

**Chidewell House**  
**by**  
**Titian Beresford**

**Chapter 1**

Elithorpe Pemberton sat with his legs together, both pale hands resting nervously on the brown paper packet he had placed carefully across his knees. Whatever the packet contained, he was guarding it with a vigilance that bordered on the obsessive. His finger toyed with the twine that bound the packet as he turned his head to stare out the carriage window at the crowd milling about on the station platform. As he turned, for a moment his thick spectacles caught the light and became featureless opaque circles.

Elithorpe Pemberton despised crowds. He knew that sooner or later the door to his compartment would open and his privacy would be disturbed. Elithorpe Pemberton was a brilliant investigative attorney, but certainly no conversationalist. A mystery of vital importance to his most generous client had been solved - through a very substantial effort on his part - and he was pleased. Though his client would not be pleased at all! Indeed, at best, his client would consider his findings a gross betrayal of the highest order. It was ironic that clients very often paid more for bad news than for pleasant. Elithorpe Pemberton was going to deliver his findings to his client in person, supported with exhaustive details. After that he would reward himself. Elithorpe Pemberton was meticulous and analytical even in his leisure. He determined to allow himself two or three blissful, uninterrupted days in the museum library deciphering and assembling cuneiform fragments. Assyriology was Elithorpe Pemberton's secret vice. His hobby and his investigative work shared much in common. Both were based on pattern recognition and the exercise of keen deductive reasoning.

Elithorpe Pemberton noticed a woman in the crowd outside the window of his compartment. She was looking carefully in the rows of windows before her as if searching for the face of someone she knew or was to meet. He noticed her because of her striking height, though she appeared to have none of the awkwardness common to most tall women. He noticed that the woman had high

cheekbones, a somewhat prominent nose, and a small mouth with full, pouting lips.

The woman's mouth was turned down slightly at the corners. The overall effect was rather striking. Elithorpe Pemberton refused to recognize its attraction. He preferred to think of women as rather shallow creatures, given to pleasure and not interested in intellectual or high-minded pursuits. Suppose she was to enter his carriage and annoy him with nonstop mindless prattle the whole way? Rail journeys could be tedious enough with the jolting of the carriages and the soot.

Elithorpe Pemberton considered himself to be above the pursuit of romance and gave little consideration to the fairer sex. He preferred to believe that women ignored him because he was a man of formidable intellect with little regard for them in turn. Actually most women hardly noticed that the slight, nervous little man with the thick spectacles existed at all.

The woman's full lips with their slightly down-turned corners were saved from a permanent expression of petulance by her ability to smile radiantly. She was smiling now. Elithorpe Pemberton gave a start! She was smiling at him! This was absurd! Perhaps she was mistaking him for someone she knew because of the distortion from the glass of the carriage window. Elithorpe Pemberton knew that she was not one of his acquaintances. Indeed, striking women with dazzling smiles were scarcely compatible with the limited academic circles of which he was a part.

Elithorpe Pemberton was flustered. He stroked his scant mustache, a habit he often exhibited when nervous. The woman was coming to his door now. His mind, ever observant and categorizing, noted subconsciously that her dark brown hair was worn in a short bob. This effect, combined with her notable features was rather striking indeed. She was wearing a duster of some lightweight material despite the warmth of the day. Perhaps a motorcar conveyed her to the Charing Hollow station.

Elithorpe Pemberton loathed motorcars. He believed that their very existence - at least in private hands - was a gross prostitution of applied scientific intellect. Elithorpe Pemberton was a man well suited to be hidden away in an ivied university cloister, his bookish studies interrupted only occasionally by the chime

of the college clock in the bell tower.

The door latch turned as the woman stepped up from the station platform to enter his compartment. He was scandalized! And without so much as a, "by your leave!" This was highly improper!

Elithorpe Pemberton found her appearance most distracting. She was gloveless and the duster covered her from calf to chin. But her boots were like none that he had ever seen! The heels of her boots were so high as to give her an affected and highly tiptoed stance. They were of gleaming black leather and laced so close through the eyelets that it must have taken a maid a whole forenoon to accomplish it. The woman clutched a battered portmanteau in her left hand and offered him her right in greeting, still maintaining her dazzling smile. He shook her hand rather limply, his face flushing hot at her forward intrusion.

"Hello there! I am Miss Armsworthy, but my friends call me Dale!" Elithorpe Pemberton coughed as preliminary to groping for a suitable reply. But Dale Armsworthy did not wait. She swung her battered portmanteau up onto the plush velvet cushion of the seat beside him causing a merry dance of dust motes against the lacquered mahogany of the carriage sidewall. Then she spun about and slid the duster from her shoulders gracefully, tossing it onto the seat across from him. Then she turned about and knelt on the far side of the seat across from him to open the carriage window. She kept one knee against the compartment door as if to discourage others from entry. She peered over the heads of the crowd at the station platform and waved, as if beckoning distant friends to share the ride with her in her compartment. Elithorpe Pemberton was nonplussed! She seemed determined to be alone with him!

Elithorpe Pemberton was also shocked at what Dale Armsworthy wore beneath her duster! Her boots were more outrageous than he had even imagined! And indeed, if truth were known, Elithorpe Pemberton had a weakness for ladies' boots. After his services were accepted by his present client - whose message he bore now - he had lingered outside a ladies' clothing shop for quite some time, admiring the high-heeled boots through the window. Finally a pair of pretty young ladies noticed his attentiveness and began sniggering at him. He had walked away

slowly, his back ramrod straight with violated dignity and outrage.

Dale Armsworthy's boots terminated at mid-thigh! Never had he seen their like before! And the way they clung to every curve and turn of ankle, calf, and thigh was sheer artistry! She wore sleek white riding trousers that slung to every womanly curve of her buttocks and hips. Her ensemble was completed with a burgundy vest, a tailored white blouse with long sleeves and a starched round collar, and a black tie.

Kneeling there on the seat across from him, her posture emphasized and exaggerated the charms of her bottom, while her wickedly gleaming boots captivated him in the extreme. Elithorpe Pemberton adjusted the package on his lap and crossed his legs, acutely conscious that the sight had stiffened his male organ.

Elithorpe Pemberton still had a bit of willpower left. He looked away from the delicious sight before him and willed his erection to subside. Once his rigidity had abated, he determined to leave the carriage and find another to occupy. However, his efforts were rendered futile by a piercing whistle from the engine and, scant seconds later the clack and jolting of the carriages as the train pulled from the platform. Elithorpe Pemberton gave himself up to the sight of his luscious companion, and his erection returned at once. Dale Armsworthy then turned and sat facing him, a pretty smile on her lips.

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### **Chapter II**

"The fiends!" Frederick Uxbridge was fairly bristling with rage. "Of all the wicked, diabolical machinations known to man. He paused to collect himself for a moment, much to the relief of his companion, Ellen Cromwell, who feared the onset of an attack of apoplexy. Despite her advice to the contrary, he had produced the short note from his writing table and reread it. As on the first occasion of its reading, the little note from his investigative attorney had produced a fit of rage.

After another moment or so, Lord Uxbridge subsided. Ellen Cromwell stepped forward to lay a concerned and attentive hand on the sleeve of his smoking jacket. "Dear, do calm yourself. We can't save Cecil now unless we allow cool heads to prevail. Else we shall simply be at sixes and sevens, and they will have their wicked way with him and debauch the poor boy entirely, I shouldn't wonder... providing of course that the contents of this note are proved." At this, Ellen Cromwell looked somewhat pensive and uncertain, as if unable to believe that human beings were capable of the wickedness to which the note alluded.

"I have no doubt that Elizabeth is capable of such things. No doubt at all" Frederick Uxbridge had subsided somewhat at last, but was still smoldering with barely contained fury. Here he paused and allowed Ellen Cromwell to clip the end of a fragrantly expensive cigar he had produced from a small rosewood box. Then she flicked the silver lighter for him while he puffed agreeably. Ellen Cromwell sat on one arm of his plush leather wing chair and regarded him with fond concern.

Frederick Uxbridge drew on the cigar and puffed, wreathing his head with expensive smoke from his Havana. Despite his eccentricities, he was a determined and formidable man. His vast fortune made him a vital friend or lethal enemy. Despite his passion for motorcars and his fondness for Madeira - a wine out of fashion for nearly a hundred years - nobody took Lord Uxbridge lightly.

"Elizabeth would do anything to secure Cecil's fortune through guardianship. She has little time - he comes into his majority in scarcely eighteen months. I was dearly fond of my brother, Oswald's, first wife, Cecil's mother, but when she succumbed to her last illness, I could never forgive my brother for consorting with Elizabeth, then finally marrying her. She has controlled my brother's fortune ever since his own death and means to control it still after Cecil's twenty-first birthday! I'm certain of it.

"But would she sink to such vile devices, even to secure Cecil's fortune?" Ellen Cromwell was finding it difficult to believe that a human being could be so wicked.

"Yes, I have no doubt, no doubt at all. That is why I disowned my brother Oswald when he took that wicked woman as his wife. That haughty blonde is as cold as ice and as greedy as a Paxton whore." Frederick Uxbridge paused again, puffing absentmindedly. Ellen Cromwell stroked his brow with one white gloved fingertip. Her pert breasts were lifted, pointed, and emphasized by the tight bodice of her pale blue dress.

Lord Uxbridge handed her the note. "Read it again - if you please;" he said quietly. Ellen Cromwell did so a bit reluctantly, fearful of precipitating another burst of rage.

Dear Lord Uxbridge,

I have news as to the whereabouts of your nephew Cecil I will arrive at Chudleigh Green to deliver my findings in person. I believe that Elizabeth has procured the services of ladies to addict Cecil to unnatural vices in order to weaken his constitution so that he may be declared her ward permanently. Thus she would have access to his fortune past his majority. I believe one of the women involved may be connected to The Sexual Temperance Union of The Ladies' Morals Society.

I shall present you with my findings when I arrive on Tuesday evening. Of course I shall provide you with supporting evidence as well. My deepest apologies to you for having to convey what can only be disturbing news.

As ever, your devoted servant, Elithorpe Pemberton

Ellen Cromwell stopped reading and regarded Lord Uxbridge with an expression of mingled relief and concern. At least he did not have another apoplectic fit! He sat quietly, seemingly lost in thought. She followed the direction of his gaze through the panes of the smoking room window and out across the gravel of the carriageway. Lord Uxbridge's motorcar stood gleaming on the drive, its lamps and leather gleaming. It soothed him to look at it. Ellen Cromwell turned her gaze back to Lord Uxbridge and smiled.

Ellen Cromwell was herself Lord Uxbridge's third eccentricity. She was from a notable though impoverished family. He made no secret of his fondness for her and also of his intentions of marriage. Until then he gave no account of propriety whatsoever. Though always a perfect gentleman he regarded the notion of a chaperone's necessity as beneath contempt.

Lord Uxbridge's fourth eccentricity, after Ellen Cromwell herself, his motorcar and Madeira, was his estate of Chudleigh Green. The huge house with narrow lawns and gardens just of Ladysmith Park was dear to him. It had once belonged to the notorious courtesan Elizabeth Chudleigh and was said to have been used by her as a trysting place for young George III and his paramours.

Ellen Cromwell's reverie was broken as Lord Uxbridge spoke again. "I'm certain that neither Josie Glade nor Georgie Carstairs would have a thing to do with so vile a plan. Absolutely certain beyond all doubt!" He paused at length to stub out his cigar in the pedestal tray at his side. I have known Josie Glade for years. She is a splendid physician, and I regard Georgie with the utmost respect Both have labored long through The Ladies' Morals Society to be a chaste example to the population and to curb immoral impulses of all types; nipping them in the bud, as it were. Why just a fortnight ago, Georgie Carstairs told me of the arrest of a printer and book shop owner in Mayfair, an arrest precipitated by a Ladies' Morals Society investigation. And Josie Glade has produced research papers highlighting the blight of Onanism and its unfortunate effects on young men who succumb to it. No, I cannot believe that they are involved. Perhaps a woman in some way affiliated with their fine organization to satisfy her own prurient appetites, may be involved. That is a possibility I shudder to think of. Such a one could unravel the careful moral upbringing my brother engendered in young Cecil and that in short

order - I have no doubt."

Ellen Cromwell nodded in agreement. "That is true Frederick," she said thoughtfully. "Why, just a few days ago, when you invited Josie Glade and Georgie Carstairs to a dinner party, you told them that you suspected Cecil's stepmother as the orchestrator of his disappearance. Both women were the picture of concern and seemed greatly relieved to learn that you had procured Elithorpe Pemberton's involvement in the case."

"Yes, indeed, I well remember their concern," Frederick Uxbridge sighed, helping himself to a bit of Armagnac from a decanter at his elbow, pouring it into a cut crystal snifter that Ellen Cromwell gracefully held. Ellen declined his offer of a glass of dry sherry. She was practically a teetotaler. Her disapproval of his somewhat enthusiastic appreciation for Madeira and Armagnac were perhaps Lord Uxbridge's only sources of irritation with her.

"I have often been surprised that both women have taken a shine to us, you know - well, at any rate, at least to me," Lord Uxbridge went on. "After all, with my reputation as a lifelong bachelor who has unattached young women about the house, I'm certain it must at times be a great deal for them to swallow. Yet we have become very close in recent months."

Ellen Cromwell nodded. She knew the other woman that Frederick alluded to was Roslyn Osgood. Roslyn Osgood was a young woman who was Lord Uxbridge's closest friend beside herself, though they were never romantically involved or so inclined. Roslyn Osgood was not above doing a servant's work about Chudleigh Green on a warm afternoon, perhaps weeding the flower beds just inside the wrought iron gate. When doing this she often clad herself in scandalously tight cotton slacks and seemed amused at the shocked reactions of passersby. Ellen's initial jealousy had quickly faded once she realized that Lord Uxbridge and Roslyn Osgood were just friends and nothing more.

Roslyn Osgood was from a wealthy family, and certainly did not befriend Lord Uxbridge in an effort to access a piece of his fortune. She, too, had her oddities. She despised Josie Glade and Georgie Carstairs, and refused to be present at all when they were guests at Chudleigh Green. Perhaps just as well Ellen thought, the



free spirit and the moralists would be at odds in no time.

"Ah yes, and Wednesday evening we will take the motorcar and pick up Josie Glade and Georgie Carstairs for our little dinner party, though I don't see how I can play the merry host as usual," Lord Uxbridge sighed with a shake of his head and a sip of fiery Armagnac. "Don't worry," Ellen Cromwell soothed him, her brow knitted in concern. "Elithorpe Pemberton will present his findings to us tomorrow night and our course of action will become clear then."

"Yes, and good intellectual company often stimulates ideas and clears the head," Frederick Uxbridge agreed, perhaps a trace of his customary good humor returning.

Dale Armsworthy had not been idle. As the train clacked and puffed on through the countryside, her plan had been unfolding quite on schedule. It was difficult enough to draw poor, pathetic Elithorpe Pemberton out of his shell; that was certain. But Violet and Francine had been right about the boots. If he was enamored of a simple pair such as those found in a common shop window, it was not difficult to imagine the adoration inspired by her own outlandish pair. It cost her employers a great deal of money to have them made in a little shop just off Portland Square.

Of course this was not to say that Elithorpe Pemberton had been rude, certainly not, at least not after his initial shock and surprise. She had even drawn him out enough to agree bumblingly with some of her pleasantries. But now it was time for the second phase of her carefully contrived plan. The addiction phase. Dale Armsworthy smiled her dazzling smile. Elithorpe Pemberton acknowledged it with what he thought was a casual grin of his own. The effect was most amusing. He would be her plaything soon enough. She laughed aloud as she stood up and slid her battered portmanteau down from the seat beside him. She could feel his eyes fairly stroke her booted legs with a look of covert desire.

Elithorpe Pemberton had wondered about Dale Armsworthy's battered portmanteau. It was in great contrast to the immaculate spit and polish of the rest of her ensemble. And now she was opening it up. He saw that her portmanteau opened vertically, rather like a book, to reveal separate compartments, two to

each side, secured with worn leather straps.

In the top left compartment was a varnished wooden box about eight inches square. It had small brass fittings on each side and a strange black bellows like device extending upward from its top. It almost looked like a pump of some kind. Dale Armsworthy had sparked his intellectual curiosity - there was no mistake about that. In the lower left compartment was a smaller varnished box connected - by means of its own brass fitting - to a coiled length of slim India rubber hose. What appeared to be a foot pedal extended upward from the top of the smaller box. In the upper right compartment of the portmanteau was a cylindrical India rubber sheath of some sort, which appeared to be connived of two tubes, nested one inside the other. One end of the rubber sleeve was open. A short coiled length of rubber hose was attached to the other end of the sleeve. About two inches from the attachment was a junction fitting that terminated in a small graduated specimen bottle. In the lower right compartment of the portmanteau was a banded packet of dull brown envelopes. Perhaps photographic envelopes. Elithorpe Pemberton's curiosity was surely piqued now.

At length he mustered the courage to make his first inquiry of his bewitching companion. "Is that a scientific instrument of some kind?"

Dale Armsworthy looked up from her unpacking operation to give him another dazzling smile. "In a manner of speaking, it is. It was developed by a physician with whom I am personally acquainted." His expression of unfulfilled curiosity amused her. Now he was in for a shock. She continued. "It is a foot-operated manustupration pump!"

A smile teased the corners of her pretty lips as she watched the effect of her words on the timid little man. He started visibly and sat clearing his throat, tugging at the comers of his mustache with one pale hand. He was still clutching his paper packet tied with twine. No matter. She would have that soon enough.

The tone of her voice teased him. "I see you haven't the courage to ask about the use of the manustupration pump. Perhaps you find its existence at all shocking enough for one day! Hmmm?" Indeed, Elithorpe Pemberton was in shock, at least in a manner of speaking. His lovely companion with her tight high boots with their

outrageous heels and her skintight riding trousers! Her bottom might as well have been bare!

And now she was teasing him! His erection retuned with a vengeance, his sex organ rigid between his legs. Elithorpe Pemberton's cherished and long-held illusions crumbled. He seemed to be in a waking dream. He realized then, that for all his pretenses of superiority, he was but the plaything of any attractive lady who would choose to exercise him. It was just that no woman had ever bothered to exert her sway over him before. Before now. And now his lovely companion who had invaded his privacy with a vengeance was collecting her due. A sickening certainty came over him then. He knew she wanted the package he carried. He knew also that she would get it from him. But at her own timing. His mouth went dry.

Dale Armsworthy retrieved the banded packet of dull brown envelopes from the lower right compartment of her portmanteau. She stepped across the carriage and sat beside him, her rounded hip brushing his woolen trousers. She noted everything about him at close range. The gold watch chain running from his waistcoat pocket, the small dark mole on his right cheek, and the enlarged appearance of his eyes caused by his thick spectacles. He'd probably be blind without them! She smiled at him again and watched his Adam's apple bob up and down. He was pulling at his mustache frantically now. She undid the band and opened the first envelope. She withdrew the photographs and held them for his perusal with her right hand, resting her left hand casually on his thigh. For a moment she thought he would faint from her enticing proximity.

I was recently a matron at the Clackton Sanitarium. Under the auspices of a female physician, certain experiments were carried out there in an effort to find a non-punitive way to render certain troublesome inmates docile. Such is the purpose of the foot-operated manustupration pump. Before its invention, we had to make do with prolonged canings!" Elithorpe stared at the first photograph, his mouth agape. He was seized with a mixture of peculiar feelings ranging from revulsion to excitement.

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### **Chapter III**

Francine Glade and her friend Violet Naughton stood before the cheval glass in the dusty attic. Both girls were clad in tightly laced thigh boots of gleaming leather. Both pairs of boots had heels so high that they forced the girls onto their tiptoes. Both girls wore white riding trousers of quite scandalous snugness. The riding trousers clung to the youthful, slender charms of the girls' hips and bottoms. Both girls wore tucked-in white blouses with highly starched round-point collars. Their ensembles were completed with immaculate white gloves and black ties - tied in precise half-Windsor knots.

Violet Naughton and Francine Glade had been practicing their toilettes all morning. They laced each other's boots over and over again until they got it right - according to Mademoiselle Lange's critical expectations. Then they practiced tying their half-Windsor tie knots. Finally they practiced walking about the attic room in their outrageously high-heeled boots for so long that they were getting a trifle bored. And, as young ladies of nineteen and eighteen respectively are wont, they became rather silly and foolish after their exacting efforts.

Francine Glade turned round and bent over at the hips, resting her gloved hands upon her thighs - presenting her bottom to the cheval glass coquettishly as she did so. She wiggled her bottom saucily. "If all the masturbators could see us now, Violet!" She giggled. Her cheeks flushed slightly. "Their addiction to unnatural vices would be reinforced!"

Her friend Violet stood prettily, hands on hips, as if in stern disapproval. "Neither my aunt nor yours approve of the term 'masturbators'. They regard it as vulgar usage, so I must sternly insist that you stop using it at once!" Violet sniggered and turned about before the cheval glass herself to mimic her companion's lewd antics before it. Both girls now stood side by side, wiggling their bottoms and looking over their shoulders to see their reflections in the glass.

"Oh, dear!" Francine Glade pouted, the perfect picture of exaggerated dismay. "If I cannot call them masturbators then what is the proper and delicate term!"

Violet Naughton unsuccessfully attempted to suppress a giggle as she replied in the haughtiest tone she could muster. "Well indeed! We mustn't call them manustuprationists, certainly not! The term is far too cumbersome. We must call them 'Onanists'-a term fully alluding to the grave moral indecency of their vile habits, yet also a term of scientific accuracy, denoting a ray of hope for successful treatment..." Here both young ladies were too overcome with giggles to continue their play acting. They collapsed backward onto an old scroll-armed settee transfixed with merriment

In short, their conversation continued, as both young ladies sat crossing and re-crossing their legs, then raising their booted feet high to view and snigger over their own alluring reflections in the cheval glass.

"I adore the boots!" Francine Glade purred. "I am so pleased with Dale Armsworthy finally persuading your Aunt Georgie to purchase us pairs identical to hers from that delightful old man in the shop off Portland Square!"

Yes, and did you notice that Dale was rubbing the poor old fellow's trouser front in a most indecent manner as we were leaving the shop?" Violet Naughton observed as if fascinated with the whole idea. Then she went on, forgetting her own lecture from a moment before. "She probably made a masturbator out of the poor old fellow. After she had rubbed him so wickedly, he must have been tempted to relieve himself manually when next in the privacy of his rooms."

"Indeed!" Francine Glade added. "And your Aunt Josie would consider it her solemn duty to reprimand Dale Armsworthy for her liberties!" Both girls giggled again, still raising their booted legs high in the air and shifting about on the old settee to examine the effect in the cheval glass. Both young ladies had pretty full-lipped faces and were the picture of good humor and good health. Both faces broke easily into broad smiles.

"Dale Armsworthy rewarded us with the boots because we made her job easier. After all, if we hadn't spotted that silly pathetic Pemberton thing drooling at the

boot-shop window with a great lump in his trousers, it would have taken Dale a good while to plan his neutralization," Violet Naughton noted, her tone full of self-satisfied conceit.

Her friend agreed. "Poor little Cecil! And that poor pathetic thing - blind as a bat without his thick spectacles, I shouldn't wonder - is Cecil's uncle's best hope of snatching him from Mademoiselle Lange's hands!" Francine Glade arched her eyebrows suggestively and gave her friend a sideways glance.

Violet had well understood her meaning. "Or his uncle's best hope of snatching his male parts from Mademoiselle Lange's hands, at any rate!" Violet paused thoughtfully. Then her full, pouting lips broke into a secret smile. "Mademoiselle Lange herself let us watch some 'handiwork,' didn't she?"

Francine giggled. "I shall never forget when she let us watch Miss Bates perform Onanistic manipulations on poor Nigel Rollin while Miss Spence posed in a scandalously short dress and high-heeled oxfords. And Nigel was all snuggled up in his leather masturbatory harness and quite helpless to prevent Miss Bates from abusing him manually between his legs!" Both girls sniggered at the recollection.

"They have promised that we shall be able to play such games with the experimentation subjects too, and I simply cannot wait!" Violet breathed. Her eyes sparkling with anticipatory delight "Dale promised that we could have a go with that poor old Pemberton thing - she said he would be a delight"

Her friend broke in. "Yes, and Mademoiselle Lange said we could fasten Nigel in his Onanism-prevention harness before he is put to bed tonight, and she said that we might be able to take Cecil about in the bondage wheelchair, perhaps around Effingham court." Francine stretched her supple form and wriggled. "Oh, I simply cannot wait! I do hope I shall remember all these things for my sketchbook and diary!"

Finally, came the bit of their new regimen that both young ladies dreaded most. Neither was fond - at least in this stage of their intellectual development - of scholarly or bookish pursuits.

Violet Naughton took a thin black leather bound volume from a dusty cherry end

table placed handily by one arm of the settee on which they sat "Well, I suppose it is my turn to read. We must do our obligatory chapter from your aunt's treatise to complete our daily training duties if we wish to become full-fledged members of The Sexual Temperance Union of The Ladies' Morals Society." Francine Glade leaned forward and nodded a reluctant agreement. She rubbed her gloved hand up and down the gleaming calf of her high boot, savoring the smooth gleam and shine of the leather clinging to her calf.

The narrow black leather-bound book was titled, *Onanistic Indulgence and the Physiology of Its Sorry Effect on the Young Male*, by Dr. Josephine L. Glade. Violet began to read.

"Book IV: Signs of Onanistic addiction frequently exhibited in the young male:

"The signs of Onanistic indulgence are many and varied though certain ones stand out due to their commonality and the frequency with which they are observed in subjects under treatment. These include a generally downcast aspect of personality. A markedly suppressed desire for wholesome interaction with other young males in the rough-and-tumble of the athletic field. The complexion of a slave to unnatural vice is often pale with a marked tendency to blemishes as well. When an Onanistically inclined male is addressed or addresses another, there is frequently exhibited a good deal of notable blushing. Refined young ladies often observe such fellows hanging about, though never quite daring to address them directly. If such a young fellow is addressed by the young lady herself he may well lapse into flummoxed silence - or even attempt social intercourse with a good deal of awkwardness and stuttering. The young lady may well feel that such a one is soiling her with his eyes, and she may become uncomfortable..."

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Elithorpe Pemberton had never seen the like of the shocking photographs Dale Armsworthy held up for his perusal. Her hand rested enticingly on his thigh and her proximity alarmed and confused him. She watched his reaction to the spectacle the photographs presented with an amused smile teasing about the corners of her lips. He stared at the first photograph with a mixture of fascination and horror. His mind was so occupied with what he saw that he barely heard her

say something about Clackton Sanitarium being equipped with a dry-plate box camera - to be used to document both therapeutic and punitive treatments. The train had now begun descending a long downgrade about halfway along the route, between Blessing Hollow and Cheviot Glen. The clicks and rattles of the cars on the rails accelerated, causing Elithorpe Pemberton to feel he was careening to an unknown fate over which he had no control. In this he was entirely correct.

The first photograph depicted an inmate of Clackton Sanitarium clad only in a buckled straitjacket and naked from the waist down. The poor fellow stood on tiptoe his head bowed in shame, his face contorted in anxiety. A pretty sanitarium matron stood behind him. The matron wore black patent leather oxfords with heels so high that she was forced on tiptoe. For the first time, Elithorpe Pemberton noticed that the affected tiptoed posture forced by the high heels emphasized the curves of a woman's hips, posterior, and calves most deliciously. The matron wore a gray wool calf-length dress with a high collar and a starched white apron. Each of her sleeves sported a row of five buttons that were used to fasten matching gray gloves to her uniform. The effect was a mixture of severe and suggestive overtones that he found most compelling indeed.

Elithorpe Pemberton gasped. In the photograph, Dale Armsworthy was smiling her dazzling, self-satisfied smile. But what her hand was doing between the asylum inmate's legs was terribly improper! She had the poor fellow by the scrotum having reached through beneath his buttocks from behind!

Elithorpe Pemberton managed to quaver a question to the confident smiling beauty who held the picture for him, with her free hand resting indecently on his thigh. "What are you... doing to him?"

Dale Armsworthy's reply was as smooth as silk and very matter-of-fact. "I am simply exhibiting an invention of mine called the Clackton Sanitarium Mine-March. It is most effective in compelling inmates to go places they do not wish to go, and to experience what they do not wish to experience!"

Despite his shock and disgust at the situation the photograph conveyed so eloquently, Elithorpe Pemberton's sex organ pulsed in his trousers, stiff as an iron bar. His only comment was barely audible. "Oh, how cruel!"



Dale Armsworthy's hand left his thigh for a moment to shuffle the photographs and show him another one. In the second photograph, a pretty blond matron-clad similarly in a severe gray uniform dress with calf-length skirt, single piece gloves, and high-heeled oxfords - was seated on a parlor chair. Her left hand was raised and extended palm upward to cradle the bare genitals of another straitjacketed asylum inmate. The blond matron was sweet faced and smiling a carefree smile. The poor fellow, bound in a straitjacket, and completely naked from the waist down, was having his genitals displayed by the pretty little blonde to a group of three or four other matrons! His testicles lolled visibly in his slack scrotum upon the properly gloved palm that exhibited them. His sex organ reared above, fat and indecent with the excitement and shame of his helpless exposure.

Dale Armsworthy began to smile and rub Elithorpe Pemberton's thigh gently. "What is she doing to him?" he ventured at length.

"She is simply exhibiting his genitals to test his obedience and docility."

Elithorpe Pemberton's mouth was suddenly dry. His heart was pounding. "Oh, how wicked!" A straitjacketed inmate squatted "bottomless" in the third photograph, his scrotum dangling low and pendant. A manustupration pump - almost precisely the same as the one that Dale Armsworthy carried in her battered portmanteau - was affixed to his rigid sex organ. His penis was embedded in the two-piece India rubber suction sleeve. A thin suction hose led from the base of the suction sleeve to the pneumatic box with its top consisting of a black bellows within a glass cylinder. A semen extraction hose led from the tip of the rubber sleeve to a narrow graduated glass specimen bottle. Another rubber hose ran from the pneumatic suction box to a smaller box - also of varnished wood - containing the foot pedal that operated the device.

A pretty matron with lovely, refined features and her dark hair up in a prim chignon operated the foot pedal that worked the manustupration pump. She, too, was clad in a severe gray calf-length dress with built-in gloves and starched apron. Her feet sported the wickedly high-heeled oxfords that were the signature of the Clackton Sanitarium matron.

The sanitarium inmate's face was transfixed with an expression of extreme

sensation, somewhere between pain and pleasure. It was difficult to say which.

Elithorpe Pemberton stared silently, imagining the poignant sensations the prim-faced matron was forcing the poor wretch to undergo. At last he spoke again. "Is the manustupration pump you have with you now capable of giving such sensations?"

"Indeed it is. But for a minor difference or two, they are the same device," Dale Armsworthy answered, her voice casual and matter-of-fact.

The fourth photograph's subject was an inmate bound rigidly in an overhead traction frame, his back suspended over the cushion of a high, narrow examination table, his limbs raised in the air by means of wires and pulleys. The poor fellow was completely naked. Four matrons stood about the examination table.

Apparently they were using a hand-operated version of the manustupration pump on him! One matron held a brass cylinder that was connected to a suction hose that ran to the pneumatic sleeve - attached to the inmate's erect penis. Another matron worked a plunger that protruded from the end of the cylinder to generate the suction necessary to stimulate the man's genitals. Two other matrons observed the procedure clinically, arms crossed primly, faces alight with scientific curiosity at the bizarre exhibition.

The naked inmate hung as limp as a rag doll in his bonds. To all appearances, he was completely senseless. "And, of course, we have developed hand-operated instruments as well," Dale Armsworthy said smoothly, her hand still rubbing Elithorpe Pemberton's thigh, her eyes noticing the great lump in his trousers.

"Is the inmate dead?" Elithorpe Pemberton's question was almost inaudible.

"No, he has simply fainted from the extreme sensations he was experiencing. Make no mistake, he will be revived in short order so that the experiment may go on!"

Elithorpe Pemberton was silent for some moments, his eyes digesting the spectacle presented by the photograph. "A dreadful fate! What wickedness!"

Dale Armsworthy was genuinely amused by the sad little man who quivered beside her. "No, being experimentation subjects is the only thing that gives their wasted, pathetic lives meaning!"

As Dale Armsworthy presented more horrific photographs of sanitarium abuse to Elithorpe Pemberton's shocked gaze, she kept talking to him. "The manustupration pump may well have uses outside a sanitarium's walls. Perhaps ladies of refinement could use these devices to settle the nerves of gentleman friends whom it would be most improper to relieve in any other way!" As she presented more mind-numbing photographs, Dale Armsworthy continued, "It is well and good to experiment on sanitarium inmates. But to have as a subject an articulate, educated gentleman of science so that he might give observations as to the effectiveness of the instrument - that would be ideal." She paused and gave him her fetching smile. Such as yourself perhaps?"

Elithorpe Pemberton jumped as though he had been struck "No! No! Absolutely not! It is unthinkable!"

"I see that only your timidity has overcome your scientific curiosity." Her voice was a silken purr. "So I fear I must insist. I have no desire for you to forgo a delightful experience and then always regret it!"

With those words Dale Armsworthy's hand slipped down from Elithorpe Pemberton's thigh and stole between his legs. He gasped and went rigid to feel her hand grasp him knowingly through his trousers and begin to knead him. He thought he was going to die of shame and he gasped, cheeks flaming at her outrageous impropriety.

Elithorpe Pemberton's sex organ reared and thickened, growing larger under her ministrations. Still kneading him, she bent forward and reached into the left pocket of her discarded duster. She withdrew a thick leather snap with a strong buckle at one end. "Come, now be reasonable," she cooed. "This will take only a moment. The snap is necessary in order for you to experience the most authentic sensations."

Elithorpe Pemberton was now convinced that he was in a waking dream. He was

trembling visibly and found himself quite helpless to resist his determined tormentor - in either word or deed. She stopped kneading him in order to remove his jacket. Then she pulled him up. Her fingers fluttered at his trouser buttons. In a moment, the poor fellow found himself naked from the waist down. He stood pale legged and trembling, clad only in shirttails and waistcoat, as Dale Armsworthy buckled his wrists behind his back with the leather snap. His scrotum hung low. His sex organ poked indecently upward through his shirttails.

Dale Armsworthy wasted no time. She stood up, now towering over Elithorpe Pemberton in her high-heeled boots. He unconsciously noted the narrowness of her waist and the smooth broadening curves of her hips. She took his chin in her hand for a moment to study him and then placed a hand on each of his shoulders to press him backward upon the cushions of the carriage seat. He started at the cool feel of the soft velvet of the seat cushion on his bare buttocks.

Elithorpe Pemberton sat frozen and watched Dale Armsworthy set to work assembling the manustupration pump. She withdrew each piece in turn from her portmanteau, assembling them with deft fingers. Elithorpe Pemberton looked with despairing eyes at the packet containing the messages of vital importance to his client that he had guarded so carefully. Dale Armsworthy offered no opportunity for his erection to abate. She knelt before him, her broad backside emphasized sumptuously by her riding trousers. Elithorpe Pemberton had a close-up view of the daintily high-arched soles of her boots and their wicked high heels.

Dale Armsworthy set the varnished wooden box with its suction pump in the center of the floor. She carefully fitted the airtight glass cylinder over the bellows so that suction could be built up and maintained. She attached a rubber hose to each side of the pumping box by means of its brass fittings. Then she fixed the sliding suction sleeve with its graduated specimen bottle to the right-hand hose. Her deft fingers then connected the box with the foot pedal to the left-hand hose.

Dale Armsworthy smiled up at him, noting that his penis was poking upward through his shirttails, all the more excited due to her improper posture and display. She reached into the right pocket of her duster and retrieved a pair of

flawlessly starched white cotton gloves. "It would be highly improper for a lady to apply the suction sleeve to a gentleman's private parts without first donning gloves!" She slipped them on with a prim dainty smile, wiggling her fingers to snug them into the fingertips.

Dale Armsworthy took Elithorpe Pemberton by the arm and made him get down on the carpeted floor of the carriage and assume a squatting position. Her reply to his inquiry why such a posture was necessary was brisk and had to do with following standard Clackton Sanitarium procedure.

Then, to Elithorpe Pemberton's intense shame, Dale Armsworthy took his scrotum and slipped the suction sleeve over his penis. She drew back his foreskin as she did so to insure a proper tight connection. Then, as he remained squatting "bottomless" on the carriage floor, she sat upon the seat directly in front of him and placed her booted foot on the pedal. She smiled and began to work it up and down.

At first the sensations were subtle, but then they mounted most exquisitely. In a short while, he was gasping, fairly leaning forward to thrust his rigid organ more firmly into the machine to endure yet greater poignancy of the mechanical abuse. Dale Armsworthy watched him with laughing eyes, her face the picture of amused feminine curiosity.

Elithorpe Pemberton's face was crimson. Soon he was panting and grunting like a rutting pig in his helpless pleasure. At last he found the strength to gasp a few syllables. "Th-This pleasure must drive them mad!"

Dale Armsworthy laughed, her booted toes maintaining the rhythm on the foot pedal all the while. "Oh, it does so! Often!"

There was no sound from within the carriage now but Elithorpe Pemberton's heavy breathing and the click, hiss, and puff as the pump expanded and deflated within the glass cylinder. Dale Armsworthy paused for a moment. Her victim groaned at the cessation of the sensation that mastered and maddened him. She stood up and stepped across the compartment to retrieve his packet. Then she returned to her place, resting her booted foot on the pedal, but not working it just

yet. Elithorpe Pemberton's spectacles were a trifle fogged from his heavy panting, and his brow was covered with perspiration.

"We have plenty of time, Elithorpe. There are no stops till Cheviot Glen. I could let you experience the full paroxysm of delight." Her booted foot worked the pedal a bit more. The masturbator pump reactivated with a click, hiss, and puff. Her victim's jaw hung slack in delight from the renewal of his addictive pleasure. Then Dale Armsworthy stopped pumping the pedal again.

Elithorpe Pemberton was totally enslaved to his new pleasure. He begged her to continue. Instead, she sat smugly, her foot once again poised above the pedal and opened his packet. She perused the contents, skimming them briefly. "Scandalous, I am sure! Flagrant falsehoods and distortions! These papers must be destroyed! I will continue your pleasures if you allow me to tear up the contents of this packet - Well, what do you say - Hmmm?" Her victim moaned and nodded his assent.

Dale Armsworthy's gloved hands tore the contents of the paper packet to tatters very slowly, as if she savored what she was doing. Then she leaned to the side to open the carriage window. In another moment, the shredded contents of the packet were fluttering down to come to rest on the sunlit blossoms of a summer meadow near the rail embankment.

Dale Armsworthy fixed Elithorpe Pemberton with an amused smile. Her foot began working the pedal once again. Again the sensations mastered him. "I fear you must close your investigative practice and come with me to Chidewell House, where our little experiments can continue." His bleary eyes remained fixed on the dainty pointed toe of her high-heeled boot as she pumped the pedal vigorously. He sagged forward weakly as the sensations between his legs reached their crescendo. Dale Armsworthy laughed as the spasming of his sex organ caused the India rubber hose to jerk and rear. She watched as his thick seed jetted from him to be captured in the specimen bottle. As he sagged forward in his pleasure, his spectacles slipped from his nose and fell to the floor. A moment later, Dale Armsworthy raised her other boot to crush them underfoot!

## **Chidewell House**

**by**

**Titian Beresford**

### **Chapter IV**

Frederick Uxbridge's motorcar sped along the oak-lined avenue bordering Ladysmith Park. Ellen Cromwell rather liked the fantastic sensation of velocity of motorcar travel. They sped past hansom cabs and elegant broughams, along with the knots of pedestrians carrying picnic baskets, and the occasional cyclist. The motorcar rattled the planks of the eighteenth century arched bridge that spanned the east-west canal that bisected the park neatly and connected the two large ponds that made the park a favorite place for punters on a warm summer day.

They sped past the latticed two-story gazebo where The Ladies' Morals Society had been holding public assemblies of late to rail against the moral lack in all strata of society - especially the lower. They passed the rich green well-groomed embankments where intimate clusters of friends sat about their wicker baskets to enjoy cold poultry and perhaps a glass of chilled wine. Below, on the rich green fields of the park, several cricket clubs were holding matches well attended by parasol-twirling young ladies, ever vigilant to protect their complexions from the cheapening effects of the warm summer sun. Small pools dotted the park. Their cool, beckoning waters enticed even refined ladies to wade in the shallows barefoot, their skirts hiked up quite nearly to their knees!

Ellen Cromwell was concerned - but not alarmed - ever since the news that Elithorpe Pemberton seemed to have fallen off the face of the earth entirely. An inquiry sent by special post received but the terse and scant reply that the Pemberton Investigative practice was closed and the whereabouts of its proprietor were unknown

However, Frederick Uxbridge was a man of his word. Nothing could persuade him to cancel or postpone their scheduled dinner party with Josie Glade and Georgie Carstairs. Ellen Cromwell smiled. The streets between Chudleigh Green and Primrose Lane - the headquarters of The Ladies' Morals Society where they were to pick up their guests - were all neatly paved with close-set stones.

At least the more sedate pace of city driving and the paved roads made it unnecessary to wear the duster, goggles, and veiled hat that driving through the countryside warranted. Ellen Cromwell noticed that Frederick Uxbridge's driving was a bit more sedate than usual. And he wasn't nearly so free with his horn as customary. In fact, she had heard its Klaxon blast only once. Ellen Cromwell pursed her lips and rubbed the plush green leather upholstery that lined the inside of the low passenger door at her side. The high two-piece windscreen kept her hair neatly in place. The afternoon sunlight glittered on the polished brass and glass of the running lamps that extended outward from the windscreen post before her.

She turned her gaze back to Lord Uxbridge and laid a gloved hand on his arm. "Remember what you said, Frederick. Good intellectual company often stimulates ideas and clears the head. Enjoy our visit with Josie and Georgie. Tomorrow we will plan how to extricate Cecil from his adverse situation."

Frederick Uxbridge set his jaw in a stubborn line, then gave Ellen Cromwell a sideways glance and a wink. Frederick Uxbridge's moods were like a tropical storm, quick to arise, spectacular to observe and quick to abate as well. Ellen knew that his formidable intellect could engage a problem even as he tended to mundane matters. The problem was that with Elithorpe Pemberton's disappearance they had no idea where to begin to set about Cecil's salvation. The only clue was in Elithorpe Pemberton's note. Perhaps a connection to someone in The Ladies' Morals Society itself, unthinkable as that seemed?

Lord Uxbridge shifted gears and turned into Primrose Lane with its rows of elegant town houses with their immaculate lawns. In a moment, he drew up beside the steps of the house at 29 Primrose Lane that served as the headquarters and meeting place of The Ladies' Morals Society.

Josie Glade and Georgie Carstairs were prompt, as usual. The motorcar had scarcely stopped when both women descended the steps, followed closely by a footman with their things. Georgie Carstairs was clad in a cream-bodiced dress with an intricate floral pattern and a black velvet vest. Ellen Cromwell had taken an immediate liking to her, almost from their first meeting. The rebellious lock of



wavy chestnut hair that frequently fell down across her eyes gave her a rakish air. Ellen had expected the head of The Ladies' Morals Society to be a dour vicarette. Instead, she found an attractive young woman whose face broke easily into a fetching smile.

Josie Glade was also well liked by both Ellen Cromwell and Frederick Uxbridge. She wore a tight green dress of smooth satin with a high-laced square collar. Her clothing always emphasized her slender waist, and her overall aspect was one of aristocratic elegance. She had the fine straight nose and small pretty mouth that would have made her fit right in at Ascot or Balmoral. Her golden hair was up in a perfect swirl that was impeccability itself - not a single hair out of place.

The four exchanged greetings while the footman stowed Josie and Georgie's bags in the boot. As soon as Frederick had fastened the strap that secured the boot lid, they were off. It was difficult to believe that one of their carefree, smiling passengers was famous for her lengthy lectures on the evils of moral degeneracy while the other - as aristocratic and proper as she seemed - was not above treating the most hopelessly degenerate moral specimens herself, and had indeed written scholarly treatises on the subject. Both women were adamant in their determination to bring unnatural vice to an end.

## **Chidewell House**

**by**

**Titian Beresford**

### **Chapter V**

Deep in the cellars below the street at 47 Effingham Court just off Portland Square, a strange tableau was being enacted. The house at 47 Effingham Court was elegance itself and even its discreet basement rooms were deeply carpeted and stylishly decorated - though in a most bizarre manner, to say the very least.

Mademoiselle Lange of The Sexual Temperance Union of The Ladies' Morals Society had assembled Miss Anna Spence, one of her assistants, and three female clients, who were to view the culmination of previous training performed on young Nigel Rollin. The three female clients were Claire Rollin, Nigel's young stepmother, Nancy Westercroft, Claire Rollin's pretty cousin, and Nikiko, Claire Rollin's lovely almond-eyed Japanese maid.

The center of the room was dominated by a manustupration apparatus! The apparatus consisted of a raised platform, on one end of which was a round polished dais about three feet across - partially surrounded by a circular brass handrail. On the opposite end of the platform was a strange chair, consisting of two parallel curving bars of thick lacquered mahogany. Between the chair and the polished round dais was a declivity shaped precisely to admit the lower portion of a smooth silver bowl. Beside the bowl, just at the front of the chair, a mahogany arm jutted up from the platform to support a stool upholstered with a blue crushed-velvet cushion.

Nigel Rollin sat upon the chair stark naked - if his posture, in any sense of the word, could be called sitting! He wore a leather harness that buckled about his waist and kept his forearms rigidly behind the hollow of his back in tightly laced cuffs. The harness also had straps that ran from the front of his belt up over both shoulders, then down again behind. Another strap extended from the rear of his harness to hook into the pedestal that supported his curving chair. Nigel Rollin's head hung low in shame. His face was flushed a bright pink. Nigel Rollin's entire posture was one of unnatural contortion. His ankles were likewise bound with

leather straps and secured to brackets extending from the base of his chair's pedestal. The overall effect was that his hips were thrust forward, causing his genitals to protrude through a ring in the front of his chair, whose top supported his abdomen. His legs were pulled upward and behind, while his upper body arched backward, at the limit of the strap which secured his harness to the hook in the pedestal of his chair.

Nigel Rollin's penis thickened a bit, despite his determined efforts to the contrary. His genitals had been shaved bald and his scrotum dangled low. The indecent exhibition of Nigel Rollin's nakedness was in full view of his stepmother Claire, Claire's cousin Nancy, and the maid Nikiko, who sat in three velvet upholstered parlor chairs scarcely five feet away. Mademoiselle Lange sat on the stool at Nigel's side, clad daintily in wickedly high heeled oxfords, a plain black dress with white lace cuffs and collar, and a starched apron that covered her from breast to calf. Claire Rollin, Nancy Westercroft and Nikiko were dressed elegantly as if they were about to take tea, rather than watch a bizarre demonstration. Anna Spence stood on the floor beside the platform, with one hand on the semicircular brass rail. She was clad in wickedly high-heeled oxfords along with silk stockings, a plain gray calf-length dress with turned-back cuffs, and a starched white apron. Anna Spence had an impudent upturned nose and a youthful face that was indeed very lovely. Her body curved generously in the area of her hips and buttocks.

Anna Spence's figure contrasted with the petite proportions of Mademoiselle Lange's tiny waist and feet. Her dark hair was up in an impeccable swirl. Her facial expression was one of sweetness, combined with an elegant continental sophistication. Mademoiselle Lange wore dainty close-fitting gloves of lushest satin.

Mademoiselle Lange spoke with soft, yet authoritative femininity. "You are about to witness the pleasing profitable results of a carefully inculcated addiction to manustupration, or, in the common usage, masturbation. This addiction to masturbation has been complemented with the inculcation of fetishism, so that the two, when combined, are far more addictive than either one singly." Here Mademoiselle Lange paused then said, "You may proceed, Miss Spence."

Miss Spence raised first one leg, then the other, to gracefully unlace her high-heeled oxfords. Then after carefully placing them on the carpeted floor at the base of the platform, she stepped up to stand on the polished circular dais before Nigel Rollin's enraptured eyes. Resting both her hands on the brass rail, she stood on tiptoes, facing away from Nigel Rollin, her feet scarcely two feet in front of him and level with his genitals. Immediately Nigel Rollin's penis began to thicken yet more. His nineteen-year-old eyes were filled with worshipful adoration as he stared at Anna Spence's lovely stockinged feet. Both Nikiko and Nancy Westercroft flushed. Claire Rollin allowed herself a smile.

Mademoiselle Lange reached down with her satin-gloved hand to capture Nigel's penis and draw back his foreskin. Then she exhibited it to her clients as it lay across her palm. Seconds later, the poor boy was in full erection. Mademoiselle Lange continued to exhibit his penis as it lay across her palm, then resumed speaking. "We have induced fetishism in Nigel following the predisposed fault line of his natural predilection or weakness. We have inculcated a passion for ladies' silk-stockinged feet. Indeed, Miss Spence's stockings are of the sheerest, most transparent silk, and he would swoon but to worship them from afar. I fear he may find what is to come a trifle overwhelming." The three clients for whom the exhibition was held all laughed at this remark. "We believe he has developed a special passion for high heels and this arched tiptoed stance which she now assumes!

"Because Nigel has been masturbated repeatedly in the presence of his fetish object - specifically, ladies' tiptoed silk-stockinged feet - his fetish has become a passion, and his passion has been transformed into an addiction." Mademoiselle Lange then took Nigel's penis in her satin gloved hand and began to tug it gently to and fro, exercising it between her thumb and forefinger.

'To a hopelessly addicted male, the pleasure of being masturbated by a woman quickly supersedes that which can be experienced through normal coitus - indeed, as in our experiments here with Nigel." Mademoiselle Lange's gloved fingertips ceased the gentle abuse of Nigel Rollin's sex organ for a moment. Once again she rested it across her dainty gloved palm.

"Nigel has become an obsessive masturbator of vitiated constitution. We have induced both hyperesthesia and genital irritability in his physiology, to the extent that, were I to manustuprate him now actively and firmly, an orgasm would result in a very short time. Accordingly I have modified my technique to be one of very gentle and understated stimulation. In the presence of the fetish object, an occasional tug or squeeze is quite sufficient to induce orgasm."

Then Mademoiselle Lange addressed Claire Rollin, Nigel's stepmother. "You will have no difficulty having him declared your ward now. His bearing has been reduced from one of confidence to timidity just as his complexion has been reduced from clarity to a pallor marked with frequent blemishes"

"As his course of training here is complete, who will be masturbating him once he is returned to your household?" Mademoiselle Lange inquired, her perfect eyebrows arching slightly. She had let go of Nigel's penis entirely for a bit and sat casually holding his scrotum instead.

Claire Rollin's eyes rested between Nigel's legs. His penis was erect, foreskin still drawn tightly back, with Mademoiselle Lange's tiny gloved hand grasping him by the scrotum. She answered Mademoiselle Lange's question with an arch smile. "Nikiko win manipulate him while my cousin Nancy Westercroft poses for the masturbation."

"Excellent!" Mademoiselle Lange exclaimed. "It is important that his manustupration training resumes without delay, for too long a lapse might require him to be returned to Chidewell House for a refresher course, it is important to exhibit him in public from time to time, also - at social functions and the like. In that way, people will see that his aspect has changed and his bearing is not one of confident normalcy. Then, just the right word whispered in an attorney's ear - perhaps with a physician's support, which I can also provide - will assure his being declared incompetent."

Claire Rollin nodded, a smile of satisfaction upon her sophisticated face. "And certainly no young lady would deign to be courted by him even if the opportunity arose. Therefore there is no worry about feminine competition, or eventual heirs. His fortune is secure in our hands."

Mademoiselle Lange smiled, still holding Nigel's scrotum. "Quite so!"

Then Mademoiselle Lange asked Nancy Westercroft to join Anna Spence on the dais. Nancy Westercroft had previously been prepared for the occasion and wore sheer silk stockings of a type very similar to those sported by Miss Spence. In a moment she had removed her shoes, hiked up her skirts a bit to expose her calves almost to the knee, and joined Miss Spence in assuming the tiptoed stance that Rollin found so captivating. His penis lolled once again across Mademoiselle Lange's palm, fat, thick, and indecent. Then Mademoiselle Lange had Nikiko stand opposite her at Nigel's hips. Mademoiselle Lange produced a pair of satin gloves for Nikiko so that she would be equipped to assist Mademoiselle Lange in trying her hand at performing slow genital stimulations on Nigel Rollin. Nikiko was an apt pupil, her pretty lips pursed in concentration as she responded to Mademoiselle Lange's directions as to the modulation of the manual abuse. Nikiko worked his foreskin back and forth between her thumb and forefinger, the motions of her hand covering and uncovering the head of Nigel's penis. Nigel sagged in his bonds, his fevered eyes locked on the teasing tiptoed feet of the posing ladies before him.

"Poor Nigel! He fancies himself in love with Miss Spence! He once attempted an escape from his 'treatment' regimen here at Chidewell House. At the same time, he attempted to 'rescue' Miss Spence, believing her to be an innocent corrupted by our machinations. He believed that, when her duties called her to perform masturbatic manipulations upon him, she did so reluctantly!" All the women laughed at Nigel's incurable romanticism.

Miss Spence acknowledged Nigel's devotion by wiggling her bottom to and fro saucily while still maintaining the fetishistically dominant posture of exaggerated tiptoe. Nikiko's thumb and forefinger slid up and down his penis, sliding the loose skin to and fro while Mademoiselle Lange cupped his scrotum and squeezed gently. Nigel's penis reared, twitching with a compelling delight derived from Nikiko's indecent manipulations. Mademoiselle Lange noted, "He is at crisis! Continue, Nikiko, if you please!" Claire Rollin leaned forward to watch while Anna Spence and Nancy Westercroft peered backward over their shoulders to observe as well. Nigel's eyes were locked upon their feet as he moaned. A moment later,

the silver bowl received the frothing jets of his seed!

Scarcely minutes later the women stood talking while Nigel still sagged limply in his bonds, his penis still drooling a string of excitement into the bowl.

Mademoiselle Lange and Nikiko had removed their satin gloves. Nancy Westercroft and Anna Spence had put their shoes back on.

Claire Rollin paid Mademoiselle Lange discreetly with a large sum in a plain envelope. "We will send a carriage for him tomorrow!"

## **Chidewell House**

**by**

**Titian Beresford**

### **Chapter VI**

Frederick Uxbridge was famous for his dinner parties. Famous, at least, within his small circle of devoted friends. An invitation to one of his quiet yet thoroughly elegant functions was much coveted. At the rear of Chudleigh Green, a small formal dining room was situated just inside a great bow window overlooking his small precisely patterned flower gardens. The upper tier of the bow window was entirely worked in stained glass with scenes from classical mythology. In the center of the gardens below, two marble nymphs cavorted in the small fountain that was the centerpiece of the intricate formal garden.

The round table with its snowy lace tablecloth was set directly in the arch of the carved balcony rail, which served as one wall of the formal dining room and overlooked the indoor topiary. The great two-story bow window's intricate arches admitted sunlight during the day. The night of Frederick Uxbridge's dinner party, it admitted moonlight instead - as the full moon was just rising over the garden wall complementing the silhouette of the Spire of St. Brigid's Chapel beyond.

Frederick Uxbridge was seated with his back to the balcony rail so that his guests might fully enjoy the moonlit panorama below. Ellen Cromwell was seated directly across from him. Georgie Carstairs, the head of The Ladies' Morals Society, was seated to Frederick's right, while Josie Glade - the head of The Sexual Temperance Union, was seated to Frederick's left. All were in black formal attire of exquisite elegance as befitted the occasion. Illumination was by candlelight

Frederick Uxbridge was considered a trifle odd by some. He employed fewer servants than some half as wealthy. Phelps, Frederick Uxbridge's trusted butler, was serving them himself.

"I am sorry if I appear preoccupied tonight," Frederick Uxbridge began somewhat reluctantly. "I have had no news from my investigative attorney Mr. Pemberton.



He had communicated to me that he believed he was close to discovering the whereabouts of my nephew Cecil. But somewhere between Blessing Hollow and Cheviot Glen, Mr. Pemberton has vanished from the earth entirely. My telegram to a Stoughton-Rollingsford railway detective of my acquaintance revealed nothing substantial, though the fellow did recall a striking woman with high-heeled boots - the like of which he had never seen for their outlandishness - arrive at the Blessing Hollow station by motorcar. Outside of this, there have been no unusual occurrences. And now I am told that the Pemberton Investigative Practice is closed and about to be sold. I believe Elizabeth to be behind this! No machination of utter wickedness would be beyond her capability. Indeed I fear the quality that made Mr. Pemberton a very effective investigative attorney - his ability not to be noticed at all - makes the solution of his disappearance all the more unlikely. It is quite possible that Elizabeth paid someone to dispatch him entirely. I am certain that the packet he had prepared for me has been torn to tatters by now!"

Josie Glade's glance was full of concern as her violet eyes played Frederick's face as he spoke. "Were there no clues at all given you in any previous communication from Mr. Pemberton that might in some way mitigate this dreadful news?!" Georgie Carstairs turned to Frederick Uxbridge too, her face mirroring an identical concern to that which Josie Glade exhibited.

Frederick Uxbridge shifted a bit in his chair. "He did mention the possibility of there being a connection to The Ladies' Morals Society in all of this. Of course that seems absurd, for you yourselves know I am a frequent benefactor of your worthy cause. Nonetheless, is it at all possible that there could be one bad apple as it were...?" This last phrase was uttered with a lower tone and a slight flush to Frederick Uxbridge's cheeks, as if he were himself ashamed at the possible insinuation.

Georgie Carstairs replied first. "With all due respect, I believe that such a notion is simply absurd! Did you not say in an earlier conversation, Frederick, that Mr. Pemberton believed that ladies were being used to addict your nephew Cecil to unnatural vice?" Frederick nodded gravely. A slight flush crept across Ellen Cromwell's cheeks at this indelicacy. "Well, I am certain that none of our members

could possibly stoop to such depths of wickedness. Such manual abuse is what we fight! Certainly any young woman that would use her charms in such wicked fashion would have been weeded from our ranks long ago!"

An awkward pause followed Georgie Carstairs' reply.

"I am certain that Frederick meant no offense whatever, and his continued support of your organization is in no way jeopardized," Ellen Cromwell said smoothly. "Perhaps this would be a good time for Phelps to appear with the first course." Phelps stepped forward from the shadows, his eyes fixed on Ellen Cromwell as he awaited her final decision on the timing of the meal.

Georgie Carstairs realized that she had perhaps defended her organization a trifle too vehemently. She patted Frederick Uxbridge's arm and gave him a charming smile. "Of course I do not take offense, Frederick. I know that you are just desperately concerned for your nephew's safety."

Josie Glade joined in, ever the diplomat. "We regard even the most trifling possibility of a connection to The Sexual Temperance Union of the Ladies' Morals Society most seriously; have no doubt of that! It is true that such wickedness is what we fight. I believe that Onanism - especially in young men - is the single greatest scourge of our nation today. We will make suitable inquiries throughout our organization, I assure you!" Josie Glade took Frederick Uxbridge's left hand and squeezed it with genuine affection. "Set your mind at ease, Frederick. Righteousness will triumph in the end, and I am certain that your nephew will reappear in due course!"

Josie Glade paused for a moment while continuing to make Frederick Uxbridge the object of her concerned and affectionate gaze. "Frederick," she said at length, "I seem to recall something that may well explain Elithorpe Pemberton's disappearance. Tell me, did he have any interest outside his investigative practice?"

Frederick Uxbridge thought for a moment. "Indeed, yes! Now that you speak of it, he had a passion for Assyriology that bordered on the fanatical. He was always pouring over crumbled fragments of cuneiform, trying to decipher their

inscriptions!"

"Exactly!" Josie Glade went on, her voice triumphant. I believe you had mentioned something about his interest in archaeology when you first told us that he had undertaken your nephew's case. This is most interesting!"

"Well, don't stop now! Tell us all!" Ellen Cromwell said gently, smiling and signaling Phelps to bring the first course.

Josie Glade leaned forward and lowered her voice an octave. "I hear that Schliemann has just undertaken an expedition to the Nineveh mound and was placing advertisements in university periodicals for scholars to join him there! Do you suppose he could have forsaken his practice and his publications to fulfill his ultimate dream on the trail of the ancient Assyrian capital itself?"

Frederick Uxbridge was silent for some time, then spoke thoughtfully. "Ordinarily, I would say that it was absolutely out of the question. It is not like Elithorpe to abandon his obligations. One would think he would have at least sent me the packet by post. Yet I suppose Assyriology was his passion. His rooms were so full of fragments and texts that I often wondered where he could even lay his hat, to say nothing of his head..."

"Well, there! See, Frederick!" Georgie Carstairs intoned. "Perhaps your dark theory of conspiracy is not sound after all. When a man of middle years sees a cherished opportunity, one can never say for certain what he will do!"

As Phelps appeared with the first course, Frederick Uxbridge apologized for the heaviness of his topic, and was soundly forgiven and absolved by his notable guests. He then graciously inquired as to the success of their current ventures.

Georgie Carstairs made a proud announcement. "Thanks to my esteemed colleague, Dr. Josephine L. Glade" - and here she nodded toward her companion, who acknowledged with a blushing smile - "through The Sexual Temperance Union, The Ladies' Morals Society has a booth at the World's Exhibition of Scientific and Medical Curiosa." Both Ellen Cromwell and Frederick graciously congratulated their friends for this significant sign that their work was being recognized, even by the foremost authorities of the day.

Then Ellen Cromwell whispered to Josie Glade. In answer to Frederick's amused inquiry about their secret, Josie Glade asked Ellen Cromwell to ring for Phelps. While they waited, Josie Glade explained, "It seems that you are sitting in a room with three lady conspirators Frederick. Georgie and I wished to procure a gift that would fit your tastes perfectly. You have ever been a gracious host and loyal friend to us and to our worthy cause. Therefore we enlisted Ellen's aid and made her an honorary coconspirator. And without further ado..." Here Josie's expansive gesture matched perfectly the appearance of Phelps with a wrapped package.

Over the modest protests of their host, the three women insisted that he unwrap it at once. He did so, genuinely moved to find that the package contained a solid silver Steyn-Thorsson cigar service. The pedestal base of the device held a guillotine cutting mechanism for clipping the ends and a lighter secured with a short length of fine silver chain to a niche fashioned precisely to fit it. All three women insisted that Frederick neglect good form and have a smoke while waiting for the main course - just this once. At first he resisted, but they bullied him mercilessly and with great good humor until he acquiesced. Josie Glade clipped the tip of his Havana, and a moment later Georgie Carstairs lit it for him with the silver lighter.

After Frederick had finished his cigar, Phelps bent down to murmur into Ellen Cromwell's ear. She smiled. "Our main course will be a pork pâté served in a light pastry with crème sauce." Her eyes twinkled as she turned to Frederick Uxbridge. "Perhaps our guests would like to choose a claret to complement their meal rather than joining you in your obsessive devotion to Sercial Madeira!"

Frederick Uxbridge laughed and replied graciously, "Of course, my friends, of course. We have an excellent bottle of Chateau Margaux breathing now, a fifty-one, I believe and a pristine bottle of Chateau Haut-Brion - and that is a twenty-six." Both Josie Glade and Georgie Carstairs would not hear of it. They pronounced Frederick's taste for Madeira charming, and nothing would dissuade them from joining him. Ellen Cromwell was the only holdout and asked Phelps for a glass of the Margaux to complement her meal.

"Though I agree with General Booth's pamphlet that the gin houses are a scourge

of our cities, still, one must not lump the fine clarets or Madeiras together with such a vile beverage. Why, gin is scarcely a cut above laudanum!" Josie Glade observed somewhat primly. Frederick Uxbridge and Georgie Carstairs nodded in solemn agreement

Ellen Cromwell observed that many social ills stem from an excessive coddling of the lower classes and that rather than showing a proper gratitude, they lapse into lazy and lawless ways all the more. Georgie and Josie agreed, noting that the Poor Laws coming as they did in rapid succession liberated the poor only to become slaves of idleness and all manner of unnatural vice brought on by the experiencing of their newfound leisure and prosperity. "Imagine, a twelve-hour mill workday, and even that often abbreviated to nine or ten!" Josie Glade breathed, shocked at the scandal of it all. And so the dinner party continued famously. All parties delighted with both the excellent food and the witty, lighthearted social intercourse.

**Chidewell House**  
**by**  
**Titian Beresford**

**Chapter VII**

Dale Armsworthy led Violet Naughton and Francine Glade through the mysterious carpeted upper passages of Chidewell House. Indeed, the edifice at 47 Effingham Court never ceased to delight the two young ladies. Chidewell House brimmed with arcane and experimental goings-on that fascinated the two youngest members of The Ladies' Morals Society no end. And now, as full-fledged apprentices, they were about to experience something that they just knew would be perfectly delicious.

Both young ladies and Dale Armsworthy, their mentor; were clad in similar uniforms. The severe calf-length dresses of gray wool, with their built-in buttoned gloves and high collars, were softened somewhat by lacy aprons. All three pretty women also wore high-heeled oxfords, with heels so high that they would have indeed attracted scandalous attention were they exhibited about Portland Square. Expensive silk stockings graced the ladies' legs, displaying the neat curves of their calves and their well-turned ankles to perfection.

At length, Dale Armsworthy paused before a stout oak-paneled soundproof door and produced a key from her apron pocket. She pressed the key into Francine Glade's hand. She bent toward her eager pupils and spoke softly, her voice rich with soft conspiratorial tones. "Your first real duty lies just beyond that door. I envy you both your discovery of subtle, yet outrageous pleasures. Play and explore as you will. A brief note may explain matters more once you are inside. Remember that, though unobserved, you are to act with the grace and poise of full-fledged members of The Sexual Temperance Union of The Ladies' Morals Society."

With a wink and a toss of her head, Dale Armsworthy disappeared around a bend in the upstairs corridor with a feminine grace that displayed a mastery of walking in her fetishistic high-heeled oxfords. A mastery that Violet Naughton and Francine Glade could only envy. Yet their unfamiliar, ever-so-slightly tottering and

tipsy gait in their own high-heeled oxfords was every bit as delicious in its own right.

Violet and Francine lost no time in inserting the key in the door's sturdy lock and entering the room beyond. They latched the door behind them carefully and looked about the room, perhaps a trifle disappointed at first. The room was a strange mixture of sumptuous decor and scientific contraptions that both young ladies had grown familiar with during their stay at Chidewell House under the tutelage of both Dale Armsworthy and Mademoiselle Lange. There was no sign of a note, though both pairs of eager eyes scanned the room most thoroughly. There was no sign of a potential victim either, and this disappointed the young ladies most poignantly.

Soon the attention of both Violet and Francine was drawn to a large cabinet dominating one end of the room. They approached the cabinet slowly, the light gleaming on the polished heels of their black oxfords and highlighting the affected tiptoed stance that their lovely shoes enforced

Violet, this time the bolder of the two, grasped the brass knobs of the cabinet doors and pulled them open. Both young ladies started, then gasped at the scene that met their widening eyes. Their surprise soon gave away to delighted giggles at what the cabinet contained.

"It's the Pemberton thing!" Francine breathed between giggles. "Oh, look at him Violet!" Francine's observation was indeed correct. Elithorpe Pemberton was imprisoned in the cabinet. He was suspended in midair, hanging from a complex apparatus that was itself attached to the ceiling of the cabinet. Elithorpe Pemberton's knees were nearly drawn up to his chest, his legs splayed out to each side. He was naked save for a straitjacket that fastened his arms behind him in a helpless posture. His thighs were each bound in heavy laced cuffs of a strong woven fabric that resembled straitjacket material. The cuffs were suspended from the overhead apparatus as well, forcing his contorted and uncomfortable posture within the confines of the cabinet. This infantile contortion demanded of Elithorpe Pemberton by the rigidity of his bondage left his genitals most accessible indeed.

Both Violet and Francine feasted their eyes on the imprisoned investigative

attorney's sexual organs most shamelessly. Each pretty young woman delighted in both his helplessness and his discomfiture. "Look, his penis is soft and little!" Violet exclaimed, bending forward to observe more closely in the lamplight. "That's because Mademoiselle Lange has been subjecting him to prolonged Onanistic experiments, I shouldn't doubt!" Francine chimed in smugly.

Violet looked upward from Elithorpe Pemberton's genitals to his face. His head sagged to one side. His glasses were nowhere to be found. His eyes were open, yet glazed and an almost-idiotic expression was stamped on his features. Both young ladies, well trained in the vernacular of The Sexual Temperance Union of The Ladies' Morals Society, recognized the expression as the signature of a specimen hopelessly addicted to Onanistic manipulation.

Yet they were stumped by his inertia - even accounting for his bonds and the fixedly idiotic expression on his face. "Is he dead? Did they masturbate him to death?" Violet inquired almost hopefully.

Francine stepped forward and caressed his cheek with the palm of her gloved hand. "I don't think so, silly!" Then Francine dropped her eyes and for the first time noticed an envelope on the wide shelf beneath Elithorpe Pemberton's dangling scrotum. She opened it at once and read breathlessly to her companion.

Dearest Violet and Francine,

Do not trouble yourselves. Elithorpe Pemberton is not dead. Rather he has been injected with a paralytic drug that both deprives him of voluntary motor control and leaves him fully sensate. The effects of this chemical will not wear off for several hours. Until then, consider him your toy. Mademoiselle Lange along with Miss Spence and Miss Bates have been subjecting him to almost continuous genital massages. Mademoiselle Lange wishes you both to continue her experiments as she has been called away by other duties. Delight yourselves!

Fondly,

Dale Armsworthy

Francine Glade's eyes sparkled. "Do you know what this means, Violet?" she



breathed. Then, before giving Violet Naughton a chance to reply, she rushed on herself. "It is Dale Armsworthy's way of thanking us. It's her thoughtful gift to us that we get to toy with his genitals, in private, and with him in such a helpless pathetic state!"

"He's just our poor little Thingie now!" Violet gasped with delight. "Yes, Francine! Dale is letting us have at him for a bit because she knows that we were instrumental in Thingie's capture. We are the ones who caught him practically drooling over the boots in the shop window off Ladysmith Park. Once Dale and Mademoiselle Lange learned of his fetish for ladies high-heeled boots, the rest was easy. Dale stalked him on the train - an apple for the picking!"

Elithorpe Pemberton was perfectly cognizant of his surroundings. The depth of his despair was nearly bottomless. He knew now that his two youthful tormentors were the very same girls who had sniggered and mocked him as he stood at the ladies' clothing shop window. Indeed, they had been vital players in his capture. In large part, his subsequent subjection to slow and prolonged Onanistic manipulations was their fault.

Elithorpe Pemberton tried to move his bound and paralyzed body for the hundredth time and, as before, found that he could not. That such pretty young ladies, with sweet full lips, expressions of frank honesty, and lovely innocent eyes could delight in his helplessness and nakedness was not lost on Elithorpe Pemberton at all. Despite his misery and the slow manipulations to which he had already been addictively subjected, his penis began to lengthen and rise, pointing increasingly upward from between his legs.

Of course, Thingie's erecting sex organ was not ignored by either Violet Naughton or Francine Glade. The room was soon filled with stifled giggles and mocking references to decency and morality. Violet and Francine both bent succulently at the waist, their faces alive with knowing delight to observe the process from close proximity.

A few moments later Elithorpe Pemberton hung in his bonds, his penis thick and fully erect, his testicles dangling below in absolute vulnerability. After the curious young ladies feasted their eyes on his most private attributes, they began to

explore the secrets of the cabinet which contained their victim.

Violet pointed out the shiny brass plate affixed to the upper portion of the cabinet's base: LADIES' DELIGHT. SIMPLY THE FINEST BRAND OF SCIENTIFIC SPECIMEN CABINETS IN THE WORLD TODAY. The young ladies discovered a recessed drawer just beneath the shelf over which their victim was suspended. To their delight, the drawer contained a precisely weighted scale, some linen clothes, a tiny buckled ring with a lead weight attached and several little rubber-throated, round-bottomed glass bottles in a walnut rack built especially to accommodate them.

The pretty young ladies - one the niece of, the famed research physician Dr. Josephine L. Glade, and the other the niece of Georgina Carstairs, the founder and head of The Sexual Temperance Union of The Ladies' Morals Society - knew immediately what the last two items in the drawer were. The first was a scrotal weight that could be used to increase the duration and intensity of the male orgasm. The second was a set of semen-collection bottles of precisely equal measure that could be used to measure the weight of sperm samples ejaculated in successive male orgasms. Both young ladies determined to put the items to good use.

Francine Glade discovered that doors on the back of the cabinet, identical to those on the front, could be opened to give access to both the front and rear parts of their prisoner. They divided their toys. Francine Glade took the scrotal weights, and Violet Naughton got the specimen bottles. Both young ladies would share the scale and planned to give a detailed report to Mademoiselle Lange on the weight of each consecutive semen sample that they masturbated out of their new toy.

Elithorpe Pemberton was ever so weak His genitals had been but the playthings of successive teams of lovely young ladies. His initial panic at the injection of the paralytic drug by Mademoiselle Lange soon gave way to a hopeless addiction to the manual pleasures that had been forced upon him. He would have gladly sacrificed his most sacred possession - a cuneiform tablet dating from the reign of Sargon II - for some giggly uncaring trollop to stimulate his genitals once again.

Despite his pleasures, Elithorpe Pemberton was worried. His uncle, the vicar of

Whitworth Abbey, had been an avid reader of the works of Tissot, and was not at all remiss at sharing the warnings of the dreadful consequences of Onanistic indulgence. The fact that the women of Chidewell House delighted in performing Onanistic manipulations of him - combined with his knowledge of Onanism's debilitating effects - sparked a part of Elithorpe Pemberton's nature that could accurately be called masochistic. Despite his experience of addictive pleasure, Elithorpe Pemberton was worried that, were he to survive his captivity at all he would be rendered either an imbecile or a weakling.

Were he able to, Elithorpe Pemberton would have squirmed with helpless delight when Francine Glade reached through beneath his buttocks from behind to fasten the testicular weight-bearing ring to his scrotum. Her gloved fingertips invaded his privacy most willingly, and he found the sensation of the young lady's touch most poignant indeed. Though his testicles were compressed together, causing slightly painful cramps to ripple through his abdomen, the sensation of his scrotum being drawn downward and stretched taut produced a most compellingly pleasurable sensation. Francine was not content to abandon his scrotum once the weights were fastened on, but rather amused herself by placing it on her gloved palm and subjecting it to gentle squeezings and manipulations. Francine raised one pretty leg to rest her knee on the shelf over which her victim was suspended. She licked her lips and savored her secret pleasures.

Violet Naughton reached out her gloved hand to take Thingie by his sexual organ. The contrast between Violet's pristinely starched gloves, buttoned to her immaculate uniform sleeves, and her captive's turgid sex organ, each vein swollen outward in exaggerated three-dimensional relief, was most indecent indeed.

For that matter, the humiliating posture of their bound and suspended naked victim, when contrasted with the pretty young ladies' own proper attire, was poignant as well. The young ladies exhibited no bare skin at all save for their faces. Their calves and ankles were clothed in the expensive sheen of their silk stockings, which emphasized the feminine curves of their well-formed limbs. The uniform dresses with their proper aprons were fitted tightly enough to the young ladies' feminine forms to show off the inviting curves of hips, breasts, and bottoms. The fact that two such exquisite young ladies could delight themselves addicting a

helpless experimentation subject to Onanistic degradation was bizarre in the extreme.

Violet slipped a specimen bottle over the bloated purple tip of Thingie's penis, held it steady with one hand, and with her other hand began to draw his foreskin to and fro. Violet's eyes scanned her paralyzed captive's face closely, searching for any sign of helpless pleasure that she could gloat over as her wicked fingers abused his sex organ. Francine's active fingers were busy as well from behind. She subjected Elithorpe Pemberton's shaved scrotum to furtive twists and squeezes. In his paralyzed state, he could not even writhe!

Violet's avidly searching gaze was rewarded as she found what she sought: expressive evidence that their combined manipulations were inducing vivid sensations of helplessly addictive pleasure that completely conquered their paralyzed victim. A sheen of perspiration glistened on Thingie's forehead. He was breathing heavily. As the manustupration continued, Elithorpe Pemberton began to drool. The specimen bottle bobbed almost comically, imprisoning the tip of his sex organ.

## **Chidewell House**

**by**

**Titian Beresford**

### **Chapter VIII**

Maximillian Phelps lay naked from the waist down, as the morning sunlight spilled through the diamond shaped panes of his window and laid dappled patterns across the far wall of his room. His situation was undignified to the point of ridiculousness. His nightshirt had been tucked up about his chest. He lay rigidly upon his back, his hands at his sides, with a neatly folded towel resting on his stomach. A chair had been pulled up close, and placed directly beside his bed. A small table stood beside the chair: A jar of petrolatum rested on its surface alongside a bowl containing warm water and a bar of floating soap. A second and third small towel were folded neatly beside the bowl.

Maximillian Phelps's penis was very thick and very short. It was surrounded by a dense dark tangle of hair that covered his abdomen. His scrotum hung low, his testicles splayed on the pristine white sheet beneath him. He lay still, concentrating on willing his slowly thickening, lengthening penis to soften. His face was a mask of purposeful concentration.

Outside his window in the gravel drive below, Josie Glade and Georgie Carstairs waited in Frederick Uxbridge's motorcar while he turned the crank. Frederick and Ellen's notable guests had asked to be returned to the headquarters of The Sexual Temperance Union of The Ladies' Morals Society on Primrose Lane so that they could prepare for an award ceremony before the Lord Mayor and the aldermen. The tireless work that they did on behalf of the nation's moral structure was being recognized at last.

The engine of the motorcar caught, then sputtered into life. Frederick Uxbridge climbed into the driver's seat, released the brake, and they were off. The dinner party had ended cordially with a reaffirmation of friendship between the four. Ellen Cromwell enjoyed a light breakfast with Frederick and their guests, but had declined to ride along on the drive back to Primrose Lane. She had other business to tend to.

There was a tap at his door, and Maximillian Phelps swallowed hard. The door opened. Ellen Cromwell stepped into his room without waiting for a reply. She wore a long white apron that covered her from chin to knee. Her hair was up in an impeccable twist without a single strand out of place.

Ellen Cromwell smiled, "Good morning, Phelps! It appears to be a lovely day!" Maximillian Phelps swallowed hard for a second time. Ellen Cromwell moved to sit on the upholstered chair at his bedside.

"Yes, Miss... a lovely day indeed - thank you, Miss." Ellen Cromwell was fond of Maximillian Phelps, and he was dearly devoted to her. In fact, it was said by more than one Chudleigh Green dinner-party guest that he could read her mind, almost divining her wishes and making it unnecessary for her to utter them.

The sight of Ellen Cromwell's supple feminine form in the starched high-collared apron had interfered most significantly with Maximillian Phelps' resolve that his sexual organ remain soft. Already thick and short, it thickened considerably more while lengthening but a trifle. His foreskin remained forward, however, keeping the expanding head of his penis painfully constricted.

Such was the extent of the closeness between the two - fond mistress and devoted servant - that when she saw him apparently in significant pain one afternoon, she badgered him mercilessly until he broke down and told her; blushing furiously, the source of his discomfiture. Rather than being repelled by the intensely private nature of his affliction, Maximillian Phelps found Ellen Cromwell to be at once both sympathetic and concerned.

To his utter surprise, she told him that she should help him with his problem herself, and that she would take great care to minimize the possibility of lewdly pleasurable sensations in so doing. Ellen Cromwell declared that having another assist him with his problem of phimosis would go far in assuring that the necessary manipulations would not lead to addiction to solitary vice.

And so an intensely private little ritual developed between the loyal butler and his trusted mistress. Twice each week, Ellen Cromwell would assist Phelps with therapeutic manipulations designed to ease the symptoms of his condition. Phelps

had even once inquired as to whether or not the problem could be corrected surgically. Ellen Cromwell stated that it could most assuredly; however she strongly advised against a surgical solution. She had lowered her voice and her cheeks had flushed ever so slightly as she stated that the intimate postoperative care that matrons would have to give him following any such circumcision, combined with the pain of the procedure itself would risk inculcating a masochistic bent in his sexual nature. Indeed, Ellen Cromwell had heard of lewd matrons who were not above taking delight in performing wicked manipulations on their patients who upon discharge from the hospital, found themselves hopelessly given over to manual self-abuse as a result.

Ellen Cromwell opened the Jar of petrolatum and rubbed a bit between her palms and fingertips until they fairly glistened. Maximillian Phelps was at full erection now. He squirmed ever so slightly, a consequence both of deep embarrassment and the pain of his unfortunate condition.

His mistress chided him gently. "I have told you repeatedly, Phelps, that it requires the most diligent exercise of the moral will to subdue the lewd impulses manifested in permitting tumescence. I see that you have failed in this instance to quell that carnal urge." She leaned forward, her eyes liquid with deep concern. She reached out to take his scrotum in one glistening, lubricated hand while his thick penis was grasped by the other. "Have you been performing your breathing exercises when such urges come upon you?"

Maximillian Phelps gasped involuntarily at her touch. She began to apply more lubrication to his foreskin and, ever so slowly, attempted to ease it back with gentle pressure. He collected himself at length to reply. His heart thudded and his voice was thick with a mixture of acute embarrassment and sensual pleasure. "I shall try harder Miss."

Ellen Cromwell smiled down at Phelps fondly. All the while her hands continued their intimate efforts upon the most private part of his person. "Of course you will, Phelps, of course you will. And I know that you do try gallantly to master your baser urges. If continued diligently, your efforts will bear fruit, I assure you!"

Ellen Cromwell had applied even more petrolatum to her servant's genitals, and

now both glistening hands gently yet insistently worked his foreskin, easing it back just a trifle. Ellen Cromwell continued, her voice casual and friendly. "When the urge to erect comes upon you, remember the three basic steps. One: Clench your fists. Two: Take a deep breath and hold it. Three: Tighten the muscles just behind your scrotum and grit your teeth. Of course, these method`s may not work now, for it is a necessity for me to have to handle you in this manner as part of your therapeutic treatment. Still, the three-step method is tried and true, and will help you in your battle to maintain personal virtue."

Here Maximillian Phelps interrupted his pretty mistress. "Miss... miss.... please! |--"

Ellen Cromwell snatched her glistening hands away from her servant's engorged privates at once. "Have the lewd sensations come upon you again, Phelps?"

His face was crimson. His chest heaved. He gulped. "Yes, Miss, I had to warn you. Had you continued, I fear I might have--"

"Soiled my hands and your own person no doubt;" Ellen Cromwell said crisply. "It was good of you to warn me. I shall pause in my ministrations to give the sensations time to pass."

Ellen Cromwell smiled down at him. "Remember that these are most certainly not indecent manipulations for the purpose of gratifying prurient desires. Rather, these are morally helpful manipulations, however intimate they must, of necessity, be."

And so the slow genital manipulations continued with frequent gasps from Phelps that Ellen Cromwell should stop a moment and wait. But at last her dutiful labors bore the fruit. Phelps's foreskin had worked back completely.

Ellen Cromwell did not yet congratulate herself or consider her proceedings completed. She worked a good amount of petrolatum all about the exposed head of her trusted servant's penis, causing him no doubt the most poignant yet unavoidable sensations. She also applied more lubrication to his foreskin and worked it to and fro, uncovering and covering the glans a good many more times to assure the task was complete. During these procedures Maximillian Phelps lay



rigid, slack jawed, with his eyes glazed. Ellen Cromwell's soft glistening hands most suavely agitated the great thick sex organ they held prisoner - an agitation of kind necessity of course.

On four separate occasions, it was necessary for Ellen Cromwell to wipe away the thin string of arousal that secreted from the engorged purple tip of the butler's penis. Of course, each time it was necessary for her to do so, she chided him fondly yet firmly for his too quick surrender to lewd sensations.

At last, Ellen Cromwell was finished, and while Maximillian Phelps lay panting and erect, yet much eased of his painful constriction, she washed her hands with the soap and warm water, then wiped them fastidiously on the towel. She stood up and patted Maximillian Phelps's arm warmly. "When you have dressed and put the chair, table and water away, you may continue with your general household duties." With that, his pretty mistress backed away modestly from his room and closed the door softly behind her. Though manifestly proper from the front, her apron left her broad bottom almost bare; and since she had not yet dressed for the day, the apron was her only garment

As Maximillian Phelps wiped the excess lubricant from his privates and then set about cleaning up the residue of Ellen Cromwell's manipulative treatment, his mistress herself was seated naked on the plush velour cushions of a window seat under a small bow window at the back of her suite of rooms. She drew her legs up beside her and looked down over the formal garden below her window.

Ellen Cromwell was determined to champion the cause of decency whenever and wherever possible. Her tireless work with Maximillian Phelps was but one aspect of her determination. Ellen Cromwell believed that self-abuse was the foundation of many social ills that plagued society. She had recently attended a lecture where it was stated in no uncertain terms that manustupration squandered the best seed, and the seed that remained to impregnate the future wife of a masturbator was inferior seed and resulted in morally and physically weak offspring and, not infrequently, idiocy in the children themselves. The speaker at the lecture had further assured his audience, Ellen Cromwell included, that the more chronic the masturbatory indulgence, the more devastating the effects visited upon the

offspring - all caused from their fertilization of the egg by inferior male seed. The speaker went on to say that empires fell when they slipped into moral decadence, not necessarily from the decadence itself, or any Heavenly judgment upon it, but rather from the best of the nation's seed being spilled through lewd self-manipulations. The speaker also hinted darkly that performing genital manipulation on another was akin to murdering the subject's best and brightest offspring.

At the reception following the Morals Crusade meeting, Ellen Cromwell determined to begin atoning for past wickednesses. She adjusted her position on the velour cushions of her window seat, kneeling now, sitting on her bare heels, her buttocks pouting cheekily above the arched soles of her trim bare feet. She rested her chin on her forearms and looked down over the garden below. Ellen Cromwell could feel that her nipples were erect. Her nipples were always erect after she assisted Phelps with the intimacy of his private affliction. Ten years before, during an extended stay at the Hotel Alcazar, Ellen Cromwell had performed just such lewd manipulations on a member of the opposite sex. It did not matter that the manipulations were performed at the urging of her sophisticated cousin Juliana. It also did not matter that Juliana had stated a most logical reason for their necessity.

Juliana Hand's fiancé was a famed operatic tenor named Montague Wyvern. Ellen Cromwell, then barely eighteen years of age, was delighted when her wealthy cousin Juliana offered to share her hotel suite with her. Their suite was on the same floor as that occupied by Montague Wyvern and his operatic mentor, an elderly Neapolitan who had achieved great fame at the summit of his own career years before.

As the older and wealthier of the two, Juliana Hand was more than a trifle jaded and almost impossible to shock. However, Ellen Cromwell was stunned when one evening just before one of Monty's performances, Juliana produced a narrow volume bound in burgundy leather that depicted scenes of sensual acts - Scandalous in the extreme!

Ellen Cromwell gaped as her cousin flipped through the pages of explicit text,

interspersed with more exquisite line drawings, all depicting the same type of sexual act: women manipulating the aroused genitals of bound and contorted men. The women were all fully dressed and their facial expressions were placid and complacent, in stark contrast to the anguished longing stamped on the faces of their unfortunate subjects.

Later that same evening, all through the opera, Ellen found that the lurid images still burned in her mind and distracted her from an elaborately staged performance of Ernest Reyer's *Fervaal*. The performance was generally well received though Monty's tenor solos were not quite up to par - certainly adequate, but not outstanding. Ever the perfectionist, Montague Wyvern fell into a rather unseemly despair following their performance, Ellen was supportive. Ever the cool head, Juliana appeared in deep thought.

Then, Ellen Cromwell's cousin Juliana combined her powers of persuasion with her ability to make the most outrageous schemes seem not only practical but sensible as well. She suggested that if her fiancé Montague Wyvern were subjected to genital manipulations to the point of seminal emission before each operatic performance, the range and power of his voice would be enhanced, especially toward the highest end of the tenor scale. Further, it would lead to weakness of character were Monty to perform the manipulations upon himself, and it would be a compromise to the chaste relationship they enjoyed until marriage, were Juliana to manipulate her fiancé.

Ellen Cromwell gasped when Juliana suggested that she was the only logical candidate to perform the genital manipulations. Before she could regain her composure and voice her objections, Juliana's smooth voice was saying, "Of course this act would not be for the generation of prurient pleasure, but rather to enhance the tonal range, and tenacity of a God-given gift."

Such were her cousin's powers of persuasion that scarcely a day later, Ellen Cromwell found herself performing the intimate service that was but an outrageous concept when the idea was first broached.

The ritual developed simply and unfolded quite the same way before each performance. Ellen Cromwell and her cousin Juliana Hand sat side by side on a

comfortable scroll-armed settee in their Hotel Alcazar suite. Montague Wyvern would present himself, naked from the waist down. After he assumed the knee-chest position on the rich carpet at the feet of his fully dressed fiancé and her cousin, the manipulations would begin. Ellen Cromwell would first draw on white kidskin gloves, as it would be highly improper for her to actually touch Monty's genitals with her bare hands. The uniquely humiliating position that Juliana had Monty assume left his genitals perfectly vulnerable to the hands of his young manipulator. Indeed, his scrotal sac dangled in full view of both young women while his slender, though thickening penis was near at hand as well. Juliana always supervised the manipulative proceedings. It took but a very few minutes before Monty contorted at their feet and his sperm spilled up across his stomach.

Ellen Cromwell attained proficiency in this manipulative act almost at once. Looking back on those events of years ago, Ellen regarded her quickly attained expertise to be a manifestation of some inherent tendency to vice, hidden in her nature. That Montague Wyvern suffered the most compelling sensations while contorted at their feet, there could be no doubt whatever. Despite the operatic tenor's own naked vulnerability, Juliana Hand made certain that Ellen Cromwell was always attired in the most modest fashion when she performed the masturbation.

Soon Ellen Cromwell began to secretly enjoy performing this debasing act upon her cousin's fiancé and derived a furtive guilty pleasure from the exercise of her new found duties. Strangely enough, the quality of Monty's tenor solos did seem to improve and his voice was clear and pristine on even the very highest notes. At the same time, it seemed to both Ellen and Juliana that Monty was weakened ever so slightly due to the manipulations before each performance. He appeared to lack a bit in willpower and was cowed more easily both in disagreements of an artistic nature with his operatic peers, and in minor disputes with his fiancée. Ellen Cromwell continued to tell herself that she was performing a vital service, and helping Montague attain the fame that he had always strived for - with every part of his being - and certainly deserved.

Ellen Cromwell secretly had adored the helpless look of naked passion on Monty's

face as his penis reared in her daintily little kid-gloved hand - helpless to escape her firm manipulations. She was covertly amused at the low dangle of his scrotum as it bounced against his bare bottom in time to each stroke of her hand on his penis. When the sensations mastered him and he ejaculated, more often than not, Ellen Cromwell's eyes were on the slack-jawed glassy-eyed expression of his face than on the strangled purple tip of his penis as it disgorged its jets of seed up across his stomach and abdomen. All the while Monty remained rigid in the infantile posture of the knee-chest position at their feet obedient to the last detail.

Ellen Cromwell smiled, her attention momentarily wavering from her reverie by the sight of a lovely songbird scarcely two yards from her window. She shifted position to watch it more closely. The broad pallor of the cheeks of her bare bottom contrasted exquisitely with the shadowed cleft that separated them. Ellen Cromwell's nipples were still erect. At length she returned to her shameful memories.

All in all, she had masturbated Montague Wyvern dozens of times. He became addicted to the "pleasures of the hand" in a very real sense. Years later, Ellen realized that her cousin Juliana had thoroughly despised Monty, and though they married later, Juliana bore him scant real affection. Juliana referred laughingly to the manipulations Ellen performed on Monty as "making him a temporary castrato." Juliana had attached herself to Monty, not out of genuine regard but rather to ride the coattails of his fame and thus increase her own social standing. In this she was successful. Monty achieved a great deal of fame and Juliana's receptions were legendary.

Ellen sat up and stretched languidly. Her pear-shaped breasts culminating in very large nipples. She had last seen Juliana and Monty at one of Juliana's receptions two years before. Juliana laughed at the way Monty kissed Ellen's hand in greeting, as if renewing a pleasurable memory. Ellen Cromwell's cheeks flushed from the very recollection. She had also glimpsed Juliana and Monty's pimple-faced boy, peering over an upstairs banister at the dazzling throng below, of which she was a part

The sight of the boy filled Ellen Cromwell with pangs of guilt. Perhaps the morals lecturer was right in his assertion that performing genital manipulation on another was akin to murdering the subject's best and brightest offspring. Had she not succumbed to her cousin's depraved logic and become a fiendish exponent of moral wickedness, perhaps this poor pale, awkward boy, gawking over the banister, then blushing crimson, would have been a strong, confident lad instead. From then on, Ellen Cromwell was committed to a course of moral decency.

## **Chidewell House**

**by**

**Titian Beresford**

### **Chapter IX**

Twenty-four hours after the dinner party that Frederick Uxbridge and Ellen Cromwell held for Josie Glade, the noted physician specializing in sexual neurosis, and Georgie Carstairs, the nationally recognized head of The Sexual Temperance Union of The Ladies' Morals Society, Frederick's nephew, Cecil Uxbridge, found himself in a most disquieting predicament.

He lay naked on a cold table in a clinical room that fairly bristled with arcane medical contraptions and instruments of scientific curiosity, trussed in the implacable and pitiless embrace of a heavy woven straitjacket, and acutely uncomfortable as the device wrapped both of his arms about him with such tightness that he could barely breathe. He was terribly conscious of his bare genitals as they dangled vulnerably due to his forced assumption of the ridiculously infantile knee-chest position. His assumption of the knee-chest position was involuntary; specialized straps sewn firmly to the shoulder portion of his straitjacket had been buckled to matching loops, themselves attached to strong fabric belts that encompassed Cecil's upper thighs. Despite his nakedness below the waist, Cecil's main concern was that he might topple from the experimentation table - the surface was barely smaller than the area of his back - and hurt himself, bound and contorted, on the hard cold tiles of the floor below.

He need not have concerned himself. To his right, arms folded primly, stood Mademoiselle Lange. She was clad in her signature uniform of a stylish black dress with a high collar of intricately worked lace. An immaculately starched white apron covered her from her breasts to her calves. Her hair was twisted up impeccably in a swirl without a single strand out of place. Her wrists and hands were clothed nearly to the elbow in gleaming black examination gloves of India rubber. Her ensemble was completed by elegant stockings and black patent leather oxfords with immodestly high heels.

Mademoiselle Lange arched her pencil thin, precisely arched eyebrows and pursed

her perfect lips. Cecil Uxbridge had begun to voice his concern at the prospect of falling from the examination table. Mademoiselle Lange stepped closer to him, her dress clinging to the curves of her hips and buttocks. She delivered a stinging slap to his right cheek with her India rubber-gloved hand. "I told you to be silent!" she said matter-of-factly, her voice low.

Across the examination table from Mademoiselle Lange, Anika Bates, standing on Cecil's left, nodded approvingly. Anika Bates was a striking young woman. She was clad in the uniform of the Chidewell House matron: a severe calf-length dress of gray wool with a high collar and built-in buttoned gloves, accessorized with a lace apron, elegant stockings and patent leather oxfords with outrageously high heels. Anika Bates had a very fair complexion, and this, combined with her jet black hair that hung almost to her bottom when let down, accounted, at least in part, for her striking appearance. Her aspect was also noteworthy in that her eyebrows were very dark and quite thick, lending to her face a quality of severity that its inherent sweetness would otherwise have negated. Mademoiselle Lange found Anika Bates, along with Anna Spence, who was not present, to be her indispensable assistants in the bizarre duties constituting the Chidewell House regimen. Indeed Mademoiselle Lange was known to refer to the pretty young matrons, Miss Bates and Miss Spence, as "my two Annas."

Anika Bates looked down at Cecil's reddening cheek approvingly and then walked to a side cabinet. She undid the cuff buttons that secured her gray uniform gloves to her sleeves, removed them one at a time, and replaced them with gleaming gloves of India rubber, identical to those worn by Mademoiselle Lange. Cecil fought down the urge to squirm in his bands. He knew that any attempt to free himself would be in vain. He was bound and watched over by two lovely, severe women. Still he did not like the look of the gleaming gloves - not in the least! He was becoming more and more aware of his bare genitals.

He swallowed hard.

At the direction of Mademoiselle Lange, Anika Bates moved back to the examination table on which Cecil Uxbridge was bound, pushing a small cart that moved easily on silent wheels. On its surface was an unfolded immaculate white



cloth containing instruments of medical examination and experimentation. Cecil did not like the look of the instruments, but he did notice the way the light in the room reflected from the high heels of Miss Bates's oxfords and the way her stylish shoes emphasized the curves of her calves and the fine turn of her ankles.

Then the door opened. Dr. Josephine L. Glade stepped into the room! She was clad in a black calf-length skirt, a gray tweed vest, a white blouse with a round collar, and a black tie. Sheer silk stockings graced her legs, and her feet were attired in black lace-up shoes with heels of outrageous height. The shoes were cut low on her feet in an exaggerated version of the rage then sweeping Paris. Josie Glade's left hand and arm were both clad beyond the elbow in a single shining India rubber examination glove. Her right hand was bare. In it, she held a battered leather-bound notebook and an expensive fountain pen. However, the most striking feature of Josie Glade's costume was the black mask that concealed the upper portion of her face and the black velvet cloth that draped down from the mask and concealed the lower portion as well.

Josie Glade and Mademoiselle Lange exchanged the easy greetings of familiar friends. In fact, there was a secret association between certain members of The Ladies' Morals Society on Primrose Lane and Mademoiselle Lange, Dale Armsworthy, and the matrons of Chidewell House at 47 Effingham Court, just off Portland Square. The Ladies' Morals Society camp, best represented by Josie Glade, were well aware that Mademoiselle Lange was employed by stepmothers and jealous half-sisters to addict young male heirs aged eighteen to twenty-one to the vice of manual abuse through constant manipulations by designated maids or matrons, and the inculcation of fetishism as a reinforcement.

Once totally addicted to the unnatural vice of forced manipulations performed on them by the wicked female accomplices of their spiteful relatives, the young males' pallid complexions and weakening constitutions, combined with their downcast, indecisive demeanors were all that was necessary - once the proper insinuations were interjected - to have them declared the wards of the very female relatives who had engineered their downfalls. The stepmothers and half-sisters, now with unrestricted access to their victims' very fortunes, found themselves most generous in repaying Mademoiselle Lange and her matrons for

their invaluable services.

The Ladies' Morals Society, while not approving of callous defilement of the moral purity of myriad young men, found the victims of Chidewell House invaluable research subjects in the effects of prolonged Onanistic manipulations and pathologically induced fetishism. Suffice it to say The Sexual Temperance Union believed that the wickedness that transpired in the cellars and attic rooms of Chidewell House would at least bear a bit of good fruit were the accurately observed results documented in pamphlet form and used in the oral reinforcement of the entire nation. In truth, as Josie Glade often said, "Onanism is the scourge of our Sceptered Isle!" And how better to document its effects than by close observation of them first hand.

Josie Glade customarily observed the specimens collected for the purpose of being subjected to masturbatic manipulations before and after their regimen began. In this way, she would have a baseline of comparison for scientific documentation of the ill effects. Through warnings in public morals meetings of The Sexual Temperance Union, the sacrifice of but one specimen could save many an unfortunate from the debaucheries of manual abuse that ominously threatened the nation's genetic pool. Josie Glade was a woman of science and had often steeled herself and set her resolve against her natural urge to uncover and expose this wicked trade in the moral uprightness of a few young men - and all for the greater good!

Despite his desperate wishes to the contrary, Cecil Uxbridge's penis responded rather obviously to the sight of Dr. Josephine L. Glade. It rose and lurched to erection in a matter of two or three seconds in direct contradiction of his conscious will. His two female captors noticed it at once, as did Josie Glade - the object of his prurient affection.

Josie Glade bent forward to observe his erection more closely. Her voice was clinical, though beneath her mask, a smile teased about the corners of her pretty lips. "His erectile response has all the urgency of satyriasis."

Mademoiselle Lange nodded. "We have not yet embarked upon his full regimen of manual abuse. We wished to give him a few days to become more acclimated to

his new surroundings, and we wished you to have a chance to subject him to a thorough examination before we had induced any taint to his character."

Josie Glade did not approve of Mademoiselle Lange's direct admission of deliberate debauchery. However, her disciplined mind overcame her natural repugnance and progressed logically. "I cannot subject him to either an adequate or a thorough examination with the straitjacket on him. Perhaps you have another harness that could be used to ensure his confinement, yet that would allow me more access to his person?"

Mademoiselle Lange stepped to a large medical cupboard and returned to Cecil's examination table with a complete harness bristling with heavy buckles and fashioned of wide straps of supple new leather. While Josie Glade watched, arms folded, Mademoiselle Lange and Miss Bates divested Cecil of his straitjacket. Any illusions he may have had about leaping down from the examination table once the straitjacket was undone and running naked - with an erection - down the corridors of Chidewell House, then bolting through the front doors and dashing down the steps onto the bustle of Portland Square - were shattered by the firm efficiency of his two captors. Once the straitjacket was unfastened, Cecil found his arms too numb to be of much use at all in effecting an escape. Nonetheless Miss Bates held his wrists in an iron grip while Mademoiselle Lange placed him in the harness.

As Mademoiselle Lange buckled the straps of the harness about his person - with no more thought of his dignity than a nursemaid would give a child or an asylum matron would give an inmate - Cecil's entire consciousness became one vast realization of intense shame. He willed his erection to subside over and over again, but it did not. His scrotum lolled against his thighs as Mademoiselle Lange pulled him this way and that, raising him and prodding him as necessary, just to subject him to a new form of humiliating bondage. His hard penis pointed toward the gaslights suspended from the ceiling as a smiling Anika Bates, seeming to take delight in his every indignity, held him firmly and supported him from falling off the narrow experimentation table.

Mademoiselle Lange fastened a thick leather belt about his waist. It was attached

to two straps that ran up over both his shoulders and came down across his chest to rejoin the belt in the front. Another strap was passed about the hollow of his knees so that he could again be placed in the naked shame of the knee-chest position, as the strap about his knees was fastened to his chest harness. Finally, his wrists were secured by two smaller snaps that buckled to the harness at his shoulders so that he was trussed firmly and absolutely helpless.

Cecil's erection had not subsided in the least. Something about the stern and mysterious aspect lent to the masked woman affected Cecil's sensibilities most dramatically. The contrast between the tasteful propriety of the women's costumes, combined with the outrageous immodesty of their high-heeled shoes heated Cecil's desires and increased the effect of the mask To Cecil Josie Glade was an enigma, and the mask lent her qualities that made her appearance all the more mysterious and sadistic. Cecil struggled futilely against his bonds, making the supple new leather creak a bit. Mademoiselle Lange and Miss Bates laughed at his efforts. Josie Grade busied herself writing in the leather-bound notebook with her fountain pen.

As Miss Bates watched over him with the gleeful eyes of an uncaring jailer, Mademoiselle Lange assisted Dr. Josephine Glade in subjecting Cecil to a very slow and detailed physical examination - an examination that gave no consideration whatever to its subject's dignity or sensibilities, an examination that violated his person repeatedly and most invasively.

Josie Glade listened to Cecil's heartbeat, felt and prodded the lymph glands under his jaw, inserted her gloved fingers into his mouth to grasp his tongue and draw it out for closer inspection. She pummeled and prodded his chest, sides and abdomen, felt his legs and the joints and muscles of his arms. She had him breathe deeply in and out until he grew quite faint and told her so. All the while, she made notations in her leather-bound book. All the while, Cecil's penis remained shamefully erect.

After measuring his head with wide metal calipers and passing her palms repeatedly over and about his skull, searching for protuberances, Josie Glade pronounced him apparently free of cerebral anomalies. She said his head showed

no inclination of rhombic distortion, and that both his parietal and frontal lobes appeared normal in every way.

After Cecil responded to certain probing questions, Josie Glade told Mademoiselle Lange that he seemed to be in very good health altogether. She pronounced his skeleton entirely masculine, noted that there was little hair on his trunk, but that his pelvis was narrow and masculine and his shoulders average. Josie Glade saw no evidence of either hereditary taint or congestion of the head. In response to a second wave of questions, she was able to determine that Cecil was not tabetic, nervous, incontinent, or melancholic. He had no symptoms of neuralgia or manifestations of psychical degeneration. Returning to his skull once again- Josie Glade was also an enthusiastic student of phrenology - she noted that Cecil's occiput exhibited no abnormalities. Close inspection of his eyes and ears revealed no ocular or auditory irregularities.

Then, to Cecil's intense shame and horror, the examination focused on his private parts. As he lay tense, blushing, but still hugely erect, Mademoiselle Lange assisted Josie Glade in applying generous dollops of petrolatum to the gleaming fingertips of her black rubber-gloved hand. Anika Bates smiled smugly down at Cecil all the while, gloating over what was in store for him, her gloved hands pressing him firmly down at the shoulders.

As Josie Glade approached, the glistening fingers of her gleaming glove raised almost fastidiously in the air, Cecil squirmed unavailingly and pleaded for mercy. Mademoiselle Lange delivered a second stinging slap to his cheek and told him to be silent. Anika Bates' facial expression had become a hypocritical mask of mock pity.

Miss Bates continued to hold Cecil down against the experimentation table by pressing his shoulders down firmly. Mademoiselle Lange moved to the foot of the table and spread Cecil's bare buttocks. Josie Glade stepped forward daintily in her lace-up shoes with their outrageously high heels, her lubricated glove at the ready.

A moment later, Cecil jerked and grunted as Dr. Josie Glade slowly inserted first one lubricated finger, then two, then three, into the clenching resistance of his

most intimate orifice. To his intense discomfort and amplified shame, Josie Glade was not content to hold her fingers still in his rectum, but rather probed him most firmly, searching thoroughly for any signs of abnormality, even in that most private place.

Cecil's penis twitched and jerked its head swelling purple to even greater dimensions. A small bead of moisture oozed from the gasping slit in the tip of Cecil's penis and dribbled down the tip. "I have stimulated a reproductive gland found adjacent to the rectum in males;" Josie Glade noted clinically. Despite her clinical tone, a crimson flush was creeping across Josie Glade's cheeks beneath her mask.

Josie Glade would never admit it even to herself, but she took a secret guilty pleasure in what she was doing to the helpless young man who lay squirming on the table. She enjoyed being fully, properly, even stylishly clad herself while subjecting her naked victim to the utmost indignities. Had she even admitted her secret feelings to herself, Josie Glade would simply have dismissed them as irrelevant and not allowed them to impede the progress of her deliberate and exhaustive scientific studies. After all she did such things solely to ensure the moral health of her nation.

Cecil lay erect, drenched with perspiration. As the rectal examination continued, he was seized with an almost overwhelming urge to void his bowels. Of course he did not actually need to do what his urge seemed to demand. Rather it was his body's instinct to repel this most intimate of invasions.

At last Josie Glade considered her probing to be complete. She had detected no sign of ill health, no abnormalities of any kind. "Now, Cecil," she said calmly. "I want you to expel my fingers from your person by tensing your sphincter, as if your body was completing a normal function of waste elimination." His vivid discomfort made Cecil only too willing to obey. In fact the sensations he was experiencing compelled him to comply. His entire body tensed as he grunted and contorted. Mademoiselle Lange and Miss Bates both stifled their laughter as he freed himself at last in this most undignified way.

Josie Glade removed the used glove and put on another, wiggling her fingers

primly and drawing it up past her elbow once again. She was smiling beneath her mask. Cecil lay gasping with relief. The sexual sensations he had experienced as Josie Glade's fingers plopped free of his bottom were so powerful that he had been in imminent danger of spilling his seed then and there before his three tormentors. Cecil Uxbridge shuddered at the thought

Yet still baser indignities were in store for Cecil Uxbridge before the long-sought end of his naked exam would come. Josie Glade next turned her attention to his sexual organs. She instructed Mademoiselle Lange to gather both his scrotum and his erect penis in her gloved hand and hold them for her, exhibiting and turning them about as necessary. Cecil lay rigid in his bonds, gasping at the unfamiliar sensation of someone else handling his private parts. Cecil was desperately afraid that before this most unbearable portion of his exam drew to a close, he would shame himself and spill his seed while his gloating captors watched. His secret fear soon proved well-founded indeed.

Cecil's prepuce had retracted well when he first erected, and Josie had Mademoiselle Lange draw it to and fro once or twice. This act made Cecil squirm ineffectually against the straps that held him, in a mixture of shame and pleasure. Josie Glade noticed that there was no sign whatever of phimosis; Cecil's prepuce was loose and pliable.

Josie also noted that his erectile center was free of inhibition and fully functional in every way. Josie also stated that as he grew older, Cecil might become subject to irritable weakness of the genitals and should avoid masturbatory manipulations at all costs. At this, Mademoiselle Lange and Miss Bates smiled. Josie ignored their smiles and exchange of meaningful glances and made notes in her leather-bound journal with her fountain pen

Josie Glade stated that Cecil Uxbridge was absolutely free of anesthesia of the sexual organs. She asked Mademoiselle Lange if Cecil exhibited constant erections even when harnessed alone to his bed at night. When Mademoiselle Lange said no, Josie Glade determined that Cecil bore no sign of priapistic tendencies. Dr. Josie Glade asked Cecil if he soiled himself in his sleep with nocturnal pollutions, but Cecil blushed more and fell silent. Mademoiselle Lange interjected that she

had detected no telltale traces of nocturnal pollutions when she had examined Cecil's sheets closely. Cecil's dismay was boundless!

Dr. Josie Glade noted that Cecil's genitals bore no signs of laxity, then said that due to the limited time she had to perform the examination, it would be impossible to detect any periodicity in the rate of his sexual excitement, but suggested that Mademoiselle Lange should have one of her matrons make a simple chart from which it could be determined later by tabulation. Josie Glade observed that Cecil Uxbridge's penis was of average size as it reared in Mademoiselle Lange's India rubber-clad fist. Josie Glade expressed concern over the visible signs of a peculiar sensuality about Cecil's character. She diagnosed him as exhibiting all the key characteristics of both satyriasis with paresthetic tendencies and hyperesthesia. Josie Glade stated clinically that she expected both to worsen markedly under his regimen of "treatment" at Chidewell House, until he finally became subject to irritable genital weakness and perhaps even impotence.

Next, Josie Glade had Mademoiselle Lange release her purchase on Cecil Uxbridge's scrotum and hold only his penis. To Cecil's ever-increasing shame, Josie Glade reached down between his legs and held his scrotum with her gleaming black-gloved hand. Cecil cried out in alarm as the masked physician squeezed his scrotum in her fingers, rolling his testicles about and examining them most judiciously for irregularities. Josie Glade managed to write in her leather-bound journal with her right hand while she examined Cecil's scrotum with her left.

Mademoiselle Lange and Miss-Bates listened with interest to Josie Glade's clinical observations as she wrote carefully in her journal, almost as if dictating to herself. "The descent of Cecil's right testicle is imperfect, though the left hangs lower than the right, as is customary - the deviation between them suggests an imperfect descent of the right. His testicles are firm, exhibiting no evidence of atrophy though both are a trifle small."

Cecil lay gritting his teeth in a mixed agony of sexual pleasure and extreme humiliation. His penis twitched in Mademoiselle Lange's gloved hand and the lovely masked doctor, who had inserted her fingers deep into his rectum, was now holding his scrotum and feeling carefully for the duct on the back portion of each



of his testicles where the vas deferens attached. Whenever Cecil looked directly upward, he would see the rise and fall of Miss Bates' pear-shaped breasts beneath her apron as she watched the proceedings intently and held him down with a gloved hand pressing on each of his shoulders.

The women did not realize how near the end of his tether Cecil Uxbridge had become. It was then that Mademoiselle Lange adjusted her position, pulling his penis back to hold it more closely against his abdomen with her gloved hand. At the same moment, Josie Glade took a more firm purchase on his scrotum and noted aloud to Mademoiselle Lange and Miss Bates that Cecil was exhibiting an active erectile reflex and that perhaps he had been overstimulated -especially because of his sexual excitability.

Josie Glade was about to suggest that Mademoiselle Lange should release Cecil's penis for a moment - though she herself continued her thorough scrotal examination - when the inevitable occurred. Cecil let out a whimper of pleasure and incense shame as his penis began to rear rhythmically in Mademoiselle Lange's gleaming fist. Then, as Cecil lay rigid as an iron bar, the head of his tormented sexual organ expanded and disgorged a torrent of thick seed over the gloved hands of his captors. Mademoiselle Lange and Miss Bates watched smiling as Cecil's penis jerked spasmodically, soiling the women's gloves and his own thighs and abdomen liberally. At last, when Cecil's orgasm ended and he lay limp and transfixed with utter shame, Dr. Josephine L. Glade raised her gloved hand and rubbed a bit of his semen between her gleaming thumb and index finger. "The amount of spermatic discharge, the fluidity and consistency seem entirely normal. Though, were he under my regimen, I would have him undergo male continence training at once."

For Cecil Uxbridge, the next few minutes in the cold examination room were like a long, slow nightmare. Mademoiselle Lange and Josie Glade removed their gloves while Miss Bates washed his genitals, thighs, and abdomen clean with a warm, wet cloth. The smug, superior way Miss Bates smiled down at Cecil as she did so made him feel like an incontinent infant. And when she squeezed his penis to milk out the last few drops, he plumbed the absolute depths of shame!

Josie Glade suggested that due to his hyperesthesia and overly active erectile reflex, Mademoiselle Lange should add a testicular restraint to his harness. Mademoiselle Lange agreed and she and Miss Bates helped him rise stiffly from the table, after unfastening the knee-chest portion of his harness. As he sat up, still naked, and wrists bound at his shoulders, his limp penis lolled against his thigh and dribbled a last bit of fluid. Miss Bates took firm purchase on his arms and marched him to a corner medical cupboard where Mademoiselle Lange, waited holding the testicular restraint

Under Josie Glade's direction, with help from Miss Bates, Mademoiselle Lange fastened him in the restraint. Two narrow leather straps were buckled tightly about the base of Cecil's scrotum. Then two other straps were fastened about his legs, one just above each knee. A third set of straps connected the straps about his scrotum to those about his lower thighs. Cecil started and grunted with pain and surprise as Miss Bates pulled his scrotum downward and cinched the snaps tight, then buckled them in place.

Josie Glade made Cecil walk about a bit, and he did as she commanded. He walked gingerly, still in full harness. The sensations that the testicular restraint gave him were at once mildly painful and stimulating. Each step gave Cecil slight cramps up through his lower abdomen, combined with an acute consciousness of his bare, bound genitals. Mademoiselle Lange and Miss Bates stood, hands on hips, noting his peculiar, awkward bound gait with complacent satisfaction. Josie Glade pronounced the harness a most effective tool indeed.

Josie Glade and Mademoiselle Lange were soon conversing in low voices in a corner of the room. Mademoiselle Lange interrupted their confidences for a moment to tell Miss Bates to escort Cecil Uxbridge from the basement examination room to his own room on the third floor. Miss Bates did so with a cool institutional efficiency. She took a firm purchase on the straps of Cecil's testicular restraint, reaching through beneath his bare buttocks from behind. Using this humiliating hold as an ingenious bridle, Miss Bates frog-marched Cecil from the room and through the soundlessly carpeted lower passages of the Chidewell House cellars to the back stairs.

Cecil hoped desperately that they would not be seen and that they would finish his forced and humiliating transit through the house in anonymity. His luck held out until they reached the landing between the first and second floors. Miss Bates still had Cecil by his testicular punishment straps and was cajoling him to make haste - for she did not have all night to fasten him down to his bed - when she looked up and smiled a greeting. Cecil's eyes followed her glance. To his shame and horror, he saw two pretty young ladies - perhaps barely younger than himself - descending from the second floor staircase. The light was abundant, so there was no hope that his nakedness would not be seen in all possible clarity.

Cecil was not too overcome with abject humiliation to appreciate the beauty of the approaching young women. Both were smiling with ill-disguised amusement at the sight of him. The young women were clad almost identically to Miss Bates in Chidewell House's severe calf-length gray uniforms with crisp starched aprons. The young women sported identical high-heeled oxfords on their dainty feet. Cecil could not help thinking that such shoes - with their high, gleaming heels forcing a hips-and-buttock-wiggling tiptoed strut - were somehow wicked. The young women's frank gazes looked Cecil up and down as they paused to chat with Miss Bates.

Cecil all but felt their gazes linger on his bare sexual organs. In shame he tried to swivel his hips to salvage the merest shred of modesty, but Miss Bates thwarted his pathetic design by firming her purchase on his scrotal straps. The young ladies took in every detail of Cecil's genital harness with delighted fascination. Before they took their leave of Cecil Uxbridge and Miss Bates to continue descending the stairs, one of the young ladies giggled and purred "Mademoiselle Lange says we may get to wheel him out to Brimley Heath and use the pneumatic jacket and suction pump!"

Scarcely five minutes after the humiliating encounter on the landing, Cecil Uxbridge lay in his third-floor room helplessly strapped down to his bed and still in harness. After giving him a self-satisfied gloating smile, Miss Bates put out the lights and abandoned him to the darkness. Cecil lay still. The despair of ever being free of his predicament lay heavy upon him. His full-length window could be opened to give access to a chin-high masonry balcony. The French doors were

ajar. A light summer breeze ruffled the sheer curtains and transmitted to the room the bustling sounds of Portland Square three stories below. To Cecil the cllop of horses' hooves, the sound of hansom cabs in the street, and the rare occasional motorcar were the sounds of freedom, and a life he had known and lost.

Cecil was awakened when a key turned in the sturdy lock of his door. It opened to admit two more of his jailers. Cecil had never laid his eyes on the two young women who entered his room. They each wore the severe gray uniform of Chidewell House matrons: the high collars, starched aprons, silk stockings, and scandalously high-heeled oxfords. To his surprise, the women introduced themselves to him in an almost-mocking fashion. The tall woman with dark hair, high cheekbones and a dazzling smile was Miss Armsworthy. The matron with the curvaceous hips and impudent upturned nose was Miss Spence. Both wished him good morning.

As the women stood above him, their nimble fingers undoing the straps that held him fast to his bed, Cecil began to realize that the piercing shame of having his genitals almost constantly exposed to ladies never seemed to grow dull. It just wasn't something one could become accustomed to. To distract himself, Cecil watched their gloved hands unbuckle the straps that had held him down. They meant to free him of those anyway, though he was still in body and, genital harness, Cecil found the dainty gray gloves that buttoned to the cuffs of the matron's uniforms and matched them exactly to be quite captivating.

In a trice, he was free. With firm hands about his waist and at his shoulders, Miss Armsworthy and Miss Spence sat him up, helped him get stiffly to his feet, and marched him from his room to another chamber just across the bright sunlit upstairs corridor. This new room had a rather grim businesslike look about it that Cecil did not like at all.

The furnishings of the room were dominated by a heavy oak table topped with gleaming black padded leather. Three large glass-fronted medical cupboards stood against the walls. Every spare corner was jammed with complex medical or scientific contraptions that were too intricate for Cecil to comprehend.

Cecil was propelled to climb up onto the table by his two new tormentors, acutely

aware that as Miss Spence steadied him with a gloved hand to his thigh, her fingers brushed the side of his penis briefly. Cecil felt himself flush a hot crimson. Miss Spence laughed, her tones musical. She looked mischievously at her companion. "This one has dignity and puts on airs," she cooed.

Miss Armsworthy's reply made Cecil Uxbridge's color only deepen. "He thinks he's saving himself for a chaste young lady, no doubt," she observed with a dazzling smile beamed Cecil's way. "Instead, he's only saved himself for our hands!"

Cecil gathered their meaning at once though his outrage was futile. That they meant to addict him to manual abuse was obvious. Perhaps they were going to subject him to it now!

## **Chidewell House**

**by**

**Titian Beresford**

### **Chapter X**

**(final)**

Crosby Westercroft had the grim persistence of a bulldog hidden in the body of a frail invalid. His shoulders were, stooped his complexion was pallid, and his bearing one of delicate ill health. He walked with a cane that minimized his tendency toward a severe limp because one leg was a trifle shorter than the other. For the lack in his physique, Crosby Westercroft compensated by carrying a small German automatic pistol of advanced - though considerably miniaturized - design. Nature itself compensated for Crosby Westercroft's physical shortcomings by giving him memory and a razor-sharp intellect.

Crosby Westercroft was a longtime associate of Elithorpe Pemberton. Though not partners in a strictly business sense, Elithorpe Pemberton turned to Crosby Westercroft when he required expertise in various scientific disciplines that were lately proving invaluable aids to the properly equipped investigative attorney.

Crosby Westercroft was concerned about his associate's abrupt disappearance. His concern was not based on an emotional reaction - at least, not in the usual sense. Crosby Westercroft had consciously suppressed all emotion until he was not sure that any existed at all - even deep below the surface of his consciousness. His school fellows had made his life a dismal torment, and his lack of success later with the fairer sex was so spectacular that he disengaged his emotions altogether. This emotionless detachment made him a formidable adversary. The search for his associate's whereabouts became an intellectual exercise to which he devoted his Olympian mental faculties with the single-minded concentration of a predatory animal.

Despite his unflagging attempts to obtain a warrant to search Elithorpe Pemberton's business, he was restrained repeatedly by magistrate's order until he was informed curtly by a constable stationed at the door that the property within had already been auctioned by Sotheby's. Crosby Westercroft made several

unsuccessful attempts to trace the buyers of the auctioned items, but had sadly reached an impasse with each probing inquiry.

Then through a tedious bit of investigation on his part, Crosby Westercroft uncovered the whereabouts of the secretive Elithorpe Pemberton's flat on Pomfret Road. Hours later, he stood on the doorstep of 53 Pomfret Road with a magistrate's warrant in hand and accompanied by an armed private constable. Pomfret Road's being in a different district had resulted in Crosby Westercroft's finding a magistrate altogether more sympathetic to his cause.

Crosby Westercroft produced a key that was very versatile indeed. A moment later, he and the armed constable entered Elithorpe Pemberton's private flat. The flat was a complete shambles. Books and periodicals lay scattered about the floor, many of them looking deliberately torn to pieces before being flung about in haphazard abandon. Nearly every item of furniture that wasn't fastened down had been turned topsy-turvy. Gilt-framed etchings had been torn from the wall and cast about to add yet another dimension to the atmosphere of deliberate destruction.

Crosby Westercroft knew his associate well enough to be certain that the usual state of his flat - or anything else he owned - would be impeccable. Mr. Westercroft and the armed constable retreated from the flat just long enough to ask the neighbors whether they had seen or heard anything unusual. Both men met a wall of stolid protestations of complete ignorance to the extent that the armed constable muttered, "None of this lot would see anything out of the way in the corridors and wards of Bedlam itself."

Both men returned the scope of their exacting attentions to Elithorpe Pemberton's flat and made an exhaustive search. Though the carnage in the flat bespoke a great deal of malicious contempt, there appeared to have been a rather thorough search made as well - so the entire purpose of the prior invaders wasn't wanton destruction. Both men proceeded to search the entire flat bit by bit, room by room, overturned drawer by overturned drawer. They missed nothing.

In Elithorpe Pemberton's study, Crosby Westercroft found what was to him the saddest of all results of the wanton destruction. Priceless cuneiform tablets lay

scattered about the floor. All were broken, as if the perpetrators took great care to see that all were shattered. Crosby Westercroft stooped down to examine the fragments and noted that they appeared to have been tossed to the floor and then broken by either the metal tip of a cane or the spike heel of a woman's shoe. Upon closer examination and comparisons with the brass tip of his own cane, Crosby Westercroft determined that the perpetrators included at least two women. Once being flung to the floor, the tablets were smashed by at least two different types of ladies' high spike heels.

At first glance, a large statue of an Assyrian winged man-bull on a pedestal in the center of the study floor appeared to have been left unmolested. Upon closer examination, however; Crosby Westercroft noticed that the carved tip of the bull's male part had been chipped off. After a brief search, Crosby Westercroft found the missing piece of the bull's anatomy at the black marble feet of a small delicately carved statue of Semiramis.

Crosby Westercroft then turned his attentions to the large desk that dominated one corner of Elithorpe Pemberton's study and now had some of its side panels smashed in. The desk was a ponderous piece of furniture, and Mr. Westercroft examined it thoroughly for signs of secret compartments or hidden drawers.

With some difficulty, he got down on his hands and knees to peer under the desk and feel for any protuberance that might activate a hidden mechanism. After nearly five minutes, a tiny knot down near the floor gave way when pressed - with an almost-inaudible click - and a small compartment was revealed about an inch above the floor. From this compartment, Crosby Westercroft retrieved two small bound packets. One appeared to contain documents relating to a case - perhaps the one that resulted in Elithorpe Pemberton's disappearance.

Crosby Westercroft did not bother to give the packets more than a cursory examination there in Elithorpe Pemberton's flat. But scarcely an hour later, after dismissing the armed private constable and returning to the privacy and comfort of his own room, Mr. Westercroft spread the contents of both packets on his desk and examined them closely.

He was pleased to note one packet contained some findings from the case that



Elithorpe Pemberton was working on when he disappeared. The case of Cecil Uxbridge, who had been abducted from his stepmother Elizabeth Uxbridge's home - perhaps with her complicity. Crosby Westercroft noted that Elithorpe Pemberton's client was one Lord Frederick Uxbridge - of whom he had heard - the uncle of the abducted young man.

Crosby Westercroft read the contents of the first packet carefully. References were made to a woman named Anika Bates and an unnamed woman. Both women seemed to have been employed previously by the Clackton Sanitarium. There were no photographs of the unnamed woman, but here was a photograph of Anika Bates. She was a striking woman with jet black hair, thick, dark eyebrows and porcelain skin. Crosby Westercroft could not say whether the observer would be more struck with Anika Bates' loveliness or the severity of her demeanor.

He determined to pay a visit to the Clackton Sanitarium and then take his findings to Lord Uxbridge himself. Meanwhile he turned his attention to the second packet. He was more than a trifle surprised to find the second packet contained photographs of a more private nature, that had obviously been hoarded secretively and carefully by Elithorpe Pemberton.

The first photograph showed an old man, completely naked and on all fours like a dog. Seated smugly upon his back was a laughing young woman wearing tight riding trousers, a buttoned vest, leather gloves, round collared white blouse, and tie. Her legs were clad in bewitching high boots with outrageously high heels. The outlandish boots gave the woman's trim little feet an arousing, yet somehow prim and dainty tiptoed pose. Wickedly gleaming Spanish spurs graced the heels of the woman's boots. The old man was stark naked, and his sexual organ was swollen with arousal, rearing up from between his legs as he crawled along, bearing his lovely burden.

The second photograph depicted the same old man lying upon his back. The same woman and a lovely companion - both similarly accoutered - stood above him each with a foot on his body. The original young woman's booted foot was on the old man's chest while the second young woman's booted foot rested on his erect penis, pressing it against his abdomen.

In the third photograph, the first young woman was standing with her full weight on the old man's chest. Somehow he was bearing it as he lay beneath her. Her companion stood on the floor beside her and helped her balance by resting her gloved hands on the broad curves of her hips. Both young women were laughing.

The fourth photograph depicted the same young woman still standing placidly on the old man's chest, while her companion knelt down beside him and had taken his sexual organ in her hand. Crosby Westercroft studied the photograph closely and without emotion. The old man had had a discharge and had soiled his own abdomen with this seed as a result of the women's intensely shameful games with him.

So here was a secret weakness in Elithorpe Pemberton's nature - one that could have abetted those who were intent on his undoing. Perhaps he was lured by someone who well understood his predilections - someone who led him to his destruction.

Crosby Westercroft was content with his success. After his visit to the Clackton Sanitarium, he would visit Lord Uxbridge at Chudleigh Green. He would have more than one interesting nugget to convey - of that he was certain.