

# FELLOWES 2

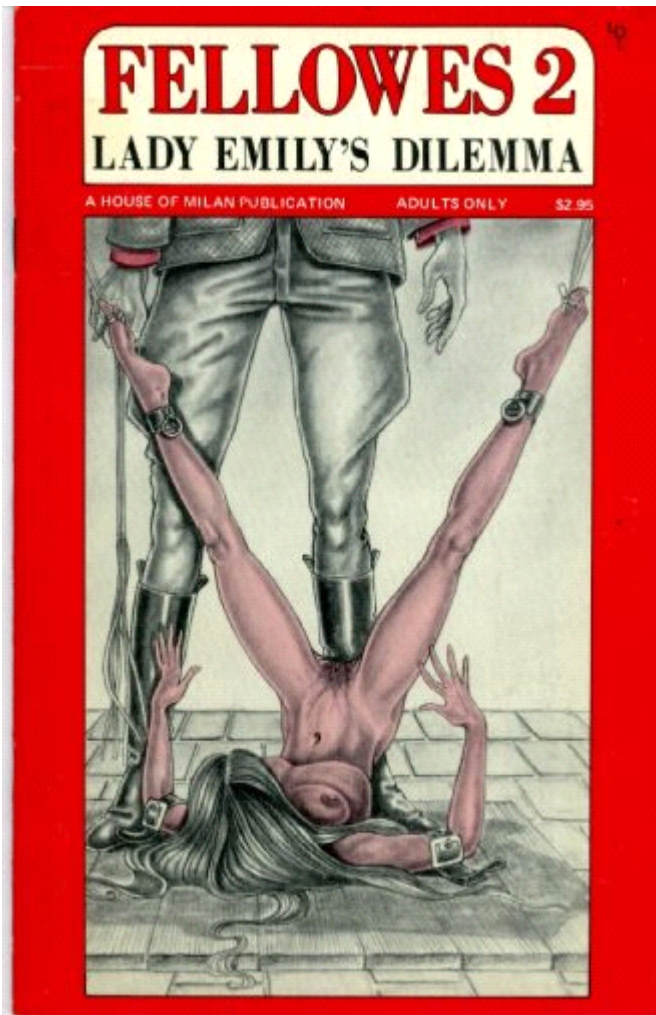
## LADY EMILY'S DILEMMA

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## **LADY EMILY'S DILEMMA**

**Written by Frank E. Campbell**



„No, it wouldn't, would it. . . .“ Lady Emily looked irritably around for inspiration. „Alright,“ she agreed disconsolately. „It's a fair cop. What happens now?“

„Shouldn't you say you're sorry or something?“ Lord Halibut suggested tentatively. He was always at a loss, when faced with decisions.

„Of course I'm sorry. He's quite nice and it was one of the best I've seen . . . another ten minutes and - - “

„His Lordship expects your regret to reflect quite different sentiments, M'Lady.“ Fellowes still sounded pained.

"I'm certainly sorry you were looking, Grandpa," Emily rattled her handcuffs as evidence of her dolor.

"Well, that's alright then." Lord Halibut hurriedly accepted his grandchild's intransigence. "Thing now, Fellowes old chap, is what we're going to do with the gel."

"I don't see why you have to do anything to me," Emily clinked her handcuffs in vexation. "I hadn't even got his trousers off and I hadn't laid down and I'd only just got one good look. . . ."

"Oh, I say. Hard lines that, Emily, m'gel!" It was as though Lord Halibut himself had sustained the loss.

"The intent is inherent in the act, M'Lord. It should govern the penalty."

"Suppose you're right," Lord Halibut agreed regretfully. "Looks as though your bottom's in for another dose with the cane, Emily m'gel. When was your last?"

"Her Ladyship received corporal correction last Tuesday, M'Lord. On that occasion it was the matter of the surveyer on the Home Farm boundary."

"He looked so lonely out there with his silly tripod thing," Emily interjected righteously. "You ought to be charitable."

"Charity begins at home." Lord Halibut felt he had said something clever. He beamed-

"Oh Grandpa! I can't do it with you!" Emily was shocked.

"Ah! See what you mean!" Lord Halibut searched for a second cliché to rescue him from the inadequacy of his first. "Bird in the hand's worth two in the bush, what!"

“Well, everybody says I have a lovely lot of pussy hair. . . .”  
Emily herself was striving to glimpse a far from obvious corollary.

Fellowes coughed discreetly. “I fear, we digress, M’Lord. The matter before us is to implement Lady Emily’s penance for a quite greivous lapse from grace.”

“Cane her rump, what!” Lord Halibut felt on firmer ground.

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Lord Halibut peered furtively through the window. It was an act ill befitting the dignity of a senior Peer, but he felt it in a worthy cause. He had the tense and expectant air of a fisherman who has just cast his fly above a likely pool.

The postman, a youngish and personable newcomer to the Village, had delivered his mail and was slowly pedalling his bike along a short-cut to the main gates of Bondsleigh Castle. Lord Halibut quivered. If it happened it would be somewhere in the next hundred yards. He held his breath as the junior member of His Majesty’s Post Office braked to a halt and sent a startled gaze toward one of the larger rhododendron bushes that flanked the path. For a moment he had the pose of a pointing dog who scents the sitting bird. The watching nobleman observed an agitation within the shrubbery. The postman wheeled his bike cautiously toward the heavy foliage . . . .

Lord Halibut pressed his finger to a button on the wall.

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"But , Fellowes, I only wanted to ask him if there was a registered letter," Lady Emily Halibut wailed indignantly.

"The veracity of that statement is open to some doubt, M'Lady," the butler's voice severely reprovved. It had the sound of patience too long taxed.

"You mean you think I'm telling a fib?" Emily contrived to sound hurt and misunderstood.

"Quite so, Miss."

Lady Emily tossed her head in vexation. "Do I have to wear handcuffs to go and talk this over with Grandpa!"

"I think it appropriate to the occasion, Miss. Behind your back if you will be so kind."

"At it again, m'gel, eh!" Lord Halibut appeared more gratified than angry. "Caught you myself this time. Directly I saw that young fella I knew you'd have a go."

"Lady Emily felt ill used. "But Grandpa," she quavered, "I only wanted to ask him –"

"Her Ladyship was unclothed when I arrived. She was helping the postman remove his trousers," Fellowes stated coldly.

"Well, you don't have to tell everybody!" Emily looked aggrieved. "I suppose there's no use explaining about the letter he thought had fallen down inside his pants?"

"That would hardly account for your own nudity, Miss."

"I don't feel a bit penitent and I'm not grieved. Couldn't we take these handcuffs off and let bygones be bygones?" Emily asked

brightly. She was a confirmed optimist.

"I am sanguine that penitence will be a fruit of your correction, Miss. We must not expect too much too soon."

"You mean you're going to whip me all afternoon! Oh really Fellowes, I don't deserve that!"

"The inflictions will not be continuous, M'Lady. There will be intermittent throughout the day. There will be the usual solitary periods for quiet reflection."

"Give her tea, what! Might drop in myself." Lord Halibut was relieved that his butler had things well in hand.

"I don't see how a girl's going to do any quiet reflecting when she's all tied up in some frightful fashion and her bottom's cut to pieces," Emily contributed disdainfully.

"She get 'em bent over or standing up?" Lord Halibut felt he had made a solid interjection.

"He'll do both. I know him!" Emily sounded resigned.

"I am honoured by your confidence, M'Lady."

" 'Spose you might as well get on with it, Fellowes me lad." Lord Halibut had an instinct for quitting while ahead. "Lay it on hard, m'boy. Got to get the little filly trained to clear the hurdles. I'll remember the tea. . . ." He made a leisurely retreat, taking care not to meet his granddaughter's reproachful eye.

"That's just a figure of speech, y'know. I mean about laying it on hard, Fellowes. Grandpa wouldn't hurt me for the world."

"Quite so, Miss. It is I who am delegated to the task. I shall do my duty."



"But not all that hard, eh! Oh, please darling Fellowes!

"Endearments are inopportune, Miss. If you will be kind enough to come with me."

Lady Emily, her hands clasped angrily at her back within the grip of the chrome bands, stalked haughtily to her fate. An onlooker might have supposed her destination to be the stake or the headsman on Tower Hill. From time to time she sighed mightily and shed a couple of carefully nurtured tears. Her main artillery was the

wan, sad, sideways looks she bestowed on the family butler. They fell shattered before a bland disregard. "I think you're terribly unkind," she said in an injured voice as the handcuffs were removed and she raised her hands on tiptoe so that her wrists might be strapped well apart on the overhead bar. "Fellowes, don't you ever give the benefit of a doubt?"

"I your case there is a deplorable absence of doubt, M'Lady. If you will raise a trifle more and hold quite still. . . . Ah, thank you!"

"You sound as though you're going to take my picture instead of abuse my poor body. I say, Fellowes, be a good chap and keep that rotten whip away from my cunt today, will you?"

"May I enquire the implications, Miss?"

Emily could think of none. "Well, if you'll stay away from anything I'll be grateful," she admitted lamely.

"If I may be so bold, Miss, I would infer in you a regrettable tendency to deceit. For a moment I thought. . . ."

Emily's peal of laughter brought spring to the grim compartment. "Oh, Fellowes, you're priceless! You thought it was that time of the month! I could kick myself – I should have thought of it first!"

The merriment subsided. "Although, I suppose you'd have gone peering up inside to make sure. But, anyway, I'll save it for another time. I say, Fellowes, what's that awful looking thing? Looks half familiar."

"An item I saw advertised, Miss. I was obliged to procure it by post from the United States of America. The supplier inelegantly refers to it as a 'Butt Plug'. They come in a set of six, each progressively larger. There are small attachments that may be snapped on."

“Am I allowed to inquire its purpose, Fellowes dear boy? As if I can’t guess.” Emily sounded genuinely hurt. “I’d have thought better of you that to shove a beastly thing like that up my arse. Why, it’s even made like a . . . a . . . .”

“Quite so, Miss. But its function is two-fold. In the former Colony, and with a deplorable lack of subtlety, it is used to enlarge the rectal orifice for the benefit of those gentlemen who prefer to approach a lady from the rear. A vulgar exercise I can never condone. Its second, and in our own case, application is as an aid and inducement to young ladies prior to having their bottom caned.”

Lady Emily wrinkled her nose. “Suppose it goes right on up,” she giggled, “Does it come out somewhere?”

“You choose to be facetious, M’Lady. The . . . er . . . plug is held in place by an appropriate belt arrangement that in no way interferes with punitive attention to the posterior.”

“O.K. so I still get my bottom whipped. But what does that horrible thing dooooo?”

“Whilst undergoing correction, Miss, you have a tendency to clench. This affects the normal size and resiliency of the area receiving the cane. The use of this appurtenance inhibits the clench.”

“That’s a good word, Fellowes. Let’s call it that. I’d hate to think anything called a ‘Butt Plug’ was inside a rectum in the nobility. Are you really going to stick it up my arse? I Think it’s terribly vulgar, and you’d clench too if you had to put up with everything I have to.”

“Quite so, Miss. And now, if you will forgive me.”

““Oh go ahead, Fellowes. I’m always forgiving you for something. Is that Vaseline you’re daubing on it. . . ? You might as well shove your patent snatch stretcher up my front the same time.

What was that psalm about 'my cup runneth over'! Ouch! Oh golly. . .!

"I fear the sensory gratification is not a concomitant of the butt plug. M'Lady."

"Oh crikey! I'm sure it isn't. I . . . wow! I'm going . . . I'm going . . . . Get away from behind me, Fellowes!"

"The sensation you are feeling, Miss, is chimerical. Your fears are groundless. With the strap tight upon your waist and this slender one beneath your pubic region, and threaded through the insertion, you are completely safe from embarrassment."

"Oh golly! I say, Fellowes, can you see the tip of that appurtenance thing showing up behind my tonsils?"

"No, Miss. You are indulging in hyperbole. I will now commence your correction."

"Well, if you must! I say, Fellowes,, which of the six have I got inside?"

"Number four, Miss. It leaves us two for growth."

"It feels as though all six are up there! I say, Fellowes, will the cane hurt more?"



"Such is the intent, Miss. You will soon be in a position to judge. And, now, with your permission. . . ."

Lady Emily took the five strokes with a minimum of complaint. She was a good girl who tried to accept her punishments in the spirit in which they were given. She had long since given up efforts to convince others of her own conviction that caning her bottom and whipping sundry other portions of her anatomy were inefficacious in inhibiting her sexual amorality. She accepted her punishments as though tolerant of the aberrations of others. Now, when she had got past the panting and gasping stage she gave her report. "It does hurt more, Fellowes, it does! I think it's because it makes me spread

my legs a bit." She eyed the family butler hopefully. "How about taking it out now we've tried it?"

"Its employment is not temporary, Miss."

"You mean I have to have a balk of timber up my arse every time I get whipped!"

"I would hardly describe the facility in those terms, Miss. Nor would I refer to the anal orifice with the vulgarity you have just employed."

Emily sniffed. "What do you want me to call it?"

"I will concede a paucity of euphemisms, Miss. The clinical usage itself is starkly brutal. Perhaps the word, fundament?"

"Oh, Fellowes! That sounds like something you'd use moth balls for. I'll just call it a 'you know what'. Now, untie me and we'll have a lovely intermission."

"We have barely commenced your correction, Miss."

"Oh, Fellowes! I feel perfectly corrected. Could we make an exchange then. Take that sturdy piece of oak out of my behind and put the snatch stretcher up my front?"

"You would complain just as vehemently, Miss. I have warned you repeatedly about these blandishments. The gag is indicated."

Lady Emily stiffened in alarm. "Oh, Fellowes, don't be a bore! I hate being gagged, and you know you'd miss my entertaining chatter."

"It's a sacrifice I am prepared to make, Miss. Do you prefer the ball or the ring?"

“Neither! Oh, Fellowes, you don’t have to . . . and how can I scream when you whip me? You know screaming’s therapeutic. Oh please. . . !”

“I will use the ring, Miss.”

“No! Oh, Fellowes . . . ! Ohhhhh! I don’t want to be gagged. Please whip me extra instead?”

“One is not a substitute to the other, M’Lady.”



“Whip my breasts. You know how I hate that.”

“Please, Miss, spare us the diversions.”

Lady Emily tugged agonizedly at her bound wrists; one bare foot kicked irritably at nothing. She gazed at the Halibut butler with wide and poignant eyes. “My cunt then. . . . There must be something! Wouldn’t you love to hear that awful whip thunk into my poor little cunt?”

“My personal enjoyment is never a factor to be considered, Miss. And now. . . . If you will open wide. . .?”

“Oh, Fellowes! Ohhhh. . . . Arrrrgh! Glug.” Lady Emily’s reproachful eyes, now above an open mouth and tight straps, reproved her companion in a sad realisation of firm authority. She shook her head angrily and managed to swallow a couple of times to avoid drooling. She snorted eloquently through her nostrils to show her disgust. When Fellowes picked up the can she stuck her bottom out to receive it in angry bravado. Bereft of speech, she still contrived a vivid expression from her naked curves.

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“I say, Fellowes, aren’t you going a bit far this time! I mean, the poor chap never got anything actually into me.”

“We have already covered that ground, M’Lady. This small penance you are about to enjoy is a relatively mild correction. .”

“Well, suppose lying on my back with my arms way out and wrists strapped down could be worse. But what are you up to with my big toes? I bet I know why you’re taking so much trouble!”

“There is a proverb, Miss, to the effect that ‘Anything worth doing is worth doing well’ - - “

“Piss on your silly proverb, Fellowes. You’re going to hang me up by my toes – that’s what you’re going to do!”

“I can hardly suspend you when you are so firmly attached to the floor, M’Lady.”

“Well, you’ve got something up your sleeve! Couldn’t I just lay like this? It’s not all that much fun.”

“You have complained of a tender posterior, Miss. To raise it from the floor should prove salubrious.”

“I’d sooner have a sore bum than no toes.”

“No amputation will ensue, Miss. Merely a somewhat shaming exposure and a mild discomfort.”

“See I knew it! Oh damn. . .! You don’t have to spread me from wall to wall! And if you think that doesn’t hurt – Wowwww! Yoicks!”

“The situation calls for a somewhat greater elevation yet, Miss. If I make so bold this is but a preliminary.”

“Oh damn! Look at my poor feet halfway to the ceiling! And my poor toes. . .! Oh damn and double damn! I say, Fellowes, you’re not going to do what I think you are. . .?”

“Quite so, Miss. Your present pose is admirable for the purpose.”

Lady Emily wailed: “I don’t want my cunt whipped – not on top of all this.”

“It was only yesterday you asked me to perform hat service, Miss. It had to do with your distaste for the gag.”

"Well, that was yesterday, and I wasn't hung up by my toes. Oh, Fellowes, this awful! My twat's twitching already and you haven't even started. I can feel the lips folding. . . ."

"A sensory illusion, M'Lady. The tawse or the special whip?"

"Couldn't you just flick it with a handkerchief or something?"

"You are indulging in a pleasantry, Miss. I assure you, the flicking will be adequate. Would you care to express a preference?"

"Oh shit! I bet other girls don't get into jackpots like this! I suppose it had better be the special one. . . . Balls!"

"As an hors d'oeuvre, Miss, we will commence with five."

"Couldn't we make it one! I say, Fellowes, is my pussy gaping wide open the way it feels?"

"No, Miss. It is discreetly closed."

"The poor thing's a bloody marvel, the way you've got me spread."

"I am about to place the first stroke, Miss."

"D'you want me to clap or blow or bugle or something. . . ?  
Wow!"

The slap of leather thongs on damp, soft flesh was impressive. Lady Emily's constrained torso and limbs twisted and heaved. Her tethered toes tugged painfully at their anchorage. She moaned her tribute to her butler's skill: "Oh, Fellowes . . . ! I never get used to it . . . never! It's always just as awful as last time. Owwww! Uggggh! Oh crikey!"

"Your pudendum responds exquisitely, M'Lady."

"Yahhhhr! Wooops . . . ! I'll just bet it does. You mean it opens up to let you in?" Emily's enquiry sounded anxious.

"No Miss. I fear you are indulging in wishful thinking."

"O golly! I say, Fellowes, d'you realise I'm almost staring at my pussy in the face the way you've got me spread and hung. It's really extremely embarrassing. I feel as though I'm intruding. It's terrible! I can watch you whipping me."

"A rare privilege, Miss."

"O you . . . you . . . ! How many cuts on my cunt have I got to endure?"

"There is no specific objective, Miss. The inflictions will be intermittent throughout the day. I will apply five more now and leave you to your thoughts."

"Fellowes . . . don't! Uuuuups! Wow! Oh damn. . . !"

"Thank you, M'Lady, I strive to please."

Alone, save for her smarting loins, Emily surveyed her day. She set aside thoughts of escape. Her only hope in that direction would lay in exerting her persuasive charms on anyone who might happen by. She looked up reflectively at the scarlet lines the whip had so delicately traced as radiations from the shining fronds of her pubic hair. Woefully she computed the spread of scarlet by the time her day was done. She thought back to her abortive adventure with the postman, and felt ill used. But her naturally sunny optimism was reasserting itself when she became aware of footsteps and hear her grandfather's voice: "Doing a spot of yoga, m'dear?"

"Oh, Grandpa, can't you see I'm tied! Please let me loose."

Lord Halibut surveyed the scene. "Damn, you're upside down!"

"I was just practising and something went wrong. If you'll just undo those silly things on my toes. . .?" Emily held her breath.

Lord Halibut examined his butler's work. "Wouldn't be telling me a fib, would you, m'gel?"

"Oh, Grandpa! As if I would!" Emily was trying her best.

"You do it all the time," said Lord Halibut absently as he gazed at short range on his grandchild's blatantly exposed sex. "I say" Never seen one of these so well displayed," he enthused. "Splendid idea! You been scratching it?"

"Oh, Grandpa, that is where I've been whipped."

"Thought you said you were practicing?"

Emily bit her tongue. "Well anyway, if you'll just loosen these straps on my wrists. . .?"

The aged Peer was still engrossed with the main exhibit. "Lovely bush! Reminds me of a girl in the chorus at the old Palladium." His voice became nostalgic. "Paid her twenty quid to let me shave it off. . . ." He sighed wistfully. "Wonderful experience. Washed off the hairs and kept 'em in an envelope for years until your grandmother found them. She refused to believe I got them off a horse. . . . Great pity! I say, Emily, m'gel, would you like me to get the razor?"



"Oh, Grandpa! No! And please don't tell Fellowes – he may do it."

Lord Halibut was oblivious to the plaint. He was displaying an absorbed interest in the configuration before his eyes. "I say, y'know, with a sort of trapeze effect this could be damn good for a chap past his prime, what! I mean . . . he'd have gravity on his side! I'll mention it to old Lord Dillwater next time I'm in town. He's been having trouble. . . ."

"Please let me loose, Grandpa!"

"You said that before."

"Well, not in quite the same way. Grandpa, I'm sorry I've been a bad girl. Please forgive me! I have learned my lesson. Please set me free."

Lord Halibut hummed distractedly. "I say, those words would go well with a tune I used to know . . . it's on the tip of my tongue."

Emily sighed. She loved her grandparent dearly, but he was of little help in times of stress. She tired being severe. "Never mind some silly old tune, Grandpa. Take me out to lunch. We can go to that pub where there's that barmaid you like."

Lord Halibut's interest was captured. "Nothing like a good barmaid," he affirmed vehemently. "Barmaids have the most whippable bottoms extant. Don't suppose you've whipped a barmaid's bottom, Emily m'gel, but a cane cuts into their rump like no other. It's something to do with the hops in the beer, I believe."

"Oh, Grandpa . . . ! Lunch?"

"There was a barmaid at the old 'Hare and Hounds' at Little Sheepbleat on Wye who, and this was just for the saloon bar, mind you, would take her knickers down for a tenner and let the gentlemen assembled tan her rump with a riding crop for as long as we liked. She married the Earl of Bilgewater and Sump. The old boy never looked at another woman."

Emily interrupted her relative's reminiscence irritably. "Grandpa, I'm still suffering. You promised to take me out to lunch."

Lord Halibut cocked his head. "Did I?"

"Of course you did! Hurry up and untie me."

Lord Halibut took a long and lingering scrutiny of Emily's well-streaked sex. He sighed in some sad dolor all his own. "I don't know how, m'dear," he said affably as he disappeared through the doorway.

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"Oh really, Fellowes, I don't see how you have the heart to ask if I slept well. How could I? Laying on a cold stone floor with about two hundred pounds of chains attached to me here and there."

"You were safe in the arms of Morpheus when I woke you this morning, M'Lady. I am sure you are well rested. You may well find today's discomfort somewhat taxing."

"Oh, Fellowes! Not that beastly horse thing again!"

"Quite so, Miss."

"It's got a much narrower edge than it had the last time, I can see!"

"We live in an age of change, Miss. The British Nobility has always been adaptable."

"It's not the Nobility, it's my cunt, Fellowes! I can't possibly sit on that thing now. Half of me will simply fall down each side, neatly sliced down the middle."

"I have every confidence in your indestructibility, Miss."

"Half a cunt isn't doing you much good, Fellowes old chap. I don't think you should take the chance."

"An unlikely hazard, M'Lady. Now, if you will be so kind as to cross your wrists behind you."

"Be sure and tie me real tight, I might get way," Emily said bitterly. "You'll be as sorry as I will if my dear little pussy's ruined." She looked back accusingly over one shoulder. "You're tying my hands first so I can't even ease myself down. I'll just have to take potluck on how I land."

"There will be a short exploratory latitude prior to the supports being taken from beneath your feet, M'lady. I am sanguine you will achieve a comfortable placement."

"Oh Fellowes! Comfortable! What a thing to say to a poor innocent girl who's about to have her cunt bisected by the sharp edge of a plank. Be a good chap and fold your handkerchief a few times for me to sit on – we might salvage a few hairs."

"You are indulging in flights of fancy, Miss. Now, if you will be so kind and step up and over. . . ."

"Oh damn! I hate this bit. I ought to kick you in the whatsits and run."

"An injudicious premise, M'Lady."

"I must be in love with you, Fellowes, the way I do everything you tell me. When do we get married?"

"I would never presume above my station, Miss."

"It's not every man gets offered a castle and a cunt."

"It is an honour I must forbear. I fear this exchange of badinage is a delaying tactic. Your anklets are now buckled, Miss, perhaps you will be gracious enough to sit down."

"You mean impale myself on the old pine tree."

"Your seat is of the finest oak, Miss. There are no splinters."

Lady Emily sighed pathetically. She could think of no more diversions. She looked down with deep distaste at the plank between her legs, its edge almost touching her pubic hair. She sighed again as she noted the ropes from the strap around each of her ankles. She could no longer change her mind or make a break

for liberty. In the same spirit by which a swimmer plunges headfirst into icy water, the Lady Emily Halibut sat down.

"May I commend your fortitude, Miss. You are a worthy scion of the House of Halibut. Your placement of your person was superbly executed."

"You mean my cunt's in as good a spot as can be expected," Emily moaned bitterly. "Oh dammit, Fellowes, this is bloody awful! After we're married you'll regret the damage you're doing."

"There will be neither wedding nor wound, M'Lady."

"Do you have to tighten these ropes on my ankles so much and so far out? Oh jeeppers, Fellowes, it's not fair. They're supposed to keep me from getting off, not stretch my snatch. The pain is much worse than before on this rotten gadget."

"Thank you, M'Lady. I am gratified."

"Well, I'm not! When I get off here, if I ever so, I'm going to have one large hole, instead of two small ones. What the Americans call a merger."

"One must deplore the vulgarity of your gift for graphic imagery, M'Lady."

"Oh, Fellowes, what are you up to now? What are you doing with my hair?"

"Braiding it, Miss."

"You're supposed to be a torturer, not a lady's maid."

"Quite so, Miss. If you will permit me."

"Permit! How the hell can I stop you? What goes?"

"A diverting variation on a theme, Miss!"

"Who gets diverted? Oh no . . . ! Noooo! Oh, Fellowes, don't tie my hair back! Oh please! I'll promise to be good, I don't want to sit and look at the ceiling."

"Your good intentions are inclined to be specious, Miss. I doubt you will be much concerned wit a view. The cord threaded in your braid enables a close control of this small addition to your correction."

"Fellowes . . . ! Woow! Ouch! Don't be so unkind! You're breaking my neck."

"A posture improving pose, Miss."

"Oh damn! And it makes my tits stick out a mile."

"Perhaps I should append clips upon them. They are exquisite."

"Nooooowww! Oh please! Oh don't! I've said I'll be good."

"Very well, Miss. I will bid you au revoir."

"Fellowes. . . . Oh Fellowes. . . ."

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"Damn silly place to sit," Lord Halibut examined his granddaughter with disapproval. "Must be damned uncomfortable."

"Oh, Grandpa, of course it is! I'm in agony. Fellowes put me here."

“Must be good for you then.”

“It isn’t. It isn’t. It’s killing me. Let me loose quick!”

Lord Halibut peered myopically at the naked girl straddling her painful seat. His gaze followed her upward. “What the devil are you looking at?” he queried testily.

“I’m not looking at anything. He’s braided my hair and tied it back so I have to sit like this. Please hurry and untie it!”

“Which hair’s he braided?” Lord Halibut enquired vaguely.

“Oh Grandpa, don’t be vulgar! Can’t you see?”

“You must be sitting on your thingummy.” The mechanics of the scene were slowly percolating into Lord Halibut’s comprehension. He mused quietly for moments. “I expect it will do a lot of good. . . . Splendid chap, Fellowes. You can’t go wrong with him.”

“But this is torture, Grandpa!”

“I expect he’s read a book on it. He studies.”

“I’ll never be able to have children after this!” Emily laid on the pathos.

“Well, that’s a relief, I must say,” Lord Halibut declared with enthusiasm.

“No man will ever marry me. I’ll be too big.”

“Reminds me of a gel I knew at Oxford,” Lord Halibut reminisced. “All the chaps had had a go and there was more hole than hair—”

“I don’t want to hear!” his grandchild said decisively. “Now, if you’ll just untie - -”

“I don’t want to hear that either,” said Lord Halibut irritably as he made his exit in some dungeon.



“Oh, Fellowes, I’ve been here simply days and days.” Emily greeted the reappearance of her family butler.

“I am happy the time has passed so well, M’Lady. Actually, you have enjoyed your present position for almost fifty minutes.”

"I don't believe it! I am close to death. My wrists hurt, my hair hurts, my neck hurts, and as for my poor cunt. . .! I don't think I have one anymore. It's gone."

"It could scarcely relieve itself of association with your person, Miss. I would judge it intact. But if you would care for a change in your situation I am open to suggestions.

Emily tensed. Beware of Greek bearing gifts! "How about letting me go?"

"No, Miss."

"Well, I had to start somewhere. Make me stand in the corner!"

"No Miss."

"Jolly unsporting to make me choose a punishment. How about chaining me to the wall?"

"No, Miss."

"I suppose I have to be whipped again," Emily declaimed petulantly. "Alright then! Ten across my back?"

"Actually I had in mind a much less used area, Miss."

Emily tensed as much as was possible in her already tensed posture. She knew instantly! "Oh, Fellowes, not . . . not . . .?"

"Exactly, Miss."

"You can leave me like this forever then. I choose death."

"Quite so, Miss. I will return to my duties."

"I say, Fellowes, whoa! Don't go dashing off. How many?"

"I had thought of ten on the sole of each foot, Miss?"

"I should die! How about two?"

"No, Miss."

"Five?" Emily managed to sound brokenhearted.

"I would consider six on each foot a most lenient concession, Miss."

"It's positively cruel. I won't consider it."

"Quite so, Miss. I respect your decision. I bid you au revoir."

"Oh, Fellowes, you said that before. Don't be in such a rush." Lady Emily swallowed hard. She made her voice piteous. "Are you sure you couldn't make it five?"

"Positive, Miss."

"I think you're cruel. But very well then. I can't stand any more of this. But I want you to understand I'm only doing it for your benefit. You'd never forgive yourself if my cunt was ruined."

"An improbable contingency, Miss. The female pudendum is remarkably resilient. I will release your hair."

"I love you, Fellowes! Oh, that's glorious! Can we have an intermission when you get me off this beam?"

"I would be prepared to entertain the suggestion, M'Lady. But you have repeatedly informed me your facility is ruined."

"What else can you expect? But I do think we should try it to find out."

"Perhaps a few hours rest and healing, M'Lady . . .?"

“You’re being deliberately perverse, Fellowes. Just because I said. . . . Do you mind if I put a cushion underneath?”

“I have one here, Miss.”

“You’re an old fraud. Oh gosh! Oooooeee! Ouch! Oh, Fellowes, that was awful! I was stuck! The rod pole or perch was embedded. Don’t ever sit me up there again. Hold on a moment. Ohhhh, oh! That feels so good. Aren’t you going to untie my hands?”

“No, Miss. We need them tied behind your back for your next correction.”

“You mean, I have to lay on my tied hands during our intermission?”

“It does not establish a precedent, M’Lady.”

“You really are a humbug. You’re leaving them tied because you like my cunt raised a bit.”

“The added elevation is of mutual benefit, Miss.”

Lady Emily sighed and lowered herself to the floor. “Dear Fellowes,” she whispered softly and seductively. “Please do take a long, long time. . . .”

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Lady Emily sat up and shook her damp hair. “That was gorgeous. Wouldn’t you like to do it again, Fellowes darling?”

“I must beg to be excused, M’Lady.”

"It's only been a few minutes."

"We have nearly spent an hour at dalliance, Miss."

"More like ten minutes, I'd say," Emily declared raptly. "Now can you untie me and we'll go upstairs for tea."

"There remains a small matter on the agenda, Miss."

"I don't call six with the cane on each foot a small matter," Emily retorted indignantly. "I thought you'd forgotten that nonsense."

"It is far from nonsense, Miss. And you are well aware I have suffered no lapse of memory."

"Could I have my hands caned instead? That's beastly too."

"No Miss, I will lay the rug for your back. Kindly position yourself!"

"If I lay on my back I don't need my hands tied. You're going to tie my ankles to the horizontal bar?"

"Quite so, Miss. I think for both our sakes it is politic to impede the use of your arms."

"You would! Oh Fellowes, that way's awful. I have to watch everything you do. Can't I lay on my tummy against the smaller frame?"

"We must not become hidebound, Miss."

"Oh alright! But I do wish you'd forgive me this one. I'm scared. Caning the soles of a girl's feet is pretty rough, especially when I scarcely got his trousers off. Do you want my legs spread so you get a good look at my pussy while you whip my feet on at a time, or close together so you cane `em both at once?"

"Well separate, Miss, please. I have found the individual attention the most salutary."

"You mean it hurts more. Wouldn't you sooner have another go at my cunt?"

"We have only just concluded an intermission, Miss."

"That's not what I meant. Wouldn't you sooner whip my cunt than cane my feet?"

"I strive for impartiality, M'Lady. Your pubic area has been well attended to whereas it is a long time since your feet - - "

"There are times when I doubt your love, Fellowes. There! Are my poor little ankles about where you want them?"

"Thank you, Miss. You are most kind. I will make the cords snug so that unseemly motions are well inhibited."

"You mean you'll tie me so it hurts. Well, go ahead. I hope your conscience doesn't bother you at night," Emily accused sorrowfully.

"Nocturnal regret has never been a part of my association with you, Miss. I have sometimes had a twilight hour feeling guilt due from excessive tolerance."

"Tolerance! Oh Fellowes, come off it. I get whipped if I whisper. Which cane are you going to use on my poor little innocent feet?"

"I am considering the slender riding crop, Miss. Would you concur? We have a choice."

"Which hurts the most?" Lady Emily enquired shakily. "I think it's the cane. That crop's a bit more limber. Make it the crop."

"Thank you for the guidance, Miss. Your decision being what it is we will employ the cane."



Emily giggled. "I knew you'd do that. You did it once before. Keeps a girl busy foxing you. Be a sport now and don't renege."

"I would not dream of doing so, Miss. There will be two extra strokes for impertinence."

"Oh balls! Oh, Fellowes, I can't possibly stand seven on each foot. I shall never walk again. You'll feel guilty when you see me hobbling on crutches."

"You have a fertile imagination, Miss. I trust this tie on your ankle is adequately tight?"

"If it was any tighter my foot would fall off on the floor," Emily sniffed in vexation. "I can't move if that's what you mean."

"Thank you, Miss. I will attend the other."

"I don't like being tied like this. I can see everything you do. I'm going to shut my eyes. I can't possibly watch you cane my feet. If you ask me, it's a shocking way to treat the young mistress."

"The closing of your eyes is prohibited, Miss. The suspense attendant on your observance of your own punishment is implicit on our use of this facility, Miss."

"Don't be silly, Fellowes, you can't stop me closing my eyes. You know you can't!" Emily giggled smugly.

"Your refusal to employ optical investment, Miss, would entail a further three on each foot." Fellowes' voice was urbane and equally smug.

"Oh alright, you brutal butler you! I shan't ask you to marry me for at least a week after this! I say, Fellowes, it's just occurred to me, with my legs tied this far apart and me laying on my back we could have an intermission at half time. I mean you wouldn't have to untie a thing. You just crawl in between under the bar. . . ."

"An exercise inimical to the dignity of my position, Miss."

Emily giggled. "Well, take your trousers off. Men look terribly alike when you de-pant them."

"Both your ankles are firmly secured, Miss. We will now proceed to the matter at hand."

“Could I have a drink of water?” asked Emily without hope.

The cane rose and fell. There are neither letters nor asterisks adequate to depict the responses of the bound and naked girl who lay upon her back on the floor and looked up with anguished eyes to where her bound feet offered their tiny soles for the correction of the cane. The sound of the stern whip striking maiden flesh had a quality all its own. Lady Emily Halibut winced, her whole nudity tensing as each stroke fell upon a part of her she should not move. Her cries were continuous. The few words with which she sought to intersperse her screams were drowned into incoherence by the welling flood of agony. The impassive butler went from one foot to the other, alternating his inflictions with complete impartiality. Tapping and measuring with an irritating precision that sent his young Mistress into further spasms of writhing. Throughout it all the girlish eyes remained riveted on what was being done to her. It was as though she was hypnotised. With anguished comprehension she absorbed every motion and every sound. In spite of being tied in utter helplessness she contrived astonishing convulsions each time the cane fell upon one of her unprotected and helpless soles. The atmosphere of the punishment room was alive and throbbing with the sounds of her pain. When her punishment was half done, the man with the cane stood back and waited for the words he knew were there. They were long in coming. . . .

“Oh Fellowes. . . .” The exclamation breathlessly uttered in little more than a whisper seemed to say it all. It became from between the panting moans by which Emily was still coping with her grief. “Oh, Fellowes, I will be good. Honest I will. Don’t cane my feet anymore.” The silence was unresponsive.

“Don’t be so unkind. Don’t just stand there, Fellowes! Look somehow I have to persuade you not to cane my feet anymore. . . . Something you’ll approve of.”

"It's generous of you to consider my feelings at this time, M'Lady. I am alert with interest."

"O don't be stuffy! Look Fellowes, I'm always in trouble because I like a little nooky. So how about if you lock a chastity belt on me permanently? There's several around. That way all I could do is look."

"I am well aware you have duplicate keys hidden, Miss."

"Oh damn! Is there anything you aren't well aware of? Well, get a new one. That will fox me."

"You are choosing to ignore the sexual indulgence known as fellatio, Miss. I am sure you would find opportunities."

"Oh Fellowes, here I am fighting for my life and you quibble."

"If I may be so bold, Miss, I would point out that you suffer now for past misdeeds. Hypothetical adumbrations could, at the best, only influence events as yet unborn."

"You sound like the Magna Carta or the Declarations of Independence," Lady Emily said irritably.

"Thank you, Miss, I am honoured. I have always admired - -"

"But you still intend to cane my feet!"

"You have offered no valid reason for me to desist, M'Lady."

"You're so damn fussy. Isn't my agony reason enough?"

"I fear not, Miss."

"If you loved me you'd stop, wouldn't you?"

"It is because of the deep affection and regard in which you are held by your grandfather and myself that this correction is being made, Miss. It is for your own good."

"Balls to that, Fellowes! I say, Fellowes, if you absolutely insist, at least have a bit compassion and comfort me with a good honest fuck."

"I have explained my sentiments, Miss. Perhaps we should recommence to end your suspense?"

"Seven more, Fellowes, I'll die."

"You will come through with flying colours, M'Lady."

"I'm far more likely to pee the blanket. I say, Fellowes, how about afterwards . . . a small bit of nooky?"

"I will give the matter serious consideration, Miss. And now. . . !"

"Oh, Fellowes, I do love you. . . . Oh! Whhoops-ouch!!!!!"

"Quite so, Miss."

THE END

Fellowes will return in "A Trying Ordeal"

