

FELLOWES 6

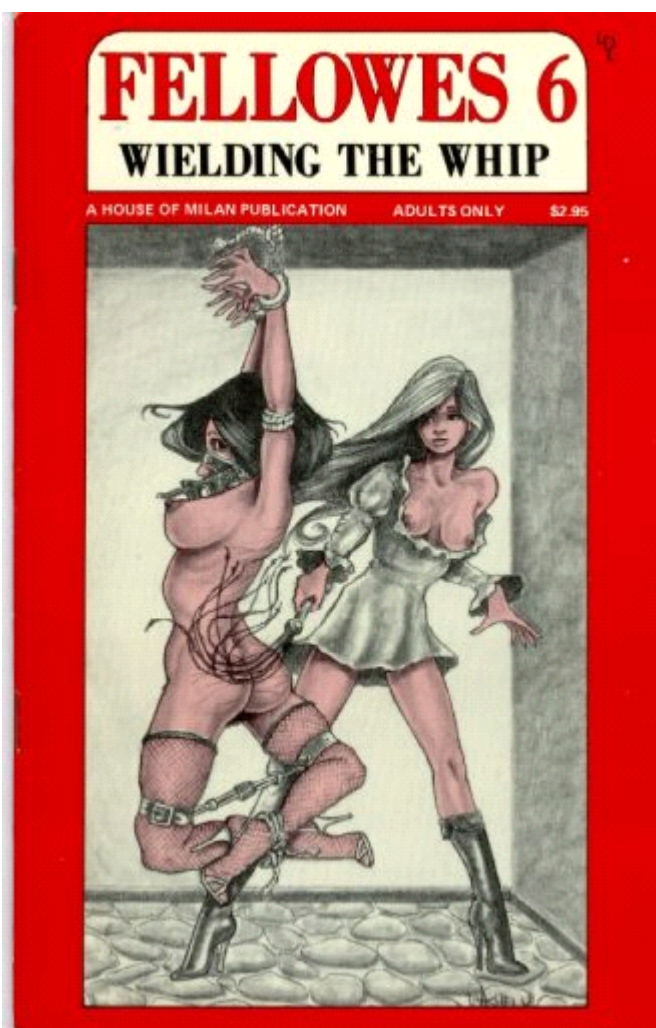
WIELDING THE WHIP

A HOUSE OF MILAN PUBLICATION

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\$2.95





WIELDING THE WHIP

Written By Frank E. Campbell



„It . . . it’s kind of you to do this . . . this . . . work for my husband, and I suppose for me, Fellowes, I expect you can understand how humiliated I feel.”

“It’s an honour, Madam. Please regard me only as an instrument!”

“The instrument of my redemption, my return to grace. I believe you had young Lady Emily Halibut in your care. I’m ten years older than she is. At my age I’m damned embarrassed. I hope you won’t be?”

“No, Madam. In my years of service to the Nobility I have been privileged to correct the weakness of a number of noblewomen, some well into middle age. If I may be so bold I would describe you as mature but attractively young.”

“Thank you. A remark like that from time to time may bolster my morale. I fancy it will need a bit of help.”

“Thank you, Madam. I will endeavour to sustain your courage. May I say how much I admire your decision in asking Lord Halibut’s permission to avail yourself of both my attentions and his facilities?”

“I believe I have to undress, don’t I? I was given to understand that my nakedness is *de rigueur*?”

“Nudity is implicit in the undertaking we share, Madam.”

Lady Margot Welcome sighed and surveyed the Halibut butler tentatively. “Did my husband, Lord Welcome, stipulate that once . . . that once I’m secured, my right of withdrawal vanishes? I am then to be kept captive regardless of any wish of mine or demand I make?”

“Quite so, Madam.”

“Will I scream?”

“Yes, Madam.”

Lady Margot winced. “It’s too incongruous. It will have to start happening before I really believe it. I say, Fellowes, is this the torture chamber?”

“No, Madam. This is simply one of the punishment rooms designed for Lady Emily’s guidance. I felt that the actual torture chamber was a trifle grim for your indoctrination.”

A pink flood heightened the colour of Lady Margot's cheeks. "Look here, Fellowes, I'm going to be frank and admit I'm trembling. But I said yes to His Lordship, so I'll go through with it. I've made up my mind not to be coy or bashful – I can't help the blushes – and explicit in what I have to say; and I won't use silly synonyms or shopgirls' references to my body. If a four-letter word is called for I'll use it. But don't think me wanton! I'm not really."

"I appreciate your candour, Madam."

"Let's go on with it, shall we, before I tremble myself into a dither. Shall I strip right here?"

"If you please, Madam. I have this case for your garments. You will have no further need for them."

"Don't hesitate to watch and have a good look, Fellowes. It's something I have to get used to."

"Quite so, Madam. I will avail myself to the privilege. If I may say so, you are endowed with a superlative figure."

"Thanks, Fellowes." Lady Margot looked uncertain. "It's damned hard to believe you are going to torture me. You're nice."

"I try and keep my duties on an impersonal plane, Madam. I hope you will regard me as your friend throughout."

Lady Margot stood naked and proud. She looked about her as though for inspiration. "I suppose we've reached the place where I have to be tied or something Should I offer you my hands?"

"You are most kind, Madam. I will place handcuffs . . . so, on your wrists briefly while I outline some helpful hints."

Lady Margot visibly cringed as the clicks of the ratchets filled the room. When the steel was tight upon her wrists she raised her

hands and examined the shining chrome. She twisted and pulled experimentally, seeming genuinely intrigued.

"They're quite lovely, Fellowes. How strange! They deliver me into bondage. I've crossed the point of no return, and all I can see is a pair of gorgeous bracelets. I'm not even too helpless. I suppose when you put them behind my back "

"The effect is felicitous, Madam. Perhaps now that you have been able to examine them you would like me to re-lock them at your back?"

"Why not, Fellowes! May as well right dive in." Lady Margot's eyes sparkled. "Theoretically I can now honourably make a dash for the door in the moment when my hands are free?"

"I have complete confidence in your honour, Madam. In any case a cuff will remain on one wrist during the change. Not from lack of trust, I assure you."

"What an incredible difference?" Lady Margot tugged at her wrists, now lost to sight. Her shoulders twisted, that was all. "I say, Fellowes, this is real. I can't do a thing!"

"Quite so, Madam. You have, as you inferred, crossed the Rubicon."

"And you are going to give me a brief outline of delights to come?" The shackled noblewoman stuck out her breast and contrived a seemingly genuine curiosity.

"The intent, Madam, is to remove the shock factor when the moment arrives. I am sanguine that the resultant suspense will be no more trying than if you were kept in total ignorance."

Lady Margot smiled winningly. "I can't wait to hear about the thumbscrews and the rack . . . and I suppose there's a whip in the

picture somewhere? My beloved spouse mentioned one."

"Thumbscrews are not part of my repertoire, Madam. The rack, yes. Most certainly the whip! I prefer the whip. It has artistic qualities."

"Probably the way the girl dances when you apply it," Lady Margot observed tartly. "I'm sure I won't be able to stand still. What else?"

"There is a portion of the female anatomy naturally designed for punitive inflictions, Madam. I refer to the posterior. But the whip does not do it justice. I use a limber cane or supple riding crop."

"Can I have the riding crop please?" Lady Margot requested brightly. "The cane sounds so . . . so juvenile."

"Of course, Madam. I am sympathetic to your sentiment."

"I say, Fellowes" Lady Margot twisted at her cuffed hands in what was obviously embarrassment. "About my . . . my . . . Oh dammit, my breasts and my cunt? Any hope of them being left alone?"

"None, Madam."

The naked beauty gave one more resigned sigh. "There's another thing I've read about; I know I couldn't possibly endure it. I'd go to pieces . . . having the soles of my feet beaten?"

"The bastinado, Madam. I fear it is an item on the list."



Lady Margot bowed her head and pulled futilely at her handcuffed wrists. When she looked up at Lord Halibut's butler her eyes were wide and hurt. "I suppose this moment had to come," she mused aloud. "I mean, the moment when I know I've made a mistake and bitten off more than I can chew. I'm deathly frightened all of a sudden. It's this thing about my feet." She laughed wryly. "My Achilles' heel."

"Perhaps we should commence, Madam. It may relieve the tension."

Lady Margot smiled bravely. "I expect you're right. Where do I stand, or what must I do? I won't struggle. Just tell me and I'll be a very good girl."

"Thank you, Madam. If you will just allow me"

"It's so simple, isn't it, Fellowes, once a girl has parted with her hands. I'd never have believed I could be so helpless so easily. I suppose my wrists are intended to hurt, aren't they? They do hurt terribly the way you are lifting my arms up behind my back like this."

"Quite so, Madam. I fear, that pain is in constant attendance."

"It wouldn't be so bad if my hands were tied some other way, would it? It's the handcuffs that are hurting so. Is it intentional?"

"I fear so, Madam."

Lady Margot sighed again. It seemed probable she would sigh often. "I begin to get the drift of this. I'm nearly bent double. It's my bottom that's going to get it first, isn't it?"

"Quite so, Madam. The riding crop."

"Is there some sort of behaviour expected? Doing the 'right thing'? A code to live up to . . . ? I'm thinking of screaming."

"One associates the adventure we are about to embark upon with the old cliché: 'Six of the best', Madam. If we were indeed limiting your correction to that number I would suggest an endeavour to maintain stoic silence. But since the infliction will go beyond I see no reason why you should not express your pain vocally."

"O. K. I'll scream. I'm sure I'll want to." Lady Margot gave her companion another anxious glance. "Or do you gag me? I wouldn't like to be gagged. I think it would be awful."

“It is bitterly frustrating, Madam. But there have been those who have requested a gag. It inhibits sounds they might be ashamed of later.”

“Must you really stretch me like this? I’m almost hanging from my wrists. The pain’s terrible, and I’m all bent forward”

“It is necessary, Madam. Kindly prepare yourself!”

The slender blade of the crop *whirrrred* its sibilant path to the two exquisite curves awaiting its cut. The sound of impact was excruciating. Lady Margot’s head raised and one foot left the floor in an involuntary spasm of shock. But no sound left her lips save a gasp. After a few moments she managed to enunciate: “It’s worse than I dreamed”

“There is the shock factor, M’Lady. Perhaps this second”

The two scarlet bars proclaimed the noblewoman’s stoicism in remaining silent. Fellowes examined them gravely. “May I commend your fortitude, Madam? Your behaviour is exemplary.”

Lady Margot managed a cynical grunt. “I don’t feel exemplary,” she admitted bitterly. “I begin to doubt it’s worth the trouble. Am I allowed to ask how many of these I have to have?”

“No, Madam.”

The naked noblewoman shook and tossed her head in frustration. “It’s my hair, Fellowes. I suppose it will bother me all the time It’s terrible not being able to touch it.”

“Under some circumstances I tie it back with ribbon, M’Lady. I believe the style is referred to as a pony tail. However, in your case the present effect is most charming and adds to your malaise. I could not consider it. But, if you will allow me, I will gather this tress back over one ear”

"Thank you, Fellowes. Now, I suppose, it's my cue to say: 'Lay on, McDuff' or words to that effect. Sort of *noblesse oblige* ?"

The riding crop bit a scarlet path at the top of Lady Margot's thighs. She screamed. One leg danced a jig on its own. After a period of diminishing vocal distress she managed to gasp: "Was that on purpose, Fellowes? I mean, it wasn't on my bottom. I . . . I think it's worse!"

"So I have been told, Madam. The placement was intentional. I have found that contrasts and deviations enhance discomfort."

"Discomfort! I can think of better But, anyway, sorry about the scream. It popped out on its own."

"Your scream has a melodious quality, Madam. Perhaps once more."

"OooooH! Arrrrgh! Oh damn . . . ! Oh, Fellowes, I am trying! And I'm sorry about the way my leg kicks. And I suppose there's some pubic hair sticking out at the back?"

"Quite so, Madam. An enchanting frond. Would you wish me to tuck it back in?"

"Well, never mind. I don't suppose it's discommoding you. It's just that a girl feels And anyway, I expect that damn crop will probably cut it off – I've got lots "

"I have never seen a triangle of curls more lush, Madam. If you will be so kind as to part your legs I will endeavour to follow your amusing speculation."

"Yooooop. Raaaah! Oh blast! I did so want Oh, Fellowes" You know where that one went, don't you?"

“Quite so, Madam. I am happy to report but a single casualty. It is adhering to the inside of your thigh. If you will permit me
“

“Put it in an envelope and send it to Lord Welcome, Fellowes. Time it to arrive after my funeral.” Lady Margot sounded bitter.

“I will treasure it in my collection, M’Lady.”

“Good heavens, man! You mean you collect cunt hairs?”

“I keep them in a special album, Madam. A page for each member of the nobility I have been privileged to serve. Each page is filled with nostalgic memories.”

“Take a couple more of mine, Fellowes! I wan to show up well in such august company. But pluck `em as you would a daisy That damn crop isn’t a pair of scissors.”

“You are most kind, Madam. I will avail myself of the honour. Thus . . . and again . . . thus! Thank you.”

“Dammit! Even that hurt. I hope you got two good ones?”

“With your permission, M’Lady, I will pluck a third. I have just observed a particularly glossy curl “

“Go ahead, dear boy! Lord Welcome will never miss it. He never counts Take half a dozen! But, I say, Fellowes, my wrists really giving me what ho. Is it . . . is that . . . ?”

“It is an integral concomitance of your penitence, Madam. Since this is the first time you have accepted physical infelicity in expiation, I will now briskly conclude this introductory sequence so that we may move forward to a variant.”

Lady Margot screamed her madrigals as an accompaniment to her lower limbs' gavotte. At the end of the fifteen strokes her nakedness was glistening with sweat. She had abandoned speech and exclamations in favour of gasps and moans. It was not until her ankles felt the bit of cord that she dragged herself back into full awareness. "I suppose that's so I'll behave while you're . . . changing me?" she inquired dolorously.

"Quite so, Madam. May I again commend you on your fortitude?"



“Didn’t know I had any. I thought I behaved deplorably. I never would have let myself in for this if I’d known how it hurt. It’s . . . it’s more than a girl can bear. It just curls me up. You’d better keep a tight rein on me; if I can get out of this . . . escape or something, I will.”

“Thank you, M’Lady. I will be vigilant.”

“Oh, Fellowes, that’s gorgeous! It’s heaven! Don’t worry! I won’t try and hop with my feet tied. And I’ll give you my hands like a good girl. But just for a minute let me feel what it’s like without those handcuffs Ooooo! Oooooo! It’s the loveliest feeling ever!”

“Your pleasure is contagious, M’Lady. I am gratified.”

“I bet I know why you’re tying my wrists with those bandage things, Fellowes. You’re going to hang me up?”

“Most perceptive, Madam. Suspension has always proved a most salutary experience for the female.”

“I’m a lucky girl, aren’t I? Benefiting from all your trials and errors.” Lady Margot’s voice was triste. “Do I get hung up like a ham on a hook?”

“I would never use so plebeian a simile, Madam.”

“Oooooops! Oh damn, here we go! Oh golly” Lady Margot watched her pinioned hands rise up before her face. Her shocked eyes followed their ascension as the rope inexorably wound them up and up until she barely teetered on her toes; her nudity taut and strained. “Oh, Fellowes, you’re going to make my teeter here trying to find the floor. Oh goodness . . . ! You’re being terribly unkind.”

“A brief pause of farewell to terra firma, Madam. It will enable you to better appreciate your total severance from support.”

“Why are you untying my feet, Fellowes? I’m sure I’m not going anywhere.”

“A matter of aesthetics, M’Lady. It is not impossible that we may have a need to separate your lower limbs.”

“You mean my legs? Do I take it my cunt is to receive attention?” Lady Margot sounded wistful.

“I deem it out of keeping with my terms of reference to discuss punitive possibilities in advance, Madam. And now, if I may be so bold”

“Oh – Oh! Ooooooh! Oh Fellowes . . . !”

“A trying sensation, Madam.”

“Trying! It’s too awful! You’re not going to leave me like this, are you?”

“Such is my intention, M’Lady.”

“But my arms are coming out . . . I’m all stretched. I can’t find the floor with my feet. Ooooooh, and my wrists . . . !”

“I have supposed this particular travail less taxing than the whip or riding crop, Madam?”

“Oh dear . . . oh dammit . . . oooooh! I don’t know. This just goes on and on, does it?”

“The feature of attrition makes this penalty potent, Madam.”

“Oh, Fellowes. Am I permitted to ask how long I have to hang suspended like this . . . ? O. K. – O. K., I thought not. Does it give you an erotic thrill if I kick my legs? It’s about all I can do.”

"The thrill is purely aesthetic, Madam. If I may be so bold, I would describe your present condition as exquisite."

Lady Margot sighed. "Oh Fellowes . . . I'd hoped . . . would it be too dishonourable for me to offer my body in return for an occasional mitigation . . . ? As, for instance, right now?"

"Lady Emily refers to the indulgence you propose as an 'Intermission', Madam. I suggest you reserve the possibility for times of greater stress. We have barely begun."

"Couldn't we have one now and another one later?"

"It would be out of keeping with the spirit of this exercise, Madam. Lord Welcome would not approve."

"Don't see how he'd ever know. Good heavens, Fellowes, what's that contraption? I hope it's not for me . . . ?"

"It is indeed, Madam."

"Where's it go? As if I can't guess?"

"Quite so, Madam. It is a small invention of my own. It inserts within and stretches the vagina. Its effect is to incline the suspended lady to separate her legs."

"What good does that do? I say, Fellowes, couldn't we pass up that one? I don't think I like - -"

"You are correct, Madam, in supposing an absence of frictional stimulation. Its intent is to humiliate and to break down inhibitions. Feminine penance should never be confined solely to pain. If you will be kind enough to spread your legs as wide as possible. I must employ both hands."

"I think I'm being damned cooperative, Fellowes old boy. Not many females would do what I'm doing."

"Mostly they prefer submission to a return to the riding crop, M'Lady. However, I am most grateful for your understanding. Please forgive this intimacy; I must deploy one hand up from the rear."

"Feel free to use me, Fellowes, old chap." Lady Margot's voice betrayed traces of acerbity. "I do hope my cunt's wet. Ouch!"

"Your felicity is gratifyingly lubricated, Madam. If we hold steady for just a moment I will seek a maximum penetration before releasing its spring."

"Sounds like a real fun say. I think I've fairish amount of room in there as long as you don't try and come out the other side. Oh . . . wow . . . ! You mean there's a spring effect as well?"

"You are beautifully accommodating, Madam. Lord Welcome is a most fortunate man. Few noblewomen have accepted this small device so totally. It is most adequately positioned. I just press the catch"

"Yoicks! Owwww wow! Oh no! Get it out! Release it – do something! I'm splitting . . . !"

"The initial distress is largely psychological, Madam."

"Psychological nothing! I'm wide open – things will start falling out!"

"The orifice is not as extended as you suppose, Madam. Perhaps if I fetch a mirror it would reassure . . . ?"

"No! I don't want to see. Oh Fellowes . . . you were right about that keeping my legs apart. Oh damn! Must I really suffer this as well as hang by my wrists? Seems a bit unsporting"

“The naked figure suspended by the wrists in penitence seems incomplete, M’Lady – lacking in finesse. It requires a small something”

“So you stretch my cunt! I say, Fellowes, can you see anything inside?”

“I would never presume to look, M’Lady.”

“Well, don’t get starchy about it. What happens now?”

“You remain as you are for an indefinite period, Madam. I will bid you adieu.”

“You’re not going to leave me alone . . . hanging here like this? Oh Fellowes . . . oh, please!”

“My presence would be of no benefit, Madam. A period of solitary meditation will be a recurring feature of your penance.”

“All alone with my twat gaping! What about flies and bees and things . . . maybe wasps!”

“There are none, Madam. I will leave you to quietly reflect on your relations with Lord Welcome. I am sure you will derive some benefit. I will bid you au revoir.”

“Oh Fellowes . . . ! Fellowes . . . !”

The naked Lady Margot Welcome accepted the inevitable. She cautiously explored the closing of her legs, but decided to keep them well apart. She cherished no illusions about escape, so allowed her loveliness to passively hang from her tormented wrists. She was blushingly conscious of her gaping sex and the pain that went with it. She wished, absurdly, that Fellowes had closed the door. But what did it matter? What did anything matter . . . ? She was delivered to her punishment. A punishment she had voluntarily embraced. She

reflected wearily that she most certainly would have rejected it had she known its severity. Now it was too late. She was captive! She looked up hopelessly at her tied and bandaged wrists. She would never, never get loose. Her punishments would go on and on She disconsolately let her head fall forward from between her stretched and tortured arms. She closed her eyes

“I say, Emily, inked your blotter again?”

Lady Margot Welcome started into acute awareness at the aged male voice. Opening her eyes she beheld the frail white-haired figure of Lord Halibut peering up at her in benign surprise. She blushed. “I’m not your granddaughter,” she explained awkwardly. “Don’t you remember ? I’m Lady Welcome.”

As though doubting her veracity, Lord Halibut scrutinized the wide-open lips amidst their distortion of pubic hair. “By George, you’re right! You’re not Emily,” he acknowledged. “Seem to recall now you mention it: husband caught you handing out crumpet, ‘eh! Now Fellowes is handing out a spot of discipline. Splendid chap, Fellowes!”

“I’m sure he is. Now would you be kind enough to let me down?”

“What for?” Lord Halibut looked up at her hopeful eyes, puzzled. “Aren’t you enjoying yourself?”

Lady Margot sighed, her sudden hope waning. “This is torture. If you’ll please untie me I can catch the three-thirty train and be back in town this evening.” Fervently, she prayed.

“Doing you a world of good, y’know,” Lord Halibut admonished chidingly. “That’s Fellowes’ new gadget up your thingummy, isn’t it? Thought for a minute you’d got some new trick. Knew a girl once – “

“How can you possibly stand there and watch me suffer!” Lady Margot cut into his reminiscence acidly.



“My arthritis isn’t that bad I can’t stand up,” Lord Halibut protested, aggrieved. “Oh you mean . . . Dammit, I look at young Emily all the time. I say, girl, Fellowes certainly did lace into you with the crop. Jolly good, `eh! Lovely rump.” The aged Peer made a slow circuit of the nudity suspended for his delectation. Desiring to check

his butler's work he turned the hanging nakedness this way and that in a manner to promote the owner's blush to a deep scarlet.

"I'm not a side of beef on a hook, y'know." Lady Margot's hope of succour was in pathetic ruins.

"So I notice," said the engrossed Peer absently. "Lovely tits too! Hasn't whipped 'em yet, I see. Don't worry, he will."

"Well, if you won't untie me, will you at least have the decency to remove that . . . that . . . thing from inside my . . . my - - "

"Your cunt?" Lord Halibut supplied helpfully. "Or d'you want me to call it a pussy? Damn silly name "

"I don't care what you call it. But be a gentleman and get that awful thing out from inside!"

"No gentleman's going to do a thing like that," Lord Halibut reproved severely. "Besides, I don't know how."

"I think you compress it and then withdraw."

"Ah! I expect you're right. But I've got a spot of business. I expect we'll see a lot of each other."

"You're seeing a lot of me right now," said Lady Margot bitterly as she watched his ambling departure. Alone again, she wept.

The visit of he who had made available the instruments of her punishment left Lady Margot with an even greater sense of hopelessness than before. No one would help her. Her requests for help or leniency would be regarded as bad form, the letting down of her side. She knew herself irretrievably committed to captivity and punishment. Her tears of self-pity were very real. No one else seemed likely to pity her at all.

“Ooops, sorry! Didn’t know you were crying.” The youthful voice sounded genuinely concerned.

In the naked woman’s eyes there was a fresh hope as she surveyed her latest visitor. “I bet you’re Emily. I’m so glad.”

“I’m not going to let you loose. Sorry and all that” The teenager took in the scene with bright and knowing eyes. “I expect you think I ought to let you down; I know how you feel. But I mustn’t! Can’t let Grandfather and Fellowes down, y’know.” She looked pensive. “Besides, I’d get no end of punishments if I did.”

“I wouldn’t want you to suffer on my account,” said Lady Margot tartly. “But couldn’t you take this thing out of my - - ?”

“The Snatch Stretcher!” Lady Emily laughed. “Beastly, isn’t it? Mind if I look inside?” Without waiting for an answer she bent over and gave Lady Margot’s gasping sex her rapt attention. “Every time Fellowes uses it on me I wonder what I look like. Here’s my chance!”

“I trust the interior of my vagina warrants the effort,” Lady Margot retorted icily.

“You sound just like Fellowes.” Emily giggled. “And what a lovely bottom you have! Mind if I give you a few strokes? I don’t get much of an opportunity”

“I certainly do mind! You’re not serious, I hope?”

For answer, the cheerful damsel found the crop and slashed it with the full strength of her arm across the white back, as yet unmarked. She stood enthralled, assessing with sparkling eyes the effect of her cruelty. “I say, Lady Margot, you do make a fuss, don’t you? I expect that’s what I look like when he whips me. Gee, this is wonderful! I’ve always wanted You won’t feel too badly about a few more, `eh? I’m quite a nice girl, really . . . but you’re too good to miss.”

The naked victim had no chance to demur. The slenderness of the crop bit across her strained shoulders three more agonizing times. She responded both verbally and physically in a manner that held the younger girl enraptured and breathless. Lady Margot was making the disquieting discovery that different portions of her person responded to the crop with different kinds of pain. She now had a burning back as well as a scalding bottom. The snatch stretcher had not prevented her managing a good deal of leg motion. It had simply hurt more. "I do think you're terribly unkind," she accused when she was again able to talk.

"Yes I am, Darling," Lady Emily agreed amiably. "But I'll stop now, even though I'd love to whip you to bits. You're absolutely edible. I'd take that damn stretcher out and nibble you if I knew how to work it. May I show you how nice I am by letting your feet down on the floor for just a minute?"

"Oh, would you? Oh Darling . . . yes, please!" Lady Margot made a swift reassessment of Emily's character. When her feet were, once more, solidly planted on the floor she heaved a vast sigh of content and knew herself willing to accept even more of Emily's attention with the whip if only she could be allowed to stand. "It's beautiful . . . !"

"It's the least I can do," Emily conceded. "Poor dear! I've been hung up enough myself. The snatch stretcher . . . funny how it makes us hold our legs that bit apart. It's terribly shame-making."



"Fellows gives you these . . . attentions, all the time, I've heard. Are you that badly behaved?"

"Spose I must be," Emily agreed cheerfully. "I don't often get to run around the way I am today. Isn't he simply adorable? And he fucks gorgeously."

"I have not yet enjoyed that privilege," Lady Margot said primly. "Oh damn! I'm beginning to talk just like that butler of yours."

"It's catching. Wait 'til you find yourself calling a bit of nooky sexual congress. Darling Fellows will fuck you, y'know. But he

doesn't like to seem forward about it. It's what he calls 'knowing his place'. I suppose Lord Welcome caught you screwing the butcher's boy to get you into this mess?"

"It wasn't he butcher's boy!" Lady Margot's class-consciousness was piqued. "It was the Thirteenth Earl of Romping."

"Well, I don't have your opportunities," Lady Emily retorted with equal acerbity. "I have to take what I can get. Have the Nobility really got longer cocks?"

"An opportunity for comparison has not yet been vouchsafed . . . Oh, damn and blast! There I go again! Well anyway, as far as I can tell all cocks are the same in the dark."

"They're not, y'know! Wait 'til you've tried Fellowes. And I do think technique has a lot to do with it. I say, are you feeling a bit better? This is risky. I'll have to hang you up again pretty soon."

"It's pure heaven! If I say it's O. K. to whip me some more would you give me another ten minutes? I'm still helpless, y'know, with my hands up like this."

Emily wrapped her arms around the naked nobility. "You're sweet! But you don't have to bribe me. I'll take the risk for another five minutes – free of charge." She kissed Lady Margot's ripe lips with keen and lingering enjoyment. "We'll absolutely have to get in a bit of nibbling somehow while you're here - - "

"An improbable contingency, Miss, if I may say so."

The unmistakable male voice froze both females into a stance of apprehension. Lady Emily disengaged herself sheepishly. "But, dammit Fellowes Darling, she is a guest, y'know."

"A guest to whom I have certain obligations, M'Lady. You appear to have indulged in an unwarranted intrusion." Fellowes

quietly circled the naked woman who still stood with hands held high. "Do you wish me to assume these four weals on her Ladyship's back are an act of providence?"

"Don't be so stuffy, Fellowes, it's only four. I could have easily made it forty. I was consumed with lust."

"And the fact that her Ladyship is standing comfortably?" The butler's voice was tart.

"Something must have slipped," Emily ventured hopefully.

"If I may say so, Miss, nothing slipped except the moral standards by which you should have been governed. Kindly prepare yourself for correction!"

"Oh crikey . . . ! You're not going to take it that seriously?"

"I am indeed, Miss. You have erred outrageously."

Lady Emily turned a lugubrious eye upon the perturbed noblewoman as though sharing the travails of errant girlhood. "You see what I have to put up with," she said without any visible colour. "Bet you I get whipped. And all I was trying to do" With a single graceful motion she shed her dress and then, kicking away her shoes, stood nonchalantly naked.

Fellowes' first act was to press the hated control. Lady Margot rose until she was suspended in the same manner as previously. She gasped at the fresh pain, but watched in horrid fascination as the Halibut butler dealt with his young mistress.

"You used the bandage things on her," Emily complained as wrists were tied with cord.

"This will discommode you more, Miss."

“Oh balls! I hate being hung up. I don’t see why you have to be so shirty over a little thing like that.”

“Quite so, Miss. You are well aware of your transgression.”

“Please, Fellowes! She was only being kind,” Lady Margot pleaded.

“I would hardly describe the marks across your back as kindness, Madam,” Fellowes said stiffly. “Miss Emily requires a firm hand.”

Lady Margot watched the young toes leave the floor and kick in futile revolt. She saw the strain upon the young arms as they bore the weight of the youthful nudity; beheld her pert breasts in part flattened by the stress, and realised that her own were similarly strained. Her eyes widened in surprise when Fellowes produced another snatch stretcher.

“You never told me you had two of those rotten things,” Emily gasped distressfully.

“There is no facility for employing more than one on you at a time, Miss.”

“Well, go and employ it on a cow or something. I don’t want it up my twat.”

“You are jesting, Miss. If you will separate your legs, please, while I sustain you from the rear.”

“Oh Fellowes! This is terribly indecent. And before our guest . . . There, is that how you want me?”

“You are most kind. I will endeavour to make the insertion painless.”

"You should know the way around in there by now," Emily said tartly. "And look here, you've got it all the way in her. I'm sure I've got as much room. Don't play favourites!"

"I will apply the socialist precept of fair shares for all, Miss. If you will just stop wriggling"

"Oh . . . ooooooh! Ouch! That is a rotten thing to do to a girl, Fellowes."

"Perhaps the riding crop will now serve as a counter-irritant, Miss."

"Oh damn! I say, Fellowes, you don't have to whip me, y'know. There's no law about it."

"I would remiss in my duty if I did not, M'Lady."

The suspended Lady Margot quivered in sympathy as she beheld the whip snicker its lethal pathway through the silence of the room and embed itself with a nestling intimacy within the flesh of the pert bottom helpless to evade the kiss. As the scarlet brand rose to proclaim its victory she now saw that it was but the newest of many more that were in varying stages of imprint on the youthful skin from knees to neck. Her heart bled in sympathy. She trembled.

"I'll try not to scream in front of Lady Welcome, but don't think I'm being stubborn and give me extra to make me howl, please," Emily asked pathetically.

"I appreciate your sentiment, Miss. I will limit your infliction to a conservative ten."

"Couldn't I just have a Socialist five, Darling?"

"No Miss. And kindly abjure the cozening endearments."

Lady Margot watched the raise and fall of the fearful instrument by which she herself was wealed. She beheld Lady Emily's contortions and heard her choked sounds of suffering. When the ten vivid stripes had been planted on the twisting bottom and Fellowes had gone about his other duties she cursed the helplessness that confined her sympathy to a futile, "I'm so terribly sorry, Darling."



Emily sniffed, her toes still reaching for the floor that was not there; her legs slightly apart to accommodate the metal thing within

her pubic slit. "Don't feel badly! I get this sort of thing all the time. Incurable is the word they use for me. I suppose I could say I'm used to it. In a way I am. But it always hurts! It hurts just as much as the first time." She came up with a gamine grin of commiseration. "I bet he'll leave us both here like this all day now. He's annoyed. I can tell. So I don't suppose he'll fuck us." She sighed wistfully. "Oh well, at least we can talk – if the rotter doesn't come back and gag us. Have you been sentenced to something definite or are you just getting the general cure?"

"I'm being punished. That's all I know," Lady Margot said dolefully. "I wish I'd never - -"

"Remarkable!" Lord Halibut's voice broke in upon the conversation. "Have to get my lenses changed. Can actually see - -"

"It's me, Grandpa. You're not seeing double. Fellowes said you'd be along to let us down," Emily exclaimed mendaciously.

"Bless my soul! You're in trouble again. And don't try that one on me, my girl, about letting you down. I know better." The eccentric Peer of the Realm adjusted his glasses and subjected his suspended grandchild's nudity to a minute scrutiny. "Lovely marks," he commended. "You're a lucky girl. Nothing shoddy about Fellowes' work. And this contraption you both have in your thingummys . . . damned ingenious, y'know. Gives the thing a good airing. Hurt much?"

"It's pure agony, Grandpa. Please take it out!" Emily was a perennial optimist.

"Couldn't do that," Lord Halibut said huffily. "Wasn't me that put it in there in the first place." He surveyed the pained tableau with benign approval. "Jolly nice for you girls. Lovely chance for a chat. I expect Fellowes will bring you tea" His gaze became vacant. He made his way from the punishment room as though in search of something he had forgotten.

"Grandpa's never much help," Emily mourned.

"I actually slept," Lady Margot admitted. "I don't know how, chained to that hard bench. His Lordship would have chuckled. What's on my agenda for today? The Rack, hot irons . . . ?"

"You indulge a pleantry, M'Lady. I recall your mention of your own particular *bete noir*. It seems therefore fitting - - "

"Oh, Fellowes, not my feet!" Lady Margot was aghast. She tugged at the handcuffs the butler had prudently employed.

"Quite so, Madam. Punishment should utilise the least enjoyable impositions."

"Least enjoyable! I'll die!"

"Your demise is not imminent, M'Lady. If you will be kind enough to come this way."

"Why are you tying my wrists and elbows so damn tight, man? I thought it was my feet . . . ?"

"A supplementary prelude, Madam. If you will be kind enough to lay face down upon this rug Ah yes, I will assist you."

"But, Fellowes, tied like this with my elbows positively welded together I'm about ninety percent nipples and breasts. That's what I'll be laying on!"

"Quite so, Madam. You will find the pose advantageous to our purpose."

"Oh damn! This is awful. I feel like a gaffed fish, You don't need to bother with my feet. This is punishment enough. My elbows . . . !"

"If you will raise the feet, bending at the knee, Madam Ah, thank you. I will pull the rug back somewhat for a perfect adjustment."

"Oh Fellowes! That bar thing, and those straps so tight round my ankles . . . ! I get the hang of it now. Oh golly! The soles of my poor little feet are sticking straight up. You could rest a slice of cake on them."

"Precisely, Madam. They are admirably positioned."

"And so am I! I can't move. My poor tits!"

"I am sanguine that the discomfort to your feet will detract from your present concern with your mammaries, M'Lady."

"Don't ever use that awful word again, Fellowes! It's indecent! Make it breasts or tits or something, but never that! Oh blast this whole business! You're not really going to cane the soles of my feet, are you?"

"Such is the intent, M'Lady."

"Untie me and let's be carnal! I'm ever so nice."

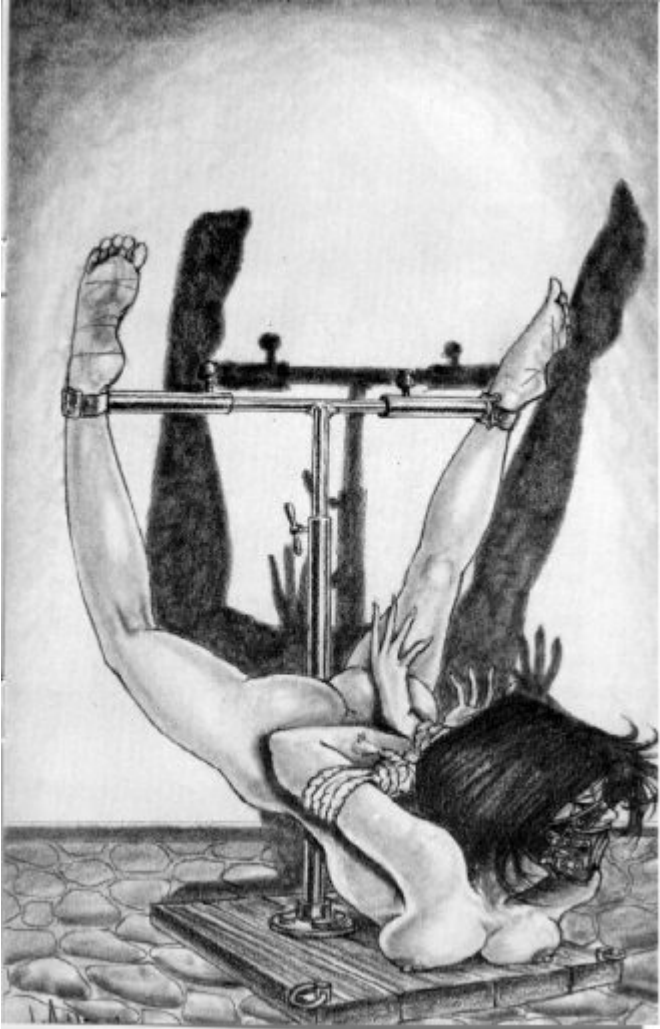
"Thank you, Madam, but duty calls."

"Well then, get rid of that foot fetish and fuck me while I'm still tied up! Wouldn't that appease your scruples?"

"It would not get the soles of your feet caned, Madam."

"Must you keep coming back to that? I'm sure I'll die. Let me off that one and I'll give you a lovely blow-job."

"You are most kind, Madam, but no."



"Greek?" Lady Margot was getting desperate.

"I consider it vulgar, Madam."

"Well, there must be something! Oh Fellowes! Oh no! That tickles! Don't keep stroking and tapping – I'll go wild! I can't move . . . Wowww! Yaaaah! Oh crikey . . . !"

“It is wise to gauge and measure the stroke, Madam. Accuracy is implicit to our present endeavour. It is my intention to pass from side to side, caning one foot at a time. Would you favour the strokes in rapid succession or would you prefer a measured cadence?”

“I don’t want it at all! Look Fellowes . . . yaaaahhhh! Wowww!”

Lady Margot abandoned speech in a sudden need of more vivid expression. Her left foot had exploded into a thousand particles of agony; so great she had no gauge by which to measure. All her preconceived concepts of pain were abandoned. She had a sudden vision of Lord Welcome’s sardonic features and knew herself delivered into a captivity such as she had never envisaged. When she could control speech she moaned brokenly, “I’ll do anything . . . anything . . . !”

Lady Margot Welcome’s world was shattered once again. Her right foot shrank under the singeing impact. But it did not move. Both her small and innocent feet remained firmly strapped; each wounded sole offering itself in maiden sacrifice as though imploring the attention of the cane. The naked noblewoman knew herself perfectly placed for that which was being done to her. She lay, cushioned on her breasts, her shoulders cruelly wracked back to accommodate the strictures round her elbows. Her panting gasps lifted her torso from the rug and let it down in spasms of revolt. The awfulness of the cane punctuated her screams

Time passed. It suddenly occurred to the naked victim that she was alone. The recurring horror on her feet had ceased. Counting back she was chagrined to realise she had received but four cuts. It had seemed like forty. She lay in sweating misery. She could scarcely hope for less than five – on each foot. She had far to go! She wept.

“You really must have annoyed your old man.” It was Emily’s voice. “Darling Fellowes would never do this to you if he hadn’t been

instructed. He never canes my feet unless he asks Grandpa first. I say, isn't it awful?"

"Don't try and help me! We'll both get punished more." Lady Margot had abandoned hope.

"Oh, that's alright. I'm here by special permission. I've been told I can unstrap your ankles. You need not have anymore on your feet if you don't want to. Fellowes knows how bad it is for a girl."



In a flood of thankfulness Lady Margot strained to look back over her bound shoulder. She gasped in amazement at what she saw.

“What on earth . . . ?”

Emily blushed. “Yes, don’t I look silly? Fellowes is so mean, sometimes. The thing round my hips is a chastity belt and this collar with all those rotten spikes that’s locked on my neck is so I can’t tongue you. We’re both stymied. He put them on me when he sent me down. Jolly unsporting. I bet he’s laughing. The chastity belt is locked on too. It’s n of un being a girl. If Fellowes didn’t fuck me sometimes I think I’d die. I say, does it hurt terribly?”

Lady Margot sighed with relief as her feet fell away from the loosened straps. She moaned sadly, “I’m not sure I can walk. What a beastly way to punish me! Darling . . . are you allowed to loose my arms?”

“Fraid not. Your day isn’t over. I’m just a sort of instrument to confront you with awful alternatives.” Emily gave her naked companion a wry grin. “You have a choice. You can ask me to strap your ankles again for more caning, or you can come back with me and ask Fellowes very politely to fix you on the horse for the rest of the day. The ‘horse’ is an edged affair you get tied on. It cuts your cunt in two and goes on and on I’ve had ‘em both and I’m damned if I know which is worst.”

“I’ll have the horse,” said Lady Margot decisively. “I don’t know what it is, but I don’t want anymore of this.” She looked at Emily wanly. “I may have to crawl.”

“You can lean on me, Darling,” Emily offered brightly. “At least my shoulders and my arms aren’t spiked.”

Lady Margot knelt submissively at the butler's feet. It hurt too much to stand. Her voice was as humble as she could make it. "Please, Fellowes, I would like you to fasten me on the horse for whatever period is fitting."

Fellowes inclined his head. "Thank you, Madam. I will be most happy. You will find it an edifying experience. May I offer an arm?"

"Is that . . . it?" Lady Margot surveyed the object with curiosity. "I suppose I sit straddled, and all my weight . . . ?"



"Quite so, Madam. For that reason your wrists and arms have been left tied. Their confinement is as applicable to the horse as to the bastinado."

Lady Margot winced. "That awful word! What do you do? Lift me on this thing?"

"If you will permit me, Madam. But first I strap cuffs on your ankles. There . . . like that! And now "

"Ouch! Oh golly, Fellowes Oh dear, I can't possibly Oh, I see I see what I'm in for. Those ropes each side pulling my feet out wide above the floor . . . so tight! And I just sit here on my "

"Your pudendum, Madam."

"And I suppose my hands and arms are tied so I can't give myself a hoist. I just sit on my poor little cunt. But couldn't I have my elbows untied?"

"No, Madam. The pose enhances both yourself and your penance."

Lady Margot fluttered her shoulders and leaned forward as much as pain would permit in order that she might view as much of her punished pussy as was possible. Only once did she essay to wriggle with a view to easing her position. The effort ended in a grimace of pain. Bedewed with sweat she gave the Halibut butler a wry smile. "I expect this goes on and on?" she ventured tentatively.

"Quite so, Madam. You will enjoy a solitary vigil. A time for quiet reflection."

"I suppose you have those straps on my ankles so tight to the floor to hold me down more painfully?"

"They have the added advantage of providing a stability not normally inherent in your situation, M'Lady."

"I suppose I should be grateful?" Lady Margot eyed the family butler with a speculative eye. "Even if I am being cut in two up the middle?"

"No situation is without hope, Madam."

Lady Margot took a deep breath. "Assuming that the thing down there still works, would you care to use it?"

"I have scheduled an indefinite intermission at eleven A.M. I trust this meets your wish with your approval, Madam?"

"Oh Fellowes, you're wonderful!"

"I strive to serve, M'Lady."

THE END

Fellowes will return in "Felicitous Flog"

