

TORTURE



NO. 8

TALES



10¢

OF THE

DESPERATE

FROM THE GARDEN IT CREEPED
TO TICKLE TORTURE HER!

A CHRONICLED CACOPHONY
OF CREEPY CACHINNATION



SHE CAME TO A
" FINE FEATHERED END "



TICKLE SEX REVENGE OF THE
" CONTROL FREAK "



GO ON...
" LAUGH FOR MUMMY! "



NO! PLEASE!!
WHATEVER YOU ARE!
HAVE MERCY! DON'T
TICKLE ME TO
DEATH!

YOUR LAUGHTER IS
DIVINE

JOIN NOW! America's only TICKLING CLUB



ABSOLUTELY FREE!
GIANT LIFE SIZE TICKLE MONSTER
 OVER 6 FEET TALL
HORRIFYING! SEXY! THRILLING!

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- Life size reproduction of a Tickle Monster
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TICKLE MONSTER FAN CLUB Dept. TMF
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ROPE BINDING
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 THE REAL LIVE SLAVE-PETS YOU GROW YOURSELF

It's AMAZING! Just add Slave-Monkey eggs to prepared water, look in the bowl and see LIVE SLAVE-MONKEYS struggling in bondage! Now simply DOM and ENJOY the most ADORABLE entertaining pets you've ever owned!

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I can't wait to train my Slave-Monkeys! Please do them up and send this with my **QUARANTINE** 1 and/or \$1.00 plus 50c shipping. Check Cash Money Order

Name _____
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MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
 30 DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

GREETINGS AND FELICITATIONS,
 MY FINE FEVERED FETISHISTICAL FIENDS... ER, 'FRIENDS'.
 YOUR CAPTIVATING AND CREEPY KEEPER OF CREATIVE CLUM-HITHER,
MASTER C.A.B. HERE, ALONG WITH MY COLLEAGUES, THE SULTRY SEDUCTRESS OF SEXY STORIES, **MS. FANTASY PLAY**. AND THE DIABOLICAL AND DEVILISHLY DEBONAIR, **DOCTOR RANDOM**. WE WELCOME YOU TO YET ANOTHER TANTALIZING AND TORRID TALES OF THE DESPERATE TO TICKLE TORTURE YOUR TITILLATION.

HA HA!
 OH, CABBY... I DON'T KNOW IF OUR READERS CAN HANDLE BEING TIED UP FOR ANOTHER MERCILESS STORY-TELLING SESSION!

HA HA!
 THEN AGAIN... THAT'S KINDA HOT!

RIGHT!
 WE BEST CARRY ON, THEN. THIS LOT IS LOOKIN A LITTLE... **ANXIOUS!** ...IF YOU GET ME DRIFT?

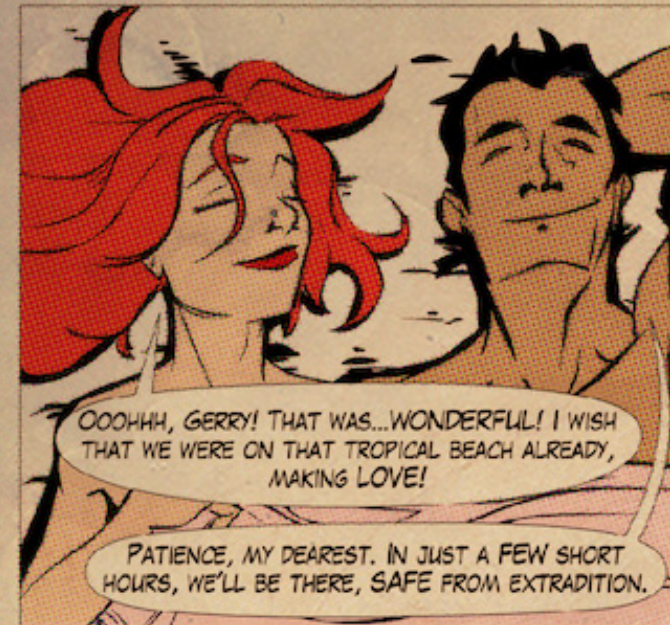
TALES OF THE DESPERATE
 ART BY: FANTASY PLAY, DOCTOR RANDOM, YURHAUSEN, & C.A.B.
 WRITTEN BY: TEE HEE LAWRENCE, FANTASY PLAY, SUIKODEN, & C.A.B.

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HEE HEE HEE! THE GOOD DOCTOR RANDOM HERE...WITH A TALE ABOUT A BEAUTIFUL BIRDIE SCHEMING TO FLY SOUTH FOR A NEW BEGINNING WITH HER LOVER... BUT WHO'S GOT A JEALOUS HUBBY THAT WOULD MUCH PREFER TO GIVE HER A MORE TICKLISH...



OOOHHH, GERRY! THAT WAS...WONDERFUL! I WISH THAT WE WERE ON THAT TROPICAL BEACH ALREADY, MAKING LOVE!

PATIENCE, MY DEAREST. IN JUST A FEW SHORT HOURS, WE'LL BE THERE, SAFE FROM EXTRADITION.



AND I'LL BE FREE OF MY BIRD-BRAINED HUSBAND WARREN. I DID AS WE PLANNED...EMPTIED THE JOINT ACCOUNTS AND CLEANED OUT THE SAFE DEPOSIT BOX OF HIS STOCKS AND BONDS.

EXCELLENT, MY LOVE! WE'LL LIVE LIKE ROYALTY IN THE ISLANDS.



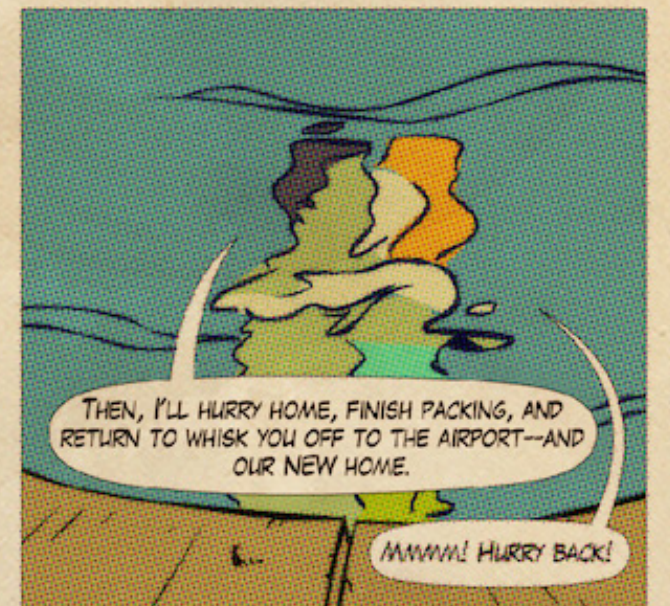
WE'LL HAVE ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD TO FROLIC ON THE BEACH AND--KITCHEY COO!

EEEEEEEEEEEEEE! DON'T, GERRY! I'M TOO TICKLISH! YOU KNOW I CAN'T STAND IT!



HAHA! 'SORRY, 'COULDN'T RESIST. DID YOU WRITE YOUR 'DEAR JOHN' LETTER FOR HIM YET?

YES, I LEFT IT ON HIS DESK IN HIS STUDY. WARREN'LL FIND IT WHEN HE RETURNS FROM AFRICA NEXT WEEK. HEHEHEH, THE POOR FEATHER BRAIN!

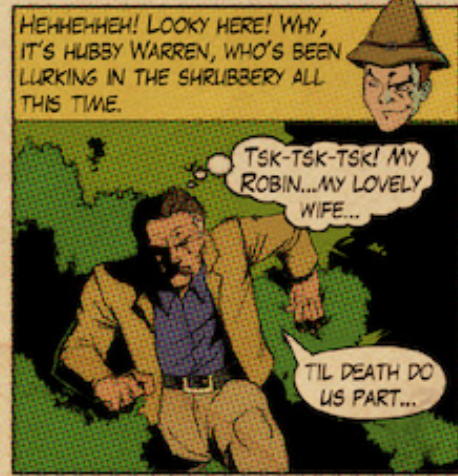


THEN, I'LL HURRY HOME, FINISH PACKING, AND RETURN TO WHISK YOU OFF TO THE AIRPORT--AND OUR NEW HOME.

MAWWW! HURRY BACK!



TICKLED PINK IN PARADISE...PURRRRRR!



HEHEHEH! LOOKY HERE! WHY, IT'S HUSBY WARREN, WHO'S BEEN LURKING IN THE SHRUBBERY ALL THIS TIME.

Tsk-tsk-tsk! My Robin...my lovely wife...

TIL DEATH DO US PART...



WARREN! WHA-WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE SO-SO--



UNEXPECTED, MY DEAR? HEH. BAD WEATHER IN TANZANIA. THE BIRDWATCHING WAS SCOTCHED, SO I THOUGHT I'D SURPRISE YOU. BUT, YOU, INSTEAD SURPRISED ME.



OH. YOU'VE BEEN IN YOUR STUDY...WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER. GERRY WILL BE BACK SHORTLY AND--



I'M AFRAID "GERRY" WILL NOT BE RETURNING, DEAREST. I TAMPERED WITH THE BRAKES ON HIS LITTLE ITALIAN SPORTS CAR. RIGHT THIS MOMENT, I IMAGINE HE'S NOT QUITE NEGOTIATING A CURVE NEAR BEAR MOUNTAIN.



NO! AIIIIIIIIII!

AS FOR YOU, "DEAREST," A BIT OF SLEEP...AND THEN, AN AMUSING LESSON IN ORNITHOLOGY...



I HOPE THAT YOU APPRECIATE, MY DEAR, DEVOTED ROBIN, THAT I'VE OFFERED YOU THE PRIDE OF MY AVIAN PLUMAGE COLLECTION...

TICKLING YOUR SENSITIVE, SHAVEN ARMPITS ARE THE COLORFUL TAIL FEATHERS OF AN INDONESIAN LORIKEET.

DUSTING YOUR TITANIC, TREMULOUS TITS ARE THE DIAPHANOUS SEMIPLUMES OF AN ARGENTINIAN RHEA.

YOUR TOUCHY RIBS ARE BEING NUDGED BY THE FIRM FLIGHT FEATHERS OF A CANADIAN SNOW GOOSE.

TRACING THE INNUMERABLE WRINKLES AND LINES OF YOUR SOFT SUCCULENT SOLES AND TANTALIZING YOUR LOVELY TOES ARE THE CONTOUR FEATHERS OF A MADAGASCAN BANDED KESTREL.

AT YOUR FETCHING FUNDAMENT IS A SET OF NATURE'S SUPREME TICKLING TOOLS: THE PLUSH PLUMES OF A BARRED OWL. AND I'M BRUSHING YOUR PRECIOUS PUSSY WITH--GET THIS!--THE FABULOUS FEATHER OF A MASKED LOVEBIRD, MY NEW SOUVENIR FROM TANZANIA.

LAUGH, MY CUNNING LITTLE CUCKOO...MY DEVIOS DARLING DOVE...MY TITTLATING TICKLISH TITMOUSE...LAUGH YOUR FOOLISH, FAITHLESS HEAD OFF!

WHATCHA BET THAT--AS THE FEATHERS STROKE HER FOR LOOOONG SECONDS...MINUTES...HOURS...DAYS, ROBIN WISHES THAT WARREN HADN'T SO GENEROUSLY GIVEN HER FINE ASS THE BIRD? HEE HEE HEE!

Ever-Lovin' END



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WITH A SADISTIC FRIEND...YOU DO SO
AT YOUR OWN RISK.



Available wherever fine toys are sold.

They're fetishy good fun.

AURORA

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POOR MEEK AND MILD HAROLD POTTS, HIS LIFE WAS AS BORING AS HE WAS... A DULL JOB, A DULL HOBBY, AND HIS SHREWSH BOOZY WIFE BLANCHE COULDN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF HIM. BUT HAROLD HAD A SECRET... A FETISH FOR TICKLING! AND HE YEARNED FOR THE CHANCE TO INDULGE IT ON BLANCHE'S FEET... AND TELL HER...

YOUR LAUGHTER IS DIVINE

OH, MY GOODNESS!
LOOK AT HER...
THOSE LOVELY,
BEAUTIFUL FEET!
IF ONLY I COULD...
...SIGH...

OH BROTHER!
JUST LOOK AT HIM...
PITIFUL...PLAYING WITH HIS
STUPID PLANTS!
IF ONLY I COULD BE RID OF...
...SIGH...

I MUST IGNORE MY FETISH IMPULSES...SHE MUST NEVER KNOW. FOCUS ON MY WORK. AH YES! MY DARLING PLANTS, THEY ARE RESPONDING SO WELL TO MY ELIXIR. HOW VIGOROUS YOU GROW FOR ME, YOUR CREATOR!

DID YOU HEAR ME,
HAROLD? I CALLED YOU
PITIFUL!

DON'T YOU DARE IGNORE ME, LITTLE MAN! A WOMAN HAS INTUITION... I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE BEEN STARING AT. YOU WANT THESE GORGEOUS TOOTSIES, DON'T YOU, HAROLD? WELL ITS NOT GOING TO HAPPEN. AND DO YOU KNOW WHY? ...BECAUSE YOU ARE A FOOL, HAROLD. A PITIFUL FOOL. AND NOT MUCH OF A MAN WHERE IT COUNTS.

I'M GOING INTO TOWN FOR A FEW COCKTAILS AT THE BAR. MAYBE THERE'S SOME REAL MEN THERE. I'D TELL YOU NOT TO WAIT UP FOR ME, HAROLD, BUT I KNOW YOU'LL PROBABLY BE IN YOUR STUPID GREENHOUSE ANYWAY, WITH YOUR STUPID PLANTS!



YES, DEAR.

WIC!

PLEASE, DRIVE CAREFUL, MY LOVE!



GO TO BLAZES, HAROLD

EVEN AS SHE STUMBLES AWAY, HER FEET ARE SO SEXY.

I MUST HAVE THEM! ... PERHAPS LATER... WHEN SHE HAS PASSED OUT.

LATER THAT NIGHT, AND INTO EARLY MORNING, HAROLD PUSHES ALL HIS FETISH FANTASY THOUGHTS TO THE SIDE AND BURIES HIMSELF DEEP INTO HIS BOTANICAL EXPERIMENTS. SOON HE BEGINS TO REALIZE HIS PET PLANTS SEEM TO COME ALIVE AND REACT TO HIS VERY THOUGHTS!



HA! HA! HA!

UNCANNY!

MY BELOVED SPECIMENS!

IT IS AS IF MY FORMULA HAS GIVEN YOU SENTIENCE... EMPATHY! YOU MOVE AND REACT TO MY VERY ELATION!

I SHALL BE LAUDED AS THE GENIUS OF MY SCIENTIFIC ERA!

JUST THEN, BLANCHE SWERVES UP THE DRIVEWAY AND STAGGERS OUT OF THE CAR, A DRUNKEN MESS.



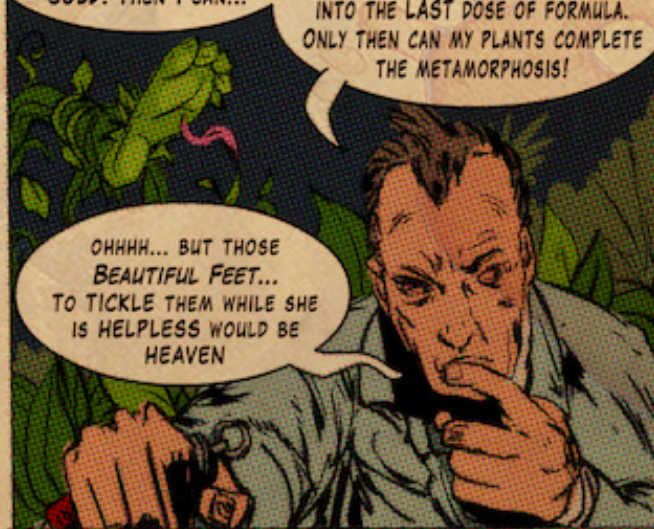
H-HAROLD...? HAROLD!! COME GET ME, SWEETIE! ...YA LITTLE PERVERT.

HAROLD?!!

TYPICAL... THE LITTLE TWERP IS PLAYING WITH THOSE AWFUL PLANTS AGAIN.

OH MY HEAD... I NEED TO GET SOME SLEEP.

BLANCHE! SHE'LL BE DRUNK AND OUT COLD. THEN I CAN...



NO! I MUSTN'T! I HAVE YET TO INJECT MY BLOOD SERUM INTO THE LAST DOSE OF FORMULA. ONLY THEN CAN MY PLANTS COMPLETE THE METAMORPHOSIS!

OH MY... BUT THOSE BEAUTIFUL FEET... TO TICKLE THEM WHILE SHE IS HELPLESS WOULD BE HEAVEN

HAROLD SILENTLY STEALS INTO THE HOUSE, HIS HEART THRUMMING WITH NERVOUS ANTICIPATION. HE FINDS BLANCHE SNORING DEEP IN LIQUORED SLUMBER. HIS MOUTH IS DRIPPING WITH FETISH LECHERY.



SHE SLEEPS! OH...OH...OH... THOSE BEAUTIFUL, TENDER FEET!

THEY ARE IRRESISTIBLE! I MUSTN'T...

BUT I AM HELPLESS TO RESIST!

OOOOHHH... AMBROSIA! SWEET SUCCULENT NECTAR! HOW I HAVE LONGED TO TOUCH AND LICK THESE SILKEN SOLES! LAUGH FOR ME IN YOUR SLEEP, MY DARLING!



TICKLE TICKLE TICKLE!

MOAN... HEE! HEE! HEE!

SUDDENLY, BLANCHE AWAKENS! EMBARRASSED, HUMILIATED, AND ENRAGED AT THE FEEL OF HER OWN WETNESS AND THE SIGHT OF HAROLD AT HER FEET... THEN, BEHIND HER.



OH MY GAWD!!! HAROLD!! YOU PIG! WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?!

UNGH!!! OH, MY LOVE! YOU FEEL SO... I'M ALMOST...

P-PLEASE! BLANCHE! MY LOVE! I ONLY WANTED... I DIDN'T MEAN...

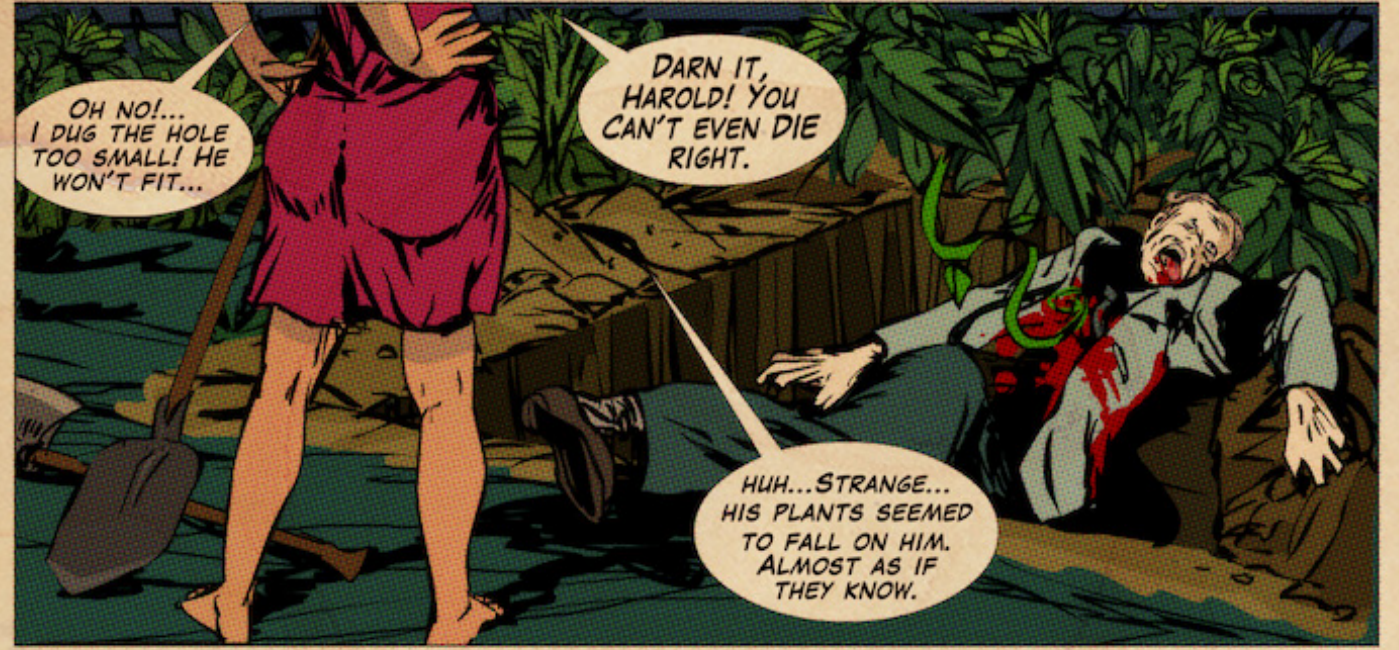
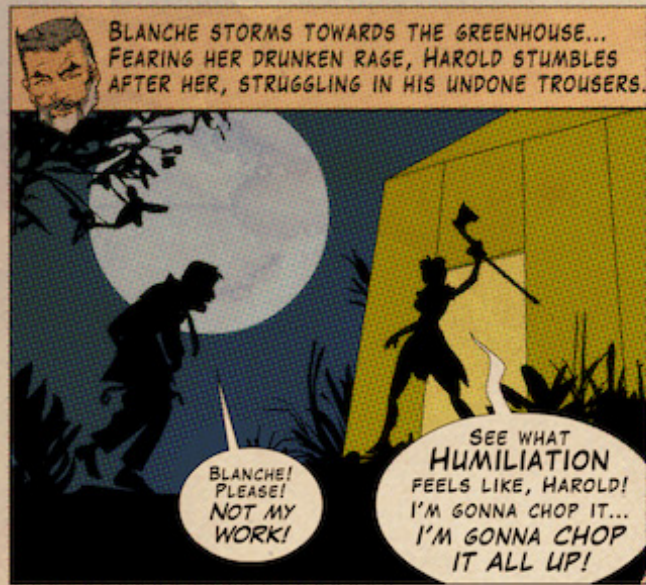
BLANCHE! PLEASE! DON'T BE VIOLENT!



YOU'RE DISGUSTING HAROLD! I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT YOU WERE DOING! YOU AND THAT FILTHY MANIA OF YOURS TO TICKLE MY FEET!

WELL, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR OBSESSIONS... LIKE THOSE GOD AWFUL PLANTS YOU FAWN OVER NIGHT AND DAY!

BUT I'M GONNA FIX THAT, HAROLD! I'M GONNA FIX THAT RIGHT NOW!





REST IN
PIECES,
HAROLD.



MONTHS PASS, AND NOBODY MISSES HAROLD, NOBODY EVER NOTICED HIM ENOUGH TO CARE. BLANCHE SETTLES INTO A HAPPY LIFE OF SELF-INDULGENCE; LAZINESS, BOOZE, STRANGE MEN, AND MORE BOOZE.



OH GAWD!
YES! YES!
MAKE ME YOUR
DIRTY WHORE!
UNGH! UH!

DAY BY DAY, THE PROPERTY BEGINS TO FALL INTO DISREPAIR. HAROLD'S GARDEN BEGINS TO TAKE OVER THE YARD AND CREEP TOWARDS THE HOUSE WITH A WEIRD, SINGLE-MINDED INTENT.



LA... LA...
LA... LA...
DE DA!



I'M
JUST WILD
ABOUT...
HAROLD!
LA... LA...

WELL, YOU'VE BEEN
DEAD FOR A YEAR NOW,
HAROLD!
THANK YOU.

KILLING YOURSELF
WAS THE BEST THING
YOU EVER DID FOR
ME!



MMMM...
THIS HOT SHOWER
HAS GOTTEN ME
ALL BOTHERED.

THINK I'LL
BE A LITTLE NAUGHTY
BEFORE BEDTIME.



AND AS LONG AS
HAROLD'S ROYALTY
CHECKS KEEP COMING IN,
I HAVE NOTHING ELSE
I NEED TO DO!
HA HA!



OOHHH... YEAH...
SOOOO HOT!
OOOOHHH...
MMMMM...



OOOHH.. I'M GOING TO...
HEE HEE HEE!
THAT TICKLES..

WAIT!
WHAT?!?



ULP!!

132 ROMAN SLAVE GIRLS

ONLY \$1.98

2 COMPLETE ROMAN HAREMS Conquer and capture nubile female slaves in the old Roman way! Mount your own attacks against a town or city and take them screaming by the dozen! Every piece of molded plastic—each on its own base. Two complete sets, one in red and one in pink! Your satisfaction guaranteed or full refund.



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ROMAN SLAVE GIRLS No C.O.D.'s
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TICKLERELLA



6 FEET TALL

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Only **3.98**
Bondage Wristlets

"Power Exchange" Arm Binders To Give you mighty Dom Power

"Power exchange" Wristlets give you power over her without special equipment or exercises. Just have her wear these rugged leather wristlets during your ordinary BDSM activities at work or play.
 .. # 900 \$3.98

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A specially treated pair of sunglasses with secret mirrors that enable you to look at feet without anyone knowing you're watching.
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Make her jump and cum.
 236..... only 50¢

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NAME & NUMBER OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

Please add 25¢ to total order for postage and handling. **TOTAL AMOUNT ENCLOSED**

For COD orders please send 50¢ good will deposit. Pay postman the balance on delivery plus COD and handling charges.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

NY State residents add state and local sales tax.



NO! PLEASE!! DON'T! I CAN'T BEAR IT!

DOES THAT TICKLE, BLANCHE IS IT TORTURE?

IS IT... HUMILIATING?

YOU WERE ALWAYS TOO STERILE, MY BELOVED WIFE! YOU WERE ALWAYS IN GREAT NEED OF A GOOD TICKLING!

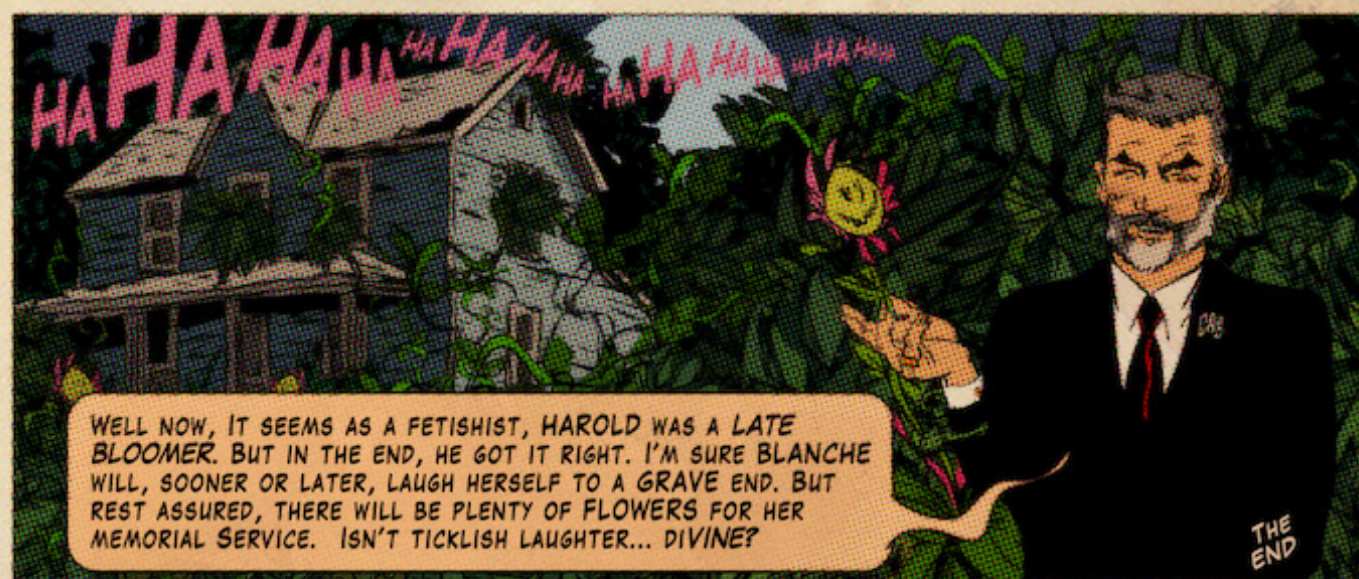


STOP! PLEASE! DON'T TICKLE MY FEEET!!

I WAS NEVER ABLE TO DO THAT FOR YOU IN LIFE... BUT I'M GONNA FIX THAT, BLANCHE!!



I'M GONNA FIX THAT RIGHT NOW!



WELL NOW, IT SEEMS AS A FETISHIST, HAROLD WAS A LATE BLOOMER. BUT IN THE END, HE GOT IT RIGHT. I'M SURE BLANCHE WILL, SOONER OR LATER, LAUGH HERSELF TO A GRAVE END. BUT REST ASSURED, THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF FLOWERS FOR HER MEMORIAL SERVICE. ISN'T TICKLISH LAUGHTER... DIVINE?

THE END

HAH, HAH! WELCOME, DEAR READER. I AM THE KEEPER OF THE HOUSE OF PLAY! COME!
HAH, HAH... COME... AND I WILL TELL YOU A STORY GUARANTEED TO MAKE YOUR BLOOD
RACE... A STORY OF CONTROL AND EXHAUSTIVE DEVOTION... THIS TALE IS CALLED:



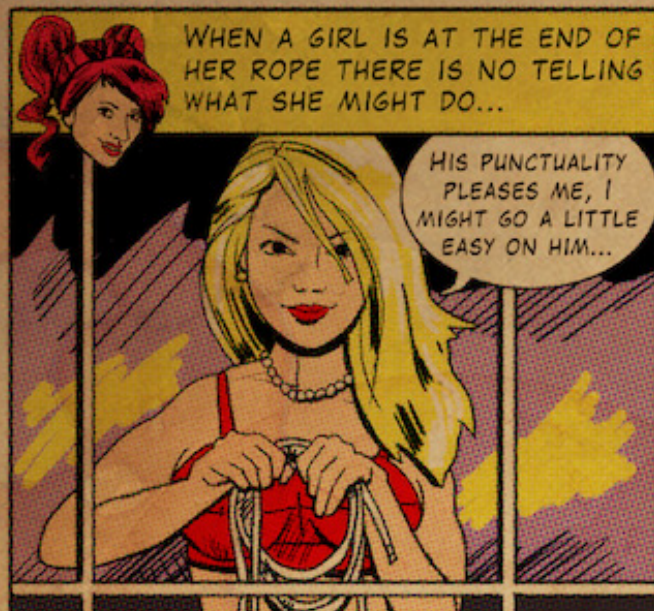
CONTROL FREAK



MY STORY TAKES PLACE IN A REMOTE SETTING!
LATE ONE NIGHT... DEEP IN THE FOREST, IN
A DESERTED COTTAGE...



OH COME ON! A SHACK?!
THIS MUST BE A JOKE...



WHEN A GIRL IS AT THE END OF
HER ROPE THERE IS NO TELLING
WHAT SHE MIGHT DO...

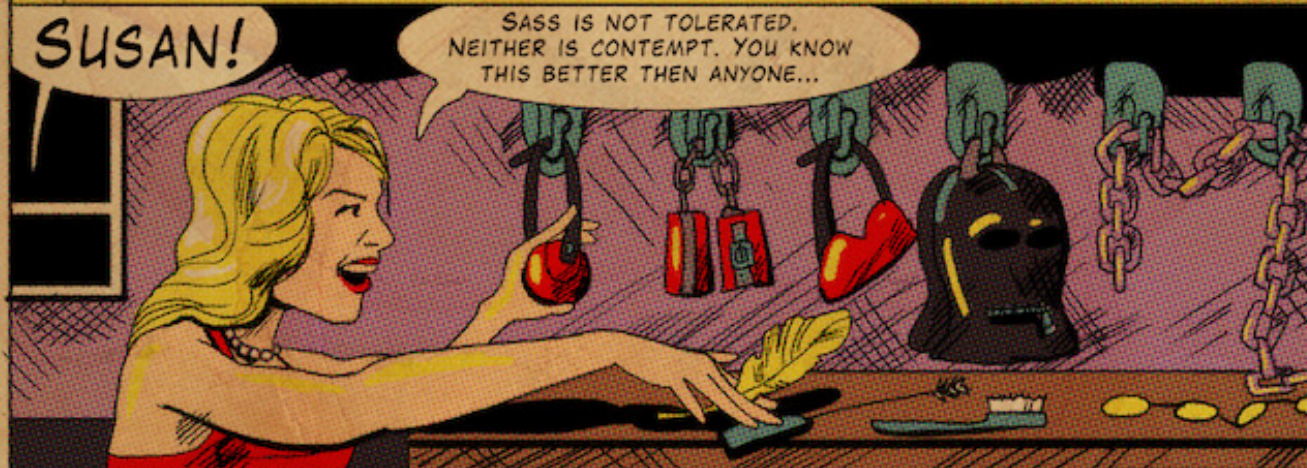
HIS PUNCTUALITY
PLEASES ME, I
MIGHT GO A LITTLE
EASY ON HIM...



THIS BETTER BE THE PLACE...

DAMN IT
SUSAN!

THE DEEP, CRUEL TONE OF HIS VOICE REVEALS HIS DISPLEASURE AND PROMPTS SUSAN TO RELIVE ALL THE PSYCHOLOGICAL TORTURE, INAPPROPRIATE SEXUAL ADVANCES AND YEARS OF CONTROL IN A FLEETING THOUGHT. SHE RECALLS HOW HER SUFFERING MADE HIM SMILE EAR TO EAR. YET AFTER ALL THAT TORMENT SHE NOW FINDS AN INCREASED CONVICTION. ACCLIMATIZED TO HIS RANTING, SUSAN GRINS PENSIVELY WHILE HEARING HER NAME YELLED OVER AND OVER AGAIN.



SUSAN!

SASS IS NOT TOLERATED.
NEITHER IS CONTEMPT. YOU KNOW
THIS BETTER THEN ANYONE...

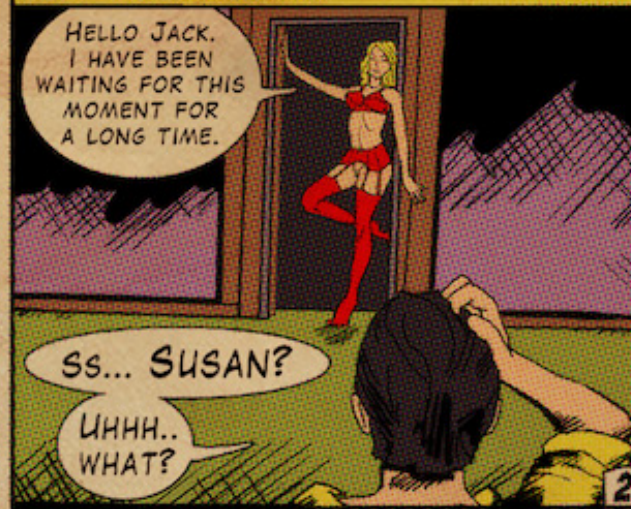
THE RICKETY DOOR ALMOST FALLS OFF THE FRAME AS HE
BARGES INTO THE DARK MAIN ROOM. HIS ANGER IS NERVE
CUTTING. BUT SUSAN HAS BEEN DESENSITIZED BY HIS
TYRANNY.



WHY IS IT SO DARK IN HERE?
AND WHY THE HELL DID YOU HAVE
ME COME ALL THE WAY OUT TO
THIS SHIT HOLE?!

SUSAN!!

CALMLY AND AS SWEET AS CANDY, THE PANTIELESS
YOUNG LADY SMILES LONGINGLY TO THE SUDDENLY
SILENT AND CONFUSED MAN.



HELLO JACK.
I HAVE BEEN
WAITING FOR THIS
MOMENT FOR
A LONG TIME.

SS... SUSAN?

UHHH..
WHAT?

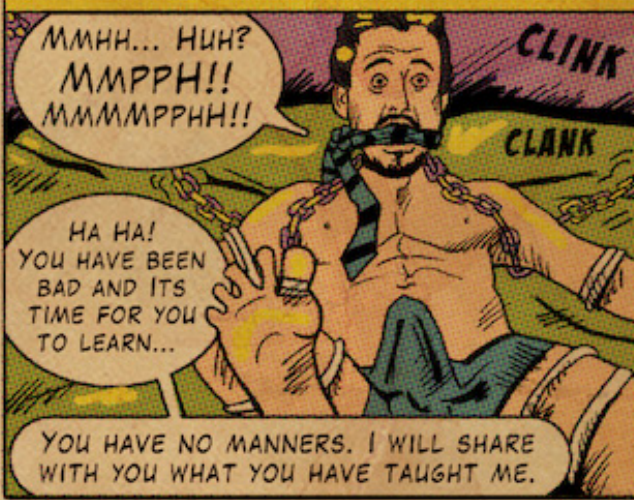
AS JACK RELUCTANTLY FOLLOWS SUSAN'S INSTRUCTION TO RELAX, HIS IMPATIENCE AND DISPLEASURE START TO MAKE HIM GROW TENSE. NOT EVEN THE RED SEXY LINGERIE HE TOLD HER TO WEAR IS EFFECTIVE IN SHIFTING HIS FOUL MOOD. INSTEAD, UNDER A FURROWED BROW, HE DETERMINES A SUITABLE PUNISHMENT WHILE CONTEMPTIBLY STARING AT HER TEAR-DROP ASS...



A MIXTURE OF SLEEPING PILLS AND VIAGRA ARE ADDED TO HIS DRINK AND HE DOWNS IT GREEDILY. THE EFFECTS ARE ALMOST INSTANT.



IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR THE DRUGS TO TAKE EFFECT. AND IT GAVE SUSAN AMPLE TIME TO MAKE JACK MORE COMFORTABLE.



SUSAN STARTS SLOWLY BY SCRAPPING HIS SOLE WITH A SCRATCHY PINE CONE. EVERY JERK OF HIS MOISTENING ANKLE GIVES HER A THRILL!



DAZED AND CONFUSED, JACK SQUIRMS UNDER SUSAN. SHE KNOWS THAT THE ONE THING JACK HATES ABOVE ALL ELSE IS BEING TICKLED!



THE SIGHT OF HIS ANGST, THE TAUGHT ROPES, AND HIS MOANS MIXED WITH THE SENSATION OF HIS BALLS BEING SQUASHED UNDER KNEE REALLY AROUSES HER.



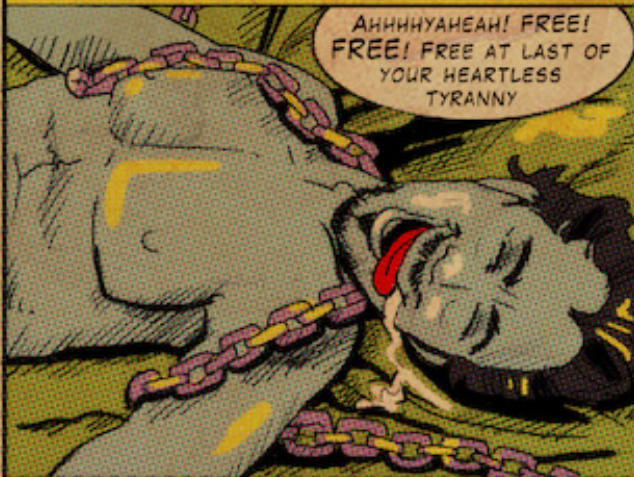
BY THE TIME SUSAN UNZIPPED JACK'S MOUTH, HE WAS ABOUT TO BURST MORE THEN A FEW BRAIN CELLS! SPENT AND REELING FROM THE DRUGS HE IS STARTING TO LOOSE THE FIGHT.



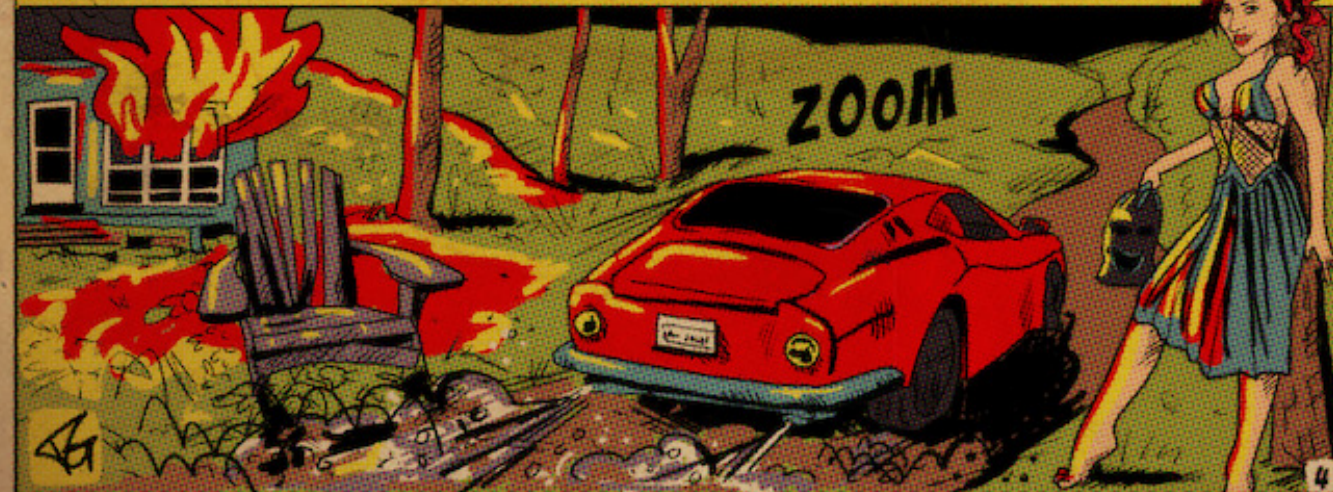
FORCING DOMINANCE SHE STRADDLES HIS FACE, RIDING AGAINST HIS FUTILE STRUGGLES. JACK'S ENGORGEMENT BOBS, THROBS AND BEGS FOR RELEASE AS HIS PULSE BEGINS TO WEAKEN.



DURING THE LAST MOMENTS OF LIFE, SUSAN SHOWS THE KINDNESS AND MERCY SHE WAS NEVER OFFERED AND GIVES HIM ONE LAST ORGASMIC RELEASE. FOR HER, SHE HAS THE BEST ORGASM OF HER LIFE!



ALTHOUGH JACK'S BODY WAS NEVER RECOVERED, SUSAN ASSURED EVERYONE THAT THE LAST TIME SHE SAW HIM HE WAS GRINNING FROM EAR TO EAR. DURING HIS LAST THOUGHTS HE NEVER IMAGINED IN HIS SELFISH SMALL WORLD THAT ALL THE WHILE HE WAS TRAINING A ... CONTROL FREAK!





"Laugh for Mummy"

by Suikoden

Maxine Sinclair worked feverishly to release the locking mechanism on an ancient stone door covered in hieroglyphics. The voluptuous, young redhead was certain she had discovered the treasure trove of the cult of Bastet, the Egyptian cat goddess. Legend said Jamila, the beautiful leader of the cult had been entombed with her loyal priests and the cult's treasures as part of an arcane ritual to achieve immortality. Maxine was determined to locate these riches and had stolen the life's research of her old mentor, Professor Merriweather to do so.

The young woman traced the images carved into the sandstone until she found the image of Horus mentioned in Merriweather's notes. She pressed the image until it gave way with a groaning sound as ancient mechanisms creaked into life the thick door rumbled backwards. Maxine scrambled to her feet, brushing dust from her pants. She stepped into the chamber and was awestruck at what her flashlight illuminated. The walls were inscribed with hieroglyphics and there was a stone altar in the middle of the room. Against the far wall was an ornate sarcophagus featuring the image of Bastet. Against the other three walls were simpler, stone sarcophagi. And all around the chamber were caskets overflowing with gold and jewels.

Maxine whooped with delight. An ornate golden necklace inlaid with rubies caught her eye. She didn't know why but she had to wear it. She brushed her hair back, loosened her collar and placed the jewelled item around her neck, admiring her reflection in a golden dish. Her thoughts were interrupted by a light emanating from the golden sarcophagus against the wall. It grew in intensity until Maxine had to shield her gaze with her hand. She blinked hard and found herself gazing at a statuesque beauty in white robes and garlanded with gold and sapphires.

"Jamila?" She breathed, knowing it was impossible. The woman reached out with long elegant fingers to stroke Maxine's red hair. "Shani, beloved. I have waited lifetimes for your return."

Maxine took a step backwards. She must be hallucinating. She shook her head but Jamila was still there with a predatory smile. A cold shiver ran down Maxine's spine. She turned to flee but her arms and legs wouldn't move. She looked down to see filthy grey bandages wrapped around her limbs, trapping her. At the other ends of those bandages were mummified figures, their rotting faces fixed in a rictus grin. Maxine screamed and tried to pull away but their grip was like steel. She looked over her shoulder at Jamila. "This is a mistake. I'm not Shani. My name is Maxine Sinclair. I'm from New York, I'm a researcher." Jamila gently stroked the quivering redhead's chin. "Shani, you betrayed us but you have come back."

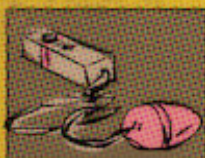
Maxine felt her feet leave the ground as she was carried to the altar. She was stretched out across the cool stone and leather thongs wrapped around her wrists and ankles. The rotting priests chuckled malevolently as she screamed. Jamila smiled wickedly. "Shani, beloved. You must now accept the price for betrayal - the rapture of one thousand feathers." The priestess produced a curved golden blade and began cutting Maxine's clothes away until she was naked except for the ruby necklace.

The priests stepped forward and began to anoint her with a pungent, tingling oil. Maxine squealed and protested as their fingers worked the oil into her skin. Jamila produced three red feathers with long pointed ends. "Shani, beloved. I remember how the temple would reverberate with the music of your laughter each time I was forced to punish you. And now, our temple will echo with your sweet torment...for eternity." Maxine squirmed as the Egyptian beauty began to stroke the tips of the feathers against her glistening flesh.

"Ah, little one, there is no escape from my judgement." Jamila purred. Maxine fought against the laughter but finally she could hold it in no longer and once she started, she simply could not stop. Such was her preoccupation with the maddening torture of the feathers that she failed to notice the stone door sliding itself back into place, sealing both the chamber and her fate.



TICKLE TORTURE FEATHERS



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Texas



FOOT STOCKS



LEATHER RIDING CROP



BUTT PLUG SET



TENS UNIT



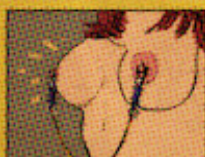
TOE CUFFS



SPREADER BAR



ELECTRIC TOOTHBRUSH



NIPPLE CLAMPS



KING DONG VIBE



2.25 INCHES



HAND & ANKLE CUFFS



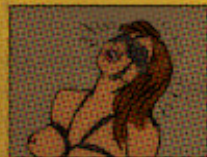
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