

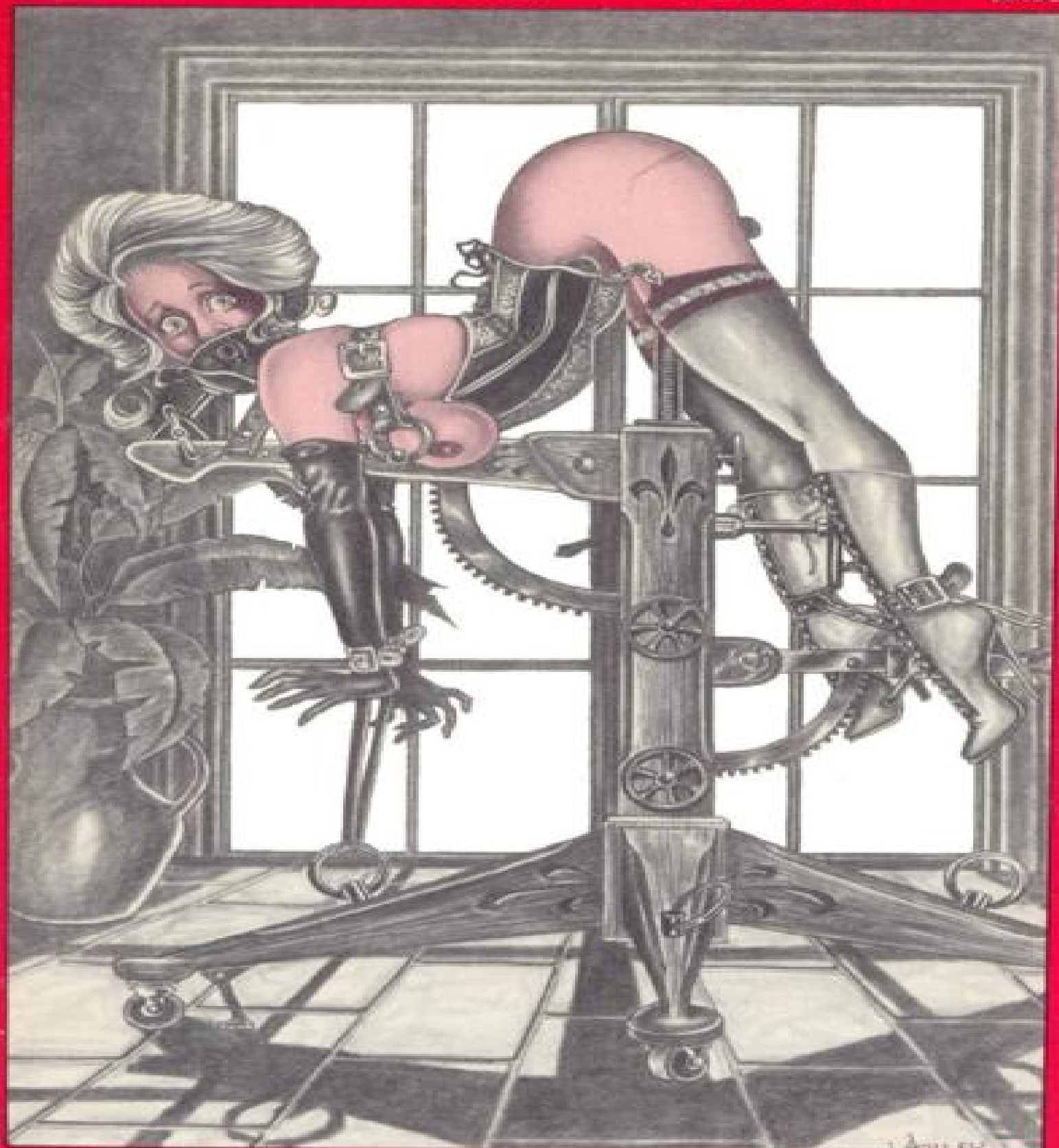
# FELLOWES 5

## ELECTIVE LUST

A HOUSE OF MILAN PUBLICATION

ADULTS ONLY

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[Elective Lust](#) ....(17k) by F. E. Campbell

"Damned sorry to see you go, Fellowes."

"I am happy to have been of service, Madam."

"Jolly good of Old Lord Halibut to lend you. You've done young Ermintrude a world of good. Gone back to school a new girl."

"Thank you, M'Lady. Her more severe weals will not endure longer than a month."

"Give the girl something to remember us by." Lady Jasmine Bagshawe was a handsome and youngish widow, a no-nonsense type. The eye she focused on the Halibut butler was firm and clear. "I was impressed by your use of the cane on Ermie's bottom."

"Thank you, Madam."

"And the whip on her back... and front. Quite splendid."

"I am gratified, M'Lady."

"And all those other things you use. Most ingenious..." Lady Bagshawe's voice faded into retrospect. She mused quietly for a moment, then broke the silence with a shattering declaration: "I'd like you to whip me."

"Quite so, Madam."

"Dammit, man, don't tell me you're not a bit shocked!"

"No, Madam. Your wish is most natural and to be applauded. His Lordship has been demised several years, I believe?"

"Always felt a bit guilty about liking it." The lovely eyes sought approval. The lithe, strong curvatures of the mature slenderness stood erect. "But I'll mince no words about it with you."

"I am honoured, M'Lady. May I be so bold as to ask if your inclination is inherent or acquired?"

"I was born with it, Fellowes. Used to behave shockingly at school just to get trounced. Then I'd bribe beastly little boys to tie me to a tree and whip me."

"Your honesty is refreshing, M'Lady. There is ample time to thrash you before I catch the three-thirty."

Lady Jasmine Bagshawe showed her first sign of diffidence. A faint flush rose to her cheeks. "Now that Ernie's safely away, I've been thinking of asking Lord Halibut to extend your time here; with your approval, of course! I thought, say, an extra week. Actually I'd like to receive your full treatment. The one you apply to delinquent girls."

"I am flattered, M'Lady. But the course you have chosen is most rigorous. I fear you might have regrets..."

"It's a point-of-no-return arrangement, isn't it, Fellowes?" Lady Jasmine's eyes glowed. "Once I've yielded myself to you there's no drawing back? I'm afraid that's the part I like best."

"If I may say so, Madam, it will be a privilege to inflict upon you the emotional satisfactions you seek."

"You are a treasure, Fellowes. I will be kept naked throughout, I suppose, and given no chance to escape? The servants are already briefed to accept your authority."

"Exactly as you say, M'Lady. May I express my satisfaction with the wide range of dungeons and correction chambers the castle provides. They are superbly equipped. I was able to do Miss Ermintrude's indiscretions full justice."

"They are good, I know! Lord Bagshawe never really explored their potential. He was particularly partial to the 'sjambok'."

"A most severe whip, Madam. I never use it."

"Well, you may as well give me the odd stroke for old time's sake. I can manage a couple without having to go to the hospital."

"Then, since you are ready, Madam, perhaps we should adjourn?"

"Dear Fellowes... It's sweet of you to indulge me like this. Will you mind terribly if I drop hints or make suggestions about ways to hurt or shame me?" Lady Jasmine Bagshawe stood in the centre of one of the many punishment rooms, her fingers toying with the clasp of her dress. Her lovely eyes bestowed a radiance upon Fellowes' urbanity.

"I will include it within my terms of reference, M'Lady."

"You're so understanding! I'm going to strip naked now. Please watch. I have nice, firm breasts and a lovely thatch. When I am quite bare I'll pose for you a minute so we'll neither of us

feel awkward after. Then I'll let you tie or chain me any way you wish."

"You are a remarkable woman, M'Lady."

"There...! What do you think?"

"One of the most beautiful figures I have ever seen, M'Lady."



"I was hoping for that, of course. I'm absurdly feminine. Isn't my tummy nice and flat?"

"Its concavity is phenomenal, Madam."

"You mustn't mind marking me, Fellowes. As a matter of fact, I'm expecting to be very well marked indeed... all over."

"I will respect your wish, Madam."

The male and female eyes locked. Lady Jasmine's betrayed a flicker of uncertainty. "This is it, Fellowes. I want to dive in quick."

"The pedestal, M'Lady. To begin..."

Her laugh was arch and knowing. "Shame me at right the start! You're clever, Fellowes. I'd expected to be tied to worship the sun so to speak, so all of me would show to advantage. Never let me con you. I'll try. I've got nice long legs. You may have to raise the saddle a bit to get it nicely under my--I say, Fellowes, what are we going to call that thing us girls have?"

"Have you a favourite euphemism, M'Lady?"

"I frankly admit I like cunt. It's got zing."

"The vulgarity offends me, Madam. Pudendum, or vulva is more suitable. I suggest however, as a sporting infusion into our work together, that you receive correction for each failure to use a polite term."

"Jolly good! You do have the right idea about this, Fellowes. So over I go with my nice bottom up in the air and my little whatsit waiting for the pad to be jacked up. I say, 'whatsit's' acceptable, I hope?"

"Quite so, Madam. I will now strap your ankles apart to the lower bar."

"I wouldn't have missed this for the world, Fellowes. I'm so pleased you've taken me in hand."

"The wrists well down, Madam. I will strap them tight. It is much the best."

"And do I get one over my shoulders to draw me way in before you raise the pad another notch or two under my c--. Oh, oh! My whatsit?"

"You are well versed, Madam. It is a pleasure to immobilise you, as compared to the importunities to which I am usually subjected."

"Girls don't know what's good for 'em. Silly little snippets! I say, Fellowes, I let you have carte blanche with Ermie, but I'm curious. Did you whip the dear child's cunt?"

The silence was pregnant...

"I whipped the whole of your daughter's pubic region, Madam."

"I inked my blotter, didn't I? I assure you, Fellowes, that slip was not deliberate. I shall accept my punishment in the spirit in which it is given. What will it be, by the way?"

"The traditional six strokes, M'Lady."

"Fair enough. Anything off for good behavior?"

"One stroke less for total silence, Madam. I will now raise the bar beneath your loins to effect the maximum stretch."

"Good! It hurts so much more on a tight bottom. And that word you used: loins! I'll try and remember it."

"The rotundities of your posterior are flawless, M'Lady. It will be a privilege to cane them. I shall now begin."

No portion of the naked Lady Jasmine could move. But her entire body jerked almost imperceptibly as the cane whirred and bit into the taut spheres of her immobilized seat. The motion was repeated a total of five times without any sound other than the sharp passage of breath through flared nostrils. "And one off for your complete silence, M'Lady." The butler's voice was awed.

"I'll be honest, Fellowes, and admit I couldn't have done it if I hadn't known it would end there. Those stripes were real tummy crinklers." Lady Jasmine managed a flushed upward glance of admiration.

"You were magnificent, Madam."

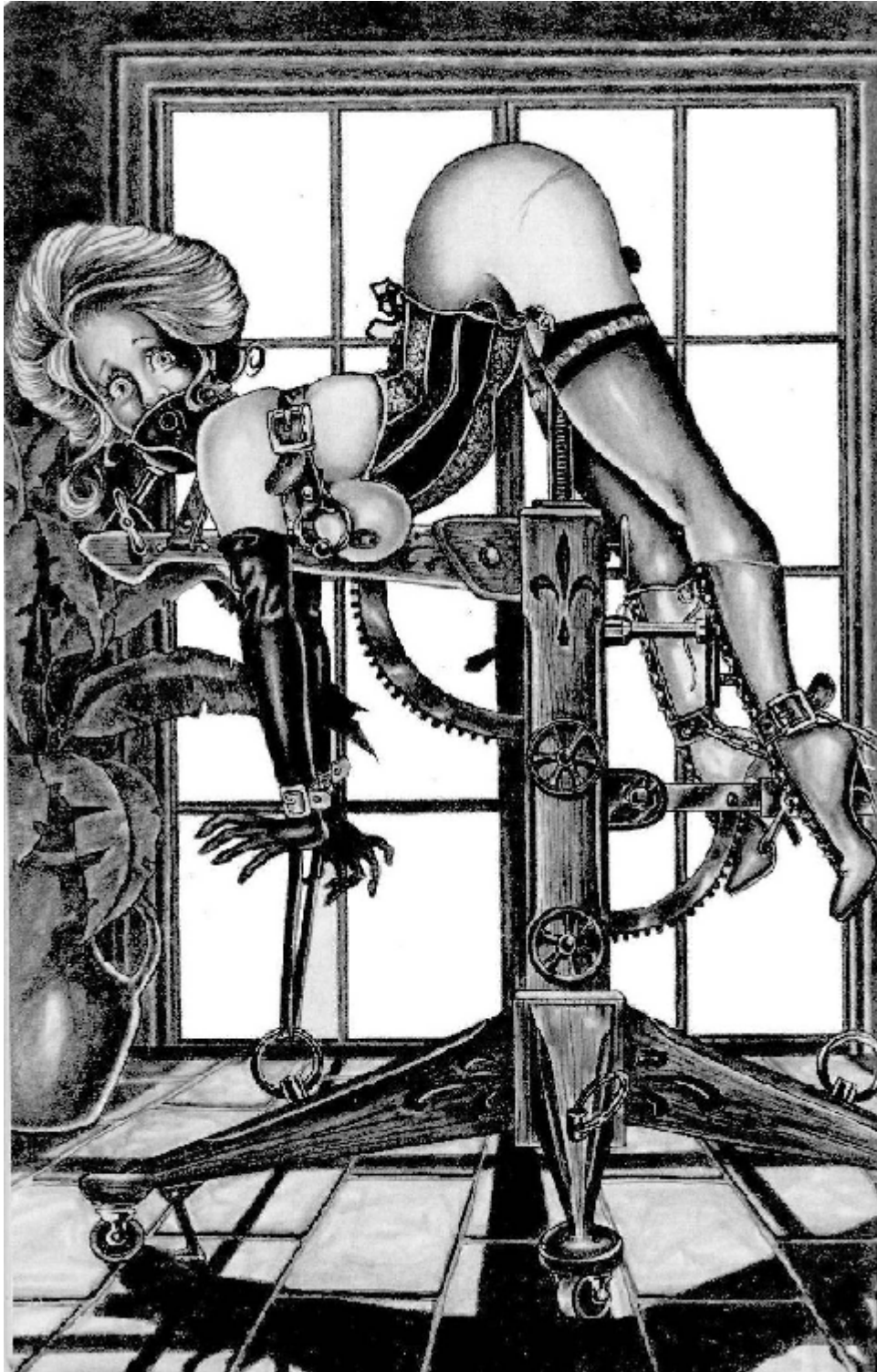
"Coming from you, that's high praise, Fellowes. I'll do another bit of confession. I can scream with the best and worst of 'em, and I fully expect to." She strained her nudity against the straps as though needing reassurance of her utter helplessness. "There's a silly thing about me that maybe you'll understand. When I'm being... well... hurt, it's just as awful for me as I expect it was for young Ermie. But it's the before and after that touches me. It's like a lovely, sensual drug. I have to keep going back for more of it, again and again. It's gorgeous!"

"One of the inexplicable rarities of life, Madam. I see no need to question it."

"I'm a sensualist, Fellowes. I expectantly hope to be punitively raped and totally used during our time together. If I scream, well then I scream! I hope you will be without reverence for my breasts, my nipples and the orifices of my body. They are now

yours. Use them!"

"You are of a precious quality, Madam, if I may be so bold."



"I'm positively glowing, Fellowes. You've punished me for a misdemeanour and I am basking in my pain, wallowing in the erotic heat it has engendered. On top of this is the awful

anticipation of the cane still yet to come. If you sentence me to six like that for such a slip, what can I expect in the thrashing I am about to receive. I wonder, can you glimpse the dizzy heights of sensation a girl can reach under such suspense?"

"I am honoured by your confidence, M'Lady. I have encountered the emotions you describe, but never have I heard them expressed with such lucidity. Would you enjoy a period of solitude?"

"That's not for me to choose, is it!"

"The proper answer, Madam. Any other would have drawn correction. I elect to continue your caning forthwith. I will now give you the first of an as yet undetermined number."

"Clever again! No number to grit my teeth for means I'll scream a lot sooner!"

Jasmine, Lady Bagshawe, began to scream after the fourth lash. "I feel that is adequate for an initial infliction, Madam." Fellowes laid down the cane and sat upon a nearby punishment bench.

"May I express appreciation for your screams; they were natural and unfeigned."

"Oh Fellowes...!" There was a wealth of feeling contained in the noblewoman's words. "I've never been caned like that before! Have I any bottom left?"

"Indeed yes, Madam. It is a wondrous thing of many colors."

"Sorry about all the sweat. It's the pain. I've been away from it for too long. I take it you're a believer in leaving the maiden fastened after the event?"

"It has a most salutary effect, Madam. A disappointing contradiction of an obvious expectation. Young ladies are invariably perturbed."

"I'm not that young, Fellowes. You don't need to teach me a lesson."

"Nonetheless, you will remain strapped to the pedestal, M'Lady for a suitable period of penitence."

"Ouch! That puts me in my place. I can well see how devastating this could be to a teen-ager. Poor Ernie! Did she take it hard?"

"There were copious tears, M'Lady. Earnest promises of repentance are also to be expected at such times, usually accompanied by heartrending pleas for release!"

"I am glad I am not a delinquent, Fellowes."

"There is no difference in the inflictions, M'Lady. But the state of mind, or degree of guilt, produces varying responses in the female. You may, yourself, be surprised at certain, unexpected reactions."

"At the moment, Fellowes, I'm consumed by a raging lust and a most urgent determination never to disobey you. That four-letter word, for instance. I just would not want six more right now!"

"In that case, Madam, you shall have them!"

"Fellowes! Are you out of your tree?"

"Consider, Madam. We have now, at this moment, achieved

authenticity."

"Dammit, I suppose you're right! I certainly don't want what I'm about to get. Serves me right, doesn't it! Any way I can wiggle out of them?"

"No, Madam. The structure of our relationship would be jeopardized."

"You're right, of course. Oh damn! I feel like a silly girl."

"Perhaps that is what you unconsciously seek, M'Lady."

"D'you really think so? I'm scared silly of those next six!"

"For that reason, Madam, you will find them duly taxing. Please scream. I am much gratified by our progress."

Lady Jasmine Bagshawe gasped but did not scream as the first of the six buried itself amidst weals already agonizing. "Oh, Fellowes! You're so right! I haven't any courage for these at all! They fuel my fire, but if there was any way of missing the other five I'd take it. If I was a teen virgin I'd offer you willing access to my c--. Oops! My whatsit and the other thingummy too! I say, Fellowes, dear boy, this brings home to me just how bloody vulnerable and lost I am. I don't have a thing to bribe you with: my All is not enough."

"An interesting thought, M'Lady. No doubt distressed damsels have derived some comfort from the possibility you mention. Something in reserve as it were. Maturity does indeed render a lady without resource. May I take the liberty of commenting on the magnificence of your posterior in its present exposure?"

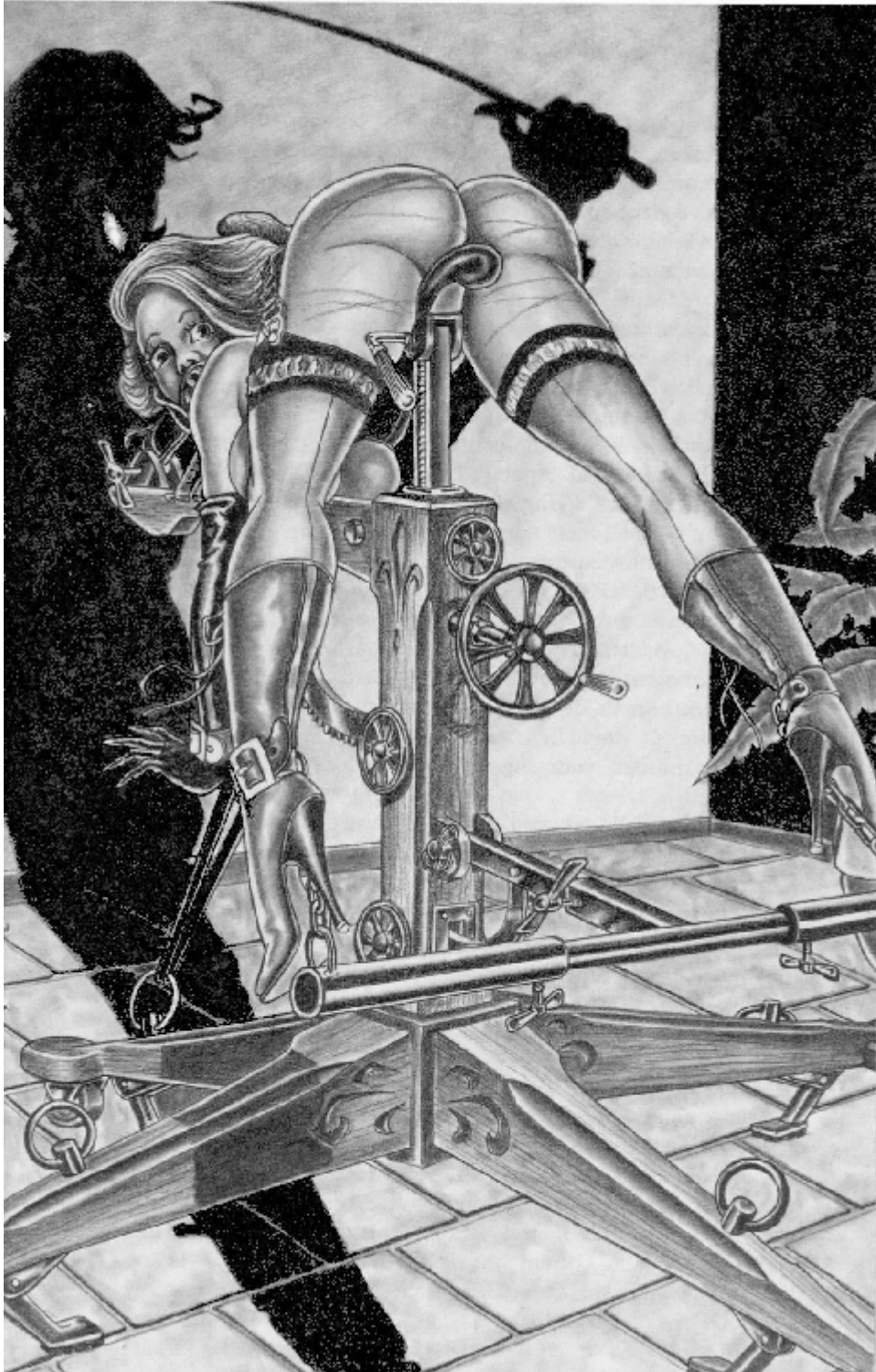
"Ouch! Oh! Oh! Oh damn! That was a wicked one, Fellowes. It mows down all my defences. All I want to do is run. I say,

Fellowes, I'm curious. You've got me bent like a closed hinge. Is my... that word I mustn't say, is it sticking out the back?"

"Yes, Madam. I would describe your labial thrust as the perfect pout."

"Any hair?"

"Yes, Madam. Would you wish me to tuck it back in?"



"You mean tuck it in my cunt?"

"No, Madam. I meant tuck it discreetly back out of sight."

A portentous silence lengthened. The bent captive stole a tiny, apprehensive glance of enquiry. "I suppose there's no use pretending, Fellowes? You heard it?"

"Yes, Madam."

"I'm scared silly! What's it going to cost me?"

"The conventional number, Madam. I see no reason to increase it."

"Oh, Fellowes please...! That means ten more to go. I can't possibly take it. Go easy on me this first day?"

"To do so would be inimical to our agreement, M'Lady. The posterior infliction will certainly be severe. But I assure you that you will emerge with flying colours."

"My flag's at half-mast now, Fellowes--Oh! Arrrggghhh!"

"The time will soon pass, Madam."

"OOOOHHHHGGGG! Ug! Oh gosh! Oh Fellowes... that one caught me on that thing I daren't name!"

"Quiet so, Madam. The aim was intentional. I took the liberty of what one might call a christening: a baptism. Both lips have as a consequence become delightfully engorged. Would you care for a gag, Madam? It would obviate an indefinite prolongation of this correction through your injudicious references to a prominent female facility."

"Oh thanks, Fellowes, you're just too sweet. You choose it."

"Thank you, Madam. I elect the strapped ring that fits behind

the teeth. Some sound is possible, but no four-letter words."

"I'm in such good hands! I'm so--gug, gug, gug--"

"Quite so, Madam. I will endeavour to make this next stroke lap over the last... it is always especially trying."

"Glug!"

\* \* \*

"You're going to keep my feet strapped, eh Fellowes? Taking no chances on me..."

"Quite so, Madam. It saves unseemly scuffles."

Lady Jasmine stood erect, bending back gracefully and gently playing the tips of her fingers back and forth across the ridged and wealed curves of her bottom. She sighed in deepest ecstasy. "I can't tell you how good this feels, Fellowes. It's so glorious to have my hands somewhat free and to know that awful caning is over. I'm soaking wet between my legs... Would there be any good my suggesting?"

"No, Madam."

"Well, no harm in asking. Having my ankles strapped like this sure does keep control of me, doesn't it! I find your methods intensely interesting."

"A matter of trial and error, Madam. I have been amazed by the subtleties of the feminine psyche. I trust you find this respite beneficial?"

"It's lovely, Fellowes. A joyous sense of having survived. The fire, in my... my pudendum is simply raging! See, I used that

quaint word of yours; it's quite absurd."

"Your reactions are reassuring, Madam. The whip will hold no terrors for you."

Jasmine prolonged a silence. Her fingers ceased their searching. "Did you say whip?"

"Quite so, Madam. The cane this morning. The whip this afternoon."

The naked woman still strapped to the pedestal resumed her self-massage, but slowly. Her eye was doubtful. "I'd expected to be chained in one of those lovely dungeons, Fellowes."

"Correction is a painful path, M'Lady."

"Couldn't I be whipped tomorrow? This... this caning I've just had wasn't all that easy to take."

"You will of course enjoy a lengthy overnight relaxation in the dungeon, M'Lady. I shall ensure that you are heavily chained, as an inducement to repose."

"I suppose you feel my derriere's been attended to, so now it's my back that gets it. You want me fully marked the very first day."

"There are always recesses for later attention, M'Lady."

"You mean my pussy and the inside of my thighs... and my breasts?"

"You are comfortingly conversant, Madam."

"Would you gag me again, please? The old bravado is at a low

ebb."

"If you find the prospect of the whip daunting, Madam, I can offer you the alternative of suspension by your thumbs for the afternoon."

Jasmine's breath halted, all motion ceased. "My thumbs...!" She faced her bland Inquisitor, her eyes reflecting a new depth. "I've never had that, Fellowes. The way it reads... no girl would choose it! But how is it...? How--"



"It is always survived, M'Lady. The delinquent, of course, is convinced of certain demise. But her alarm is without foundation."

"All afternoon! It sounds a terribly long time. Were you going to whip me all afternoon?"

"Not steadily, Madam. Intermittently, with variations. You would be suspended by your wrists, but your toes would be allowed a modicum of support upon the floor."

"It's a terribly difficult choice, Fellowes. Two absolutely pudendum-crinkling tortures... I sure am lucky..."

"You will enjoy my full moral support in either venture, Madam."

"I don't suppose that will make it hurt any less. If I choose the thumb-thing, will my arms be spread out--it's more aesthetic?"

"The trapeze bar will be employed, Madam."

"I'll pick the thumbs, Fellowes. That caning was quite an experience! I'm still throbbing!"

"You will not be disappointed, Madam. It will be a memorable event. This correction has a quality of its own. Your hands, please?"

"A soft leather strap looped behind my knuckles, eh Fellowes? I'm trembling like a child."

"Without that acute sensory awareness, Madam, this exercise would lack validity. Thank you; and now the other thumb..."

"It's so lovely the way you handle me, Fellowes. Now that my thumbs are fastened to this bar you can unstrap my ankles and I'm still helpless!"

"I am pleased you approve, Madam. Allow me to position you."

"This is another of those awful moments, Fellowes. Golly, I'm wet! It's awfully hard for me to realise what's actually happening. You're going to hang me by my thumbs... It's unreal!"

"Consummation will provide a vivid reality, M'Lady."

"Oh Fellowes, how gorgeously implacable! Look at that bar and my hands rising up before my eyes! I'm tied only by my thumbs but I've surely had it."

"In some ways a most frustrating correction, Madam. Were it not for your slenderness, we might quote that 'Never did so little hold so much.' "

"Let's quote it anyway. Ohhhh, oh... Oh Fellowes, I'm beginning to stretch. Oh... oh golly! I'm allowed to scream, aren't I?"

"Quite so, Madam. I will raise you only enough to separate the floor just slightly beyond your reach. In that way we shall remain at a conversational level."

"Do girls actually converse when hanging by their thumbs?"

"Disjointedly, M'Lady. Pardon the pun."

"Ohhhh... Ohhhhhh! Oh Fellowes... It's happened!"

"You are exquisite, M'Lady."

"My thumbs aren't exquisite--or my arms! Ohhhhh!  
Fellllloowwwes! "

"A most simple and satisfying correction, if I may say so, M'Lady."

"Fellowes dear man, not all afternoon... like this?"

"Quite so, Madam."

"Those other girls were right! I'll die!"

"No, Madam."

"I've changed my mind! Let me down and whip me instead!"

"Such reversals of choice are not permitted, M'Lady."

"I'll behave. I won't give you any trouble. Oh dear, oh goodness, I've been so foolish. Please let me down and whip me twice as much as you'd intended... I won't complain."

"But you are complaining now, Madam."

"This is different! I'm fighting for my life! Let me down and whip me steadily all afternoon. Surely that's a good offer?"

"Females under correction do not make offers, M'Lady. Not successful ones. You will remain as you are for the afternoon."

"I've been foolish, Fellowes. Please let's call the whole thing off! I'm terribly sorry to have troubled you."

"I sympathize with your current distress, M'Lady. But at a later date you would not thank me for acceding to your request. Your pride would be impaired."

"I just threw my pride away, Fellowes. Anything... anything! Make your own terms."

"You are in the throes of the initial shock, M'Lady. At such times I have often found a counterirritant beneficially distracting."

"Thanks, no!"

"I have in mind a small transatlantic pleasantry, Madam."

"Nothing more, Fellowes! I have enough on my plate now."

"This is no more than the employment of a piece of rope in a most unorthodox and eloquent manner. You will find it most intriguing, Madam."

"No I won't! Let me down!"



"It consists of a band round the middle with a connection front and rear which is ruthlessly tightened betwixt the loins. Its intent is not restrictive but solely punitive."

"But, Fellowes...! That would go right inside a girl's cunt and... and... and... oh dear!"

"Quite so, Madam."

"You wouldn't give me six with the cane while I'm like this!"

"Yes, Madam."

"But it's too cruel--and on top of all those others!"

"We may say the soil is well tilled, Madam."

"I can't believe this is happening! I'm being tortured! And it's my own fault. Oh Fellowes...! Have mercy, old chap."

"No, Madam, your six corrective strokes are inevitable. There is no time like the present."

"Be a good chap, Fellowes, and fuck me. It would help."

"That word, too, is unacceptable, Madam."

"Oh noooo! No! Not six more!"

"A warning only, Madam."

"Well; possibly they won't hurt quite as badly now I'm not bent over like a banana peel."

"I shall compensate with additional force, Madam."

"Don't tell me you weren't hitting me all out before. That cane felt as though it was going to go right on through!"

"I deem it judicious to husband a margin of reserve, Madam. I will now inflict your penalizing half-dozen."

"Oh, Fellowes, I've been terribly foolish!"

"No, M'Lady. If I may be so bold I would point out that the contretemps disturbing you at the moment is no more than the pure authenticity of the emotion you seek. I will continue to enlarge its scope."

"You're right, Fellowes. I'm being foolish and feminine and silly. Please cane my bottom. I deserve it. I'll work on that stiff-upper-lip thing."

"Thank you, Madam. I will make these swift and severe."

"Sorry about the screams, Fellowes! I can't help them! I've never known pain like this before! Am I bleeding much?"

"None at all, M'Lady. The illusion is mental. Your weals, however, are becoming impressive. Your derriere, if I may be so bold, is a thing of great beauty." .

"I can't see it. I'm not even going to try, it hurts too much. Oh, Fellowes, this hanging by the thumbs is every bit as bad as it's supposed to be! Are you sure there's nothing I can say or do to get me out of this torture?"

"Please refrain from harping on that theme, Madam. Persistent requests for release will henceforth be treated as a punishable offence."

"You're really wonderful, Fellowes. I'm lucky to be tortured by you. That counterirritant theory works. Extra pain does divert the captive mind from self-pity. You'd better go ahead with that beastly rope thing to hurt my poor thingummys."

"Thank you, Madam. My apologies for the tightness of the waist stricture. May I say that your hips are superb?"

"Please say anything like that you can think of! A girl being tortured needs all the morale-boosting she can get! Will I scream with this one too? Oh jeeppers, I'm half cut in two!"

"Perhaps not screams, Madam. Light moans would be more suitable."

"Oh, oh! Ohhhhhhh! I say, Fellowes, am I blushing? You can't get much more intimate with a girl than you're doing now. Fancy, actually parting my lips down there with your fingers...! Fellowes, you're a jewel of a man."

"I am greatly privileged, M'Lady. I am happy to report a deep intrusion within the vaginal lips. There will be two-strands of rope."

"Oh golly, this certainly is something new! I bet there's not many girls ever have this... And right inside! And it's damn near inside my other one too from the way it feels. It's cutting me in two pieces. Will they fall off onto the floor with half a cunt in each... Ooops! Oh damn!"

"Really, Madam, I have no wish to make so bold, but you are incorrigible!"

"But, Fellowes, old boy, I'm stuck with the little darling, and that's the only name I've called her in the last twenty years. And I am under a bit of stress, y'know."

"I am sure you are not seeking to excuse yourself, Madam?"

"You know I am! But go ahead, beat me!"

"No, Madam. I will give your penalty some thought while completing this constriction. Please forgive the cinching action."

"Oh gosh! I don't believe this pain! Must make quite a picture with your knee in my behind and you heaving on the ropes. Golly, you're coming close to killing me! Killing my poor little darling without a name!"

"Your vagina, Madam. I trust some correctional discomfort ensues?"



"I'm in agony if that's what you mean!"

"Thank you, Madam. I will endeavour to afford you a later

opportunity to walk whilst so confined. I will value your comments."

"May I walk now? Please?"

"No, Madam."

"Are you really going to leave me to hang in this anguish all afternoon? It's all so hard to believe."

"Quite so, M'Lady. It will be a taxing vigil. Whilst I usually suggest purity of thought at such a time, I would in your case recommend erotic fantasising to pass the hours."

"You are sweet, y'know, Fellowes. But what about my punishment for saying cunt?"

"You have just repeated the offense, Madam."

"Oh no! Does that count? Oh shit, I'm sunk! Look, Fellowes old chap, let's bring this to a head. A girl's cunt is her cunt no matter how you slice it. So tell me what you're going to do with this little lot: cunt, cunt, cunt, cunt, cunt, cunt, cunt, cunt, cunt!"

"I make that nine offensive references to your vulva, M'Lady."

"I'm sure you're right. I didn't count."

"Do I detect defiance, Madam?"

"Exhaustion, Fellowes, sorry!"

"A throwing of caution to the winds; a testing?"

"I suppose I'm curious, Fellowes, to see what you'll do to me. I

know I'll regret this, but right now is a truly cunt-crinkling moment. I do wish you'd fuck me. I could sure use a good fuck."

"Three more offensive words, M'Lady?"

"Just add 'em to the list, Fellowes! Or should I say--charge it."

"Thank you, M'Lady. I will do as you suggest. Your penalty will be in the form of the whipping intended for another day. You will receive it now."

"I may die."

"No, M'Lady. Tea will be served. It is miraculously restorative."

"How the Hell can I drink tea in this fix?"

"I shall be honoured to raise the cup to your lips, Madam."

"Well, if I can't be fucked the next best thing is to be tea'd. Thanks, Fellowes, you are indeed a treasure."

"I strive to satisfy, M'Lady. I compute your indiscretions as twelve plus a previous penalty held over. In view of your present discomfort and the fact that this is so early in your correction I am prepared to err on the side of leniency. You will receive fifteen strokes with the whip as you hang suspended."

"Oh Fellowes...!"

"You are a woman of superb quality, M'Lady."

"I'm going to disgrace myself. I know I am... Those ropes through my pudendum--there! I hope you're happy!--are perfect beasts! I feel like crying."

"I will fetch the tea, Madam. You may contemplate the whip. I will place it in good view."

"I wish I'd never thought of this."

"Courage, Madam!"

\* \* \*

"Oh, Fellowes, that saved my life. There's something about tea..."

"Quite so, Madam. I am sure you will now take your whipping in your stride."

"Couldn't I have my feet on the ground for just a few minutes?"

"I would not advise it, M'Lady. The distress will be twice as bad on resumption of the correction."

"You're always right, Fellowes. Will my breasts be whipped?"

"On this occasion only your back, M'Lady. The tip of the lash may intrude beneath an armpit or over a hip, but that is all. With only fifteen strokes I have hopes of symmetrical patterns that I hope you will find pleasing."

"How on earth can I ever see them?"

"The weals will survive your imprisonment, M'Lady. You can enjoy them long after your correction is over."

"I do enjoy weals, Fellowes. I suppose I shouldn't tell you, but I do. They're so gorgeously intimate. From me to you... I

suppose I have to be chained in the dungeon every night--I'm thinking of mirrors, of course."

"I am gratified that you wish to view my work, Madam. But the dungeon is de rigueur, as are the chains. I will endeavour to vary the chains nightly. Time spent in a dungeon is apt to be tedious."

"The chains are quite cunt crinkling Yes, charge that one too please! They are like the weals; a girl carries them as a gift from someone else. A very personal gift she can't pass on. I don't mind them as much as I thought. A girl isn't going anywhere when she's locked in a dungeon, so what the hell!"

"I will endeavour to make them more onerous for you, M'Lady.

We do have heavier links and shackles. There are even some with spikes..."

"D'you think I'll learn when to keep quiet, Fellowes?"

"I believe the wish to be father to the thought, Madam. I will now commence your whipping."

"That whip's a beast. I'm sure it is! My cunt went crazy while you were getting the tea and I had to hang here and look at it. I know... I know... Charge that one too!"

"Thank you, Madam. You are most kind."

"AAAHHHHHGGGRRR UUUGGGGG Oh! Oh! Oh Fellowes!"

"The striation is exquisite, M'Lady. I am watching it grow and take form. Your skin is superlative for whipping. The stroke was almost a circlet of your waist. Perhaps if you look down...?"

"Oh... Oh damn! Oh golly, it hurts my thumbs so if I move! I think I'll pass on that peek. Have you any idea of the extra agony to my poor thumbs when the whip thunks into me!"

"Yes, Madam, it is a concomitant of your situation."

"WWWWWOOOOOOOWWWW! AAAAARRRRRGGGG- GHhhh... Oh hell, Fellowes, it's no good! I can't keep quiet! Will you gag me please?"

"No, Madam. Such a request, reflecting as it does a wish of your own, cannot be acceded to. Kindly scream."

"I say, Fellowes, will tomorrow be as bad a? today?"

"That is largely dependent on your employment of four-letter words, M'Lady."

"I'll be good. From now on a vulva's a vulva with me. I'm determined to be a good girl. You sure do make a girl mind, Fellowes."

"You are most kind, M'Lady. I will carry on."

\* \* \*

"A terrible day, Fellowes."

"Most trying, I am sure, M'Lady. I trust you find this dungeon restful?"

"I might if I didn't have to sleep on cold stone, Fellowes. I suppose you couldn't spring for a blanket or two?"

"No, Madam."

"An armful of straw for my hips?"

"No, Madam."

"These new chains are awfully heavy, Fellowes."

"To appease your subconscious wish, M'Lady, I will attach several of them to the wall to further inhibit perambulation."

"It's silly, Fellowes, but I find myself driven to try to get up and walk around. The weight is about all I can carry, and the metal makes such absurd clanking sounds. Oh sure, sure, I know! I love it!"

"Congratulations, M'Lady! You managed to avoid vulgar reference to your pudendum."

"I did, didn't I! I'm so proud. It just shows what whipping a girl can do. You're going to make me the perfect female. Must I really have this heavy collar round my neck? It will be a brute to sleep in."

"Quite so, M'Lady. The chain from elbow to elbow at your back will be a fitting addition."

"It is, isn't it! Do you realize, Fellowes, that it rubs on the whip-weals on my back?"

"These things are sent to try us, Madam. May I again comment on the colourful quality of your stripes and the most gratifying manner in which your back accepted the whip."

"Trouble is, Fellowes, I suppose I'm going to collect a lot more stripes during my imprisonment, aren't I? My back and bottom will just be a blur of purple?"

"I will endeavour to spread out your whippings and canings, M'Lady, so that some of your original magnificence is not unduly marred."

"You're terribly kind. But Fellowes, must you really make me wear this awful loin-roping all night? I'm almost scared to speak of it for fear I say the forbidden word. But my poor little pudendum is so unhappy with those ropes through her."

"I deem it warranted, M'Lady. If I may be so bold I would point out that your behavior today has left something to be desired."

"Between that awful rope and the chains it looks like a bad night for Lady Jasmine Bagshawe, Fellowes."

"Quite so, M'Lady. May I take the liberty of informing you that I have fixed the knots securely so that your fingers will not undo them. I am sure you have considered the possibility."

"How could you guess! I say, Fellowes, are you going to whip me again tomorrow?"

"If you would enjoy it, Madam."

"Oh Fellowes! What a thing to say!"

"Pertinent to your temperament, M'Lady. Perhaps I should point out that there remains on your person an area capable of absorbing an amazing number of whippings without losing aesthetic value."



"Oh but my poor bottom's ruined already!"

"I was referring to the reverse facility, Madam. The one you

have difficulty naming."

"My cunt! Oh Fellowes...!"

"The entire frontal area below the navel, Madam! This includes the soft insides of the thighs. Individual striations inevitably overlap, so we need not be concerned with patterns. Your penalty for that indiscretion will be to wear a gag through the night. I trust it will impress upon you the desirability of polite speech."

"Oh Fellowes; a gag! And all night! Oh please! Anyway I'll take the horrid thing off immediately you're gone."

"A padlock secures it at the back of your neck, M'Lady."

"Oh balls! Can't I do or say anything right?"

"You are saying everything you wish to say, M'Lady. I detect evidence of increased secretions..."

"Oh alright! A girl hasn't a chance with you. You know too damn much about us. But that whipping business... Is that really true, that you can go on and on whipping me down there on my... I won't say it! And inside my thighs...?"

"A most receptive and sensitive region, M'Lady. If your chains allow you to manually explore it you will find it is well fleshed."

"You'll whip away all my lovely hair!"

"The pubic hair on females is amazingly resistant to friction, Madam. After a week's whipping I doubt the loss of more than perhaps a single frond."

"Will I have a clit left at the end of it?"

"The clitoris is well protected, M'Lady. I will now add a chain between your knees. It prohibits nothing not already impossible. Its effect is simply an additional cross to bear."

"You think of everything, Fellowes. I'm a lucky girl. Let's hope that every time I clank a chain I'll have an orgasm. I can't do much with my finger; the ropes are in there first!"

"I am sure you will have a sensually satisfying sojourn, M'Lady."

"Good-night, Fellowes, pleasant dreams."

"And the same to you, M'Lady."

"Oh Felloweesss... Haven't you forgotten something?"

"Thank you, Madam. I am chagrined. I am indebted to your honesty."

"I'll even open my mouth. You're using the ring thing, I see."

"It is not the most aesthetic gag, M'Lady, but ensures the ability to breathe."

"Do I get any credits for reminding you, Fellowes?"

"No, Madam. I suspect self-interest. And now... ah, thank you. And so... and thus..."

"MMMPFH!"

"And a pleasant good-night to you, too, M'Lady."

\* \* \*

"And what's on the agenda for today, Fellowes?"

"For the morning, Madam, I thought you might enjoy a period on the infamous 'Horse'?"

"Oh, Fellowes, how exciting! I've never had that. It's supposed to be really fierce on a girl! But, I say... I've just thought of an awful hazard..."

"There is no permanent injury, Madam."

"I wasn't meaning that. But don't you see... since most of the agony falls on my dear little whatsit I'll be forever forgetting and calling it by name."

"Surely it has not been christened, Madam?"

"Could I be gagged, please? I'll earn a hundred punishments if I'm able to speak!"

"No, Madam. It will be an exercise in disciplined speech. If you will just step this way."

"I'm nicely handcuffed already, aren't I? You have everything so neatly dovetailed. This 'Horse' affair certainly is a wicked looking thing! I kept looking at it yesterday and wondering. It's so simple it's absolutely menacing! Will I scream?"

"From you, Madam, I would expect melodious moans with only an occasional paean of pure agony."

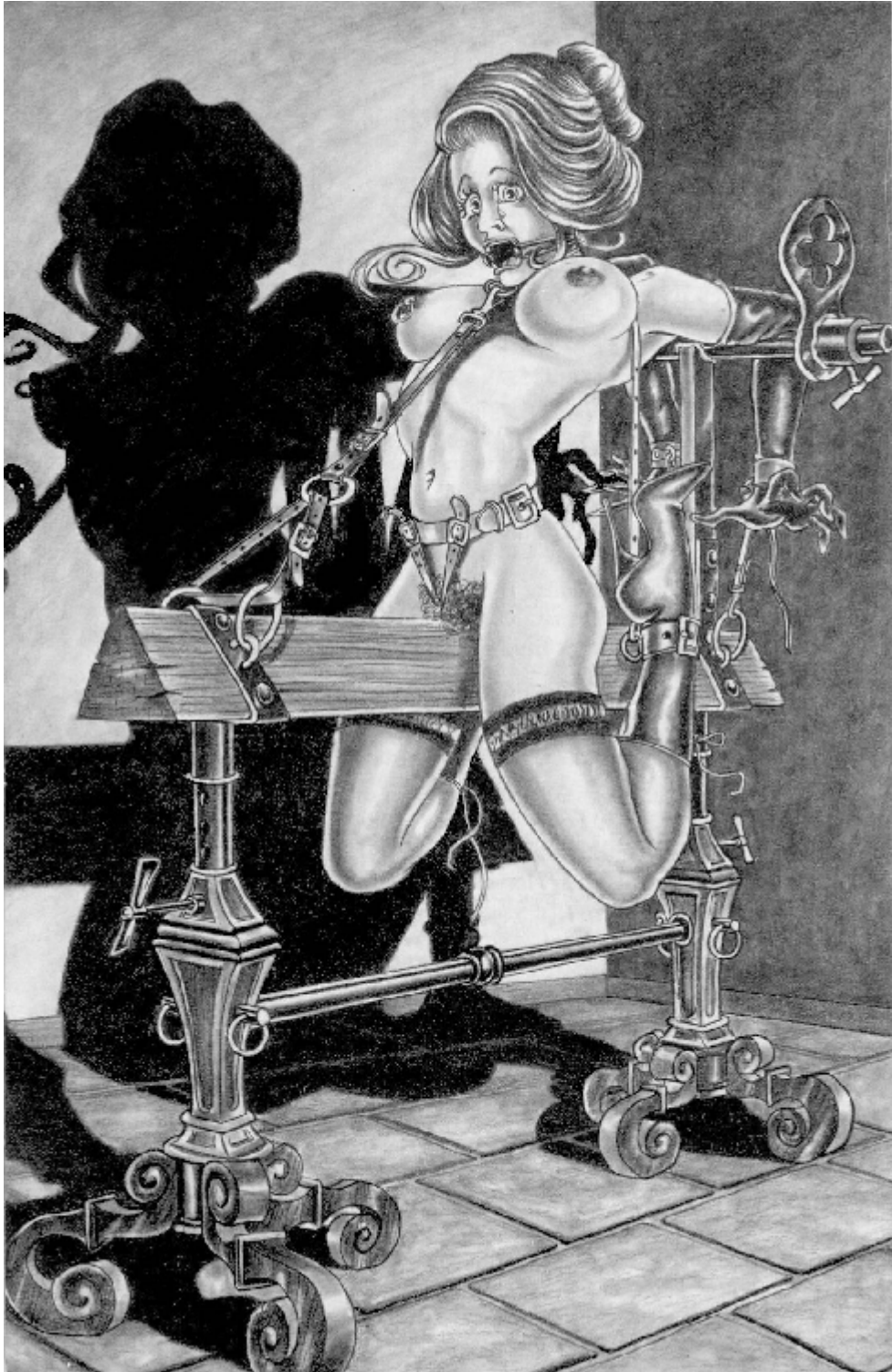
"How beautifully expressed! I step up on this little bench thing and put one leg over the other side, don't I?"

"Thank you, Madam. You are a model of corrective docility. I

will strap on the anklets."

"You torture with such a dignified air, Fellowes. I feel as though I'm in the fitting room of one of the more expensive couturiers. You're making those straps gorgeously tight."

"Thank you, Madam. I now clip on these tethers... Before tensioning them perhaps you would like to position your pudendum to what you may feel is its best advantage?"



"Poor dear little pudendum! It's in for a bad morning. That's a narrow little edge she's going on. I suppose dead-centre is the best?"

"Quite so, Madam. Do not avoid what may appear a slight penetration. It is far preferable to pinching a sideways fold."

"You should write a manual, Fellowes. 'The Torturer's Guide for Fallible Females'. I am sure it would sell."

"A limited field, Madam. If you feel oriented to best advantage, I will now tension the tethers."

"That's about the same as springing the trap, isn't it! Oh, Fellowes, I feel all goosey. But tug away... Ouch! Oh, wow!"

"Quite so, Madam. I now remove the bench and further tighten the tethers to each side. As always, you are exquisite."

"Oh Fellowes... Oh no! Oh this is awful! Those straps out from my ankles... you've got me doing the splits! That board's inside me at least a foot. I'd no idea...!"

"The horse has a very intimate quality, M'Lady."

"Anything's personal that goes up a girl's cunt--Oh, oh...!"

"I have a clipboard here, M'Lady. I will keep a tally. That was number one."

"I told you so, Fellowes. Be a good chap and take me off this brutal thing and whip me instead?"

"No, Madam."

"Whip my cunt?"

"That is number two, Madam."

"Brand me!"

"No, Madam."

"Stretch me on the Rack?"

"You are most thoughtful, Madam. However, your present corrective session must run its course."

"Oh Fellowes. Are you sure I'm not really dying? This awful stretch! My legs are taut as bow strings! But the real killer is having my wrists handcuffed behind my back. I sure could use a pair of hands right now."

"Simplicity is of the essence here, M'Lady. The structure on which you are presently enjoying your morning correction is quite classic."

"I wish you wouldn't keep using that word 'enjoy'. How the hell can a girl 'enjoy' being tortured?"

"I assure you it is possible, M'Lady. If I may be so bold I would point to a wetness now clearly visible upon the wood at your point of contact."

"Point of contact! What a wonderful name for a cunt!"

"I make that number three, Madam."

"Oh alright! I say, Fellowes, with what awfulness am I going to pay off all these penalties?"

"Five strokes each, M'Lady. I have a special whip."

"Why a special whip?"

"It will be applied on an intimate and most appropriate portion of your anatomy, M'Lady."

"Oh Fellowes... not my cunt!"

"That makes four, Madam. And your speculation is correct."

"Pm feeling a bit cheesed-off, Fellowes. Could I be fucked please?"

"No, Madam. That will be number five."

"Number five! I haven't even been fucked the first time yet-- Oh, oh--that wasn't... oh shit!"

"Quite so, Madam. That will be number six, and one for the 'shit' makes seven. Might I suggest a more rigid control."

"You mean shit's on the list too!"

"Quite so, Madam. Number seven... and eight."

THE END

