

FELLOWES 1

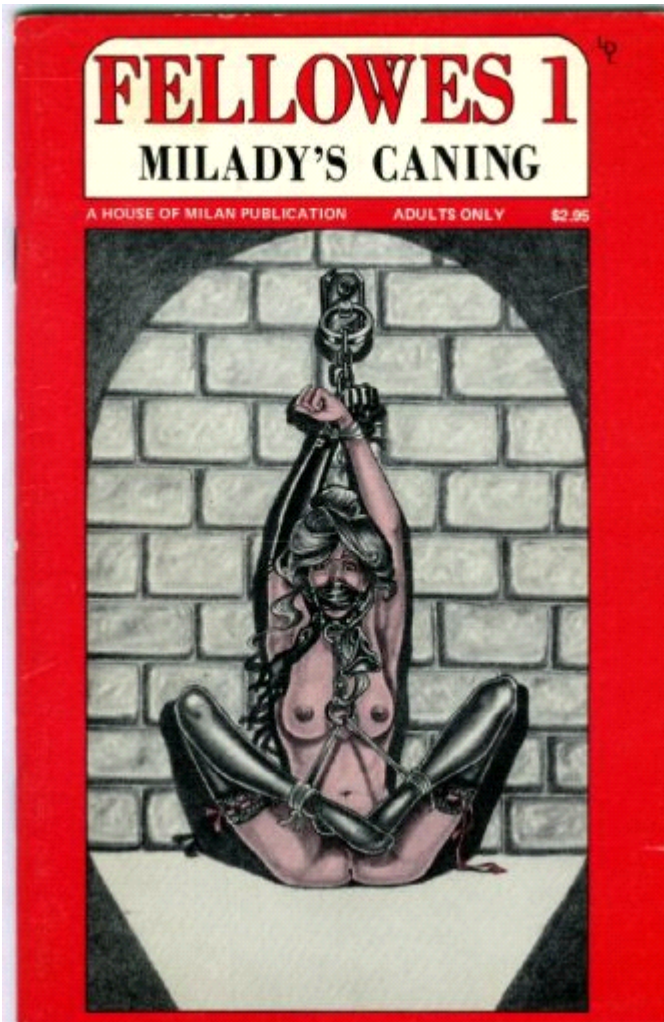
MILADY'S CANING

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MILADY'S CANING

Written by Frank E. Campbell



„Next week would appear boringly loaded, Fellowes. Two luncheons: The reception for that couple from Spain Melville wants to impress; Melville’s mother on Thursday; and Lord and Lady Snodsworth on Friday. But no doubt you can handle it all. I’m not sure I can.”

“I have it all well in hand, Madam. I can only regret your own ennui. The prospect is without stimulus, if I may so comment.”

“You may indeed, Fellowes. However, today is only Monday. The week beckons. Full of the most stimulating vacuum. Mr. Harding leaves for Hamburg this evening. He will not return until Saturday.”

“Do I detect an undercurrent of thought, Madam?”

"You most certainly do, Fellowes. Unfortunately Mr. Harding detected the vacuum. He has drawn up a schedule. It appears I offended drastically by spilling that champagne down the Ambassador's neck."

"A fortuitous incident, Madam, for which you should not be blamed."

"Melville disagrees. He says I did it on purpose. The schedule is unusually long. I am in penance Tuesday through Friday. You'll have to be 'specially nice to me, Fellowes, or I'll never survive. Some of the things he's thought up...! The man's a monster! Here, read it. I'm supposed to give it to you. He even made me type it as he dictated. While the two of us were so happily engaged I couldn't help wondering if I wouldn't have been better off in the good old steno pool."

"I am confident, Madam, that marriage to Mr. Harding has provided certain perquisites."

"There's you, Fellowes. I don't know where I'd be"

"My keenest regret, Madam, is that my ministrations are not always of the most salubrious."

"Good word that,, Fellowes. Remind me of it. Especially in my hours of need. Darling Melville promises to bring back a new whip. He has the effrontery to call it a present."

"We have little need of it, Madam. We are well equipped."

"You're telling me! Y'know, Fellowes, you and I have a most happy relationship. I do promise not to make you offers or inducements to lead you from the path of what you'd call rectitude. I'll always try and take things like a good little girl."

"I am most grateful, Madam. My task in applying Mr. Harding's precepts is not always easy."

"I suppose you'll want to get started early in the morning. What's the hors d'oeuvres or are you following the list as written?"

"Perhaps a sound trashing, Madam?"

"Oh, don't call it that, Fellowes. That's what Melville calls it. He uses the term often. You'd think I was a Dalmatian."

"Or I could cane your bottom, Madam. The caning of the feminine derriere has a fine, classic quality immortalised in many fictional works."

"If you ask me, Fellowes, it's immortalised on my seat."

"Caning is well down the list, Madam. Perhaps you would enjoy a few hours of suspension.?"

"Toes, wrists or thumbs?"

"Make your own choice, Madam. They are all here."

"I know they are! Just fancy . . . a girl's toes! You'd think Melville had never been to a good school. I'm sure an Eaton man would never suspend a lady by her toes."

"I fear the Master takes the position that your parents' names were lamentably absent from *Debrett* or *Burk's* or even *Who's Who*, Madam."

"So I'm not a lady and can be hung up by my toes. Don't rub it in, Fellowes. Melville mentions it often."

"My condolences, Madam. The British aristocracy follows rigid codes. Extremely inflexible."

“Leaves me wondering what a duchess gets hung up by!”

“When I was with the Duke and Duchess of Dillwater, Madam, it frequently fell to my lot to suspend the Duchess by her wrists. The Duke never insisted beyond that point. He allowed her to wear black kid gloves for the occasion.”

“Did she have anything else on?”

“The Duke was slightly eccentric, Madam. His consort was nude except for a pair of heavy brogue walking shoes. I did not care for the effect myself, but it invariably endowed the Duke with potency.”

“Think we could try it on Melville sometime?”

“I would not so presume, Madam. It is for the Master to initiate.”

“Thank heavens I’ve got you!”

“Thank you, Madam. I have never felt the need for external stimuli.”

“Have we decided on the opening number? We were debating suspensions.”

“The schedule is fortunately long, Madam. I note the ‘horse’, but I am aware of your antipathy in that connection. I do note here the panel from which you are draped with your arms at the back. A severe stress on the armpits. . .?”

“I have to have ‘em all, and we’ve got to start somewhere. It may as well be that. It’s a bastard of a thing, but we haven’t done it for quite awhile. I wonder what reminded Melville? I say, Fellowes, you will be nice to me; in between times, I mean. It looks like being a bad week. How do you interpret his nibs instruction about nights?”

“He appears to wish you restrained, Madam.”

“Yes, that’s the way I read it. Well, be a good chap and go easy on stone floors and things.”

“I will work to achieve a happy compromise, Madam. And thank you for your confidence. I will endeavour to instill a modicum of comfort into the intermissions. And, Madam, in reading his footnote to the Master’s list it would seem advisable to give the staff a short vacation?”

“Yes. Look after it, will you, Fellowes. I can’t possibly go waltzing around the house bound and naked as Melville suggests, with them for an audience. They may have their suspicions, but we’d better not confirm them. I’ll trot along now, there’s shopping and some appointments. I’ll report for penance tomorrow.”

“Punctual as usual, Madam. If I may say so, your figure is exquisite. It improves steadily.”

“You don’t think it has anything to do with these fun and games, Fellowes, do you? I’d hate to believe...”

“It is not impossible, Madam. Our activities are rigorous. I have wondered myself if the exceptional contours of the breasts might not owe something to the postures you so nobly accept.”

“Nothing noble, Fellowes. I bloody well have to accept `em once you’ve tied me. I suppose I am a bit noble at the start. Now, for instance. How do you want your willing victim to dispose her nakedness, kind sir?”

"You are a remarkable woman! I have often affirmed it, Madam. You stand on this box with your back to the panel. You may recall. . .?"

"Oh, I recall alright! I never forget any of darling Melville's little creations. Let's see . . . my arms go up and over the back and you pull 'em down so the edge of this lousy panel sticks into my armpits. I don't know what other woman. . ."

"That is correct, Madam. Thank you. Your cooperation is excellent. I will now go to the rear."

"I'm sure you will. I say, Fellowes, while you're tying my wrists down there will you be a good chap and push the skin under my arms around so it doesn't pinch when my weight falls on it? I can be bloody awful."

"I had such a precaution in mind, Madam. I have no wish to make this punishment more distressing than mandatory. There! I trust that is more comfortable?"

"You're a perfect jewel. Y'know, Fellowes, I'm actually scared. I'm beginning to remember that this thing's bloody murder when it gets going properly."

"It is most trying, Madam. I am circling your wrists several times with cord so that their discomfort may be somewhat diffused."

"You wouldn't like to put a bit of a pad under my arms?"

"Such a comfort is not permitted, Madam. I would negate the intent. Procedure is clear cut."

"Oh, Fellowes, sorry I asked that. Not sporting! And I promised I can't possibly be asking you to revive chivalry ten times a day. Perhaps you should establish a little code of your own. I wouldn't mind a bit. You know the sort of thing: five with the cane

for trying to bribe. Six for complaining. Ten for asking to be let off entirely. I'm sure it would bolster up my fortitude."

"The idea has merit, Madam. We will institute it if you wish. I would be sanguine enough to believe its principle value would be as a deterrent. I doubt that its penalties would ever be invoked."

"You may be right, Fellowes. I'd like to think so. But I do slip, y'know. It sort of pops out."



"I should warn you, Madam, that I would regard a strict adherence as a trust. I would not be receptive to suggestions about slips of the tongue or inadvertent exclamations."

"You mean you think I'd try and twist you?"

"Feminine wiles are subtle, Madam, and unending in their specious ingenuity and absence of logic."

"That means you think I'll try and twist you. You do know me terribly well, Fellowes. I expect you're right. So O. K., it's a deal. Do you want it in writing?"

"I will accept your word, Madam. But I may perhaps draw up a short list of misdemeanours and their appropriate penalties. We can make it operational as a code. Subject to your approval, of course."

"Gee whiz, Fellowes! You've got me all shivery. Now there's two of you laying in wait for me."

"But within a strictly limited orbit, Madam. And by your own request."

"It's that own request bit, that gets to me, Fellowes. Do you realise how shockingly erotic it is for a girl to ask a man to cane her bottom? If I could feel, I bet I'm getting damp. It's a real shocker the way a girl gets betrayed by her own thingummy."

"I am most happy, that this small innovation has bestowed this euphoric benefit, Madam. May I take it that the arrangement is now official and operative?"

"You sound just like Melville at a board meeting. But, yes. Please cane my bottom according to the schedule if I do what I've said I won't. There! That's my consent. I positively know I'm wet now. I say, Fellowes, you wouldn't like a little bet, would you? Five quid I don't break the code between now and Friday night?"

“At a first, cursory glance, Madam, it would appear you all the advantage in such a wager. But I accept it with pleasure in the full belief my savings will be augmented. Do you wish it to be five pounds on each violation or does the wager cover the week?”

“I am bursting with female confidence, Fellowes. Let’s make it on each violation, shall we, since there’s not going to be any. Each day I’m a good girl you pay me.”

“Most agreeable, Madam. In theory, at least, you are on a sure thing. How do your hands feel? I have them securely tied, and your arms are well back.”

“What a silly question, Fellowes. They feel helpless and I’m a bundle of apprehension. I suppose, that awful moment is at hand?”

“Quite so, Madam. I will return within your range of vision. Ah, yes, that’s better!” If I may say so, Madam, you make the most appealing picture in the various positions these sessions dictate. Now, for instance, I would venture to guess you are quite the most lovely woman in the British Isles. Not a bond is visible. You stand like Aphrodite rising from the waves.”

“If you keep on like that I shall have an orgasm. This quaint contract and the wager I’m going to win, and now these poetic flights of fancy! You sure do know how to make a girl feel female. Take a glance; am I all wet the way it feels? You know where to look.”

“There is evidence of excitation, Madam. I suggest you do not allow it to perturb you. I am sure the shock when I remove the box you are standing on will have a bracing effect that will successfully counter any erotic stimulus presently at work.”

“I expect you’re right, Fellowes. Sad thought, isn’t it?”

“There would appear no justification in delaying your penalty longer, Madam. I will now remove the box.”

“No, Fellowes, don’t. . . please! Not yet. Can’t you find another box and sit and talk to me awhile like this? I think it’s nice.”

“Madam!”

“What, Fellowes? You remind me of Melville when you stand and look like that. What’s wrong?”

“I should think it obvious. You owe me five pounds, Madam.”

“What on earth for! Ooops! Did I . . . ?”

“You did, Madam. A direct plea that your penalty be delayed: that the box on which you stand be not removed. It was a firm contravention.”

“Oh, Fellowes, I only thought it would be nice to talk. I mean, we do have lots of time.”

“Are you claiming a divergence of interpretation, Madam?”

“Well-I-I-I, I suppose not. I expect you’re right. You always are. Good gosh, it didn’t take me long, did it! So now I owe you five pounds. I’m afraid I don’t have it with me.”

“Your credit is good, Madam.”

“Thanks. From what you tell me it may be Saturday before I have freedom enough to get into my handbag . . . unless you want to?”

“I am not concerned about the wager, Madam. I fully expect you will be involved in larger sums. There is the matter of the code.”

"What code? Have I forgotten. . . . Oh dear, you're right. I say, Fellowes . . . oh damn! I was on the verge of asking you to forget this first one. That won't count, will it?"

"I am disposed to leniency. I judge a single violation. I am trying to recall the number of strokes."

"I don't think we covered this exact infringement. Be a sport, Fellowes, and call it five, eh?"

"I had been thinking in terms of seven, Madam. Shall we settle for six pending the preparation of the schedule?"

"Oh sure! What's one more or less to a girl facing what I've got ahead of me! What a pity you can't give them to me now! Object lesson and all that."

"I intend to give them to you now, Madam! It is but small trouble to untie you and tie you again. I regard the effort as in a good cause."

"You would! Well, anyway, it does feel good to have arms again. Do you want me to touch my toes, or are you going to tie me?"

"I think to tie, Madam. It removes a hazard of embarrassment. I suggest the trestle over there."

"Oh alright. But it's awful. It rears my rump up like it doesn't belong with the rest of me. And with the skin stretched like that. . . I say, Fellowes, don't hit me too. . . Oooops! Oh, Fellowes, it wasn't, was it? I didn't really. . .?"

"The intent was clear, Madam. Do you agree?"

"Oh damn! Yes, I suppose so. If I go on like this we'll never get to dear Melville's penalties at all. How many this time?"

“In the absence of our code I will be satisfied with a bare three. No pun intended. That will also make another three pounds on the wager. You are about to bend over for nine, Madam.”

“And here we were worrying about how to start my day! Is this the way you like me, Fellowes? Here. I’ll stick my hands in the straps. You can’t say I’m not a good sport about this. Golly, you’re tugging them tight! But it won’t be for long. Oh! Wow! Blast it! That was a stinger! You’ve sure got me bent. I’m going to remember these nine.”

“Your fortitude and sportsmanship are noteworthy, Madam. Here are a couple more. I wish to make the weals match your spirit.”

“Fellowes . . . Fellowes . . . I’m scared to speak for fear what I say. Those three hurt beautifully. Fully up to your highest standard. But, dammit, I forgot. It seemed like a good idea. But a girl has to have an outlet. I mean, I simply can’t stay silent. I have to say ouch or something and protest a bit. But now I mustn’t. Oh Fellowes, what am I going to do?”

“I see your point, Madam. Your penalties could snowball faster than I am able to inflict them. There is, of course, a gag?”



"A gag! Oh, Fellowes, I hate gags. If I have a gag in my mouth for more than an hour I want do die. And from now to Friday night. . .!"

"I am sympathetic to your quandary, Madam. I think it would be kindest to terminate our contract. It was, possibly, ill-conceived. I suggest a total of fifteen now with the cane to erase all obligations."

"Oh thank you, Fellowes! You're a real brick. Will that be counting the three I've just had?"

"Yes, Madam. Your travail for the day is sufficient."

“Lay on then. I’m going to yell my head off. You’ve never heard screams like I’m going to let go now.”

“By all means, Madam. This one is number four.”

“Gosh, Fellowes. That was pretty rough. You did lay them on, and me stretched like that! But I suppose I asked for them. Gee, that was a silly idea. I’m glad it’s over. Not that I’ve got much to look forward to. Gee whiz, look at my bottom! Talk about weals. . . ! Oh, O.K., you went me back up to the box. There. . . ! Aren’t I the best little girl!”

“It’s a privilege to either punish or pleasure you, Madam. I will secure your wrists without delay.”

“Always so tight! Fellowes, you’re wonderful. Gosh, my bottom’s tender up against the panel! Oh, there you are again! Oh no, please don’t take the box away yet. Find another and sit and talk awhile; it’s so nice when we do that.”

“Madam, you’re incorrigible! The very same words!”

“I know, Fellowes, I did it on purpose to get it out of my system. Don’t suppose you’re in the mood. . .? No? O.K. I’ll behave. Darling Fellowes, do please take that damn box away from under my feet.”

“Congratulations, Madam. You are superb. There, the box is gone.”

“I . . . I . . . ooooh! Oh, Fellowes, I’m sorry. I’d forgotten how awful it was. It’s too . . . awful . . . to . . . speak. . . .”

“Quite so, Madam, I will leave you to your pain. . . .”

“Quite a day, Fellowes. I’d really forgotten how terrible that panel was. Sorry if I made a fuss. What’s on the agenda for me for the night? I suppose it’s no use asking to share your bed?”

“No, Madam. You are going to the smaller dungeon.”

“The stone floor! Oh golly!”



“Here we are. Over by the ring, please. Just the set of standard chains. Wrist, ankle and neck.”

“With the metal collar? Oh, Fellowes!”

“I would appreciate it, Madam, if you could curtail some of those heartrending exclamations. I am only human. They dilute my purpose. You are a very lovely woman.”

“Good! That’s what I want to do. Take me to bed with you.”

“Madam, if you persist I shall be obliged to reintroduce the cane.”

“Oh alright then! Here, chain my wrists, and my ankles . . . and lock that awful collar round my neck, and make sure they’re all safely attached to the big ring so I can’t even walk around the dungeon . . . as if I wanted to! I hope you feel properly ashamed of yourself; treating a poor naked girl like this! And bread and water and an apple. Ugh! I say, Fellowes, I never could see why they chain people in dungeons. I couldn’t possibly get out of here even if I was completely unrestrained.”

“I fear the intent is punitive, Madam. It is to engender in the captive a proper sense of humility, a perspective as to their condition.”

“Do I have a proper sense of humility, Fellowes . . .? Or do you think I’ll have one in the morning?”

“You are unique, Madam. You cannot be gauged by ordinary standards.”

“Thank you, kind sir. I also have a very sore bottom and two very tender armpits and a couple of wracked shoulders, to say nothing of wrists that feel as though they wear a circle of fire. That was a day to remember! And I’ll bet Melville is sitting in some posh place in Hamburg tucking away double whiskies. I say, Fellowes, how about a spot of brandy?”

“I have warned you, Madam.”

"O. K. . . . O.K.! But you can't blame a girl for trying. It looks like being a damn bleak night. Ouch! That collar's a beast, and the weight of the chain! Oh, Fellowes, I'm not a very happy little girl."

"Understandable, Madam. I will now leave you for the night."

"Not even a blanket?"

"No, Madam, the heating is more than adequate."

"Good-night, Fellowes. Are you quite sure. . .?"

"Quite sure, Madam. Pleasant dreams."

"Chained, on a stone floor, and naked! Oh damn!"

"Good morning, Madam. I hope to have an interesting day for you. I trust your night passed favourably?"

"Have you ever slept naked on bare stone, Fellowes? Try it sometime. I say, am I still on bread and water and the temptation of Eve? It's not much to sustain a girl who's getting it in the neck the way I am."

"The Master was of the opinion a small weight loss would be beneficial, Madam. I cannot say I concur. But his orders are strict."

"What looms ahead?"

"The pillory, Madam."

"That misery! Well, I suppose there are worse things. How long's it for? Don't tell me all day?"

"Yes, Madam. The effect on standing in the pillory is cumulative. A single hour might be amusing. A full day is not. There are, of course, certain adjuncts."

"I might have known. What adjuncts?"

"You are admirably positioned for the whip, Madam. It is on the list. I had thought two birds with one stone."

"I'm sure you mean well. It's probably a marvellous idea. Forgive my lack of enthusiasm. When does my fun day commence?"

"We are ten minutes late now, Madam. Perhaps if you will be so kind. I am sure you are familiar. . .?"

"Oh, Fellowes, come off it! This lousy pillory and I almost get welded together, I'm in it so often. I say, do I get my bottom caned too? I know it's one of your favourites, and I'll admit it's handy."

"A caning is on the list, Madam. What the Master refers to as a 'sound' caning. I would take that to mean twenty strokes. We can dispose of it today if you wish. But in view of yesterday's discomfort I had thought. . .?"

"Oh jeeppers, Fellowes! What a poser to thrust at a girl! Fifteen yesterday and now twenty today! Do you think it's a good idea for a girl? I do admit I'd like to get 'em off the list."

"We have Thursday and Friday, Madam. There is no urgency in regard to your caning. On the other hand there is a quite full agenda."

"It's that 'On the other hand. . .' that I'm thinking of, Fellowes. I'm fixed in this damn contraption now and there's not really anything I

can do about anything. So give me the twenty and that'll be done with. I'm sure going to make some noise."

"You screamed most lustily yesterday, Madam."



"I intend to do better today. Dammit, it's awful to have to stand like this. All I can see of me is my two hands. One of each side of my face, sort of waving at me. And I can stick one foot forward. It's just like his nibs to send the old pillory to the museum and have this one built exactly to my measurements. Snug's hardly the word. Fellowes,

be a good chap and give my pubic hair a bit of a rub. My feet are well enough apart. A girl's got to get what comfort she can. What whip are you going to use on me?"

"The mildest, Madam. The Master did not specify, so I have some latitude. However, I am obliged to leave you with some satisfactory marks."

"Don't apologise, Fellowes. Mark me whatever way you want. My bottom's going to be a sight by any standards. You'll watch out for my breasts when you're whipping me, won't you? They're sort of on their own when I'm standing in the pillory. Could I wear a bra while I'm being whipped?"

"Certainly, Madam. Would you like to get your whipping over with a start? There would then be a considerable interval before your caning. I could give you that on the termination of this sentence."

"Yes please, Fellowes. Whip me now. Gosh, I'm scared."

"Thank you, Madam. Here is the bra. If you will permit me?"

"Permit you! Golly, Fellowes, I'd permit you to put a dozen bras on me right now. I don't suppose you're allowed to cover my thingummy?"

"I fear not, Madam!"

"It usually picks up a few whip tails as they curl and snap. They hurt like all get out. Hard to avoid, I suppose?"

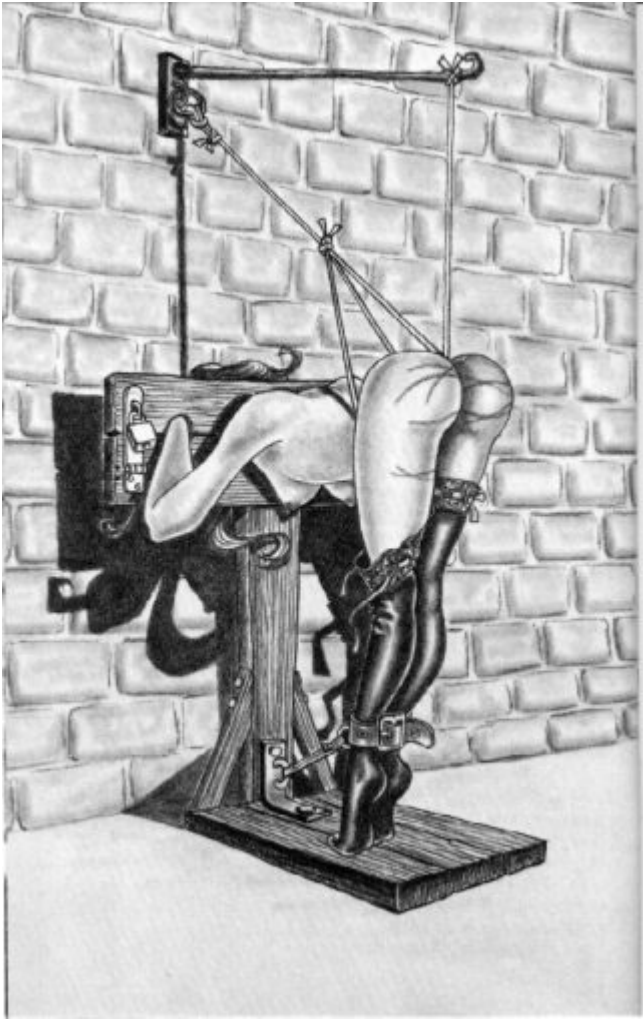
"I will do my best when whipping that area, Madam. I regret it cannot be ignored."

"Nothing about me ever gets ignored for long, Fellowes. Has the Lord And Master said anything about the soles of my feet? I've forgotten."

“No, Madam. Another time, no doubt. I am about to give you the first stroke.”

“I’m never very brave, am I, Fellowes. That’s right, take my bra away. Don’t cover an inch of me longer than you must. I know the rules. Oh lord! That was awful. I never get used to it. Surely I must be well marked with all that! I can feel the sweat drops. Oh damn! Why the devil did I have to drop that champagne! Think I’ll ever learn to be a lady, Fellowes?”

“You are a lady, Madam. In every sense.”



"Kind hearts more than coronets . . . you mean! Try and tell Melville. I can see why he doesn't whip me himself. It's hard work, isn't it! Don't you think we deserve an intermission?"

"You are most persuasive, Madam. I must admit the same thought had occurred to me. Your behaviour under the whip certainly merits some recognition."

"Well, recognize me several times, please. Oh, golly, it feels good to stand again. It's almost worth being whipped for. Gee whiz, you did make some marks! His nibs should be proud of his little girl when he gets home. They'll all be purple by then."

"This way for the intermission, Madam."

"That's sweet of you, Fellowes, not to put me back in the pillory. I hope you've stroked it off the list. I'm sure we can wedge my caning in somewhere. What's next?"

"We have not tried this before, Madam. It appears somewhat more humane than some of the Master's plan for you. If you will be kind enough to lay on your back and spread your arms. . . ."

"What d'you think I've been doing for the last two hours?"

"Quite so, Madam. I place this yoke affair beneath your neck and along the length of your arms. There are convenient straps. I believe it will be in your best interest to make them tight. I will now assist you to stand beneath the pulley. There are rings and hooks. . . ."

“Will this pass for my suspension, Fellowes?”

“I fear not, Madam. You are now well off the floor. A most strange arrangement. Where do you find the greatest stress?”

“My shoulders. I’ve had worse than this, but it’s rotten. I feel like an angel poised in flight with my arms out along this damn chunk of wood. I say, Fellowes, would it be a good idea to get my caning done with while I’m in something that isn’t total agony?”

“An astute thought, Madam. Usage demands your bottom be bent and stretched, but I think for once an exception can be made. I can make the strokes correspondingly harder, to compensate.”

“Don’t feel you have to, Fellowes. Oh, sure, sure! Your duty. I know. Well alright. Beat me how you must.”

“The beginning of twenty, Madam. I trust the time will pass speedily.”

“Oh Fellowes, Fellowes! Fellowes! It’s awful. Awful. . . .”



“Good morning, Fellowes. Being tied spread eagle on that bench all night wasn’t all that much fun. I do wish you’d let me sleep with you. O.K., O.K.! And I know what I have to do now. It’s the horse, isn’t it? I can see it in your face. Alright, I’ll climb up; with a bit of help. Do you want to tie my hands and elbows now?”

“Thank you, Madam. It is so gratifying that you understand. There! I regret the elbows, but it is considered essential to the spirit

of this penalty that they meet. I am sure it is most painful.”

“Oh, Fellowes, if you only know!”

“I will lift you on to your position, Madam, if I may be so bold. You have really done wonders. I will hasten with the adjustments. I always feel that this most trying situation calls for solitude. I cannot imagine the victim enjoying watching eyes.”

“Watch all you like, Fellowes. I can’t have many secrets left you haven’t had a good look at. I know I just sit and moan and weep and all the rest. But I don’t like being left alone. This horse thing is wicked. Melville ought to sit on it once. I don’t suppose he’s the faintest idea what he’s sentencing me to. I think he read about it in a book sometime and thought it a good idea. He probably thinks I sit up here and hum a tune. Oh, Fellowes, I’m getting it now. I’m getting it! When you pull those buckles on my ankles and my thighs spread. . . . Oh damn! It never gets any better. And are you really going to yank my hands up behind?”

“I fear it is desirable, Madam, in order that you remain sufficiently erect on the bar to bring your, ahem, cleft into firm contact.”

“You mean I’ve got to sit forward on my cunt?”

“If you say so, Madam. I would prefer a less graphic term.”

“And I’d prefer it to be some other girl’s cleft. It’s simply beastly for a girl, Fellowes. But we’ve gone into that before.”

“Quite so, Madam. I myself deplore the Master’s lack of cognizance of the discomfort involved.”

“Discomfort hell! Its as thought the Labour Party was shoving the Houses of Parliament up my pussy.”

"A most cogent sentence, Madam. I must remember it. This is a most delicate adjustment with the raising of your arms. An inch either way and the effect is impaired."

"It can't possibly be made to hurt more than I'm hurting now. Can't you leave well enough alone! I mean, tie your knot or something."

"There, Madam! A most satisfying configuration. If I may say so, you do make a touchingly appealing picture."

"Speaking of touching, you wouldn't like to do a bit, would you, Fellowes? Anything would help."

"I must point out, Madam, your most responsive facility is, at the moment, fully employed."

"If being split wide open on a rotten bar is being employed I can understand people going on welfare."

"I am glad you are able to jest, Madam. It is a healthy sign."

"Fellowes, why do I have to have my elbows tied tight together for this one? All they do is hurt. Even without those cords I couldn't possibly get loose."

"I fear it is in the same category as the chains in the dungeon, Madam. Purely punitive."

"I bet you're glad you're not a girl. No one would dream of doing this to a butler."

"I am well satisfied with my condition, Madam. I feel fate has treated me kindly."

"Be a good chap, Fellowes, and take a close look. Are you quite sure I'm not getting split! It sure feels like it! I mean, we wouldn't

want to ruin it, would we!"

"I wish you could see for yourself, Madam. The fear of the, ahem, split is in the mind. Understandable, of course. But I can assure you all is normal. The, ah, orifice is indeed distended but is bearing up well under the strain. We have nothing to fear."

"I love that 'we' bit. It's me that's getting distended."

"I do have a certain vested interest, Madam. As well as pride in my work."

"Oh very well! I think you're ruining it, but I suppose you know best. And, Fellowes, you were right about the solitude. I think I'm going to cry and make noises, so you'd better leave."

"Thank you, Madam. You are most wise. I will bid au revoir and return anon."

"Don't hesitate on the anon, Fellowes. Anytime. . . ."

"The virtue of this arrangement, Madam is a certain freedom of choice. Should you prefer to step from the small pedestals and hang by your wrists you will find no impediment."



"Oh Fellowes! I think you're being sarcastic. No girl's going to hang from these metal wristlets or shackles or fetters or whatever you want call `em. They'd cut my wrists in two. And did you have to stretch the chains this tight? I must look like a figure 'X'."

"You are indeed a most perfect 'X', Madam. I would judge the tension to be correct."

"And these pedestals! They're a mile apart! Don't we ever have any of Melvilles's little novelties where my pussy isn't the most prominent thing in view?"

"I fear, Madam, that since most of these discomforts were designed by males the prominence of the pudendum is no more than a reflection of man's natural interest in that portion of the female anatomy."

"You mean men like to see our cunts!"

"If you say so, Madam."

"I didn't say it, you did! And the wider the poor thing's stretched the better, I expect!"

"I attribute this to curiosity, Madam. The female pubic area has been so segregated through the ages that the male has built up a correspondingly intense need to view it."

"You're certainly having a good look at mine! I say, Fellowes, does being this close to my thingummy give you a hard-on?"

"Really, Madam! Your absence of inhibitions. . .! But you have correctly gauged the male response. I find your uniquely beautiful pubic region a most powerful stimulus."

"Good! Take me off this awful arrangement and let's put the stimulus to good use. Pity to waste it."

"Madam! You should know better."

"Well, it's always worth a try. I bet if you were stretched on your toes like I am you'd have a go at seducing me. I say, Fellowes, this is a bit much, y'know. I expect it looks beautifully simple, but I'm on my toes and the chains stop me getting lower. In an hour, I'll be howling"

"I should remind you, Madam, that at this stage, in all your discomforts, you have a tendency to pessimism."

“Well, anyway, it’s a rotten way for a girl to have to stand. Are there any little extra goodies in the package?”

“Your usual discernment, Madam. I fear there are the small spring clips for the nipples. They are specified.”

“Oh no! I mean I’ve got to stand stretched like this in absolute agony and then look down at those little horrors bobbing on my tits!”

“They complete the ensemble, if I may say so, Madam! A nice touch of dressiness.”

“Like two biting beetles. I hate them!”

“I have them here, Madam. I will position them with care. I appreciate your already curtailed freedom, but if you will hold very still. . . .”

“You’re right about the freedom. But I’ll be a nice girl and even stick my boobs out as much as I can. Getting the blasted things on my tits all wrong can be pure disaster. It hurts worse than a neat job. How’s that!”

“You are a jewel among women, Madam, if I may be so bold. In the placement of these most ornamental trifles I strive for a lilted effect . . . a pert insouciance. It is most attractive.”

“You are sweet, Fellowes. You’re trying to cheer me up. Ouch! Oh damn! The little bastards are absolutely fiendish. I wish Melville had `em sometime. Just fancy him dictating at his desk with these nipping at his tits under his stuffed shirt!”

“A colourful fantasy, Madam.”

““Or he could nip `em on Miss Hornpeel’s tits. Then he could sit and see `em wiggle while she takes his shorthand.”

"I fear, Madam, that for a young woman to wear these adornments she must of necessity be deprived of the use of her hands. But I do recall that whilst in a brief period of service with Lord and Lady Bendover, her Ladyship made a wager with Lord Bendover that she could wear the nipple clips through dinner and coffee and liqueurs without resorting to the temptation to remove them, her hands being quite free to do so at any time."

"Oh Fellowes! How delightful! What happened?"

"The first footman and second serving maid both gave notice."

"No, silly, I don't mean that!"

"Lady Bendover won the wager, Madam. She was a woman of great stamina. They were a hunting family. On a previous occasion she had bet her husband that she would voluntarily emulate Mazepa's famous ride. You no doubt recall Lord Byron's famous poem in which the hero was bound naked on a stallion to gallop across some European wasteland to an uncertain fate. In Lady Bendover's case the adventure was confined to the great park within the demesne. I was privileged to aid his Lordship in tying of his spouse to a suitably spirited mount. We made a very secure job of it. Lady Bendover being on her back with arms and legs pulled taut and fastened below - -"

"With her thingummy sticking up in the air, I suppose!"

"It sustained a certain prominence, Madam. But her Ladyship was not a woman to be daunted by such exposures. Lord Bendover gave her steed a hearty cut with his crop so that the gallop got off to a good start. All would have been well had not the second gamekeeper left open a gate. The last we saw of Lady Bendover, she was doing a brisk canter down the London Road. The affair occasioned ribald comment in the less reputable press."

"I'd love to see what the News Of The World would make of me right now. Can't you see the headlines: 'Marital Split' or 'Prominent Industrialist Parts Wife's Hair.' I say, Fellowes, you wouldn't like to call a reporter?"

"I could not subject you to such indignity, Madam."

"I think it would be fun. Just seeing Melville's face . . . Oh Fellowes! This is an absolute brute! Won't you take these demons off my tits! They've been on a little while now, so you could honestly strike them off the list."

"A typically feminine suggestion, Madam, if I may say so. As a matter of fact I was about to mention the other two."

"The other two what?"

"Clips, Madam. Somewhat more severe."

"But I've only got two tits! What on earth . . .?"

"I am sure you can guess, Madam."

"Oh Fellowes-s-s-s! Look! Let's give that one a miss. Don't you think I'm suffering enough! I'm getting close to where I shed a few tears and wonder if I shouldn't just hang by my wrists and give up fighting. I've got that feeling again about splitting in two"

"Fortunately, Madam, the placement of these exquisitely designed embellishments does not call for any initiative on your part. I will be happy to place them to the best possible advantage."

"So would about ten million other men! I say, Fellowes, don't you get a bit tired of my private parts?"

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety, Madam. I regret the origin of the quote escapes me. It is very apt

though.”

“fellows, are you actually going to pluck the lips of my cunt with thumb and forefinger and snap a pair of pincers onto them?”

“I suppose that is a factual description, Madam. Were they of gold I could remark that I was gilding the lily, but then again that perhaps would sound trite.”

“It’s absolutely profane! I say, Fellowes, I’m not going to end up with a couple of harelips, am I?”

“No, Madam. The teeth are dull.”

“Teeth!!! Oh, Fellowes-s-s-s!”

“Wow-w-w-w!!!”



THE END

Fellowes will return in "Lady Emily's Dilemma"

