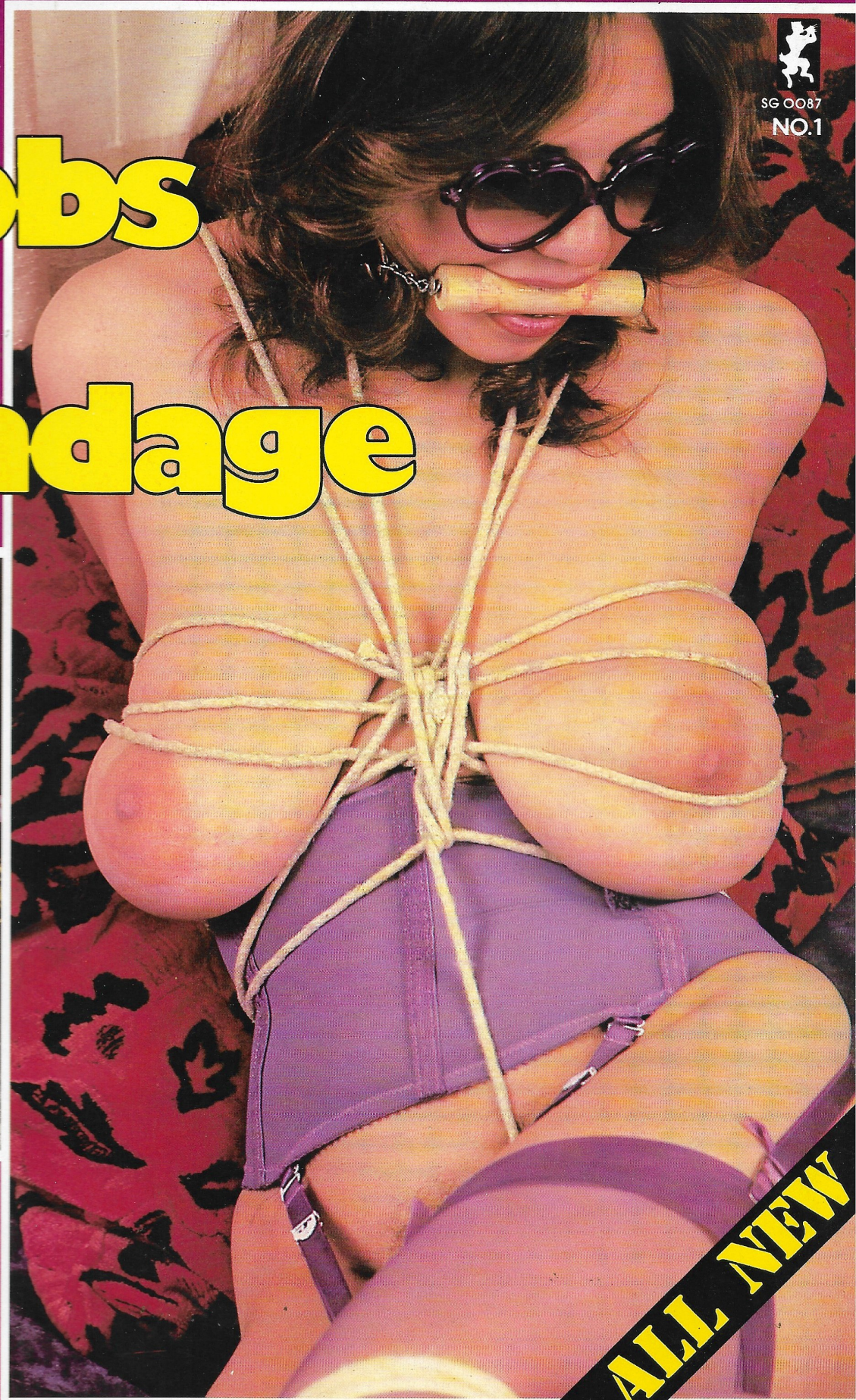
A GOLDEN STATE PUBLICATION

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big boobs in bondage



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NO.1



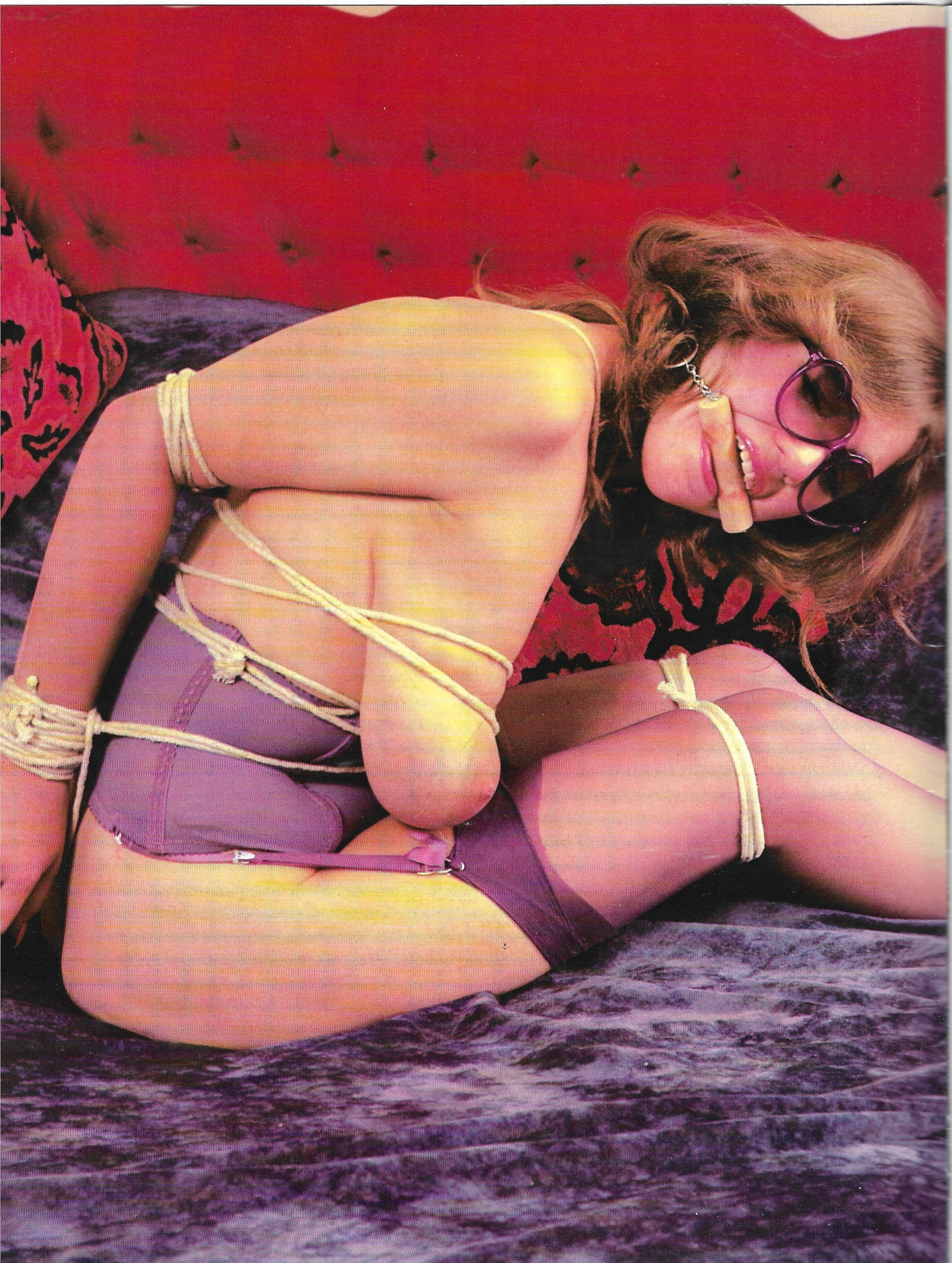
ADULTS ONLY

ALL NEW



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TIGHT TERROR

Just when I thought I had reached the ultimate in bondage I met Steven who had a lot of tricks I never knew even existed. We met on a train in Switzerland and when I first saw him swing on board I knew in an instant that he was a cruel master. Of course I had to meet him because it was that kind of man who always turned me on.

Probably he could see the glint in my eye because before the hour was over I was cramped into his tiny state-room. His intricate paraphernalia was neatly indexed along the narrow shelves.





Many times in the past I have had ropes looped between my thighs and pulled up tight. In this position my pussy would receive a great deal of vertical pressure. Sometimes my cunt hole would be split apart and those rough binders would squeeze the tip of my clitoris until an eruption of pain would spread up to my throbbing belly button. Even so I was ready for this type of deep treatment. Not so with Steven. Unknown to me he had tied a number of knots midway in the ropes and these were sliced into my wet box. Suddenly I had to accommodate both pressure and size. The blood began to race down my squirming vagina and I wanted to massage that upheaval which was tearing my loins to pieces.





Before I had a chance to move my hands in that direction, however, he was on top of me. His rugged fingers dug into my thighs and I could tell I would have a series of bruises and red welts there very soon. This was all the message I needed. No more unpredictable movement was allowed!

It was uncanny how I could literally read Steven's mind from that moment on. From just a few blinks of his eyes I knew to move my ass up higher so that he would have more freedom to tie my smooth thighs together tighter.

The ropes began pressing in on me with such intensity that I was no longer able to breathe in a normal manner. My lungs began screaming for oxygen. This lack of air caused my head to spin. Probably he could sense that I was losing consciousness because he finally allowed my lungs to fill themselves and that deep internal pain slowly vanished.

But he was not going to allow me too much freedom. Again his mighty hands embraced my shoulders and breasts. My nipples became hard with desire and I was secretly hoping that he would lean over at that moment and start sucking on those stiff cherries.

Only ropes were on Steven's mind. Out of the corner of my eye I could see how he was braiding the ropes together to make them more severe on my nude body. They were not merely pulled back and forth across my limbs but were pressed like emblems into my skin. Again and again the pressure was increased and I finally was forced to squirm in place. This was a movement I would never have done in the past but something had to be done to get the circulation back into my body.



When he started working on the bottom of my feet I thought I would go completely out of my mind. This was the most sensitive part of my body and I had absolutely no defense against the ropes which were placed in that area. The double braid crushed the tiny bones and eventually when the knots were in

place I could feel them all being rolled into one little tight bunch. This was too much and I screamed in pain.

The surprised look on Steven's face made me swallow the final grunt deep in my throat. There was no doubt in my mind at that moment that I was going to pay dearly for that outburst. I hoped and







prayed that he would not continue to insert the ropes between my sensitive toes. That would truly send me over the brink and probably I would never come back.

Instead of aiming for the lower extremities Steven concentrated on those tender patches beneath my shoulders. From many past encounters he must have discovered all these highly sensitive regions and taken full advantage of them. The knots were tripled this time so that when my hands were brought before me they

would be crushed up high in my armpits.

That same dizzy sensation returned to me as my circulation seemed to take a backward leap. In my mind I was trying to figure out how to keep myself in one piece for just a little longer. Soon the session would be over—I could tell he was an hour man all the way—and then I would be able to stretch my body and return to a normal metabolism.

Again I was fooled by Steven's unorthodox manner. He did indeed finish when I thought he would but instead of suddenly vanishing like so many of the masters I knew he produced an entirely new display of silk ropes. They looked so dainty in comparison to the others that I almost breathed a sigh of relief. But then they were vehemently applied to my body and the sting from the pressure caused me to have an orgasm.

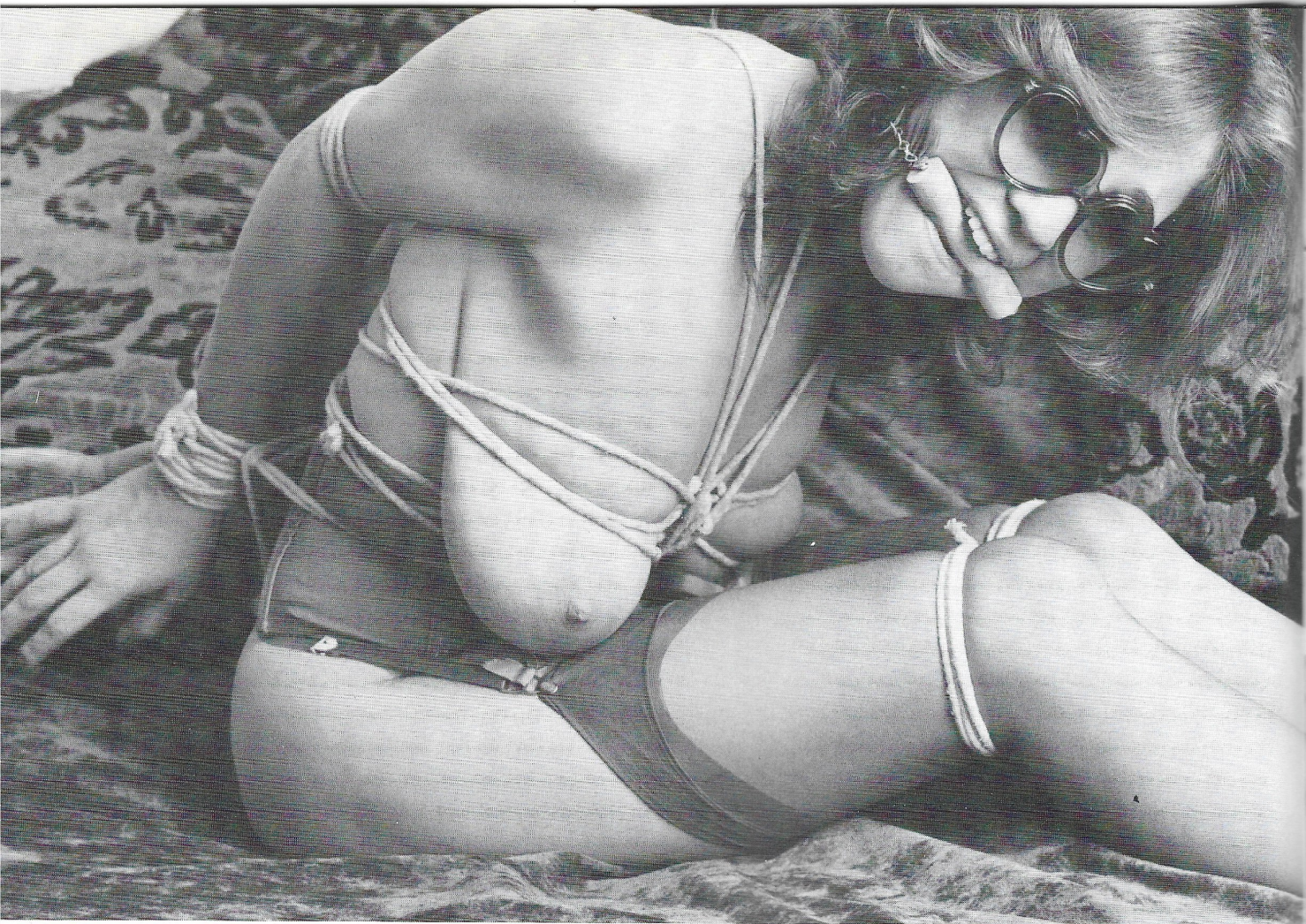


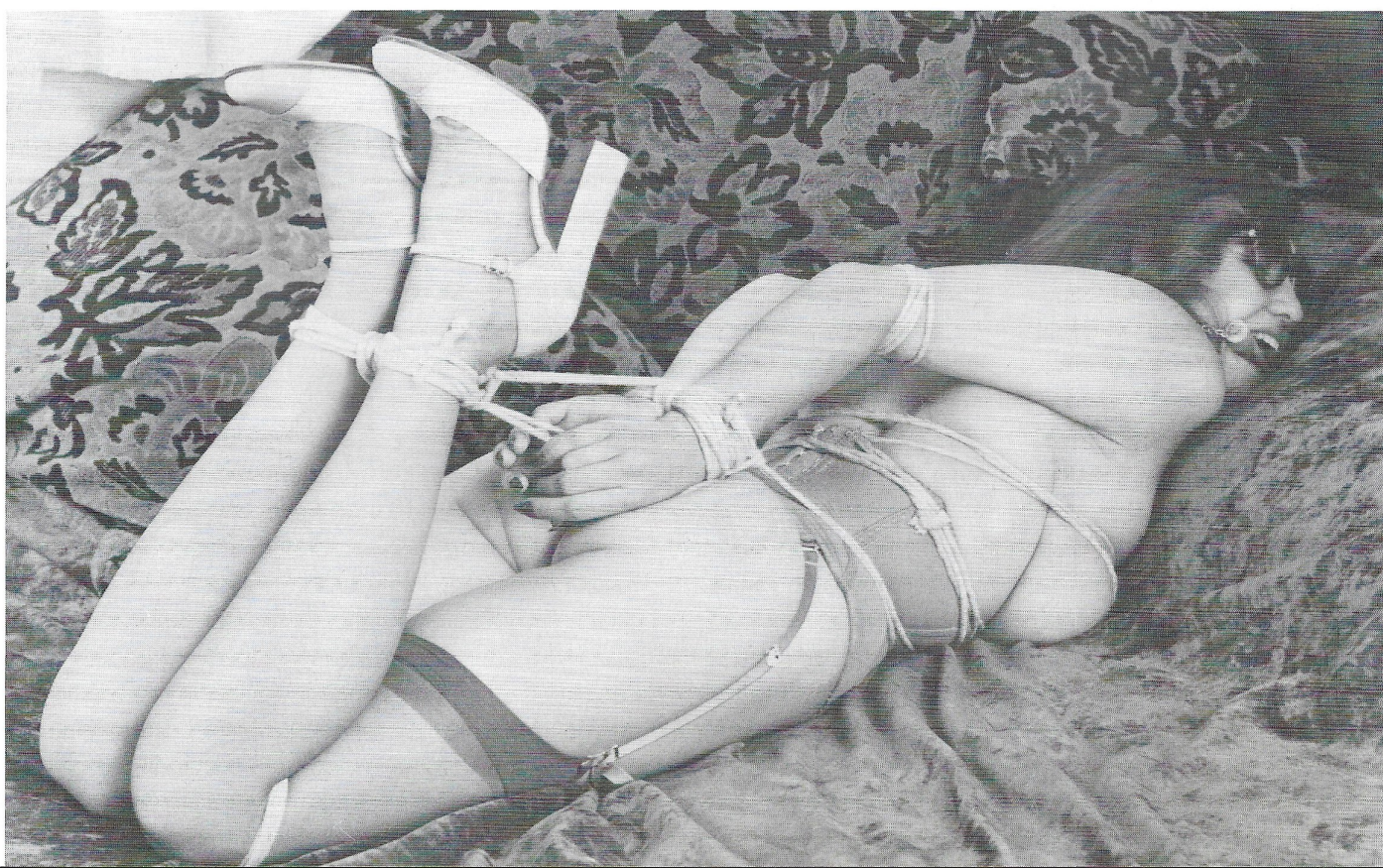
Never had my juices been so hot and in turmoil before. It was as though one of those braided ropes had magically turned into a plundering prick and was determined to split my rebel pussy right down the middle.

His hand dipped between my thighs and two of his fingers lifted up some of that bubbling honey. When his tongue lapped up the sweet droplets I had another orgasm. At this rate I was soon going to be drained dry.

One more hour passed and I didn't see how he could possibly have an encore. But there were still lots of tricks up his sleeve. When he produced another array of ropes I thought I would be ready for them this time. The tiny metal links jingled before my eyes and I sucked in my breath. My poor wrecked body wasn't ready for that kind of containment. There was no way that I could relate this information to Steven. He was the master all the way and what he wanted he was going to get!

**“MY TITS
were
squeezed
tight in
throbbing
PAIN!”**















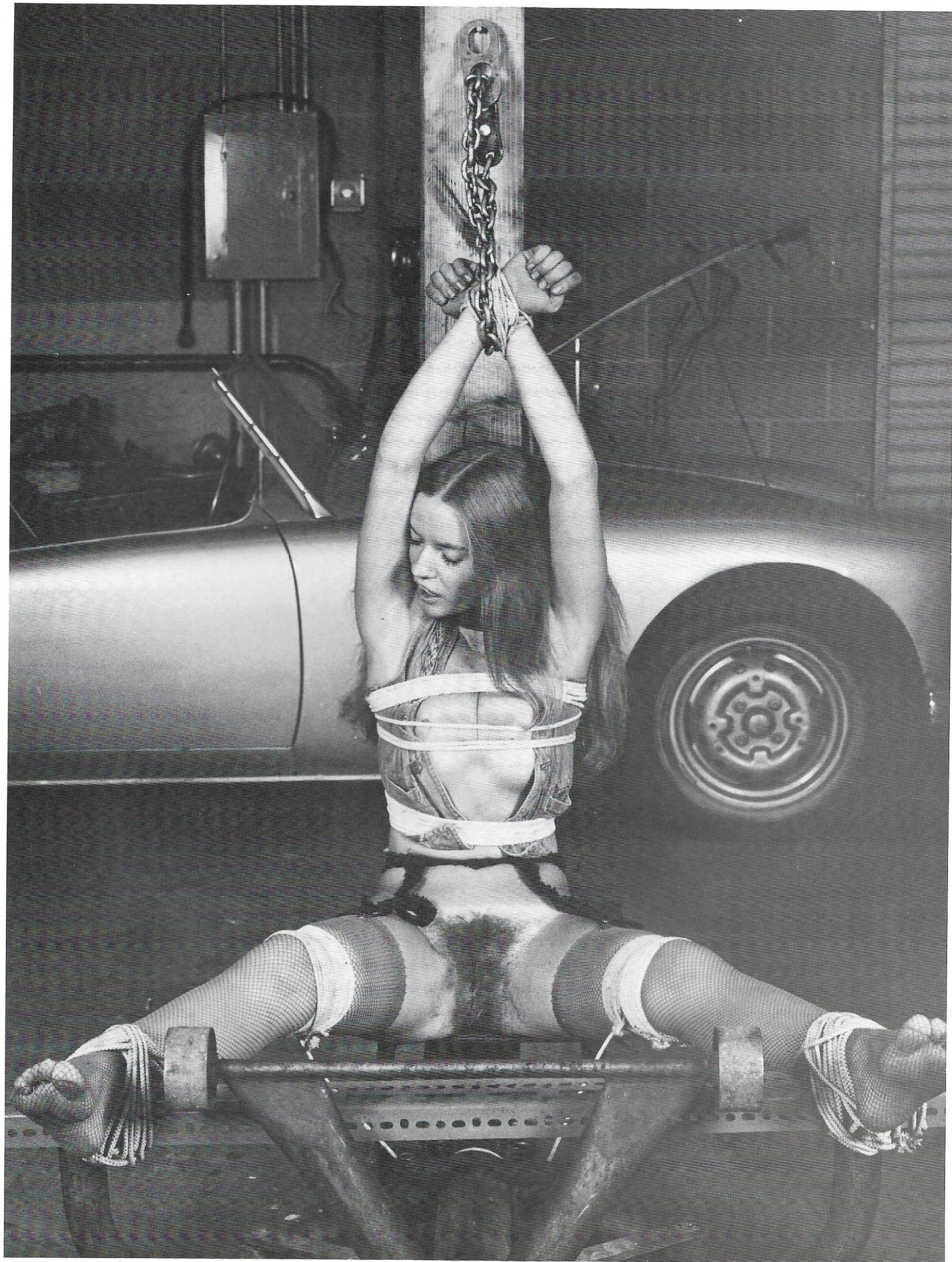




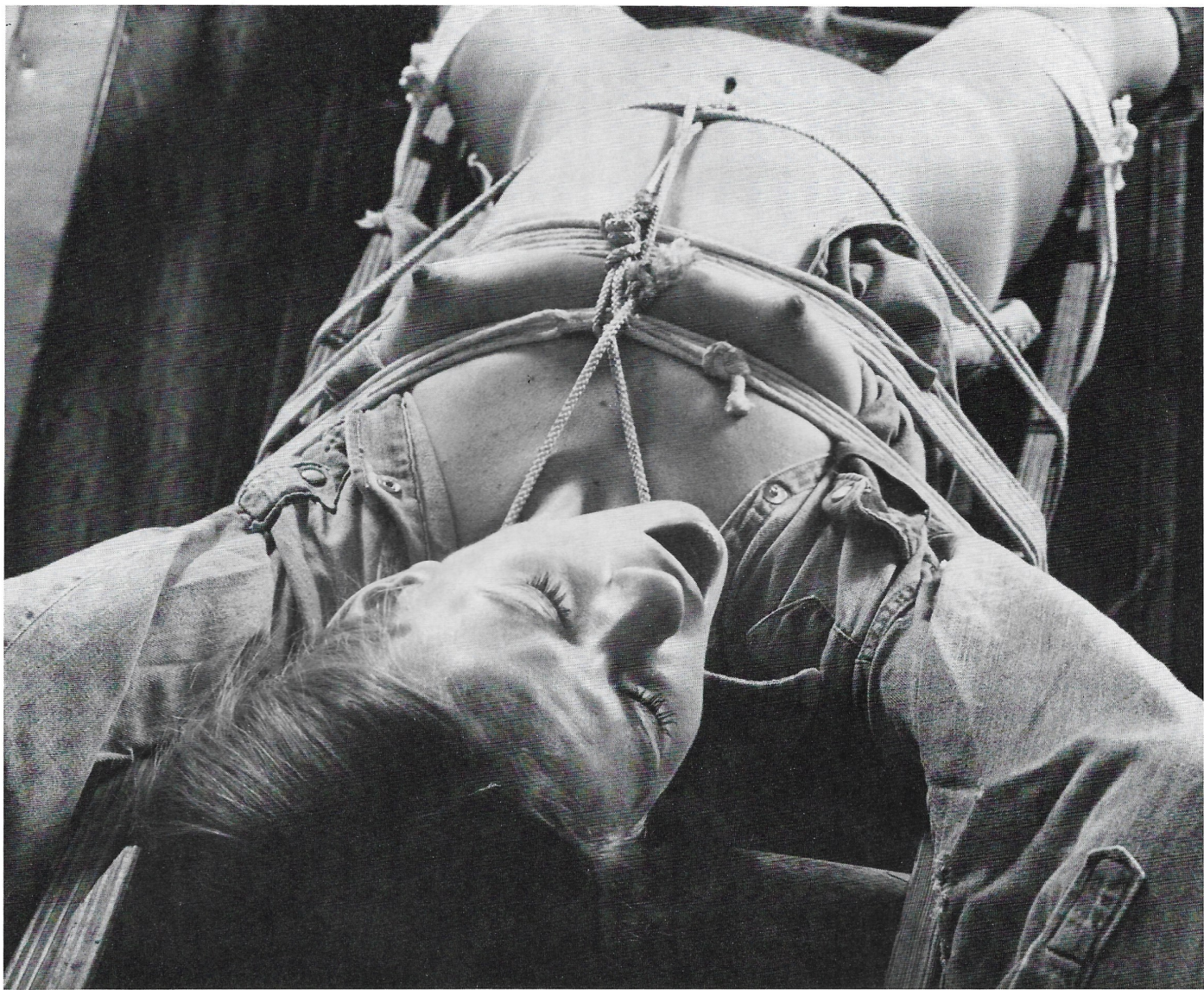




BLACK OUT!







Only in the last couple of weeks have I been losing consciousness during my bondage sessions. All of a sudden I would blackout and I would be floating in another reality. Usually I would be tied up again only under different circumstances. This slipping back and forth can become maddening.

Since I am into skipping around from one master to another I can't really blame the guy tying me up for my current predicament. Apparently I need this release when the ropes start slicing into my body.

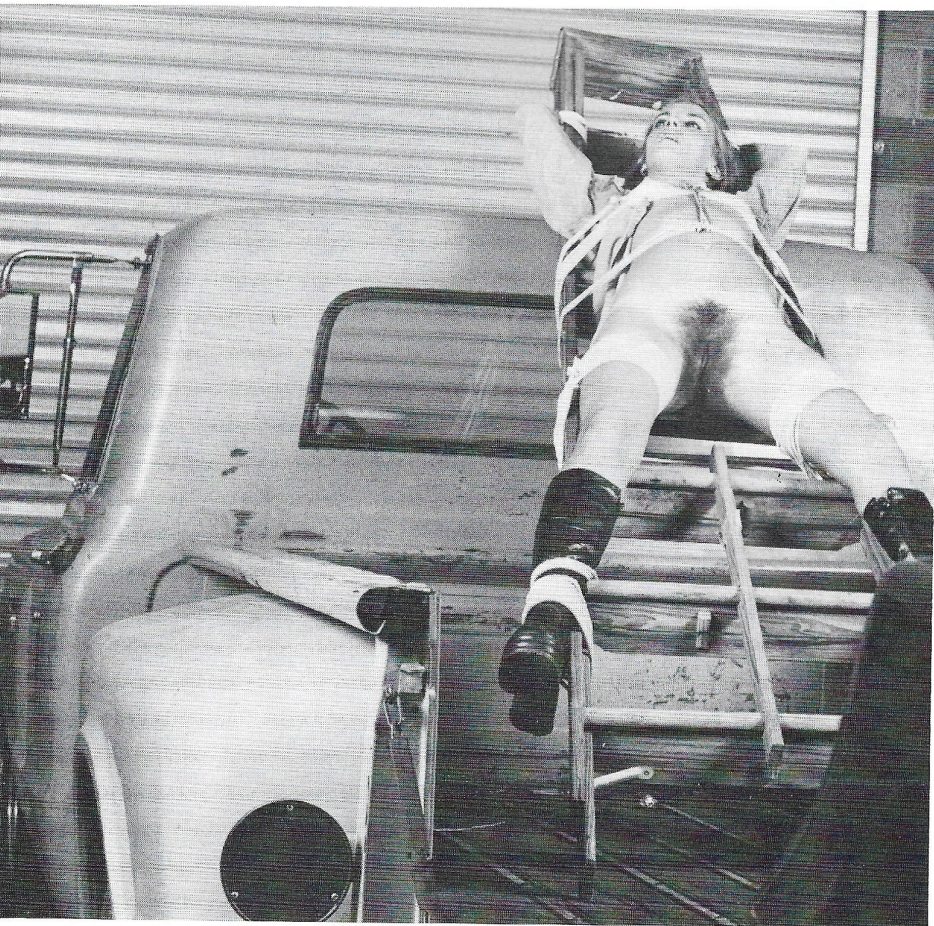
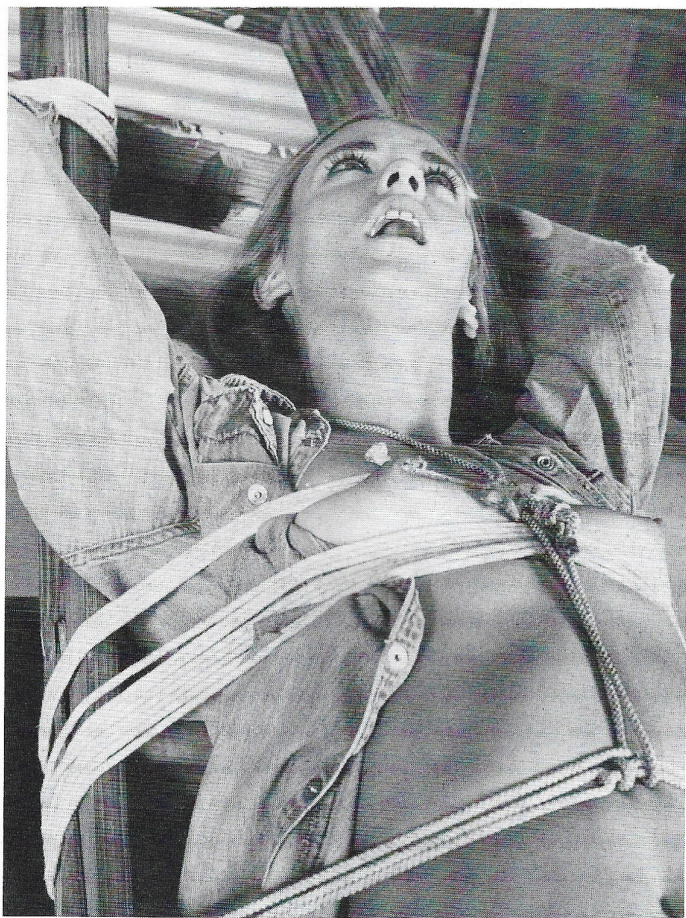
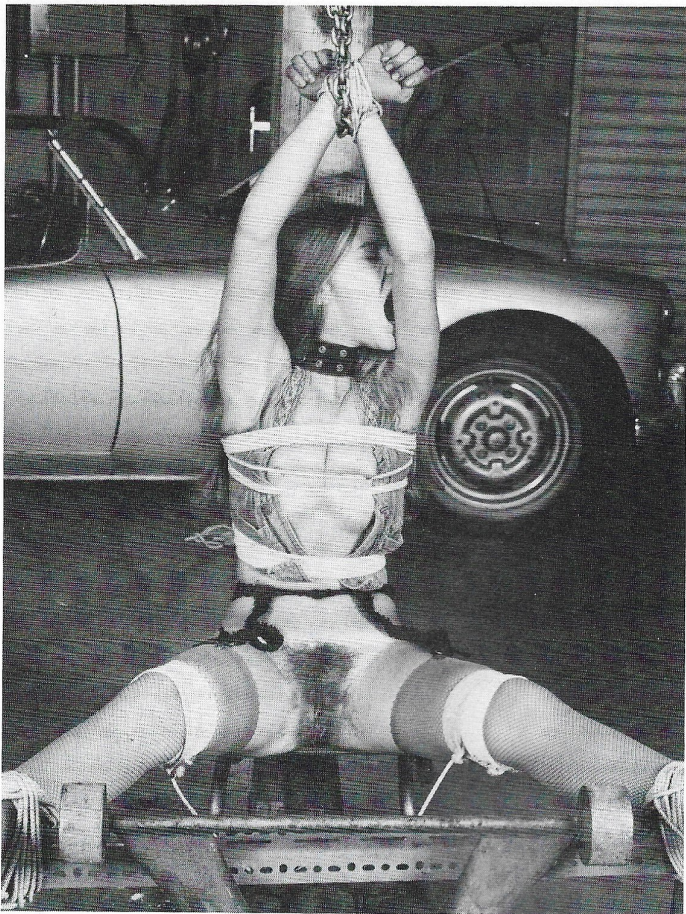
When big black Michael used to tie me up on the weekends I would flip out

regularly every fifteen minutes. Maybe I would end up on a remote island off the coast of Japan with silk cords fastened to my stiff limbs. A pole would be up my back and it would be impossible for me to move in any direction. Even so I would soon become aware of all the activity all around me. Other slaves were about the room. It was only after several minutes that I realized that none of them had any eyes. At that moment I knew that if I stayed in that chamber any longer I would end up the same way. That thought instantly got me back to Michael just in time to have a double loop around my neck. The tension was in-

creased until only seeps of oxygen were able to be pulled into my aching lungs.

Of course I could tell no one about these leaps I would take. If the bondage masters discovered that I wasn't being faithful to them they would drop me in an instant. No matter where I would travel my reputation would follow me. If I couldn't find a master how could I ever be a part of my beloved bondage world ever again?

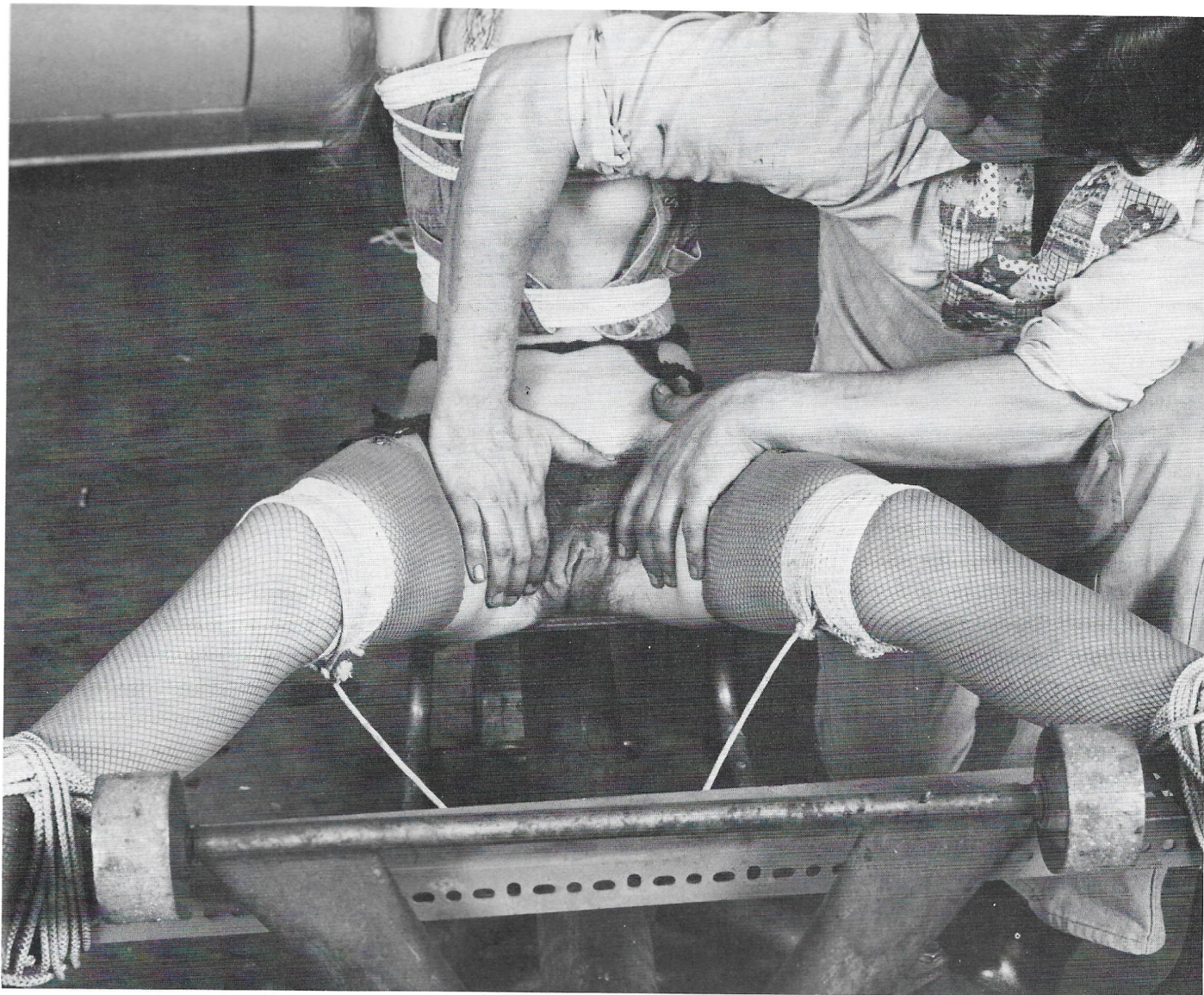
Something had to happen to keep me from hopping out of reality. Maybe I hadn't met the right kind of master. I needed a stronger hand to guide me and I was determined to find the right one before it was too late.



When I read that Gregory was coming into town I made arrangements to see him. Actually it was impossible to make an appointment with this dedicated man of bondage, you merely had to take a chance that he would be at a certain place and make yourself available.

Luck was with me on the following weekend. While I was cruising around the Bull Whip Bar I spotted this magnificent master at the rear of the room. He had such a magnetic presence that I was almost drawn to him without any conscious will of my own. When I was a few feet away he turned towards me and the biting light in his eyes stunned me on the spot.

There was hardly any remembrance of leaving the bar with him. I could tell that I was in motion but the direction I was going was entirely unknown to me. There was no



fear because I knew I was in the hands of an expert.

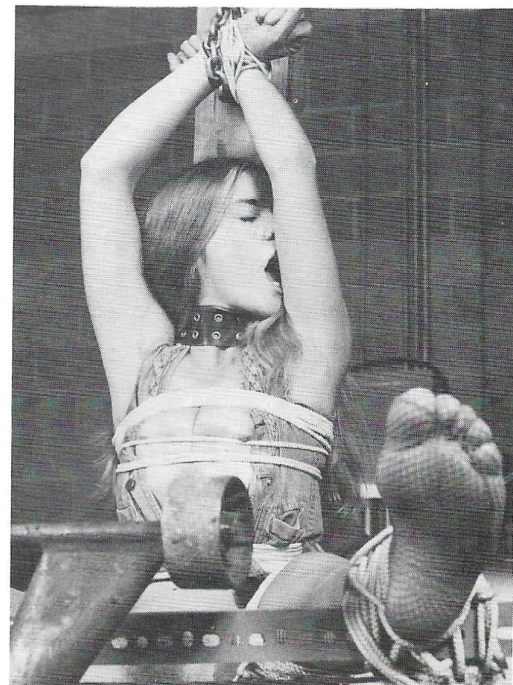
While we were in his car he started undressing me and preparing my body for his special treatment. Because so much was happening at once I felt that it wouldn't be long before I performed my usual blackout. Instead of becoming unconscious, however, my mind became even more clear.

It was as though we were both surrounded by a deep, penetrating light and every movement of his hands was emphasized. His fingers became enormous bulbous-headed cocks. Instead of nails there were tiny, wet prick lips at the end of each groping extremity. Of course this

was all in my mind but it was becoming more real to me as the time passed.

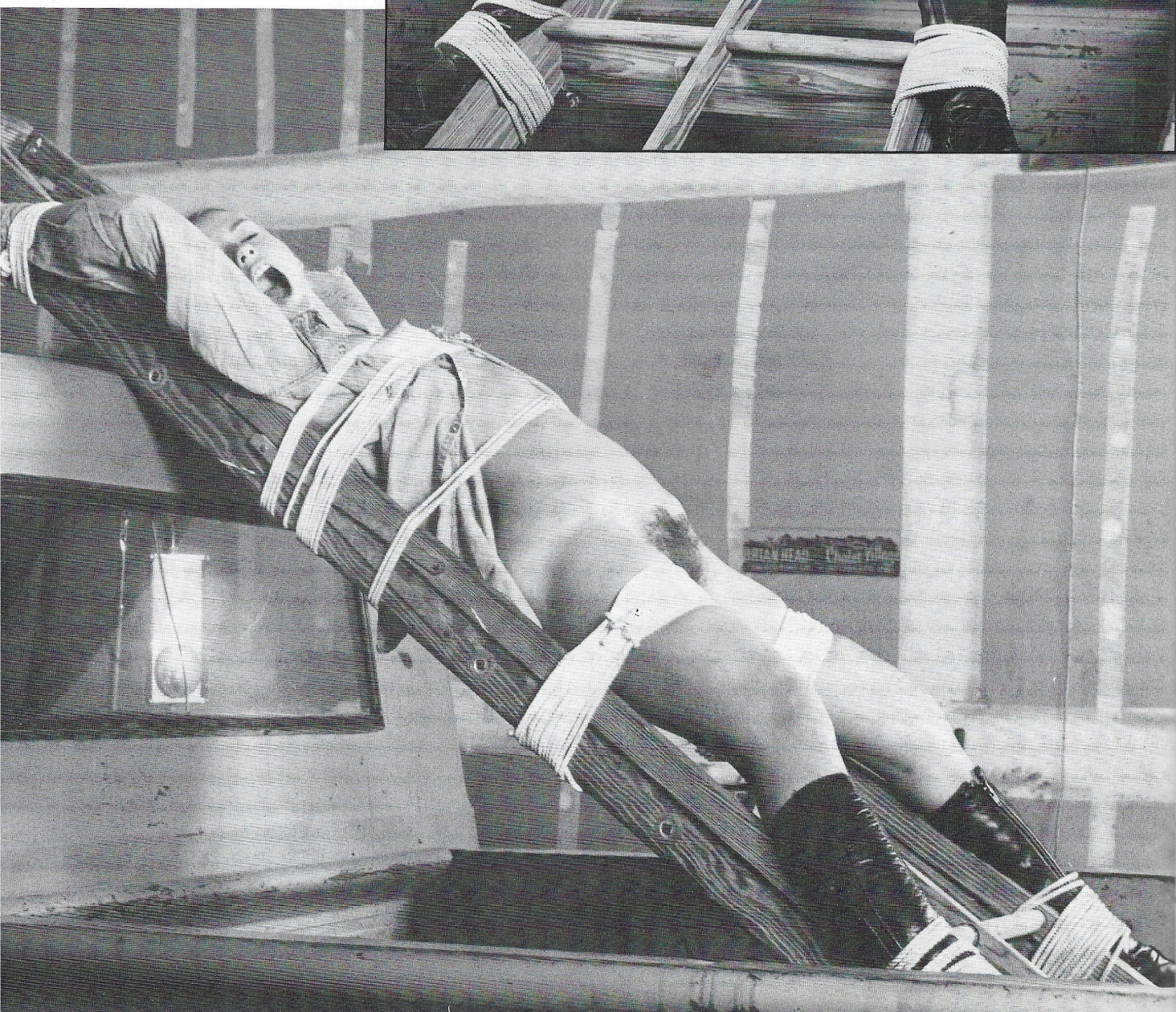
Where and how he produced all those winding ropes I will never know. If he was manufacturing them out of the air I would not have been surprised. There was more than magic in his performance; he also seemed to have the talent to look into the future. All of my actions were known to him several minutes before I performed them.

Double lengths of ropes were pulled into the soft contour of my thighs and when he suddenly lifted up on them my entire body jerked from the adjusted pressure. For the first time in my life I was being



subjugated by the numbers. There was no time to drift away, my mind was super keen. If my thoughts wandered for a second I would be lost in the void and never return. This was a marvelous discipline which I would keep forever!

Although I never did see Gregory after that remarkable encounter his memory has always been with me. He was the one who finally cancelled my terrible blackouts.

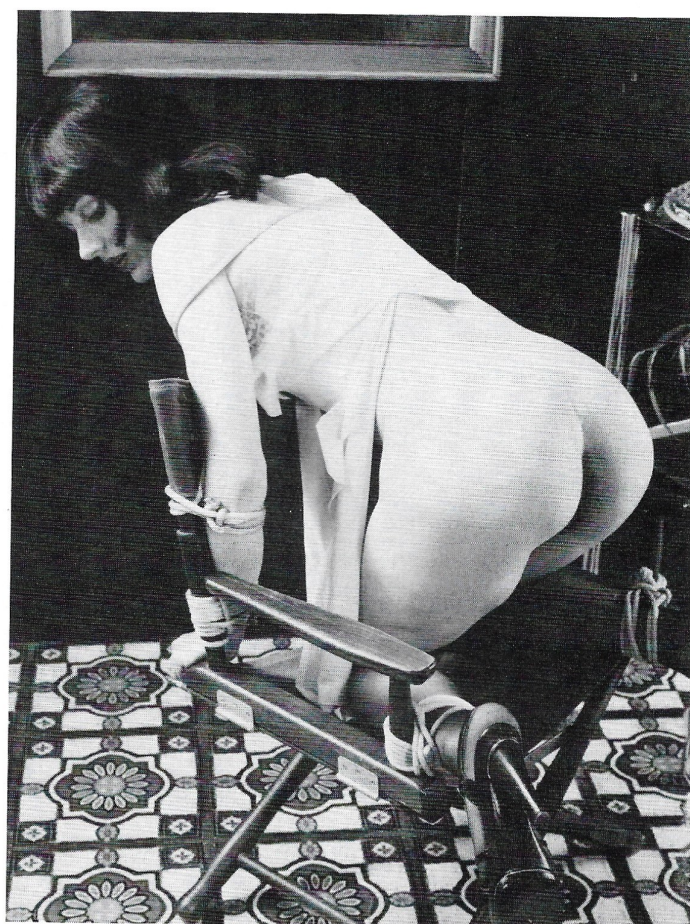








FINAL TEST



Competition is high in the bondage world. If you can't put it out, there is always someone nearby who is ready and willing to take your place. Long ago I decided that I was going to fight hard for my position even if it meant putting up with a lot of bizarre treatment.

Like most girls into bondage I took the man I had for granted. Mark and I worked well together and we had reached the point where little or nothing had to be said to set up a fantastic situation. This was before Laura came on the scene. That little bitch wanted to move in fast and she was willing to do anything to take Mark away from me.

Introductions happened during an automobile accident. Suddenly we were piled into each other. Laura came staggering out as though she had lost her bowels. Right away I could tell that she was

a phony but Mark immediately came to her rescue.

By the way Mark handled her body I could tell that he was interested. That made me mad but because of the situation there was nothing I could do about it. Before I knew what was happening Laura had Mark's number and said she would call. The little bitch was moving in fast.

If I started objecting to Mark he would cut me off fast. Also he had a way of getting a unique revenge during our bondage session. My cunt lips were super sensitive and he could easily slice them apart with a couple of well-placed icy ropes. For the next couple of days I would not be able to pull my thighs together and I would have to walk around town like a second-rate whore with the hives.



But I sure wasn't going to let a new face in town take over my man that easy. There were ways that I could cut Laura down and I was going to use every one of them.

The next evening I was stunned to find Laura on the premises. Mark wanted to try something different. As far as I was concerned a three-way was the end of the line. Then there would be four and finally a whole gang would be assembled in that second-story room.

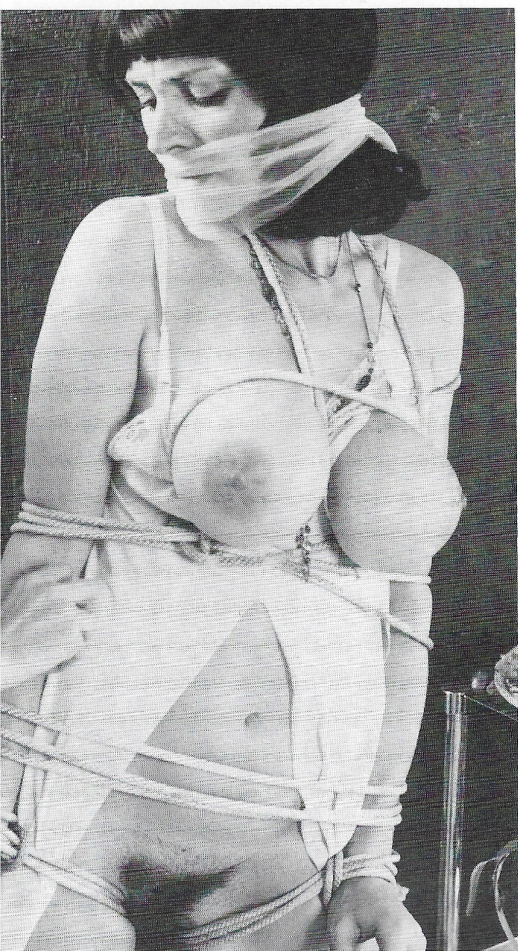
Mark was all smiles when he started tying my wrists tightly together. There was no sense in trying to analyze his thoughts, he was too inscrutable for that. That tender spot below my nipples received three lengths of ropes, one right on top of the other. When he pulled the loose ends in the back I thought I heard an

evil chuckle. Then I knew what he was going to do. Whenever he tripled the ropes that always meant he was on the verge of doing a so-called final test. I would have to come through this ordeal with my senses all in order or I would automatically be out.

Gritting my teeth I took the pull and the strain. Several times I began to have double sight. Ringing echoed in my ears. A bone in my thigh popped. The tips of my fingers turned blue. My nostrils began pulling together. Even the surface of my skin tingled with a burning heat I had never experienced before. The ropes were slicing me into sections and there was nothing I could do about it!







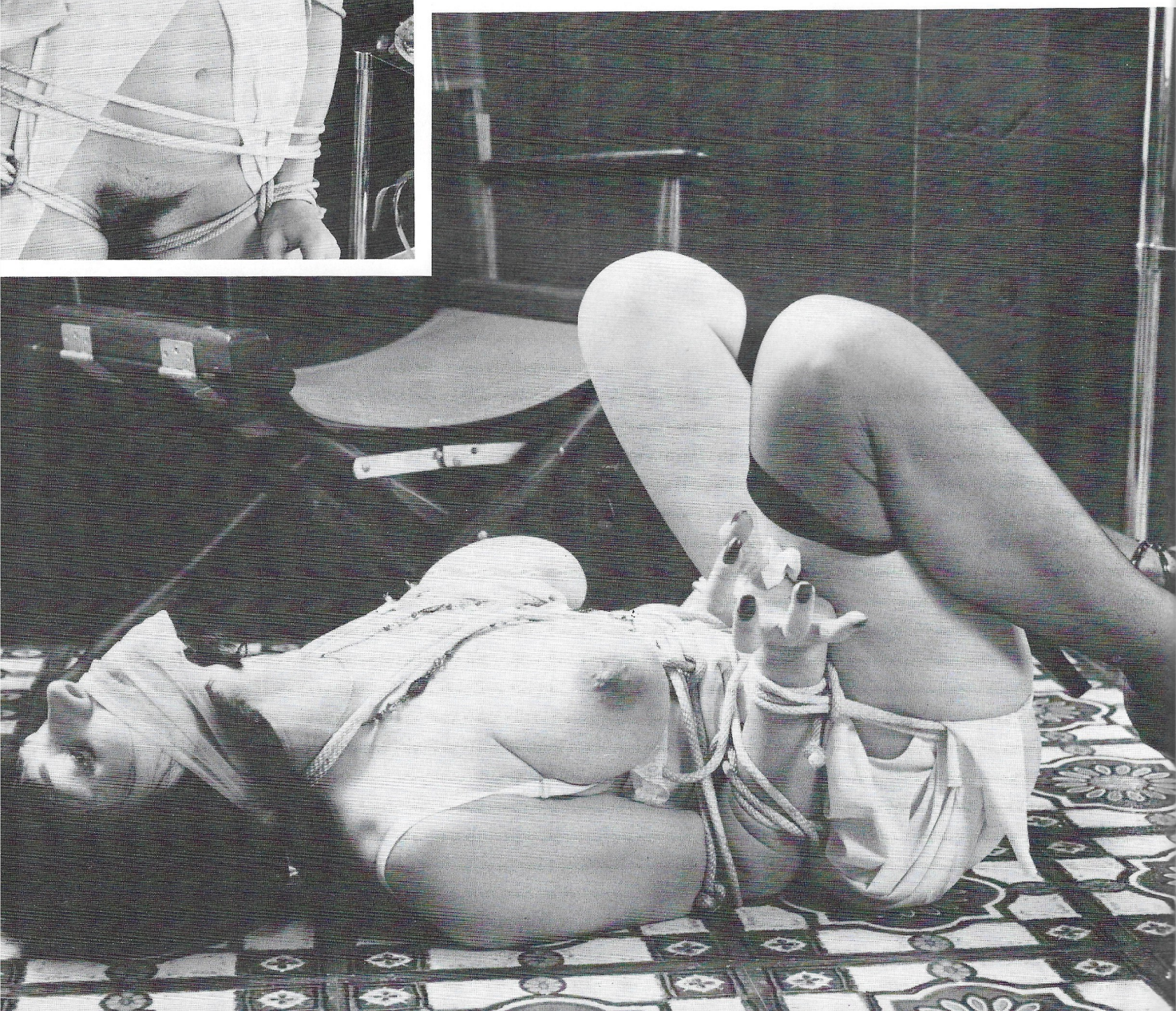
And then I felt these fingers jamming their way up my twat. When I looked down I saw Laura's grinning face. I was furious that she was opening up my cunt lips like that while I was being tied up like a bag of laundry. Before I could command her to leave, a gag was shoved into my mouth. I coughed and sputtered and tried to spit it out but it was no use.

At any moment I thought I was going to get a blindfold snapped over my eyes. That would be the final humiliation. I had to see what was happening or I would really start

to panic. And it wasn't fair for someone to be plunging their fingers into my box while I wasn't able to spread my thighs.

The final test came when I was lifted from the floor and allowed to swing by my fingertips. The strain on my arms was excruciating and I was sure that my spine was going to be pulled out of its socket.

Two hours later I was informed that I had passed the ordeal with flying colors. I was too exhausted to say anything. All I could do was smile.









“THE ROPES
CUT DEEPLY
INTO MY
FLESH!”



