

# FELLOWES 4

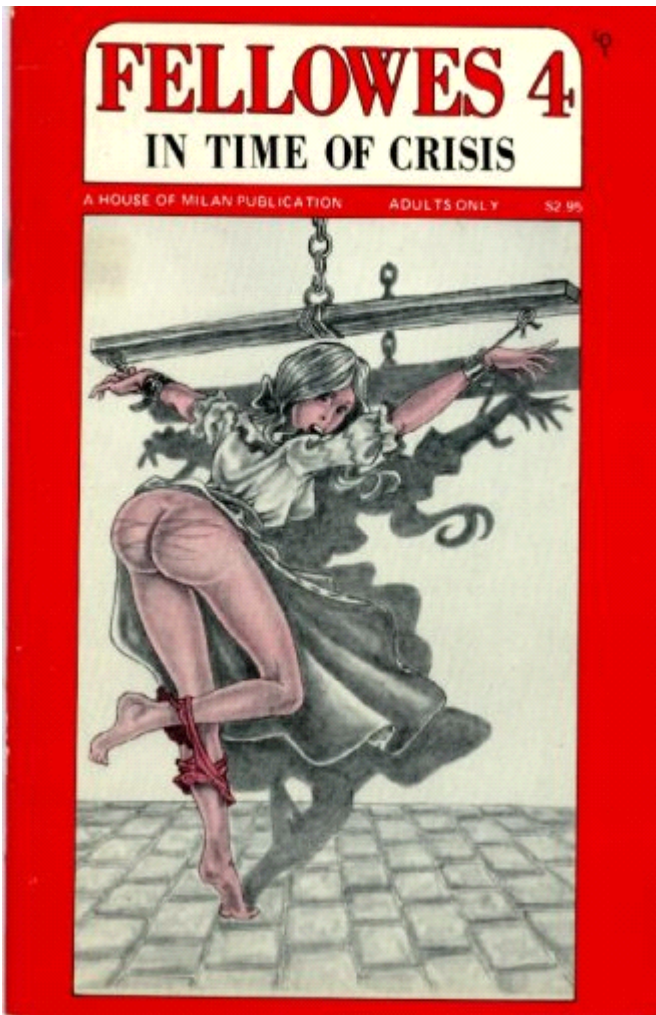
## IN TIME OF CRISIS

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**IN TIME OF CRISIS**

**Written by Frank E. Campbell**



Lady Waterfall was perturbed. The matter must be dealt with instantly, nipped in the bud. In times of crisis the nobility has but three resources: Call the doctor; call the police; or borrow Fellowes. In firm decision Lady Waterfall picked up the telephone.

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"It's Honoria and young Autumn," said Lady Waterfall bitterly. "My nieces, y'know . . . . I'd never believed . . . ."

"Quite so, Madam. Mr. Harding was kind enough to sanction my brief stay with you at the Castle. I am sanguine of the outcome."

"They are vixens! But butter wouldn't melt in their mouths. Watch 'em Fellowes or they'll scupper you."

"I have had some experience with the younger female, Madam. When I was with Lady Pondworthy . . . you may recall her orphaned granddaughters . . . ?"

"Ah, more of the same! Sent me a box of horse turds for my birthday! But dear Charlotte said you set them on the right course."

"They responded most favourably to my methods, Madam."

"I'm going to call the little baggers in, Fellowes. But before I do so I want it clearly understood between us that you have carte blanche. I shall remain aloof . . . well, what must be done."

"I am touched by your confidence, Madam."

"And by the way Fellowes, this may sound a bit outré, but there is the torture chamber . . . !"

"I see nothing amiss in its employment, Madam. I presume it is well isolated from the staff? There is, of course, the matter of heat. The young ladies will not at all times be fully clad."

"Nothing to worry about there, Fellowes. The place was originally designed by the first Earl. My late husband had it renovated and a duct from the central heating installed. There's many a night I've been thankful – but never mind that! You'll find the facility more than adequate. I'll ring for the girls. . . ."

"Honorina . . . Autumn . . . This is Fellowes. Melville Harding has been generous enough to make him available for a short course in deportment which I trust you'll find of benefit."

"You mean he's going to cane our bottoms, Auntie?"

"Autumn please! This lamentable tendency - - "

"Don't worry. We can hardly wait, can we, Hon?"

"You see what I mean, Fellowes. Flippant and without respect. In my day no female 'bottom' was ever mentioned."

"What did you sit on, Auntie?"

"Honoriam! It is just such a remark that leads me to doubt your ancestry. Really, Fellowes, you'll have your hands full."

"I am not without cognizance of the exuberance of the young, Madam. I have a regimen already prepared."

"Oh goody! Then we get our bottoms whipped?"

"That is but a part of the curriculum, Miss. I am aware of the tendency of some young ladies to derive a concupiscent satisfaction from the caning of their posterior. I use such correction with judgment."

"You mean we'll get our pants all wet? I say, Autumn, isn't he super? I say, Auntie, you are good to us!"

"Honoriam, you are being theatrical. And, I suspect, extremely vulgar. I have allotted Fellowes an apartment in the south wing. It has a pleasant sitting room, and a, ahem . . . well-equipped compartment. I am sure the three of you will have much to discuss. You may go. Thank you, Fellowes. You may report daily."

The sitting room was indeed pleasant. Two brightly expectant damsels sat on the couch and eyed the new addition to the castle staff with vibrant curiosity. Fellowes, oblivious to youthful worship, pressed the bell. "I have always found a cup of tea most helpful on occasions such as this," he observed thoughtfully. "May I enquire if

you young ladies have been previously exposed to any correctional influence?"

"There was a governess . . . " Honorria tittered.

"We locked her in a closet in the old coach house," Autumn added. "They didn't find her for two days."

"Tied her up first, of course," Honoria giggled. "We wanted to do it properly. Awful shirty she was, when they found her. Gave her notice and left immediately. If it hadn't been for the rat it would all have been terribly dull."

"The rat, Miss?"

"Yes. We put it in her suitcase. A parting gift."

"A laudable enterprise, Miss. Comic relief is beneficial in times of stress."

"You sound an awfully good sport, Fellowes. Myrtle Flossop told us about you. She said she had more orgasms . . . ! We could hardly wait to get you here."

"To get me here, Miss? I had supposed, Lady Waterfall . . . ?"

"Oh, but Fellowes, after Myrtle had told us . . . I mean those simply super things you did! We talked it over. Then we asked Myrtle who asked Lady Flossop who suggested to darling Auntie . . . and here you are! We're terribly excited."

"I am gratified, Miss. I recall the honourable Myrtle Flossop. One of my greater successes as I remember. Most partial to the cane."

"She said you were really super at the . . . the . . . well, you know what!"

"If you are referring to the matter of sexual congress, Miss, I am happy to have given satisfaction."

"Could we both be fucked after tea, Fellowes? Autumn and I are both still virgins and it seems such a waste."

"I feel our acquaintance should ripen before such an intimacy, Miss. I had in mind something less pleasurable. Do have another cup."

"Oh crumbs, Honoria, that sounds like branding at least, or a touch of the knout. Better have another of these cucumber sandwiches."

"Thank you, Miss. If you will be kind enough to pour. May I ask if you both intend to yield your persons voluntarily for correctional inflictions?"

"Wouldn't miss it for worlds, Fellowes. Don't know about tomorrow or the next day. But right now we're all agog. Three cups of tea and you may do your worst. I say, Fellowes, is it going to be very awful?"

"I would be derelict in the truth to indicate less than a considerable discomfort, Miss. There will also be a stringent loss of liberty."

"Do we get tied up, and chained . . . ? I'm all goosey."

"I deem it expedient to relieve you both of decision after the introductory motions have been experienced, Miss."

"You mean after our first walloping we won't want anymore?"

"It is a common and understandable reaction, Miss. And now perhaps we may dispense with tea and adjourn to the, ahem, workroom."

“Oh crumbs, Fellowes. I’m sopping. Don’t mind if we tremble; it’s with pure lust. Oh golly! I never knew Auntie had all this stuff in here. I say, Honoria, the old trout must really mean business. I bet it was that hedgehog.”

“Hedgehog, Miss?”

“We put it in her bed.”

“A hedgehog is hardly a fearsome creature, Miss.”

“Well no. But we put a ferret in with it. It went up the leg of her pajamas.”

“I had the impression that your misdemeanours were of a sexual nature, Miss.”

“It was only the butcher boy, Fellowes. We tied him up in the garage and took his trousers down to have a look. All we did was pour cold water on that silly thing men have sticking out like a unicorn’s horn. We wanted to see if it was true they shrink. If Auntie hadn’t have walked in just then we’d have found out . . . . I say, Fellowes, shall we take our clothes off? You do want us naked . . . ?”

“Not at the start, Miss. I prefer a more circumspect approach. If you will be kind enough to place yourself over this trestle and bend over to place your hands within the straps . . . . Thank you! And you her with this one, Miss Honoria. Excellent! I will tighten the straps on your wrists adequately so that you may have no illusions as to escape. I will leave your feet free to make whatever motions you may find comforting.”

Honoria giggled and turned a bright eye upon her sister.  
“Autumn, remember those books! I bet he’s going to lift our skirts and pull down our panties.”

"I see you have made the acquaintance of Victorian customs, Miss. You are quite correct. I even have a safety pin . . . if you will forgive me."

"Forgive you, Fellowes! We adore you. You are going to bare our bottoms. It's lovely."

"I trust your euphoria will survive the afternoon, Miss."

"I can feel the cool air, Fellowes . . . I say, Autumn, isn't this super?"



"Fellowes, is a tuft of hair showing up back there from between my legs? It always amused me the way a girl's quiff shows up behind when she's bend over. First time I saw Honoria's I thought she must have two. It sort of peeps back shyly."

"If I may say so, Miss, the word shy seems inappropriate to anything pertaining to two such uninhibited young ladies. I find your freedom of expression refreshing."

"You mean we don't get punished extra?"

"You have tribulation enough, Miss. Have you a preference as between cane or riding crop? Both are felicitous for application to the nether-cheeks."

"Which hurts the most?"

"The cane has a more solid impact, Miss. The crop, a fine slender one I see, tends to have a more cutting effect."

"How about giving me the cane and Autumn the crop? We can compare notes . . . and bottoms."

"Thank you, Miss. A most happy thought. I intend to alternate between the two of you so that you may share your travail."

"You make it sound pretty grim, Fellowes. Is ist that bad?"

"I would be astounded to learn, Miss, that you had never been caned. A member of one of the better families?"

"Our education's been neglected, Fellowes. I'm sure you'll make up for the lost time."

"I fear, Miss, you are taking the whole matter in a far too insouciant spirit. The instruments I am about to use on your bottoms

are extremely painful. Please feel under no obligation to exhibit stoicism. I would urge that *noblesse oblige* need not extend to our present endeavours."

"That's sweet of you, Fellowes. Do we go in for any of these quiff-quaking dillies from the books? I mean, saying thank you and having to count the strokes and all that?"

"I fear much of such literature deals in legend, Miss. I will be content if today you confine your exclamations to whatever reactions arise from my use of the cane and the crop. With your permission I am about to commence."

There was a moment's silence. Two flushed female faces exchanged excited but tremulous grins. Two female bottoms clenched and squirmed, and female feet shuffled from within the confines of their lowered panties. The cane thrummed.

Honorias foot kicked away the confining slip of fabric. It rose, bending at the knee, kicking at nothing but her pain. Honorias herself gasped; her nostrils wide her head rearing up in shock.

"Gollies, Hon, is it that bad?" Autumn's voice was anxious.

This time a different slicing of the air, a keening whine and a different sound of impact as the thin with of the crop wrapped itself around Autumn's curved flesh. Her yelp was both of surprise and anguish! The butler stood back and assessed the scarlet imprints of his aim.

"A modicum of disappointment, I fear."

"Good gosh, Felllowes! Do you have to hit us so hard?"

"I regret to inform you, Miss, they were by no means maximal."

"Golly! How many, Fellowes?"

"I am not permitted to say, Miss. It is a standard precept."

"You mean we might get a hundred!"

"Theoretically possible, Miss."

"It isn't, y'know. I'd die!"

"No, Miss. The cane is not fatal."

Again the thrum-m-m-m! Honoria's pants were flying. Her red-striped bottom swayed from side to side. Involuntary spasms caused her clenched fists to tug at their straps. Her words were punctuated by gasps! "Oh, Fellowes, I don't think I can manage this. I'm sorry . . . we didn't know. Maybe you'd better undo these straps. I'll explain to Auntie."

"A most normal reaction, Miss. Please don't feel chagrined by your discovery. You will now appreciate the wisdom of the tight strictures on your wrists. They prohibit retreat from your position."

"Dammit, Fellowes! They prohibit everything! I can't do anything but kick! I say, Autumn, this hurts something awful!" Autumn's attention was, however, absorbed by the crop slicing her bottom for the second time. Her yelp was pure agony. Her voice, when it overcame her gasping exhalations, was plaintive. "It's no use, Fellowes, I can't stand it! You'll have to let me loose! I'm terribly sorry. Gee whiz, Hon, there's nothing sexy about this! We've been swindled!"

"I fear, Miss, you labour under the misapprehension that you have a choice. It is with deep regret I must disabuse you on this point." Once more there was a silence, pregnant with feminine consternation.

"I say, Fellowes, does that mean you won't unbuckle these straps?"

“Indubitably, Miss.”



“And you’ll go on whipping our bottoms?”

“Precisely.” Two woebegone girls exchanged disturbed glances. Honoria took the initiative. “Would this be the time to offer ourselves, Fellowes? We’d both be grateful if you’d stop the whipping and start the fucking. Auntie would never know.”

“I am ashamed of you, Miss. A mere two strokes!”

There's nothing 'mere' about it. It's bloody awful! I bet my poor little bottom's all sliced up."

"I have never seen a female bottom in better condition, Miss. The stroke I am about to deliver will be slightly harder. It will provide you with a valuable perspective."

"If that was valuable, then let's be poor! I think you hit the tip of my cunt. If you did, it's your loss as well as mine. Autumn, you tell him too, and keep your quim well tucked in, if you can! Mine gets further and further back all the time."

"You mean you're rejecting Honoria's offer, Fellowes?" Autumn's voice was shocked. "I thought when a girl offered her all there were always takers. Ouch! Oh, Fellowes . . . !"

"It is far too early in our mutual endeavours to engage in the sexual explorations you so kindly offer, Miss. Perhaps this stroke will remove such thoughts from your mind."

"Aggggh! Ooooh! Oh shit! My cunt's cut in two. I know it is! And my bottom . . . ! Oh, Fellowes, please! Don't be such a spoil sport."

"I am gratified my attentions are meeting with some recognition, Miss. I will now administer two for Miss Honoria. I wish your travails be equal. Since your pubic hair appears to be causing you some concern I will endeavour to tuck it back out of sight."

"Ooooooh! Oh, Fellowes! Do that again!"

"Me too! Mine isn't properly back in place. You're sweet."

"Aaaah-h-h-h-h-! Oh Fellowes, did you have to spoil things? That cut me in two. I'm bleeding, aren't I? Oh golly . . . ."

"You will find, ladies, that after about the tenth stroke the pain may still be rigorous but the shock will lessen."

"After!" Two girlish wails of agony rose in unison. "What d'you mean, after! You mean we've got to have more than ten of these frightful cuts? You couldn't . . . could you? I mean . . . chivalry and all that . . . !"

It made a pretty picture in the sun-filled room. The two striped bottoms; the flushed and anxious girlish features. Two female voices raised in alternate appeal. The imperturbable figure of Fellowes' arm rising and falling in impartial rhythm. Slowly the English afternoon drifted on to evening.

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It was an English morning. It was raining. Within the workroom there reigned the same dismal element of gloom. Two pairs of feminine eyes were raised to their butler in mute query. As compared with the previous day the atmosphere was markedly subdued. "We thought you wouldn't mind," Autumn offered tentatively.

"Life isn't much without a touch of humour . . . ." Honoria's contribution was hesitant.

"I am indebted to you both, Ladies. Fortunately I have past experience in such matters. I retrieved the grass snake from within my bed with little difficulty. However, the glue on my toilet seat occasioned me somewhat more trouble."

"You did sit down first, though?" Honoria's voice was hopeful.

"I fear not! That particular pleasantry was first perpetrated on me by the Lady Dorothea Hamsbury in nineteen fifty-eight when I was First Footman at Castle Hamsbury in Stoutshire. Since that traumatic incident, if I may coin a pun, I look before I seat."

"Oh damn!" Autumn said petulantly. "Not even the frog?"

"I retrieved the frog from the teapot before the boiling water was poured, Miss. That particular one was the Honourable Cynthia Houndsbury in nineteen sixty-one. On that occasion the frog met a warm and untimely end."

"Oh, Fellowes, we shall have to think harder."

"Thank you, Miss. It is nice to know I am thought of. And now if you would both kindly undress."

"Do you fuck us now?"

"If I may say so, Miss, you are allowing that particular facet of our correctional activities to occupy too prominent a place in your mind. Yes, remove everything if you please. In our activities today clothes inhibit."

"Isn't this fun, Hon! Just think! We're naked in front of a man. Do you like my breasts, Fellowes? Men are supposed to like a girl's breasts. I read about . . . it's something to do with their mother."

"Try my tits, Fellowes! And could you arrange my pubic hair again like you did yesterday? But this time in front . . . sort of part it."

"Isn't Honoria's bottom lovely, Fellowes? Talk about sunsets! I'm really proud of mine. But aren't you ashamed? Two poor innocent little girls . . . ."

"Autumn and I both like being naked. Couldn't all three of us have a nice day and forget . . . . Oh alright! Really, Fellowes, you are a stickler. Alright, I said! Alright! I'll back up against the post. No need to get shirty! Dammit, Hon, I don't think we're going to like this."

"At first, just the strap around your waist, Miss. There! Now you on the other one, Miss Autumn. Excellent! I tie your hands at the back, wrists crossed, so. And add the ligatures to hold back your shoulder blades. You'll find them particularly trying as they sink well in. This is a trifling inspiration of mine that demonstrates its virtue as the day advances. I now tie a rope to each ankle . . . ."

"Couldn't you leave things as they are? I mean . . . this is pretty rough on a girl even without anything else. Look at my tits! If they stick out anymore you'll have to walk round them."

"Anything that is worth doing is worth doing well, Miss. I now raise your arms and hands with the cord to the ceiling. Out and back. The effect on your torso is most pleasing, if I may be so bold."

"It isn't pleasing at all, Fellowes. It's horrible! It hurts! Oh please stop! Not anymore! That's enough! Oh, oh . . . thanks! But it's still too much."

"And now your feet, Miss. Out and back and sideways. These two stanchions . . . most ingeniously designed. It achieves an impressive separation."

"Fellowes . . . ! Aren't you ashamed? I know I jolly well am! My poor little cunt must be winking at you. Oh, Fellowes, this is awful! I'm spread a mile wide and it all hurts. Is it supposed to hurt like this?"

"Yes, Miss. A quite different correction from yesterday. As the days pass I hope to engender a full comprehension of punishment."

"Days! Oh Fellowes, if you leave us like this all day we'll come apart in two separate pieces. I'm splitting already."

"A state of mind, Miss."

"Could you tuck my pubic hair back again, please? It's nice."

"No, Miss, you are indulging yourself. I can assure you your pubic hair is in excellent condition."

"But my cunt's wide open, isn't it? Oh Fellowes . . . ."

"That, too, is a state of mind. The lips are but slightly parted."

"Hey, Autumn, are you splitting up the middle too?"

"I'm already split. I'll never be the same again. Fellowes, you're going to leave us like this all day?"

"Yes, Miss. As the hours pass you will have time to reflect."

"Will you come and play with our tits sometimes?"

"Such an activity does not lay within my terms of reference, Miss."

"Damn your terms of reference! You've got two marked girls in the damnedest pickle. The least you can do is come and give us a bit of comfort once in awhile. If you won't play with our tits what about our twats? Are they out of bounds, too?"

"You are distraught, Miss. You will settle down for the day in an hour or two. These sexual fantasies ill become a daughter of this noble house."

"Wouldn't you consider fucking us like this, Fellowes? I'd think we're in a marvellous position. I mean, I couldn't push mine out any

further if I tried. If I was upside down gravity would ensure things falling inside. That's what it feels like."

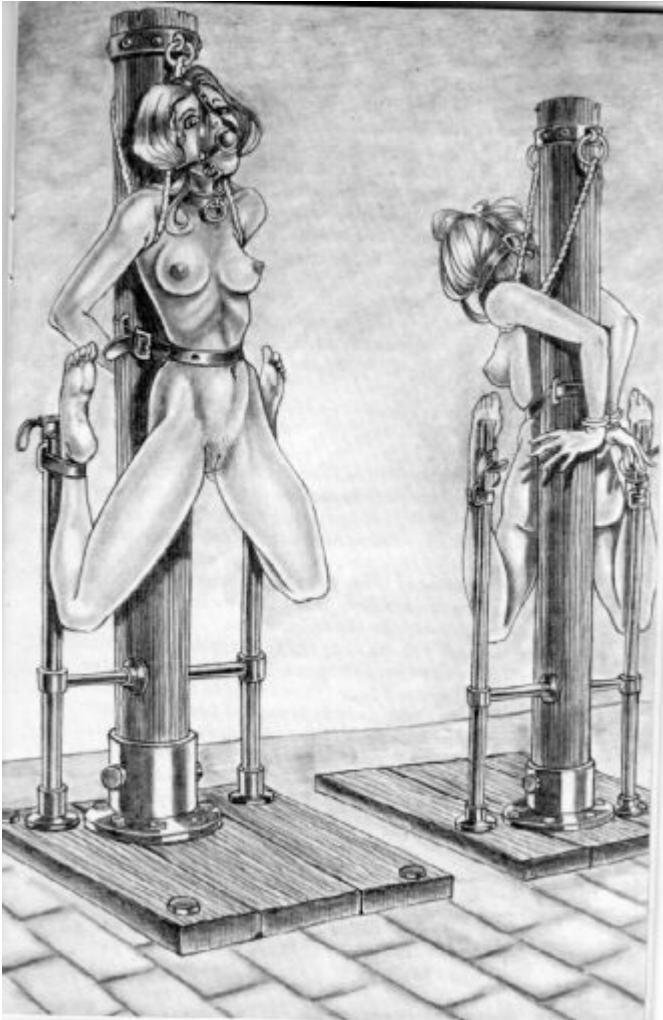
"I will just check the knots, tighten you up here and there and then leave you, ladies. I will drop back in at midday. It is my intention at that time to place gags in your mouths. I notice some most efficacious ball gags here. Wearing them will be a most frustrating experience for you both. Carrying with it – I am sure – lessons in self-control and the virtue of silence. I bid you *au revoir*."

Two heads tossed. Four eyes sought comfort. Fingers searched for knots they could not touch. "We got ourselves into something, didn't we?" Honoria wailed. "Those stories were right. The man's a genius at this sort of thing. We should have kept quiet. I'm dying!"

"This is going to get worse than that blasted riding crop he cut me up with yesterday." Autumn struggled in a vain effort to move. "I just thought we'd get our bottoms warmed . . . and look at us! Victims of the Inquisition! Torquemada hadn't a thing on our Fellowes."

"And gags! Imagine! We're going to have to stay tied here like this so we can't move and so our cunts are wide open to any chance mice . . . or anything else that comes along, and we aren't going to be allowed even to speak! I'm so mad I could spit! Maybe I should do it now. I won't be able to this afternoon. Damn, and double damn!"

"Do you think he will fuck us, Darling?" Or are we going to get cheated here too? I was so looking forward to it. He's got such a reputation. You know what Mrs. Harding is like . . . . D'you think he fixes her up like this?"



“According to Myrtle she gets it all. She married old Harding for his money and the old boy’s going to make sure she earns it. Myrtle says she gets it regularly every week. Oh golly . . . !”

“I wish Auntie could see us like this. I’m sure she wouldn’t approve. I’m all sex. She’d have kittens!”

“That’s why she steps away. She doesn’t want to know. She’ll probably inspect our bottoms afterwards, just out of curiosity. But that’ll be enough. I say, Darling, d’you think this is going to do us any good? I don’t. I mean, we’re still going to put frogs in the teapot . . . .”

“But it isn’t over yet. It’s only started. I’m not sure. I think I’d promise anything right now to get free. I hurt so bad . . . .”

Two dejected girls hung two dejected heads and waited for their painful day to pass.

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“Auntie never let us see this, Fellowes. A real torture chamber! You’re only just showing it to us . . . I mean, you don’t actually . . . ?”

“It would be most remiss not to avail ourselves of this medieval technology, Miss.”

“Are you going to put us on the rack, or something?”

“I had not considered the rack, Miss. It distorts the female torso. I have in mind something relatively innocuous.”

“I bet you have! With our cunts gaping, I suppose! I don’t think mine will ever close properly again. It was full of lint this morning.”

“That portion of your anatomy is excused from participation today, Miss. I am sure you will be pleased with what I have prepared. Or should I say selected? It was actually the fourth Earl who invented the device.”

“Naked, Fellowes? We wouldn’t feel right with clothes, would we, Autumn? Autumn still hopes to get fucked.”

“I refuse to discuss the latter item, Miss. But, yes, naked please.”

“There! Two lovely naked wenches for you! I think you’re really a wicked old lecher. Would you like to put your hand on anything while I can still move a bit to help?”

“It pleases you to jest, Miss. I would never contemplate such an indelicacy.”

“Most men would call it a delicacy, Fellowes. You’re not a fag, I hope? If you are we’ll never get fucked.”

“Have no qualms. I am strictly heterosexual, Miss. If I may coin one more pun I would describe homosexuality as a dead end. The subject of your anxiety will be dealt with in due course. Now if you would both be kind enough to stand with your back against the wall . . . . Ah, thank you. Here . . . and here. Ah, just so. Excellent!”

“Is this it, Fellowes? Do we stand all day lime this with a collar round our necks and this little short chain on the wall? We can’t do much but stand. It’s going to be terribly tedious. Honoria, use your charm on him! Get Fellowes to be nice to us! Could we be chained by an ankle or something so we could sit on the floor? Gosh, this is eerie! I bet it’s full of ghosts. Don’t leave us alone, Fellowes! I’ll have hysterics.”

“It is my intention to relieve the tedium, Miss. I can appreciate your concern. I will place these two boxes before you.”

“Gracious, Fellowes, where did you get those? They look terribly heavy. Are they cannon balls?”

“I will rest them on the boxes, Miss. Their weight is not negligible. Could I have your right hand please?”

“Fellowes! I’ve heard of a ball and chain. Is that what this is? But isn’t it supposed to be put on someone’s foot? You’ve gone and shackled mine to my wrist. This metal wristlet-thing is awfully heavy

and tight, and I'm sure it won't come off. Fellowes, I'm chained to this damn ball! Lucky you put the box there to take the weight."

"Quite so, Miss. Could I prevail on you to help by taking the weight of the ball while I make a slight adjustment?"

"Anything to help, Fellowes. I'm a big strong girl. How's that? This damn thing's really heavy."

"Thank you, Miss. I knew I could rely on you. The slight adjustment is to take away the box!"

"Well, don't keep it long! This damn chunk of iron's bloomin' heavy. Be awful if I dropped it."

"It would indeed, Miss. I shall not be replacing the box."

"What! But why . . . ? I say . . . . Oh Fellowes! You wouldn't!"

"Most ingenious, don't you think, Miss? And Miss Honoria, I'll relieve you of your box too. There! A classic simplicity, ladies. If I may indulge in one more pun it could be said you have been left holding the ball."

"Fellowes . . . . You're a fiend!"



“And then to make a wretched pun! Fellowes, do you realise that we daren’t let go of these damn cannon balls. The chain on our wrist’s too damn short, just like the one on our neck. We just have to hold on, and they’re round and hard to grip.”

“I am glad you appreciate their subtleties, ladies. You do, of course, have the option of allowing the weight to dangle from your wristlet. But I fear it is not an attractive alternative.”

“It’s inhuman!”

“Please fuck us instead!”

"Once again, ladies, *au revoir*."

"Oh Fellowes. . . . "

"Oh dammit, Autumn, he's gone! The absolute rotter! Oh, Autumn, this is going to be awful."

Autumn managed a momentary titter. "He's left us his testicles."

"Autumn! It's no joke. If we perspire that damn thing will slip."

"Try lifting it onto your hip and pushing against the wall!"

"If you balance on one foot and raise to the other you can rest it on your thigh."

"Lock your fingers underneath and make a cradle! Then lean back!"

"Oh, Darling, it's no good . . . . "

"Nothing's any good. But we've got to hold it."

"I'm scared. Oooo-o-o-o-h!"

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"Good morning, ladies. I was disappointed by the lack of your small tokens last night and this morning."

"We were too tired. Oh Fellowes, that awful chuck of iron . . . . "

"And we hurt! Do you have to be so unkind?"

"I trust you are fresh and ready for a new day?"

"No we aren't! And we aren't sure if we even like you anymore."

"I am sure that by the time your correctional training is over you will have reassessed your judgment. And now, flat on your back on this bench please, Miss Honoria!"

"You lucky twit, Hon, he's going to fuck you first."

"You misconstrue the position, Miss, it does not inevitably precede coitus. Thank you, Miss Honoria; your hands and feet lifted above the bar on each side. I will tie them to relieve you of strain."

"You're also relieving me of liberty, you old humbug. Just look at me, Autumn! What a spot for a respectable naked girl. Fellowes, do you really have to go round four times and then do that circling bit that makes the whole thing so damn tight?"

"You will be grateful, Miss, when the concept becomes more lucid."

"I bet you I won't! But it's too late now, at least for me it is. Why don't you do a bunk, Autumn, before he gets you in this outrageous position?"

"Your sister would never abandon you, Miss. Besides, I took the precaution of locking the door. And now, Miss Autumn, if you please. The other bench . . . ."

"What on earth have you hatched up, Fellowes? I feel as though I'm suspended on some sort of spit. Thank goodness for this bench! How long with this little lot?"

"I am not quite finished, Miss. There remains a small refinement."

“Something bloody awful?”

“It is all in the point of view, Miss. I now use the mechanism to raise the bar to which you are so comfortably attached.”

“Hey watch it! You’re lifting me off the bench.”

“Precisely, Miss. Some ten or twelve inches is ideal.”

“Ideal for what? You aren’t going to light a fire . . . . ?”

“Please have faith, Miss. The arrangement for your day’s discomfort is simple and ingenious. A pyramid spike beneath your shoulders and another beneath the hips. I then lower the bar. I trust you will give me credit for foregoing several most obvious puns.”

“Ooops! Fellowes-s-s-s-! They’re sticking into me! Help! I have to raise myself up. Take `em away!”

“The full subtlety of this most excellent arrangement will be increasingly apparent as the day progresses, Miss. It takes time.”

“Which of my noble ancestors thought this one up?”

“I believe the wife and the second Earl, Miss. She is reputed to have kept her sister-in-law in the position you now enjoy for several days and nights. I believe a matter of land titles was involved.”

“Well, I haven’t any land titles and I’m not enjoying it. Fellowes, be a good chap and let me have just one of these spike effects in the middle instead of two?”

“I fear much of the intent would be sacrificed, Miss.”

“What you really mean is I wouldn’t hurt so much. And what’s a pyramid spike?”

“If you will just turn this way you will be able to observe me place the two beneath Miss Autumn.”



“Couldn’t you fuck me instead?” Autumn asked without hope.

“The theme is becoming threadbare, if I may say so, Miss. Could you not employ your mind with pure thoughts?”

“Fuck pure thoughts!” said Autumn with deep feeling. “What I need is an anaesthetic. The only one I’ve got is to think about sex.”

Oh dammit Fellowes, take those fucking spikes out from under . . . .  
Please! I can't hold myself up in the air all day."

"Your muscles are capable of a greater attrition than you suppose, Miss."

"I bet my pussy's sticking out behind again?"

"A few fronds of hair and a small section of the Venus mound is visible, Miss. But I find the effect pleasing. I shall not interfere."

"Autumn's right, y'know, Fellowes. We can't possibly hold ourselves off these damn spikes all day."

"A small penetration will result in no deleterious effect, should you tire, Miss. It should be a sustaining thought."

"How about a small penetration in the right place?"

"Oh, shut up, Autumn! If Fellowes thinks we want it that bad he'll never do it to us. Right now I'd settle for a gentle rub."

"I will leave you now, ladies, and return at noon with your gags. If I may paraphrase a platitude I might observe my conviction that you will both raise to new heights."

"Oh, Fellowes, come back! Don't leave us . . . .!"

"Oh Fellowes . . . . Fellowes-s-s-s-!"

"Oh damn-n-n-n-!"

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“Good morning, ladies. Do I observe a demure and feminine submissiveness?”

“We’re exhausted, that’s all! Lousy spike up my bum . . . !”

“Look, Fellowes, are you going to fuck us or not?”

“Quite so, Miss, but not today. And now if you will be kind enough to remove your clothes!”

“We didn’t put much on. There! Instant nudity.”

“The two posts by the wall, ladies. Back to and standing straight. Thank you.”

“Which fucking Earl are we indebted to today?”

“The seventh, Miss Autumn. It was designed for his wife who appears to have been regrettably inept in bed.”

“You mean what we’re about to get makes a girl sexy?”



"I fear the Earl's purpose was punitive, Miss, rather than clinical. There is no evidence that his lady derived physical benefit. These shackles high on the post are of excellent workmanship. Your wrist please! Ah, thank you."

"We have to stand on our toes, Fellowes! Don't you ever have anything comfortable?"

"There is a short round rod, Miss. Placing it between your legs I then thrust it into one of these holes in the post . . . . Just raise a bit please! There! You now have additional support besides your toes."

"Oh, Fellowes! Look where that support is! I think I'd sooner do without it. My poor puss . . . ! How's yours, Honoria?"

"Hurting! Like it's supposed to! Fellowes, I don't think you like girls."

"Nothing personal, Miss. Just in the line of duty."

"Fellowes . . . ! Not round my neck . . . . What the devil is it?"

"A harmless pleasantry of the Earl's Miss. This, too, fits into the post. A stout rod and then the metal collar round your neck."

"But I can't move! Oh Fellowes . . . ."

"Certainly not much, Miss. There is now this small spiked blade that fits into the front of your collar. It is designed to persuade you to keep your chin well up. I mut say, Miss, your posture is superb."

"It's a also ruddy awful. I can't move. And this rotten thing you've just put in the collar means I have to look at the ceiling all day. Fellowes, you're not being a bit nice to us."

"I deplore the necessity, Miss. But Lady Waterfall feels a stern discipline beneficial to you at this time."

"If we have to stand like this all day, we'll die! Have you any idea how this hurts a girl, Fellowes?"

"I have a degree of empathy, Miss. But may I point out that your discomfort is well distributed. Your wrists may assume as much of the strain as you care to place on them. The same applies to your toes. The rod inserted at the junction of your thighs is a good solid support at all times."

"Junction of our thighs! Oh Fellowes, what a way to describe a girl's cunt! And you know damn well that's where that rotten rod is!"

"The term you have just used has never found favour with me, Miss. I admit it possesses a certain succinct descriptive colouration; terse and apt. But it is vulgar."

"What d'you want us to call it then? After all, we are stuck with it, y'know."

"I will admit to having given this matter some thought in times past, Miss. It is singularly unfortunate that the clinical terms have an equally distasteful sound. I have used the word 'pudendum', but it sounds somewhat like a health food. The word 'vagina' is reminiscent of the less agreeable form of plumbing. The term "lips" might be employed, but it would then be requisite to differentiate between upper and lower."

"How about 'twat'?"

"It offends me, Miss."

"How does 'quim' hit you?"

"Rather like a cold cure, Miss. An antihistamine."

"I say, Honoria, did you know you had an antihistamine to pee through? Really, Fellowes, if only you didn't do these awful things to us you'd be priceless."

"Don't joke, Autumn! This hurts too much! But, dammit, Fellowes, we've got to call our little slits something! How about 'quiff'?"

"If it pleases you, Miss. It is the least offensive choice. Its origins, I believe, had something to do with unruly locks of hair, so it is not inappropriate."

"There you are, Autumn. We each have a quiff. And each quiff is in agony on a rotten little metal rod. If I ever get out of this pickle

I'm going to personally pee on the seventh Earl's grave. What happened to his poor wife?"

"Legend has it, Miss, that after her second day in this situation she indicated a willingness to please the Earl by the employment of her lips to give him pleasure. I believe the term 'oral sex' is in current favour."

"You mean she gave him a blow job?"

"Really Miss, I don't know where you pick up these transatlantic vulgarities! Lady Waterfall would be shocked."

"I bet Auntie never gave poor old Uncle Hilary any oral sex."

"I am sure she did not, Miss. But I understand your Uncle Hilary made a weekly visit to the city 'on business'. I believe her name was Mildred. She had a flat in Maida Vale and catered to the more elderly of the nobility."

"After a day like this we won't be able to cater anybody."

"You are unduly pessimistic, Miss. I will leave you now for your period of quiet meditation. Progress is visible."

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"Good afternoon, ladies. Your morning has left your charms unblemished. I trust the discomfort has led to sober reflection?"

"How can you be so cheerful, Fellowes, when our quiffs are absolutely quiffed. It's indecent! And I'm fed up with gazing at the ceiling. You're not going to gag us, are you?"

"Considering the progress now evident, Miss, I have evolved a slight change for the afternoon."

"Oh goody! It can't possibly be worse! Or is it?"

"Anything can be worse, Miss. However, I am contemplating a small reward for good behaviour."

"You're going to fuck us at last! Oh Fellowes . . . !"

"That word, Miss! Really . . . ! I fear, too, your employment of the plural is inapplicable."

"What's he mean, Honoria?"

"Your sister and I are about to adjourn to my personal quarters, Miss Autumn."

"You're going to fuck Honoria first, Fellowes! Well, I don't mind as long as you get started."

"Miss Honoria and I are going to enjoy an afternoon of sexual congress, Miss Autumn. You are not included. Your obsession with the topic leads me to believe that deprivation will more clearly fix in your mind the penalties of misbehaviour than anything else I can contrive. And now, Miss Honoria, I will extract this rod and unlock the wristlets . . . . "

"Fellowes . . . ! You can't leave me like this!"

"Indeed I can, Miss. In fact I am about to raise the small rod one space upward. If you will pardon me . . . . Ah, there! Excellent."

"Oh noooo! I can't bear it. Fellowes . . . ! I say, Honoria Darling, stop him! Don't let him do this! Say something!"

"I'm just as helpless as you, Autumn. My wrists are handcuffed behind my back, I can't do a thing."

"You don't want to. Oh, I could die! Look at you! Pleased as punch. If you get a bigger smile you'll crack your face. You're being horrid. Oh damn! Honoria . . . say something!"

“We will be leaving now, Miss Autumn. The extra support I have provided will give you something to ponder on. If I may be so bold I would remark that you are at the beginning of another depression.”

“Honorina . . . ! Fellowes . . . . ! Oh blast!

THE END

Fellowes will return in “Elective Lust”

