

# FELLOWES 3

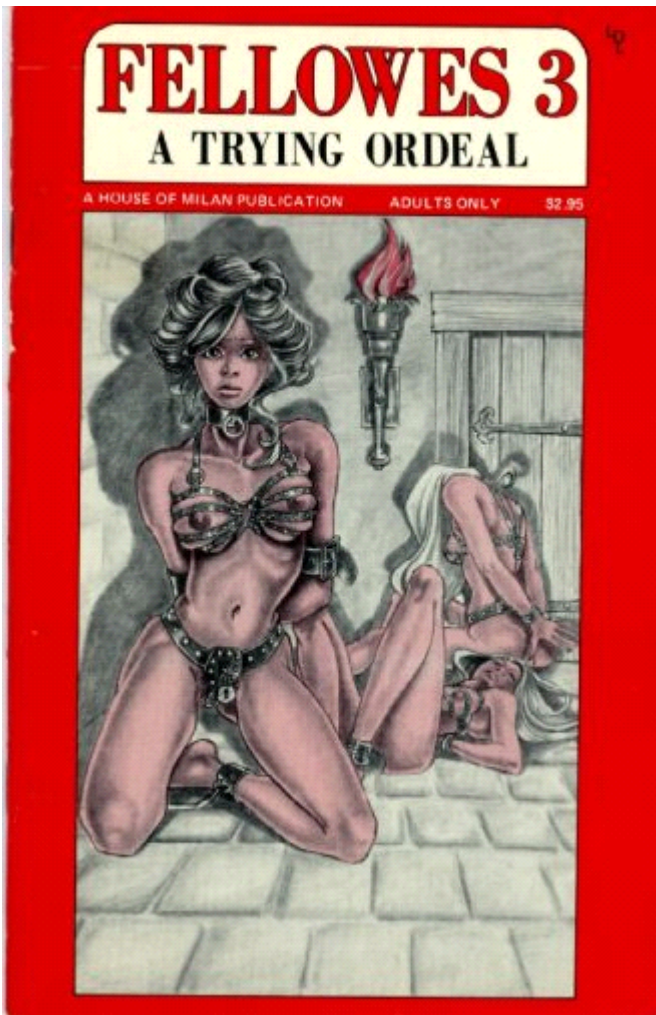
A TRYING ORDEAL

A HOUSE OF MILAN PUBLICATION

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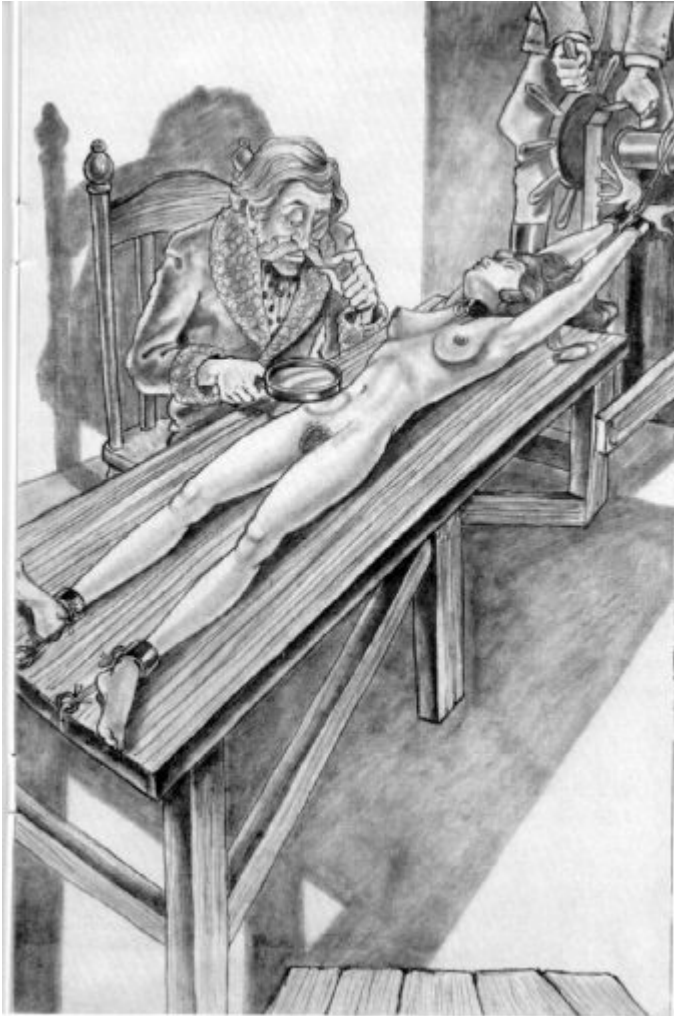
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## **A TRYING ORDEAL**

**Written by Frank E. Campbell**



„Damn remarkable!” exclaimed Lady Plumtree.

“Thank you, Madam. Suspension is a correction I have always found effective.”

“How long have you had the gel hanging up like that?”

“Since this morning, Madam. A mere hour or two does not sufficiently impress the youthful libido.”

“You keep the fillies naked, eh?”

"Invariably, Madam. An absence of covering is the commencement of humility."

"Shakespeare, eh?"

"No, Madam. An extempore effort of my own."

"I say, Fellowes, what does old Halibut pay you?"

"I am not at liberty to say, Madam. I may comment, however, that I am eminently satisfied with my present incumbency."

"Damn pity!" Lady Plumtree mused. "Could have used you with Arabella and young Susan here. Just look at that girl's arse!" Lady Plumtree leaned forward and adjusted her spectacles to get the best view possible of her daughter's posterior.

"A preliminary caning only, Madam."

"D'you always keep 'em gagged like that?"

"No, Madam. Miss Susan is deprived of speech during this inspection to relieve you of distressing importunities."

"Damn civil of you, I must say. I can tell what the little filly's trying to say just from her eyes."

"When young, the delinquent female is guilefully resourceful, Madam. The cane is their guide to virtue."

"I'm sure you're right. Just look at those weals on her bottom! Couldn't have done it myself. Pity poor old Plumtree isn't alive to see it."

"Thank you, Madam. The infliction had a marked effect on Miss Susan's desire to please."

"What about Arabella?"

"She is enjoying a brief sojourn on the rack, Madam. She will make her first acquaintance with the cane this afternoon."

"Might say that's stretching it a bit, what!" Lady Plumtree guffawed heartily. Fellowes looked pained.

"And the daughter of the house. . . ? You look after her full time, I believe?"

"Lady Emily, Madam. A most charming and, if I may say so, exuberant young woman. I am indeed privileged to guide her in the paths of rectitude."

"Whip her arse, 'eh?"

"Corporal attention to her gluteal curvatures is but one of the correctives employed, Madam. At this moment she is sitting on a device commonly called 'The Horse'."

"Tell me more."

"By the use of confining strictures, Madam, the young lady is compelled to sit astride a narrow edge. Her own weight centred upon her most intimate attributes proves most taxing."

"You mean it cuts her cunt?"

"This is a word I never employ, Madam."

"Well, we all have 'em, y'know!"

"I am pleased to hear that, Madam. They are a most versatile facility."

"Think we might go and have a look?"

"I am sure Miss Emily would welcome a diversion, Madam. She is socially inclined. If you will please follow me."

"I say, Fellowes, I'm damn glad you showed up." Lady Emily Halibut viewed her visitors from the eminence of her painful perch. Her legs were bound so that they stretched taut to either side. Her wrists were crossed and tied behind her back. She was exquisitely nude. Pain had left a glistening dew of moisture on her flesh, but her eyes were bright with hope. "Hello, Lady Plumtree. Please make this wretched sadist take my cunt off this board!"

"Doing you a world of good, m'gel." The visiting noblewoman viewed the small tableau of punishment with approval.

"It's not! I'm dying. Both my holes are merging. I can feel them. Is the pool of blood on the floor very deep?"

Lady Plumtree scanned the virgin stone in sudden alarm. "Miss Emily has a tendency to hyperbole, Madam," the butler interjected gently.

"I don't know what that word means, but it sounds vulgar," Lady Emily pouted petulantly. "I say, Fellowes dear chap, take me off this horror for ten minutes so I can talk to Lady Plumtree without gasping in agony from a tortured twat."

"No, Miss. Your discomfort would only be intensified on your return to the required posture."

"Alright then! Be heartless! You'll be sorry at my funeral."

"Quite so, Miss."

The naked Emily turned a decreasingly optimistic eye on her feminine caller. She sniffed disconsolately. "That 'quite so' of his means you're wasting your breath. He's a monster. I say, is that right he's got Arabella and Susan being tortured somewhere on the demesne?"

"You shouldn't use words like that, child!" Lady Plumtree said disapprovingly. "Those two gel of mine are getting a bit of much needed discipline."

"I suppose you caught them screwing?"

"How did you know?" Lady Plumtree was caught unawares.

"That's why I'm always in trouble," Emily complained irritably.

"Everyone here's so narrow minded. This chap stopped me on the driveway and asked me to show him where the gas meter was. We hadn't anymore than undressed in the storage room when Fellowes showed up – he's equipped with some kind of radar."

"I should remind you, Miss, that a coupling was already in progress when I arrived."

"Well, he'd only got it in halfway, and it wasn't all that long to begin with." Emily sniffed again. "You're making a mountain out of a molehill."

"If I may be forgiven a pun, M'Lady, I might point out that it was yourself who was engaged in such a task. The representative of the gas company was suffering from nervous apprehension. He was not at his best."

"Caught short, eh," Lady Plumtree observed sympathetically. "Poor old Plumtree. . . ." She shook her head in nostalgic retrospect.

"Please take me off of here," said Emily to no one in particular. She tugged fretfully at her bound wrists; her shoulders fluttering at the unrewarding effort.

"Perhaps we might visit Miss Arabella, Madam. Our presence here engenders false hopes for Lady Emily."

"Any hope is better than none," Emily observed piteously.

"Good idea, Fellowes, m'boy," Lady Plumtree approved. "Much the kindest thing. Good-by, m'dear. Keep your pecker up!"

"I don't have one," said Lady Emily mournfully. "But it's a lovely idea."

Guided by the family butler to the chamber in which her second daughter was suffering a behavioural correction, Lady Plumtree's first impression was of a tweedy male figure fiddling with a pair of spectacles as he stood beside a sizable wooden structure at which he was peering in some perplexity. Hearing the footsteps and without bothering to turn, Lord Halibut exclaimed querulously: "I say, Fellowes, did you know there was a gel stretched in this contraption?"

"It is Lady Arabella Plumtree, M'Lord."

"How the devil did she get herself in this pickle? She's been after me to get her out. Amazin' what a good stretch does to a girl's cunt. Probably does it good. Usually takes a few years. . . ."

"It was I who placed her on the rack, M'Lord. You may recall your sanction for Lady Arabella and Lady Susan to enjoy your correctional hospitality?"

"I am being tortured," said Lady Arabella. "Help!"

Lord Halibut turned. "By George, yes! How are you, Myrtle, m'dear? Can't go wrong with Fellowes, y'know."

"I'm dying," said a plaintive voice from the rack. "Somebody please do something!"

"Damned interesting, this, Myrtle old gel," Lord Halibut enthused. "Come and have a look! You don't see a gel looking like

this every day."

Lady Plumtree joined her host and gazed down in awe at the naked tautened figure of her eldest daughter who was a living link of flesh between the ropes at wrist and ankle which held her rigid without any support. Breasts were flattened. The rib cage starkly emphasised; the stomach only a concavity. The female slit elongated beneath its bush.

"Surely one of you has pity?" ventured the nude tenant of the massive and daunting engine of persuasion.

"Stretched her cunt a good two inches," said Lord Halibut enthusiastically.

"That's all you men think about," said Lady Plumtree severely. "Look at her tits; they're rock hard."

"There must be a society for something like this," Lady Arabella said vehemently. "I shall appeal to them."

"Pity, I'm so old," Lord Halibut mourned. "She'd make a jolly interesting piece of tail like that. Feel like charging into the breach, Fellowes, m'boy?"

"Thank you, no, M'Lord. I would consider it an unsportsmanlike advantage. I hope I know my place."

"Go ahead," Lady Plumtree encouraged. "Like to see it myself."

"I would never aspire above my station, Madam."

"Oh please, Fellowes!" The plea from the nude subject herself was poignant. "I need all the help I can get."

"I am honoured, Miss. But no."

"Just one finger?"

"You are becoming vulgar, Miss. I will tighten the wheel a notch."

"Wow . . . WWWWWOOOOOWWWW . . . Oh! Oh! Oh damn!" Lady Arabella's eyes widened in alarm, but she stuck to her theme: "You fuck young Emily," she complained, aggrieved. "I don't see why you can't do me." She cocked an accusing eye from her bed of pain.

"Give the gel another notch," said Lord Halibut affably.

"Should have gagged her the same as Susan," Lady Plumtree observed maternally.

"Perhaps we should adjourn," said Fellowes tactfully.

"Has mother gone home?" Arabella asked hopefully as she was led along the passage to the cane.

"Lady Plumtree has departed, Miss. She declared herself eminently satisfied."

"I say, Fellowes, are you going to keep us girls apart during this punishment business? And must I be naked all the time?"

"You will share a dungeon at night, Miss. Nudity is mandatory."

"Why do I have to have my hands tied behind my back like this? We're only going from one room to another, aren't we?"

"Quite so, Miss. But I find it advisable to maintain an awareness of delinquency. Even small latitudes of freedom engender false optimisms. If you will be so kind; we enter here."

Lady Arabella tugged abstractedly at her bound hands and looked around her new place of correction. "Good gosh, Fellowes, are all these things just designed to hurt me?"

"The intent is to correct faults in character and behaviour, Miss."

"And now I get my bottom caned, is that right?"

"Quite so, Miss. A modest beginning."

"I don't see anything modest about getting my bottom cut to bits with a beastly cane. Wouldn't you sooner fuck me? I mean, there's no one around now to watch. It was a bit embarrassing this morning."

"In the course of treatment on which you've embarked, Miss, sexual congress is a reward; an inducement to repentance. Not a casual indulgence."

"I feel terribly repentant, Fellowes."

"I am pleased to hear it, Miss. Now, if you will be so kind enough to recline upon this bench?"

"Do we sleep or screw?"

"Neither, Miss. Face down please!"

"You mean I get it up my rear?"

"You deliberately misinterpret, Miss. Your derriere is about to be caned. Kindly place yourself as requested."

Lady Arabella sighed. Awkwardly because of her bound hands she disposed herself upon the unsympathetic structure. "I say, Fellowes, is this going to hurt me something awful?"

"There will be a modicum of discomfort, Miss."

"Look here, Fellowes old chap, if I take the caning like a lady and don't make a fuss and lay still while you strap me down, will you

screw me afterwards?"

"No, Miss."

"How about a spot of that sexual congress thing? Sounds like fun?"

"No, Miss."

"But surely a girl in this punishment lark is entitled to a bit of recreation?"

"There are healthful exercises in the gymnasium daily, Miss."

"You mean have an orgasm on the parallel bars?"

"I will strap down your ankles and waist, Miss, before immobilising the rest of your person."

"Help yourself," said Lady Arabella bitterly. "Strap my cunt down too while you're at it."

"Thank you, Miss. The thought is impractical. There is however this pad. It fits neatly beneath."

"Mmmmmm! That feels nice! I don't suppose it's for what I hope?"



“No, Miss. It is designed to exorbitantly protrude the female rump for the attention of the cane. As I tighten the strap around your waist and this one across your thighs they have the dual benefit of extending and tensioning your gluteal cheeks whilst at the same time inhibiting the carnal enterprise of which you spoke. No fractioning motion will be possible.

“You don’t have to tell me. My bum’s welded to the bench. It is also a mile up in the air. You really are a bit of a bastard.”

“Thank you, Miss. There are straps also for knees, elbows and wrists.”

“Go ahead. It would be a shame to give me a sporting chance.”

“Thank you, Miss. I am glad you concur. I will tighten all of them again after the first strokes.”

“How can I thank you enough. You are all heart. I say, Fellowes, is my cunt sticking out behind – from between my thighs, I mean?”

“You have finely developed vaginal lips, M’Lady. They are indeed pouting in the manner you describe.”

“Then that beastly cane will cut them.”

“It is one of the hazards of delinquency, Miss.”

“Couldn’t you sort of tuck them back in?”

“It is not my place to interfere with nature, M’Lady.”

“But, Fellowes, how would you like to be de-cunted at the age of nineteen?”

“The facility you mention is peculiarly resilient, Miss. I anticipate no damage. If I may say so, Miss, I might mention that several most attractive fronds of pubic hair have accompanied its rearward thrust. They are slightly damp.”

“Tuck `em back where they belong, Fellowes. They sound indecent.”

“Quite so, Miss. I appreciate your concern. There. . . ! I trust you feel less exposed?”

“A little further, Fellowes, old boy.”

“There . . . and there! They are no longer visible, M’lady.”

"Keep tucking. . . . There must be something!"

"I fear you are seeking sensory satisfactions, Miss."

"Well, it wouldn't hurt you."

"You are now adequately secured, Miss. It is time to commence."

"You mean you're going to beat a helpless naked girl on her bare bum!" Arabella's voice was gloomy. "And you're right about being secured. I can hardly even breathe . . . and as for rubbing my poor pussy. . . ."

"This is the cane, Miss. I am sure you are interested."

"Oh Fellowes! Not that awful thing! I'll die. I can't possibly endure six with that."

"I recall no mention of the figure of six, M'Lady."

Lady Arabella indulged in an anguished sideways glance of appeal. "You're not going to give me more!" Her heart was in her words. "Dash it, Fellowes, old boy, 'Six of the best' is a British tradition. I never heard of a larger number."

"They will all be 'of the best', M'Lady. But the number I had in mind was twenty. You are no longer a child."

"I only turned nineteen last month."

"Twenty, Miss."

"I am very delicate."

"Twenty, Miss."

"Make it ten."

"Since it is an initial infliction I am prepared down to fifteen, M'Lady. All hard."

"I bet you are too. Make it a dozen, light?"

"Twelve with extra verve, Miss."

"Oh alright! But watch that verve bit. My bottom's never been caned before."

"If I may be so bold, Miss, the experience will be memorable. . . I will now commence."

"No . . . no, hold it! I need a drink of water. . . . I - -"

Lady Arabella's plaint was cut short by the whirrrr and thunk of the cane. Her nudity visibly surged against the straps that held it motionless on its altar of pain. Her face, wide-eyed and distorted, turned sideways and up to the impassive figure of the Halibut butler. The silence of the room was punctuated only by the gasping breaths of the caned girl. Moments passed before she managed to say: "Didn't scream. . . .I didn't. . . ."

"Most commendable, Miss. I salute you."

"I can't take anymore though. That's it. I've had it. It's unimaginably awful. Am I badly cut?"

"You are not cut at all, Miss. Your reaction is normal."

Arabella cocked a hopeful eye. "If I manage not to scream will you stop at ten?"

"Attempts to bargain are punishable, M'Lady. . . ."

"Surely you didn't whack young Susan like this?"

"Identically, M'Lady."

“And she’s still alive?”

“She is enjoying a sojourn in a small cage, Miss.”

“Could I get in with her instead of this? I - - Waahhhh, whoops!”



“Only ten to go, Miss.”

“I’ll scream my head off!”

"Quite so, Miss. Thank you, Miss."

"AAAHHHHRRRRGH! Oh . . . oh . . . oh, ohhhhhh! Oh dammit, Fellowes, it's not fair. I can't move. And my poor bottom. . . !"

"The bars of scarlet and purple are exquisite, M'Lady."

"Get Turner to paint them then. I'll wait."

"Turner has long been demised, Miss. Allow me. . . ."

"UUUUGGGGGG. . . .UG. . . .OOOOHHHHHH – Oh - -"

Arabella turned a shamed and scarlet face. "I've just had an orgasm! It's not possible. It . . . it . . . just happened."

"A common response of the feminine libido, Miss. The cane has a remarkably potency."

"But these damn straps. . . . I couldn't even twitch. I don't suppose you even noticed. Oh, it was awful! I mean, exploding like that and not able to move. I'm sure I'm ruined."

"If I may be so bold, Miss, I would suggest a switch to pure thoughts for the rest of your strokes. It bolsters continence."

"You mean keep my mind off my cunt?"

"Quite so, Miss. Allow me. . . ."

"Oh. . . . Ouch! Oh, Fellowes, must you always hit me so hard?"

"The exercise would be pointless otherwise, Miss."

"Ouch again! Oh, this is awful! I've lost count. Are you sure you aren't over?"

"Quite sure, Miss. . . . I will endeavour to centre this one."

"Oh damn and blast . . . and everything else! I say, Fellowes, I never knew a girl got horny when she's whipped. Why is it?"

"An interesting conjecture, M'Lady. I ascribe it to a similarity with the sounds and motions of coitus. There is an affinity."

"I've never noticed an affinity."

"Due to your partner's lack of skill, Miss."

"You mean you'll do better?"

"It is my function to serve, Miss."

"Please serve me now, Fellowes!"

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"Please let me out of this cage!" Lady Susan's youthful voice was plaintive and pleading.

"You have only been in it a couple of hours, Miss."

"More like a couple of days. It's so small. I can't move."

"Quite so, Miss."

"It's terribly irritating the way you say that. But honest, Fellowes, do you really have to have these handcuffs on? I mean, behind my back?"

"You have little need of digital dexterity, Miss. It also keeps them from temptation. . . ."

"You're terribly unkind. It wouldn't hurt you to let me play with myself. A girl in here needs a bit of something."

"I regret, Miss, that your 'bit of something' is inimical to the purpose of your tenancy of the cage."

"I'll relinquish the lease anytime. I say, Fellowes, please let me out and fuck me! I feel forlorn."

"Blandishments will not secure your release, Miss."

"But you can't fuck me in here!"

"I suggest you turn your thoughts to other things, Miss. Your preoccupation with coitus can only lead to frustration."

"What would you suggest, Fellowes old chap?"

"Perhaps sport or current events."

"If you stuck it through the mesh at the top I could suck it?"

"I am prepared to consider releasing you for a sound caning."

"That's your way of telling me to shut up. I know! Where's poor Arabella now?"

"She is enjoying a lengthy sojourn in the stocks, Miss."

"The one where a girl stands and sticks her head and hands in?"

"No, Miss."

“Oh Fellowes! What a rotten trick to make the poor dear sit on her caned rump on a hard bench with her ankles stuck out and clamped. Aren’t you ashamed?”

“No, Miss. I have added the small refinement of having her wear handcuffs in the same manner as yourself. This prohibits the easing of her seat upon the oak. It will be a salutary period of quiet reflection from which I am sure she will benefit.”

“Where did you serve your apprenticeship as a torturer, Fellowes?”

“You choose to jest, M’Lady.”

“How long do I have to stay in this cage?”

“I will release you tomorrow morning, Miss.”

“Fellowes, Don’t joke! You’re scaring me. I can’t possibly stay in here all night. I’ll die. My muscles will atrophy. Besides, there will be mice and maybe rats.”

“Mice only, Miss.”



"See, I knew. One night in a cage full of mice and when you come in the morning I'll be a white-haired old crone."

"You are no doubt thinking of a Vincent Price cinema, Miss."

"They'll get up my cunt."

"I am sure Vincent Price is too much of a gentleman – "

"The mice, you idiot! Oooops! Did I say something?"

"You will now enjoy a brief release, Miss."

"You're going to be cruel to me. I can tell."

"There! The padlock is out and you may stand."

"I don't want to know. You can lock me in again."

"Retribution is just and inevitable, Miss."

"You're going to cane me or whip me or something?"

"Both! Kindly stand and step out!"

"Please let me say I'm sorry."

"By all means express your grief, M'Lady."

"That isn't what I mean. I mean that if I say I'm sorry in a nice humble and sincere manner you will refrain from whipping me?"

"No, Miss."

"Don't say it like that! It sounds like a cat-o'-nine-tails."

"Your punishment for insolence, Miss, will be delivered with the proper decorum due your station."

"Did I get those six on my bottom this morning with proper decorum, Fellowes? I didn't feel like it. Would you like me to cry?"

"By all means, Miss."

"And you won't whip me then?"

"I shall indeed, Miss."

"How about a blow job?"

"The question seems irrelevant."

"I do a good 'round the world'?"

"I am glad to hear it, Miss. Travel is broadening."

"How about a sleeve job?"

"I am unfamiliar with the term, Miss."

"I don't know what it means either. I hoped you did. I've always been curious. I'd have done it for you if you'd known."

"Kindly step out of the cage, M'Lady!"

"No jolly fear! I know what will happen – Ooops! Wow, ouch!"

"You are deliberately procrastinating, Miss. I deplore the need for force. I will now attach your handcuffs to this rope, just so. . . ."

"Oh, dammit, Fellowes, don't heave like that. I'm going up in the air backwards. I can feel my arms coming out of their sockets."

"A most convenient posture for the matter in hand, Miss."

"But it bends me way over! Oh, I see what you mean: my bottom's sticking out."

"Quite so, Miss."

"Oh, Fellowes, don't cane it anymore. It's so sore."

"A mere six strokes, Miss."

"Nothing 'mere' about it! I'll scream and scream."

"Did you enjoy the gag this morning, Miss?"

"I tell you what I would enjoy, Fellowes. Be a good chap and shove your hand under from the rear and scratch my pussy. It

itches.”

“I could never stoop to such a familiarity, M’Lady.”

“Oh Fellowes! Arthritis already?”

“I do not refer to a physical motion, Miss. My concern is moral.”

“But, Fellowes, think of chivalry! I’m sure Lancelot would have scratched Guinevere.”

“Quite possibly, M’Lady. I believe the gentleman in question had French origins. Sir Bedivere would never have so soiled his honour.”

“But it’s not that time of the month!”

“The discussion is pointless, Miss. I will fetch the cane.”

“There’s no need to cane me, Fellowes. I’m in agony already from these handcuffs. I’m almost hanging from them. Surely that’s enough to appease your cruel lust?”

“Concupiscence is not a factor, M’Lady.”

“It is, y’know! You’ve got an erection. I can see it.”

“I am a butler, Miss. Carnal indiscretions must be ignored.”

“I could help you out?”

“I think the longer of these canes, Miss.”

“Don’t change the subject! What are you going to do; hang a weight on it?”

“A weight would impair its cut, Miss.”

"I'm talking about your cock, not the cane."

"Three extra for impertinence, M'Lady."

"How many does that make?"

"It brings the total of your correction to nine."

"Gag me quick, Fellowes, before we hit twelve."

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"That was a dirty trick, Fellowes." Lady Emily Halibut looked at her family butler with deep reproach. "Three of us in a dungeon and with chastity belts and metal bras locked on."

"I trust you slept, Miss."

"Of course not. We spent all night pulling and tugging. And I suspect you left that bit of wire in there deliberately – the one that fell into three pieces when I tried to pick the lock."

"A small pleasantry, Miss. I felt it would relieve the tedium."

"All three of us are horny as goats. How about a bit of relief? You could make the rounds and call it social work. Dammit, Fellowes, did you have to tie my hands this tight!"

"A gentle reminder throughout the day, Miss."

Lady Emily visibly perked. "You mean that's my punishment?"

"No, Miss. There will be an additional small tribulation."

“What torture do I have to endure now?”

“Ah, here we are, Miss. You observe the truncated column?  
Kindly place one foot upon it!”

“Which one and why?”

“It does not matter, Miss. Take your time to ensure comfort.”

“Comfort my arse! This is quite a stretch.”

“Quite so, M’Lady. I now close the clamp around your ankle.”

“Oh Fellowwwweeeesssss! Oh no! Stand on one foot!”

“Quite so, Miss. A most humane correction.”

“Oh damn! Oh balls! You mean I have to just stand here like a bloody stork, and with my wrists hurting?”

“The clamp will turn, Miss, should you desire a short journey by hopping `round the column.”

“I bet my cunt looks all peculiar?”

“You present a most charming picture of penitence, Miss.”

“What happens if I fall over?”

“You would break your ankle, M’Lady. I cannot advise it.”

“You’re so thoughtful, Fellowes. Be a good chap and feel my pussy! I think it’s got turned the wrong way `round or something.”

“Nothing more than a forty-five-degree deviation from the normal, Miss. Manual manipulation is not called for.”

"It is, y'know! Let's try out that manual manipulation thing. It sounds good."

"Sexual stimuli is not part of your day's regimen, M'Lady."

"What shocking brutalities are you perpetrating on poor Arabella and Susan?"

"Miss Arabella is standing in the stocks, Miss. And Lady Susan, with a freshly caned posterior, is sitting in the other set."

"Well, at least the poor dears will be able to talk to each other."



"Each wears a ball gag, Miss. The effect is charming."

"Oh, Fellowes, there are times when I think I won't marry you after all. . . . I mean, look at me now! I'm already exhausted."

"Thank you, Miss. I am most gratified."

"What the hell are you gratified about? Look, be a good chap and take this beastly rope of my wrists! It's far too tight. I don't see why I have to have my hands fastened behind. With my ankle locked where it is I couldn't do a thing anyway. But if a must be an innocent victim of sadistic brutality, couldn't you use handcuffs?"

"Very well, Miss. Since you will stand as you are for the day, I will accede to your request."

"Oh, Fellowes, I do love you! Let me put my arms 'round you and hug while I have them."

"It would not be seemly, M'Lady."

"Then let me unzip you and take out your cock?"

"Perhaps five strokes with the cane might incline you to more decorous speech, M'Lady?"

Emily dutifully placed her hands behind her back. "No thanks, Fellowes old chap. Nice of you to offer though."

"It was not an offer, Miss. It was a statement of intent, accompanied by a sincere hope of behavioural benefit."

"Oh shit! You mean I have to stand here in this agony and get caned as well!"

"Quite so, Miss."

"And now you've gone and got the handcuffs on too tight as well. Be a sweet Fellowes and let 'em out a notch?"

"No, Miss."

"What 'd'you mean 'No Miss'! You could at least say you're sorry."

"My regret at your delinquencies is constant, M'Lady."

"In that case you need not cane my bottom."

"Your penalty has now advanced to six, Miss."

"I can't possibly be caned. I don't feel well."

"You are in the best of health, M'Lady."

"I shall fall over and break my ankle."

"An improbable contingency, Miss."

"I may pee on the floor!"

"A natural risk inherent in your task, M'Lady."

"But my bottom's all wrong! I mean, standing like a stork half of it doesn't seem to be there. You can't possibly do good work."

"I will add a couple of extra strokes, Miss. I appreciate your having drawn the disability to my attention."

"Oh Felllloooo-wwwweesss! That isn't what I meant. You know it isn't. You're being cruel to a poor innocent girl."

"Neither cruelty nor innocence is present in our situation, Miss. You may select your cane: the yellow or the black?"

"I am about to have my period. You'll have to let me down."

"I maintain a calendar, Miss. The phenomenon you mention is not due for eleven days."

"How about curing it permanently? I bet if it was a boy he'd be born holding a cane." Emily's voice was bitter.

"The yellow or the black, Miss?"

"Hell, let's go for broke! I'll have three with each."

"The figure is a total of eight, Miss."

"Shit!"

"The figure is advanced to ten, M'Lady. Your epithet is unacceptable from a member of the nobility."

"Fuck!"

"Twelve, M'Lady."

"Dammit, Fellowes, that wasn't an epithet. It was an invitation."

"It is declined, M'Lady, although with a full appreciation of the honour implied. And now. . . ."

"Oh blast it, Fellowes, not so hard! That was brutal. D'you realise that the way you've got me fixed it's only one half of my bottom that gets the whole impact."

"I will take a different stance, M'Lady."

"WAAAHHHH. . . . Oops! Oh balls! How the hell did you manage to get in there and hit my cunt?"

"I deem such an impact improbable, Miss."

"Well, feel there, will you! Get your hand well in!"

"No, Miss."

"Ouch. . . .Oh damn and blast! I say, Fellowes, do you know any particularly satisfying exclamations I can use?"

"You seem to do very well, Miss."

"Well then, can I say shit or fuck without getting extra?"

"No, Miss. But I would sanction the French word; I believe it is *merde*."

"No good! Doesn't have the right ring to it. No zing. I might just as well say *merci*."

"A gag would relieve you of decision, Miss?"

"Well, well, what goes on here?" Lord Halibut ambled into the punishment room and cast a benevolent gaze on all present.

"He's caning my bottom," said Emily sulkily. "Please stop him, Grandpa - and make him unlock my ankle at the same time!"

"Jolly good," said Lord Halibut heartlessly. "How many are you getting?"

"Oh Grandpa! It's not right for a member of the nobility to have to stand on one foot like this!"

"Seems a good idea to me." Lord Halibut examined his granddaughter's plight with interest. "Damned unusual effect."

"Grandpa!" Emily sounded outraged. "Just imagine the whole House of Lords standing on one leg. Or the Conservative Constituency Meeting."

Lord Halibut appeared deaf to feminine appeal. "I say, Fellowes, are you keeping all three of these little baggages in one dungeon overnight. I bet they do a bit of nibbling?"

"I have taken measures, M'Lord."

"Ah, I might have known! Stout fellah!" The elderly Peer pondered for a silent moment and then suggested: "I've been thinking. It's not often we have three little fillies in a row. . . ."

"Quite so, M'Lord."

"I've always wondered – came to me back in the old chorus line days at the Alhambra. Be damned amusing if the whole lot of the little dears had stood there with bare cunts."

"An intriguing picture, M'Lord."

"Give a chap a chance for comparisons, y'know." Lord Halibut mused further, "Have to have 'em spread their legs a bit, of course."

"If you'll let me loose I'll spread mine," Emily offered promptly.

"Quite so, M'Lord. Do I detect the emergence of a thought?"

"Splendid fellah! Three in a row, what! Not exactly a chorus, but bound to be a bit of variety. An American chappie told me once his wife was a strawberry roan. Always wished I'd seen it."

"I fear none of our young ladies meet the requirement, M'Lord."

"Grandpa! At your age! Please have Fellowes let me loose now!"

"Leave it all to you, Fellowes me boy."

"I am sure I can improve on the occasion, M'Lord."

“Marvellous! Carry on with the caning. Try one coming up from under.”

“Grandpa!!!!”



“Fellowes, it’s positively indecent!” Lady Emily Halibut surveyed the plight of Arabella and Susan in mixed amusement and concern. Each damsel lay on her bound hands on the floor. The feet of each were widely and obscenely spread and were held thus by thongs looped upon their big toes and suspended from above. They had

been lifted sufficiently that their bottoms had left the security of the floor and swayed invitingly whenever a modest rebellion against the revealing bondage was evinced by the nude captives.

"If you will be so kind, Miss." Fellowes motioned to the floor. "I have prepared your place next to Lady Susan."

"Kick him in the nuts," said Susan helpfully.

Lady Emily made her familiar gesture of tugging fruitlessly against her wrists relentlessly handcuffed behind her back. With lackluster eye she surveyed the hanging loops. "The blood would all rush to my head . . . sorry!" she announced with an optimistic finality.

"Kindly assume position, M'Lady."

"I'm going to have a baby."

"An immaculate conception, I assume, Miss?"

"Well, I didn't say when. Let's make one now!"

"I say, Fellowes, you can fuck all three of us in a row. Be something of a record," Arabella suggested.

"Three violated virgins," Susan offered.

"Three gags are available, Ladies." Fellowes' voice was urbane.

"Don't get shirty!" Emily exclaimed irritably. "I'll lay down."

"Thank you, Miss. Compliance is wise. I will make a careful adjustment of these loops."

"You should have got him in the testicles when you had the chance," Susan complained bitterly. "I say, Fellowes, are we spread out like this to be fucked?"

“Please refrain from harping on the subject of copulation, Miss.”

“If you need help you could get the first and second footman,” Arabella offered hopefully.

“It’s no use love,” Emily informed disconsolately. “This one is Grandpa’s idea. I’m afraid he’s a dirty old man. I say, Fellowes, do you have to raise me this high off the ground?”

“His Lordship should not have to stoop, Miss.”

“He could kneel and get a good look.”

“The position would be suggestive, Miss: ill befitting a senior Peer.”

“If you’d let us loose we’d all stand on a table or something. Or he could use binoculars.”



“Ah, there we are, Miss! All secure! If I may be so bold I may comment that you make a most enticing trio.”

“They do indeed! I say, Fellowes old boy, you’ve excelled yourself. Dammit man, same elevation, same spread, same spacing. Three of the finest bushes extant.”

“We’re all in agony, Grandpa. Make Fellowes let us loose!”

Emily’s plea went unheard. Lord Halibut had actually knelt between Arabella’s spread thighs and was raptly examining her pubic hair through a magnifying glass he had thoughtfully brought with

him. The tractioned beauty resentfully twisted in her bonds, but grimaced at the resulting pain and subsided in shamed resignation. Suddenly she yelped, "You old goat! That's my cunt hair you're pulling!"

"Quite so, m'dear. I collect 'em." Lord Halibut was busy with tweezers. As he plucked he deposited his reaped treasure into a virgin envelope which bore the firm inscription: 'Lady Arabella Plumtree'.

"You absolute old prick!" Arabella gasped. "That hurts, and you don't have to make me bald."

Lord Halibut nodded thoughtfully. He peered into his envelope as though counting, then sealed it and moved on to Susan.

"I don't want my pussy hair in an album," Susan vehemently affirmed. "Go away!" Her voice was tearful. "What a jackpot for a girl!" She managed to raise her head enough to get a view of the enterprise between her legs. "Don't take the nicest curls," she pleaded. "I've only just managed to grow them."

"His Lordship should not be distracted by vulgarity, Ladies." Fellowes's voice was stern. From somewhere he had produced a cane which he cut through the air a couple of times so that all three maidens winced.

"He means it, girls," Emily warned. "Grandpa's getting old. He can't fuck, so maybe we shouldn't begrudge him a bit of plucking. I say, Fellowes, couldn't we have something propped under our bottoms to ease the strain?"

"No, Miss. I regard such discomfort as you are suffering as a normal disciplinary precaution."

"He means we have to hurt," Emily translated. "I say, Grandpa, are you going to plck me now? Take all you want. It's all in the

family. I can grow some more."



"Spoken like a true Halibut!" His Lordship enthused as he busied himself with tweezers and magnifying glass. "I say, Fellowes, there is a difference, y'know! The cunts, I mean. They have different folds . . . damned interesting . . . Can see now why I used to have trouble getting in sometimes. I'm jolly glad we're doing this. Well worth the trouble. Could do a paper on it if I knew where to send it."

"You could table it in the House of Lords," Arabella said with deep feeling.

"Splendid idea!" Lord Halibut plucked happily. Emily bit her lip to keep from yelping. "I've just had another inspiration, Fellowes me boy, let's shave 'em!"

"NNNOOOO NO!" The cry came in unison from three female lips.

"An electric razor, or soap and brush, M'Lord?"

"Bring both, Fellowes, and some talcum, and a pair of scissors to snip these curls. Should have thought of this before. Don't worry, girls, it will grow again."

"Oh Grandpa, don't shave us . . . please!"

"I've had a good look like this. Stands to reason I can get a better one without the hair," Lord Halibut said reasonably.

"Can I have an anaesthetic?" Susan pleaded sardonically.

"How steady is that hand of yours?" Arabella inquired practically.

"We don't want to end up cuntless, y'know, Grandpa."

"Everything here, M'Lord. Hot water, a towel, a straight razor."

"Splendid, splendid, Fellowes old bean! I say, look at that! This lather really does something for a good cunt. Get enough on, it makes a lovely white bush."

Arabella managed to raise herself enough to admire her well-soaped pussy. Lord Halibut nodded affably, pleased by her interest. "I'll keep very still," she promised. "I hope your hand is steady?"

“Just remembered.” His Lordship moved down the line, busy with the scissors. Susan moaned as she lost her curls.

“I took the liberty of bringing three cubes of ice, M’Lord. The young ladies are hoping for sexual stimulation. The ice will inhibit.”

“Good man, Fellowes!”

“Thank you, M’Lord. I strive to give satisfaction.”

The sound of the razor was busy in the room.



THE END

Fellowes will return in "In Time Of Crisis"

