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"EXOTIQUE"

. . . dedicated to FASHIONS,
FADS and FANCIES

No. 25

CONTENTS:

"Clothes Make The Woman"	Pg. 9
"Episodes In A Lingerie Shop"	" 35
"From Me To You"	" 45
"Deborah"	" 60

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... IN FACT AND IN FICTION

"CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN"

by

Evelyn Adams

* * *

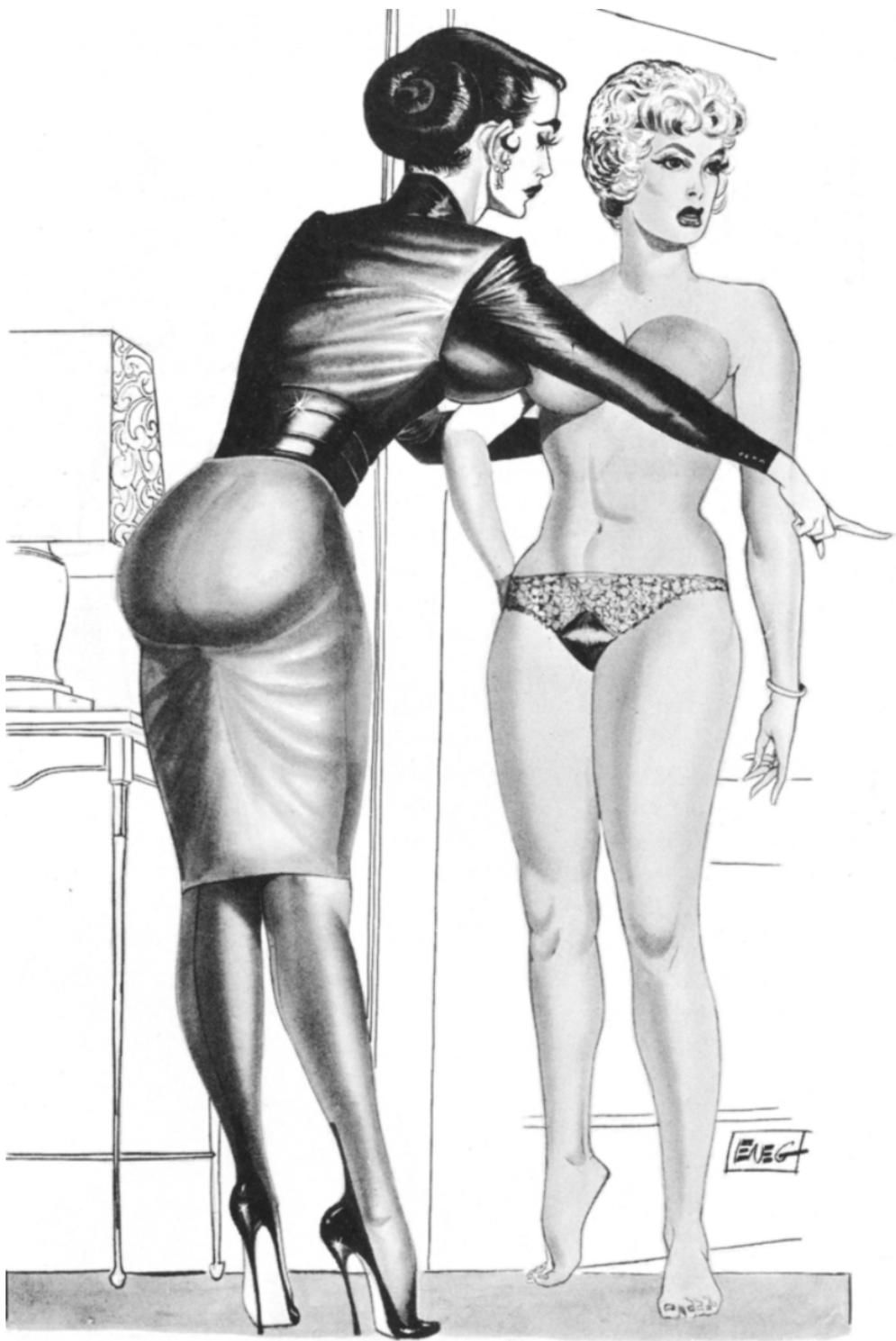
Julie dabbed at the corners of her eyes with a lace trimmed pink handkerchief and looked at her visitor, Doris, with yearning. "Really," the girl said and crossed her silken clad legs, revealing a pair of winking dimples at her knees just below the hem of her cotton, pleated skirt, "I just don't know what's gotten into Don lately. When we married, he paid so much attention to me." She blushed slightly and was grateful for the silken scarf around her neck to hide the reddening glow. "In fact, he loved to dress me in nice clothes, from a silky half slip right down to a tight corset--leather trimmed with laced so thick that

THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL . . .

they felt like wooden branches squeezing my middle." Julie wept some more. "But now, Don just doesn't care how I look."

Doris frowned. "It's your own fault, Julie. You've neglected your clothing tastes. And you know that any man likes a girl more if she's properly dressed. I've got my suitcase with interesting clothes that I used when I posed for a photographer this morning. Let's try some on you." She got up; Doris was a statuesque raven-haired beauty, her thick black hair tied in a round bun at the nape of her neck. She was wearing a black satin blouse; behind, it was buttoned right from the waist up to the neckline in tiny leather clasps, so tiny it was a miracle she could open them. Around her waist was--a patent leather belt but when she bent down, the leather squeezed her even tighter, pinching her waist, making her bosom swell out to magnificent size. The twin breasts ballooned into huge shape to fairly burst through the satin blouse.

Doris' skirt was made of pure leather. Tinted a dark red, it was fairly tight



THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL . . .

around her curvaceous bottom outlining the large hips to a shocking degree. She wore a rubber-enforced girdle beneath, complete with a set of metal garters which fastened onto cobwebby and smoke-colored silk stockings. And her shoes--how positively intriguing. They were the color of flashing rubies. Studded with glittering gems, the heels were almost transparent. When the light reflected through the perfect five inch tapering heels which looked riveted into her own foot, the ruby colored heels glittered, as though alive and blood-engorged. Through the open toe peeked two huge, red toes, more like claws of a vicious animal.

Julie wondered if she could ever dress as well as did Doris. Then, Doris ripped open the leather suitcases and started bringing out all sorts of items. She turned to face the timid Julie and her voice rasped a command. "Strip yourself down. We'll start from your bare skin." Her eyes locked with the defenseless, meek girl and Julie started to protest but knew that she would have to take advice, or else lose her beloved husband.

... IN FACT AND IN FICTION

Shyly, she opened up the gripper fasteners of her soft beige tinted nylon blouse and then slipped it off her shoulders. Doris could not help gasping. Beneath-- Julie was stark naked! Her brassiere-free breasts were full and round like saucers and in the midst of the pink swelling globules were two huge cherries--her saucy nipples, looking moist, juicy and as delicious as any bowl of cherries. Her breasts shook from their uptilted, curved position as Julie bent to unclasp more gripper fasteners to free herself from her cotton, pleated skirt. The skirt fell down to her knees, then around her trim ankles and she kicked it off to a corner.

“You--you’re beautiful!” said Doris in a husky voice as she impulsively reached out and palmed one of the swelling, thick pink breasts and squeezed the soft flesh until it bruised and Julie gasped. She was dreadfully shy; up until now, only her own husband had seen her nude--but, she was with an old friend, Doris, so what was there to be afraid of?

THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL . . .

Doris grew impatient. She seized the pink panties and dug her sharp nails into the soft fabric and ripped them from Julie's shocked, slim torso. Her ivory tinted skin became a suffused flush. Her twin hips were dimpled to exquisite proportions and as she walked about, her swelling flesh shook very slightly, in unison to her lyre-shaped thighs which swelled out into warm and delightful curves.

"Please," stammered Julie, "what if someone catches us?"

"Oh, shut up!" cried Doris, slamming her ruby heels into the ground. For an instant, it seemed as if wine-colored blood dripped out but it was just imagination; the ruby heels, tapering to a lean five inches looked almost life-like, as though they had been filled with rich, ripe blood. Yes, living blood! "Besides, I'm going to get dressed, also, into something more secure. Who can deny that a tight satin corset and a pair of leather knee-length boots give endurance and strength of character to a girl?"

... IN FACT AND IN FICTION

Julie was only too eager to agree. Then she watched Doris disrobe herself. It was done quickly. The little buttons behind her blouse fairly flew open, oddly enough, as though eager to do her bidding. Then, she was down to her heart-shaped panties. Made of sinister black lace, they covered her thick hips almost like the hands of a large man, gripping her round bottom and squeezing the flesh until it left marks and wounds.

Doris hooked her fingers into the elastic of her panties and they slid down the ivory columns of her thick thighs, over her knees and then she kicked the soft mass away with her red toenails. She was shockingly beautiful. Her pelvic area looked reddened in the dim light of the bedroom. She must have been wearing a tight girdle, Julie reasoned. Then, the satin bra became unhooked and out leaped the tanned breasts--they were thick and bouncy, naughty in their movements. The enormous red tips stuck out as rigid as a taut finger, yearning to be caressed with loving care.

THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL . . .

"Both of us are nude," Doris said firmly, "which means that I'll give you a step-by-step demonstration of how to dress and you can copy my style."

Julie agreed to follow directions; anything, to get some clothes on her. She was still blushing at her own nudity and her breasts became firm and rigid, bulging out even further. She kept her dimpled knees close together.

First, Doris brought out sheer nylons, made of a dark bluish tint. She bent over and as she did, her huge breasts hung out, like ripe melons on a heavy bough, yearning to be seized and gnawed upon. Then the sheer nylon covered her tapering legs, right up to the intimacy of her thighs where a double hem covered her most precious privacy of the inside of the thick thighs.

Julie was given a dark greenish pair of sheer nylons and she was glad to feel the soft, luxuriant fabric creep up her ankles, calves, and then enclasp her thighs with a warm, coziness, so snug and comfortable.

. . . IN FACT AND IN FICTION

She shuddered because the double hem was so tight, it was as if Don were kissing her thighs tenderly.

Then, Doris reached over to caress the soft throbbing breasts. "What are you shivering about, Julie?" she demanded. "You want to dress properly don't you? Or, do you want to lose your husband altogether? I've seen many marriages come together when the wife learns what to wear."

"Of...of...course," she stammered and tried not to back away because Doris was fondling her creamy, pink tips.

"I just want to know what size bra you need to wear." She smiled as she intimately explored the valley between the huge bosom. When she satisfied herself, Doris went to her suitcase and brought out a delightful looking green lace bra. It matched her ivory skin wonderfully and when it was firmly enclasped from behind (Doris gave a few tugs on it, ignoring Julie's pleas that it hurt and begged her to stop) her saucy breasts were imprisoned in such tight leather

THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL . . .

cups (because the satin was only on the outside; within, the cups were pure, hard leather) that she could scarcely breathe.

Julie had to thrust her shoulders backward and her bosom, enforced by leather now plunged forth; like two thick cannon balls. "Yee-ee-ee-ee," she squealed when Doris playfully seized the soft flesh of her exposed tummy and pinched. She explored further for an instant and enjoyed Julie's helpless attitude. This would teach her a good lesson, she thought, to value her own body and make it more appealing to her husband.

A pair of green lace panties for Julie and then one made of dark bluish tint for herself completed the next-to-the-skin ensemble. Both girls were dressed alike except for the colors. Then came the surprise--twin pairs of satin corsets, complete with milk white laces from behind. The corsets were designed to pinch the waist until it reached a perfect twenty inches. It would help swell out the hips from beneath and the bosom above, enforced by compulsory deep breathing, would leap out even further. Satin garters

. . . IN FACT AND IN FICTION

with steel tips were dangling from the bottom, like the fangs of livid snakes.

"But--but," stammered Julie, even though she knew it was useless to protest, "I've never worn a corset like that before. It looks so small. It's going to hurt me!" Her eyes opened wide with terror as the smiling Doris advanced, holding the 'weapon' in her hands.

"It will not hurt; you've got to get used to it."

"No--no, I don't want to wear such a tight corset."

Doris grew angry. "If you want to get tough about it, I'll teach you a lesson. Some girls just refuse to take advice when they need it. I'll give you your medicine. . . the hard way!"

She seized the trembling Julie, whose bosom was shivering like jelly and her hips were throbbing with fear like a frightened stallion with flanks aglitter with sweat. Doris

THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL . . .

gripped one arm and turned her around, then reached beneath and enclosed the corset around her hips. It was like a tight sheath. Then, she started lacing it up. . .tighter and tighter. The laces had little marks which, when drawn together, made the waist a perfect twenty inches. Julie almost screamed. "I--I'm choking," she gasped, the tears rolling down her cheeks. "I--I can't breathe. Please, Doris, please let me free."

Doris ignored her. In fact, to complete the task more quickly and to hold still the shivering Julie, Doris brought her knee right up into the small of Julie's back, dug deeply. Julie's mouth opened but she could not yell. She could not inhale enough air!

Finally, the last lace was looped and a huge knot tied her into the corset. Doris helped the garters find their mates. . . the hems of the nylon stockings. Then, when Julie was firmly packed and sealed into the prison of the tight satin corset, Doris slapped the thick, bunched-together, fleshy thigh. Julie screamed! It was as if a red hot sword



THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL . . .

had been plunged into her thick thigh.

"Oh, stop bawling," said Doris, disgustedly. "I'm doing you a favor and this is all the appreciation I get." She busied herself in her own blue satin corset and finally, when it was over, she placed her arm around Julie's narrow waist and led her to the mirror. "See, honey, how pretty we both look."

Julie had to admit that she never knew clothes could made her so appealing. Especially with her wasp-like waist that now gave her an hour-glass figure. It was difficult to bend over, but she would adjust herself after some practice. Don was a playful sort--just the type who would deliberately toss something on the floor and force her to pick it up--just waiting to slap her swelling rump when she bent over. How it could sting, like a bolt of electricity shooting through her body. He sure had a sense of humor, that one!

Then, Julie had little time to think because Doris was bringing out--a pair of knee length leather boots. The leather was

soft and--for Julie, the leather was tinted green while Doris had a blue pair of leather boots for herself.

Julie's feet were forced into the narrow bottom of the boot where her heels were suddenly arched and her toes forced down to crushing proportions. The leather heels were pencil-thin and--encrusted with a series of tiny, sparkling horseshoe designs. They glittered in the light. The heels tapered to a perfect four inches. Doris explained, as the tight leather laces bit her flesh, pinching the softness of her calves until tears came to her eyes. Julie did not make any outcries because she knew that Doris wanted to help her and that high heeled boots were attractive only when they were laced up very tightly against the skin. Nothing could be so unpleasant looking as a series of loose laces and sloppily tied knots and bows.

Little by little, the tight feeling crept higher and higher until Julie felt that her knees were almost smashed when the tight laces bound her closer to the warmth

THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL . . .

of her ivory-tinted thighs. Julie knew that when the boots would eventually be removed, her creamy flesh would be marred with red ridges from the tightness of the laces but. . . a girl has to make some sacrifices for the man she loves.

"There," said Doris with satisfaction and straightening up, "that should just about do it. The laces are tied in a knot just behind your thighs, Julie, and you really look attractive." Suddenly, a sympathetic look came into Doris' eyes and she fell to her knees, embraced Julie's leather-covered legs and fondly caressed the lean length of green patent leather. Tears welled up in her eyes as her soft cheek rubbed against the shiny leather. "Please forgive me," Doris sniffed slightly as she stood up. "But I get so carried away when I see attractive clothes. . .even patent leather boots that I must get as close to the clothes as possible."

Then, Doris slipped her feet into her blue patent leather boots and with Julie's eager help, was able to be laced up good and tight in short order. Then came the clothes--

... IN FACT AND IN FICTION

a green satin skirt which had a built-in green patent leather belt at the waist. Down the side, beginning from the upper thigh until the hem, the skirt was split. This was part of the fashion, Doris explained. "Your husband will just love your boots and want to see all of them so the slit in the skirt gives him a peek-a-boo all the way!

Julie agreed that this certainly was a most unusual idea and she was completely in favor of it. Because her waist had already been squeezed tight by the satin corset beneath, it was easy to tighten the leather belt of her satin skirt. And then, a silken blouse was placed over her shoulders. It had a high neck, tight round collar and it buttoned up in the rear. Here again, as with the boots, were a series of intricately arranged buttons. It was as if she were trapped in a hidden maze, unable to find a way out. But the soft silk flattered her figure, giving her bust an outward thrust, pointing at a rigid angle.

When they were finished, both girls stood before a ceiling to floor length mirror

THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL . . .

to admire themselves. What a remarkable transformation! Julie did not believe she could ever look so attractive. And those boots--she tap-tapped them on the floor and thrilled to the gentle but firm echoing sound they made. She clenched her fists and practiced a snarl, much to the amusement of Doris.

"I see that you go along with my theory of treating men roughly in order to make them appreciate you. Oh, I almost forgot. Next week, I'll bring you a special overcoat. It is a scarlet and white cloak banded with fox fur. It'll go very well with your outfit. And I also have figure-hugging dresses made of black velvet that is guaranteed to make any man turn his head to look at you when you walk on the streets. If your clothes don't arouse his passion, your clop-clop sound of high-heeled boots will make his ears stand up."

Julie was more interested in Don and his reaction--he would be interested in her high-heeled boots; of that, she was certain. He always hinted that he felt women's

feet should be properly covered.

"One more item, and then we're finished." Doris gave her a pair of dangling earrings.

"How charming!" declared Julie when she saw that they were miniatures of tiny leg manacles, such as used on slaves in dungeons, centuries ago. Each earring had a tiny pair of these leg manacles and they made a dangling noise when she swished her head back and forth.

"There, Julie. You are now dressed, fit to kill, if I may use an expression." She placed her arm around the other girl and hugged her possessively. "I'm always glad to help a good friend. And I now must be leaving to go home to my own husband. Be sure to call me tomorrow and let me know what Don says."

"I sure will," called Julie after Doris' retreating figure as her high-heeled boots made a sharp and firm staccato sound as she left the apartment, clutching

THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL . . .

the leather suitcase in one hand. Julie smiled to herself and sat down to prepare herself for Don's arrival home. What a surprise he was going to get!

THE END













"EPISODES IN A LINGERIE SHOP"

by

Estelle Jammes

* * *

An inimitable sound reached my ears - - the "tac-tac" that only extremely high-heeled shoes can make as they step across a hard floor.

What an entrancing vision my mind pictured for me: here would be a woman whose figure would reveal training to perfection. She would be clothed in the ultimate of styling, and she would embody the finest of personal grooming. And her taste in underclothing would be exquisite.

I was not disappointed - in any respect.

She stood on the threshold of my small shop. Here was a new customer - one who might

THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL . . .

She surveyed me and my establishment critically. Apparently her appraisal of me satisfied her, as I planned that all my clients see in me the personification of what I believe: that a woman must appear All-Female, and must practice all the time-honored arts of femininity.

My skirt was of emerald-green velveteen, sewn to fit me as snugly as my skin. My shoes were also covered in the same material, and had 4-inch heels, a height I found most reasonable for all-day work. Evening slippers, of course, demanded more striking height: 5-inch heels were requisite then.

My waist was encased in a belt of soft white kid, clasped tightly to 20 inches. This belt was a favorite of mine, for it reached in measured snugness from four inches above my waist, to four inches below!

My blouse was of fine silk, tailored shirt style, but with a high up-standing collar. Its striking feature was that its first and only button was at the very edge of the belt--thus my blouse lay open, narrowly so, between my breasts. With this I needed a specially-constructed bra, so I had designed one and had had it made up in limited quantity for those of

my clientele who appreciated the effect this made. Another of the services which had caused my shop to become favored by the best dressed women in our city!

And from each of my pierced ears there hung a long slim silver chain, ending at my shoulders with a large glistening emerald; unfortunately, paste.

My new customer introduced herself, saying, "your place was recommended by Sarah. I understand it is your custom to deal only in first names, and that you are Estelle. Correct? You may call me Marian."

I replied that I was pleased that she had joined the select group calling on me, and that endorsement from Sarah did truthfully place her among the most honored of my clients. For Sarah is an amazingly fastidious woman, who takes great pains with every phase of her dressing. Indeed, her husband was such a severe critic of her apparel, that he often personally supervised the selection of each item!

Marian seated herself on a satin lounge chair, and began enumerating the items she was seeking.

THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL . . .

First, a bra of heavy weight black leather, lined in black satin, which would cover most of her torso from collarbone to the bottom of her ribs, and should fit snugly at her armpits.

Second, a pair of gauntlets of the same materials. These would reach from two inches above her elbows down to the knuckles on her hands.

Next, a rigidly boned corset of satin, and brief panties of the same material. Marian also ordered three pairs of black hose, but so sheer as to be but barely visible.

Then I led her into the fitting room to measure her beautifully trained figure. (This fitting room is one of my great prides, so at another time I shall give a complete description of its beauty and its special features.)

Marian removed her black silk three-quarter-length cape, and the matching tailored black silk dress beneath it. She then stood in underclothing of a marvelous grade of silk, all in black, both her bra and her panties were marvels of adequate brevity. The corset, of the same fine silk, was doubled for firm control. Marian's skin was soft as an infant's, and

showed that the pampering treatment needed to produce such texture was not wasted.

I promised an early delivery for the garments Marian had ordered, which promise I met, and have added yet another well pleased customer.

This may well be the most exciting business in the city, though I sometimes envy the gentleman who prepares specially designed shoes and boots for me and for many of my clients.

Alas! I have not his training nor his skills, so he may keep his trade and I shall keep mine. Happy am I, though, with my very special shop, patronized by very special people.

THE END













"FROM ME TO YOU"

by Tana Louise

* * *

One evening a few weeks ago, my closest girl-friend, Diane, phoned to see if I'd be in for a while. It seemed that she had just that day, received a gift of a new pair of shoes from one of her many male admirers, and she could hardly wait to show them off. Naturally, I invited her over.

A short time later, I opened the door to admit her. A thrilling sight met my eyes. She was decked out in a skin--tight pair of black satin "Torreador" pants, a white satin blouse, a waist-cincher belt of patent-leather and, of course, the new footwear.

The shoes were of black patent with heels that stood a full 6-inches. They were of the sling-back type and, I must admit, Diane carried herself admirably in spite of the extreme height

THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL . . .

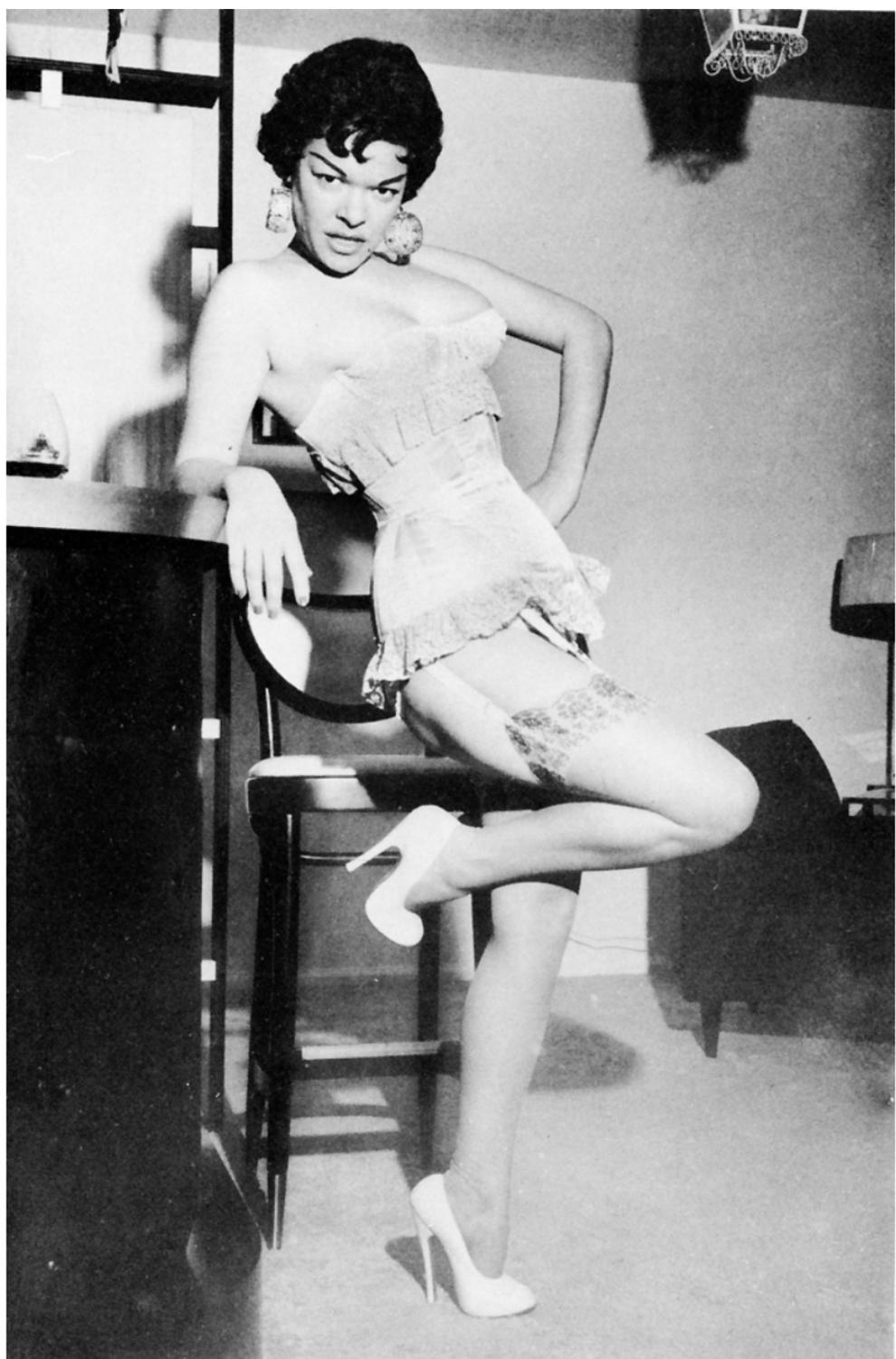
of her heels.

Of course, I had a few surprises of my own to show my visitor. First, there was the wonderful blue satin corset that had arrived just that day from England, my new lace-top stockings from France and a new pair of patent-leather pumps with 5-inch spikes. The heels on these shoes weren't quite as high as Diane's, but they were quite a bit thinner which made them look fully as interesting.

We both were wearing new and extremely bizarre earrings. Hers were made of white plastic with gold rings running around them. My own were also from overseas and were, actually, about the most ornate and exotic ones that I had ever owned, - - - (note photos.)

At first, Diane was a little unhappy about not being able to "show me up," but then she laughed and agreed to try and pull in my corset laces a bit more. I had measured my waist earlier and found that it was 23-inches, but I knew I could do better with a little assistance.

Diane grasped both laces and started to tug. I could feel my already small waist being compressed even more, but I was anxious to



THE BIZARRE AND THE UNUSUAL . . .

test my own willpower. I knew that I could be pulled in to 22-inches and perhaps even 21, but it would take a lot of tugging to do it.

I could feel my breathing grow shorter and shorter and with that, i felt a little dizziness. Unable to go any further, I had to call a halt. Diane gave the laces one final tug and then tied them in place. I could hardly wait for her to run and get the tape-measure. She returned in a minute and quickly slipped it around my waist.

“Well,” I exclaimed, “What’s the news?”

“Exactly 21!”

I was pleased with this announcement and ran over to the mirror to see the visual result myself. Yes, I had to admit, it wasn’t bad at all.

Diane looked at the corset with envy, but I changed that to a smile, when I promised to get her a similar corset from the same source. We’re both waiting for it’s arrival now, and you can be sure that when it does arrive, the readers of EXOTIQUE will be among the first to see it modelled.

TANA . . .

















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Deborah!

TWO LEATHER CLAD GIRLS COME OUT FROM BEHIND THE DRAPES AND SEIZE DEBORAH! ONE GRIPS HER ARMS FIRMLY BEHIND HER WHILE THE OTHER HOLDS A CHLOROFORMED RAG OVER HER NOSE AND MOUTH!



DEBORAH, EMBARRASSED TO TEARS AT THE HUMILIATION OF HER NAKEDNESS, HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING SHE WAS ALONE IN THE ROOM WITH JUST A RECORDING OF THE MALE VOICES. UNABLE TO REMOVE THE BLINDFOLD WHICH KEPT HER IN DARKNESS, DEBORAH FINALLY RESIGNS HERSELF TO THE FACT THAT SHE IS UNABLE TO COVER UP THIS SITUATION. SHE STANDS ERECT WITH COMPLETE ABANDON, PROUD AND DEFIANT...



DEBORAH REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS MUCH LATER TO FIND HERSELF STILL IN A STATE OF BLACKNESS AND FRUSTRATION, AS SHE IS UNABLE TO UNCLOUD HER SENSES. A CRESCENDO OF MALE SNICKERING CLEARS HER MIND AND THE REALIZATION OF HER PREDICAMENT TAKES FORM.. THE FEELING OF NAKEDNESS AS IF IN A DREAM..

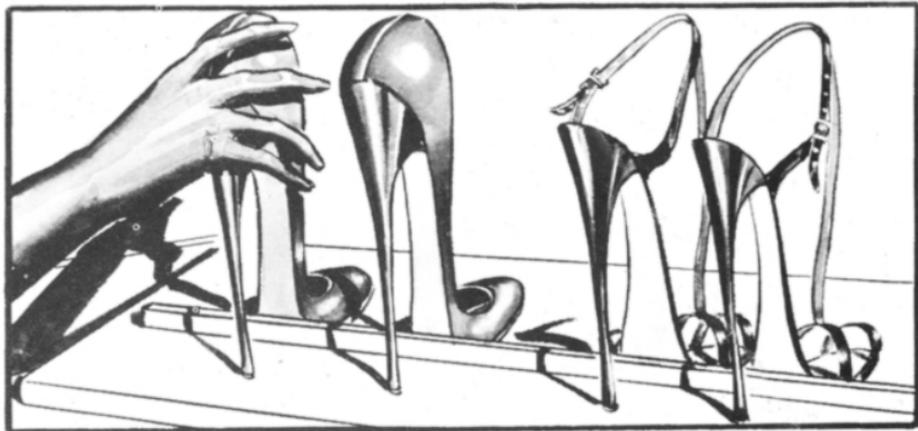


CONF-

THE ORDEAL OVER DEBORAH IS LED TO A DRESSING ROOM AND METICULOUSLY GROOMED BY TWO MAIDS.







I CAN'T POSSIBLY WEAR
THESE SHOES! THEY'RE
FAR TOO SMALL!!



CONT'D....



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