

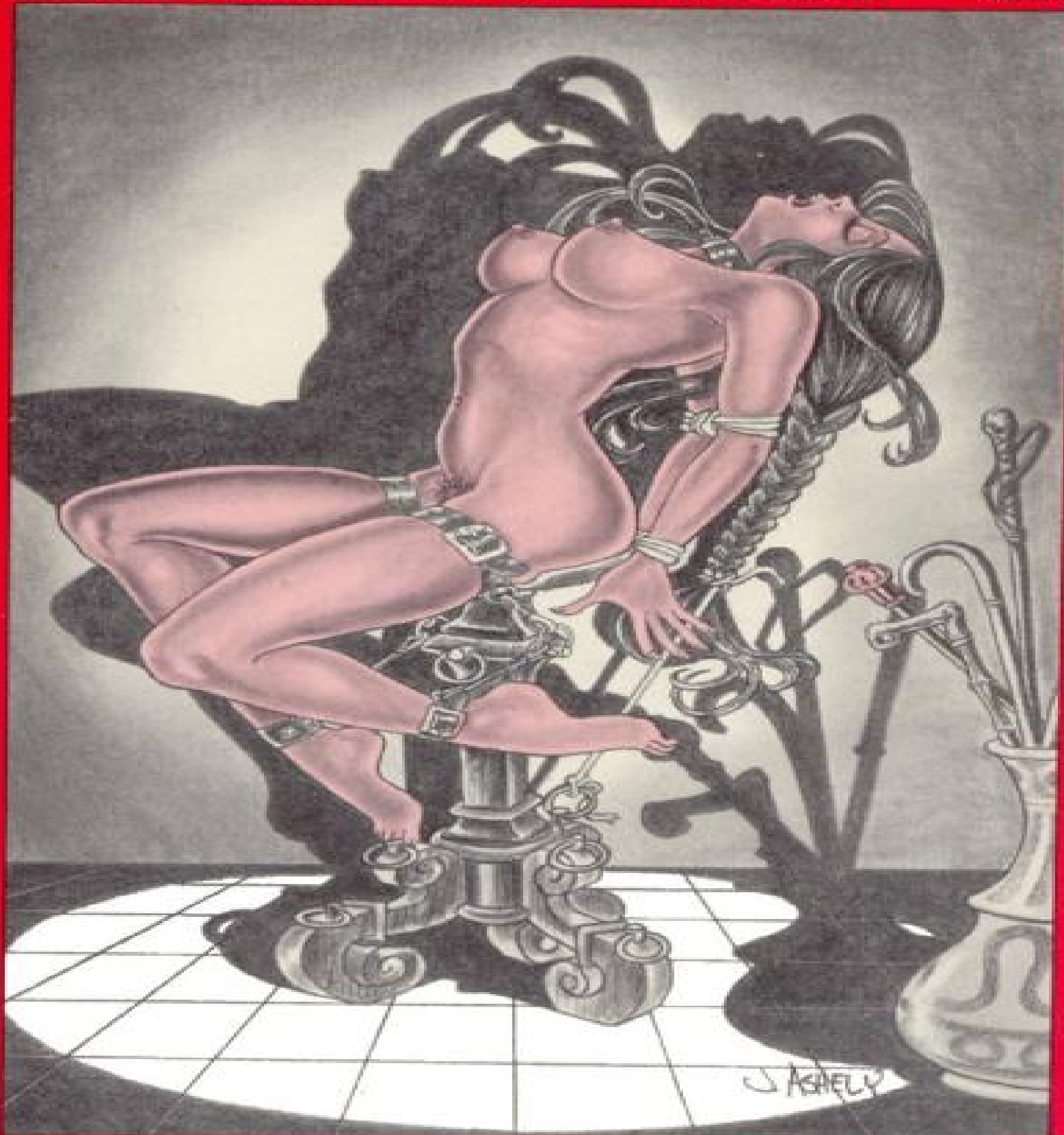
FELLOWES 7

FILICITIOUS FLOG

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Filicitious Flog

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Illustrated by Ashely

"Mrs. Herkimer is from the United States of America," Lord Halibut beamed benignly upon the family butler. "She will be visiting us for an indefinite period... "

"Quite so, M'Lord."

The atmosphere in the drawing room of Bondsleigh Castle was electric. The woman who had just been so diffidently introduced stood before the huge fireplace, ill at ease, on the defensive. She was exceedingly beautiful. She eyed Fellowes, the butler, with a gaze both curious and hostile.

"I am greatly honoured, Madam."

"I suppose I am, too," Natalie Herkimer acknowledged awkwardly in a full rich voice holding in check a glint of humour. "I suppose you know why I'm in England?"

"I have not been made cognizant, Madam."

"I'm here to be whipped."

"I say, you do call a spade a spade!" chirruped Lord Halibut.

"Your mission is unusual, Madam. May I offer my felicitations in your endeavour."

Mrs. Herkimer laughed. "Indeed you may! It's you who's going to whip me."

"Splendid woman, 'eh!" Lord Halibut offered cheerily. "Met Herkimer at old Dillwater's last year. Told him about young Emily."

"My Chester felt if you could whip a daughter of the nobility into behaving herself you'd have no trouble with me." Natalie Herkimer's eyes glowed as she bestowed her full attention upon the figure of the man chosen to be her executioner.

"I am astounded, Madam, that the resources of your great Republic should fail to assuage your need."

"It's not a need. I mean, I don't get hot pants when I'm whipped. It will be a quite new experience. The motive is simply punishment. I have to be punished. When my husband heard of you and when he met Lord Halibut he felt he could consign me to your care with an easy mind."

"It is a great honour, Madam."

"America's loss is our gain," Lord Halibut burbled. Then, struck by a sudden thought: "I say though, are you sure you want it? Getting a filly's rump caned hurts like billy-o! I mean, free will and all that sort of thing?"

Natalie Herkimer smiled wanly. "Oh yes. I'll even sign a paper if you wish. It's not too difficult a decision for me to make. It's your butler and his whip--or be divorced. I was a two-hundred-

a- week steno when Chester married me. At last valuation he's worth around eighty million. What would you do?"

"Ah, see what you mean! Well, Fellowes is your man! If young Emily was around she'd tell you. What d'you say, Fellowes, m'boy?"

"I will endeavour to merit the trust, M'Lord. May I ask, Madam, if your penance is limited to the use of the whip alone, or is a full range of discomforts desired?"

Natalie Herkimer brightened momentarily. "Penance and discomforts! There's a pair of honeys! Darling Chester calls it getting my head straight and whipping my ass. I'm afraid it's the full treatment."

"Your countrymen are noted for a pithy pungency in speech, Madam. I will be grateful for any such gems you care to let fall."

"Splendid chaps... all that money...!" Lord Halibut chimed in vaguely. His myopic eye sought Mrs. Herkimer in concern. "'Spose you get the gen' about the point-of-no-return, eh? I mean, once you start the Course you have to finish. There's no going back to the paddock, y'know?"

Natalie Herkimer allowed her gaze to roam the room with particular attention to doors and window. Lord Halibut recognized the motion as that of the fox when cornered by the baying hounds. But she managed another pale and reflective smile. "It's kind of you to emphasise. But, yes, I understand." She flushed and looked uncertain. "Will I be kept prisoner? I mean cells and dungeons and things?"

"We have found this the kindest treatment, Madam. It saves much heart-searching. It is also, I fear, a part of the penance

as prescribed."

Lord Halibut noted the heaving breasts beneath the costly clothes. "I'll drop in from time to time," he assured jovially. "Help keep your pecker up."

"I'm afraid I don't have a pecker," said Mrs. Herkimer sadly. "Could we start now please, before I tremble myself to bits on your carpet?"

* * *

"Damn rummy business, Fellowes. I feel an idiot." Mrs. Herkimer looked around the Bondsleigh Castle punishment room with a bright-eyed curiosity mingled with foreboding. "Dammit, I must need my head examined! Are all these cute objects what I think they are? I mean, they're actually for real?"

"Completely authentic, Madam. However, in your case I am sanguine of favourable reactions with cane and whip alone, without resort to the more complex inventions of other days."

Mrs. Herkimer shivered visibly. "The way you say that! And... look, I may as well get this off my mind: Do I have to be naked?"

"Totally, Madam."

Natalie Herkimer squirmed. "I suppose naked's not that bad. But it strikes me that if it's my seat you're after you could bare that well enough without removing the rest. Or my back? Couldn't I be stripped to the waist... leaving on my bra?"

"If I may make so bold, Madam, I would suggest you are overlooking the spiritual and punitive value of a state of nudity

in any member of the female sex receiving correction. Humility and shame are implicit in her penance."

"Holy cow, Fellowes, you sound like the Reverend Heaven-bent at our Baptist church. Are you sure you don't just want to have a gander at my tits and twat?"

"I have had the privilege of examining a great many of the appendages you mention, Madam. Most of them belonging to members of the nobility."

"I bet they're no nicer than mine, Fellowes."

"Quite so, Madam. The plethora of vitamins in the North American diet promotes development. I fully expect your personal attributes to be superlative. It will be an honour to whip them."

The sudden silence could be felt.

"You mean you're going to whip my cunt?" Natalie Herkimer's voice was tremulous.

"Quite so, Madam."



"And my tits?"

"I prefer to make reference to them as nipples and breasts,

Madam."

"Well, I suppose there's no harm in referring to them as that," Mrs. Herkimer acknowledged slowly. "But to whip those parts of me... You have to be kidding?"

"No, Madam. Levity is inappropriate."

Natalie Herkimer drew a deep breath. "If Chester was only here to see! The bastard would get his rocks off on this!"

"I was not informed that Mr. Herkimer was involved as a Lapidary, Madam. The fact seems irrelevant. If I may now take the liberty, please disrobe."

"You going to watch?"

"I will avert my eyes, Madam. I know my place."

"Damn silly of me, I suppose... " The sound of a zipper cut the silence of the punishment room like a knife. "You're going to be staring me in the cunt... and whatever else I've got! It's the takin' 'em off bit that hurts."

"Lady Godiva faced the same reticence, Madam."

"She was the dame up at Coventry, wasn't she! With all the hair she had, and a horse to boot, she wasn't giving much away. Look, Fellowes, don't get any idea I'm a blushing virgin... "

"It is not my place to judge, Madam."

"Well... we look like spending a lot of time together. I just thought... " The silken rustle of panties and bra tossed upon a bench made themselves known, followed by the heavier impact

of shoes. "I suppose you might as well turn around now."
Natalie's voice had become uncertain.

"Thank you, Madam. May I take the liberty of saying how fortunate I consider Mr. Herkimer?"

"Say... thanks! If you're giving him a report you might mention that. I think he's forgotten. Do I get whipped now?"

"Procrastination would be pointless, Madam. If you will allow me..."

"Gosh!" Natalie Herkimer's voice was awed. "Naked's one thing, but this with my hands up! Holy cow! I feel about fifteen times as naked as when I took my clothes off."

"A complete exposure, Madam. It is mandatory."

"You make that sound like fifteen years in the coop. Do you really need me up on my toes?"

"Yes, thank you, Madam. If you will just raise a little higher. The position has certain advantages. If you will allow me... "

"Oh, I'll allow you! What the hell am I here for? I've got a notion those damn straps you're tightening around my wrists are going to hurt worse than the whip or whatever. I hope you realize I'm practically hanging?"

"I fear, Madam, the discomfort will soon seem trivial. All things are comparative."

"If that was meant to comfort me, it didn't. Look, Fellowes, what is it with you English and the cane? Back in Oklahoma we'd simply say 'Whip her ass' or maybe 'Take a switch to the bitch.'"

"The use of the cane in British society goes back to antiquity, Madam. It was originally a punitive act of male upon male, but it soon became evident that the female could also benefit from its impact. In this fact alone the equality of the sexes has been practiced here for centuries."

"Gee whiz, Fellowes, this is blush-making! If I lift a foot you can have a look underneath; then you'll have had a gander at the lot."

"There is no need, Madam. In due course the soles of your feet will receive adequate attention."

Natalie gasped. For a moment she hung in shocked silence. "You don't mean... You're not going to tell me... ? They called it the bastinado, didn't they? You're going to do that to me?"

"Quite so, Madam."

"What's it with this 'quite so' thing? I think you British use it whenever you think someone's said something silly or vulgar. Or if you don't want to give a straight answer. Tell me straight: Do you intend to whip the soles of my feet?"

"Yes, Madam."

"You can let me loose then. I'll go home and go back to pounding a typewriter for two hundred a week."

"That choice no longer exists for you, Madam. My instructions prohibit freedom after the point at which you now find yourself."

Natalie Herkimer tensed. The watching butler beheld the slow awareness of immutability seep through her tractioned nudity.

There came no plea and no protest, but the lovely body slowly absorbed the knowledge of its fate. Mrs. Chester Herkimer hung limply in her bonds in mute acceptance of an awfulness she dared not contemplate. "Alright," she said in a lackluster voice. "Carry on. Which bit of me gets it first?"

"The posterior, Madam. The soles of the feet are for senior penitents. You need not contemplate that infliction at the moment."

"You're going to cane my can." Natalie Herkimer made a wry grimace and a small moue of resignation. "How's about letting me have a good look at the torture instrument first?"

"Indubitably, Madam. Here it is. I will hold it close. This is the three-foot Singapore Special."

"What's Singapore got to do with my bum?"

"In the last century, Madam, the Governor's Lady was regularly corrected with a limber product of the Colony. Lord Rattan, on one occasion, paraded the garrison to witness his Consort's caning. It was done on the bare by the Regimental Sergeant Major. His Lordship bequeathed his name to the instrument used, and on recall to Whitehall imported a special growth of cane for Her Ladyship's benefit. It came to be known as a 'Singapore Special' and has been widely used by the Nobility. It was noticeable during the Japanese occupation that aristocratic morality among females became deplorably lax."

"They all got laid by the Yanks, eh?"

"They fell victim to the North American joie de vivre, Madam. An effort was made to stem the tide by the use of sundry domestic products such as the ash and willow, but they lacked both the suppleness and sentiment to be effective. And now,

Madam, I will flex and bow this specimen to illustrate." Natalie Herkimer's eyes were glued with fascination on the limber length that would soon bed itself within her flesh. "Y'know, Fellowes, it just doesn't seem real! It's too way out! To think that trivial bit of tree, or a plant or something is going to whale into me until I howl." Her flushed features raised in supplication: "Am I allowed to howl, or is there some sort of protocol? That thing you English have about the stiff upper lip? You'll have to brief me on what's expected."

"Thank you, Madam. Some degree of vocal expression is to be condoned. The use of a gag is mostly optional."

"Do I just hang limp? Or am I expected to try and protrude a bit? I'm not sure I can, but I'm willing to try."



"You are most kind, Madam. Within the latitudes of your confinement please feel free to dispose your person as you wish. And now..." The butler was a judge of quality. He saw it

now. The 'Singapore Special' sliced the air with its unique wicked whine and found intimate lodgement within the proffered flesh. Save for a visible tensing, a gasp, and an involuntary toss of her proud head, Natalie Herkimer vouchsafed no other acknowledgement of her agony. Slowly five strokes sought and found her nakedness. She made no sounds beyond involuntary inhalations, no signs beyond the weaving of her curves and the shocked lift of her head as each blow introduced her to an agony she had never before known. When it was done, Fellowes stood in silent reverence, then walked to the fore where eyes met eyes and conveyed a message that had no need of words.

"An inevitable and universal reaction, Madam."

"I can't take anymore... You do understand?"

"Quite so, Madam. I have heard those words many times." Again the quick lift of the head, the widened eyes. "You mean... You mean you pay no attention... ? You just go on using that cane on me?"

"Yes, Madam."

Natalie drooped as though the butler's words had robbed her of support. She seemed to be deliberately allowing her wrists to take her entire weight, tasting the full nadir of despair. "I have an awful thought, Fellowes: A woman can go on and on... We're a natural receptacle for pain, aren't we? You'll do all the things to me that right now I think impossible, and at the finish of it I'll still be alive, able to walk around?"

"Yes, Madam. I applaud your percipience."

"It's so unreal!" Natalie Herkimer's voice was slow and hesitant. "Two bits of rope round my wrists and I have to stand naked

on my toes. A silly bit of a branch or a reed or something, cut and shipped by some Malayan ten thousand miles away, then slashed upon my skin, and I suffer pain such as I never even believed in!" After moments of silence she looked appealingly at the impassive figure with the cane. "Is it just me or are all... all your women like I am now?"

"Without exception, Madam. It is shock. And now, if I may take the liberty, five more."

Natalie Herkimer screamed as her flesh jumped beneath the striking wand! "I'm sorry, Fellowes, but there's no use, is there? I mean, in being heroic: It'll just go on regardless---as though I was a punching bag. I'm being caned... I may as well get used to it. Keep going. Don't pay any attention to a woman's chatter. I'm sure Chester wouldn't want you to."

"Your courage is matched only by the superb quality of your gluteal curves, Madam."

"Thanks, laddie. That's my ass you're talking about."

"An ass, Madam, is a small, equine beast of burden."

"Thank you, Fellowes. I stand reproved. By the time you're through with me I'll be able to speak a little correct English."

"Correct usages are always preferable, Madam. Once more...!"

"Hrrrrrruuuuuuggggg! Oh shit! Oh, sorry! Glllllluuuuuuggggg, ouch!"

"You are bearing up splendidly, Madam."

"Ohhhh! Hold it just one minute... please... ! Do any of your girls ever faint? Or is that just a legend?"

"Never authentically, Madam. The Lady Emily Halibut constantly simulates a departure from consciousness in the hope of escaping her current penalty. She has brought the subterfuge to a fine art."

"But she can't fool you, eh?"

"No, Madam. At the first mention of caning the sole of her foot she returns to perfect health and awareness."

"No use me trying it then--I had thought of it! Dammit, a girl would think anything under that cane! Say, tell me, where is Emily?"

"In one of the dungeons, Madam. A small matter of intent to seduce the new Curate."

"You mean the poor girl didn't make the grade but gets bunged into a dungeon anyway!"

"May I take the liberty of pointing out that this conversation is delaying the matter in hand, Madam."

"Ooops! Sorry! Wasn't intentional. Please do carry on caning my butt. Far be it from me -- Youuuuupppppssss! Oh shit! Damn!"

"Please do not feel embarrassed, Madam. You are under stress."

"You're a jewel, Fellowes. Say, how's about the English gals who get their can caned; do they drop the odd four letters?"



"It is largely a matter of breeding, Madam. I had the privilege of caning the Duchess of Dillwater's bottom for many years. Her repertoire of unsavoury exclamations was a revelation to

me. However, she was not of noble blood. The Duke had married her from the chorus line. Her maiden name was Skruggs."

"So, being a sort of renegade Colonial, I don't need to live up to anything?"

"If I may make so bold, Madam, you have nothing to live up to."

"Ouch! Slapped on the wrist again. But returning to poor Emily: I'd like to meet her. D'you ever let the poor kid out on parole or anything? Give me another stripe on my ass... Sorry! Gluteal something or other. I don't want to seem like I'm stringing you on with chatter. Wow! Taaaahhhh! Woooooopppppssss! Thanks a million."

"If you would care to spend the night with her in the dungeon I will be happy to oblige, Madam. I should warn you, however, that Lady Emily is an ardent lesbian."

"Oh good! I'll need a bit of attention to my clit after this."

"I regret, Madam, the practice is not encouraged. You would be chained to opposite walls."

"Oh, balls!"

"Lady Emily mentioned the same thing, Madam."

"Well, I suppose I can't expect too much. But make the chain as long as your terms of reference allow."

* * *

"You been after the Curate too?" Lady Emily Halibut viewed

with approval her companion in distress. "I say, you're a smasher! I bet you've annoyed your husband?"

"How did you guess! And you're quite something yourself, y'know. Say, am I marked up real bad?" With a clatter of chain Natalie turned to display her field of battle.

"Just your bottom," said Emily as though bottoms didn't count. "Look at me! I'm afraid the latest I have are a few days old. I haven't been whipped since I got stuffed in here. Incarcerated is what Fellowes calls it. Isn't he sweet!"

The naked woman looked at the naked girl and drew in her breath at what she saw. "You... you... you've been flogged! All over!"

"Oh, not quite. And we never say flogged," Emily explained airily. "I get whipped and caned. This lot you see now isn't all that much. You should see me sometimes."



"Then I'll look like that also?"

"Much worse, I expect. As I said... I say darling, how long's

that chain: the one from the collar on your neck to the wall?"

"Not long enough. Fellowes told me, girl fun is forbidden."

"Stretch it out anyway. I'll do the same. He might have made a mistake. He did... once. I got whipped for it the next day." The naked female figures strove to merge, their slender necks snapping back as reaching arms failed to touch. "Oh, shit!" two female voices said in unison. "There's just a chance," Emily said sadly, "it's not all that good, but it's better than playing with yourself. Lay on the stone and stretch your feet towards me. I'll do the same. It's surprising how well clits respond to a big toe."

"Well, it was worth trying," Emily said, defeated. "I doubt if he'll gag us. At least we can talk." She suddenly sounded pathetic. "I sure am glad to see you."

"But why all these chains?" Natalie Herkimer held out her joined wrists and kicked angrily at the linkage connecting her ankles."

"Oh, it's part of our punishment. Keeps us in a nice, sweet, submissive frame of mind. Actually we're only wearing the barest minimum. Wait 'til there's one round your waist and others from wrist to ankle as well. The collar is the bad one though. A girl can't forget she's got it on. The weight of the chain drags all the time. You can beat it by laying down, but that isn't much fun either."

With an impressive shooting of bolts the massive door swung open to reveal the butler bearing two extra candles and a jug.

"Damn good thing you showed up, Fellowes darling," Lady Emily said brightly. "You've got us chained to opposite walls."

"Quite so, Miss."

"I wish you wouldn't say that! Be a good chap, now, and do something about these chains."

"No, Miss. All is in order."

"Look, Fellowes, if you were a girl wouldn't you want your clit licked? I bet Mrs. Herkimer tastes gorgeous!"

"It is not for me to judge, Miss. Your hypothesis is improbable."

"If you'll chain us to the same wall we'll let you fuck us?"

"I must decline the honour, Miss."

Emily sighed. Then cocked a perky eye at her fellow captive.
"D'you know any fresh American sex tricks we can bribe him with? Your mouth's no good. I do that for him all the time."

"You are embarrassing our visitor, Miss. I shall withdraw."

"No, don't go. Oh please, Fellowes! Be a sport. Look darling, if I ask for a whipping then would you chain us together?"

"Oh, nooooo! No! You mustn't!" Natalie was aghast.

"That's alright. I get whipped that way all the time. It's, a sort of currency for girls like me... girls like us! Isn't it, Fellowes! You offer to ask for so and so many strokes with the whip or the cane in return for something you want terribly. It's really a nice idea."

"Nice! It's barbarian! You absolutely mustn't!" Natalie Herkimer viewed her naked companion with deep concern.

"Twenty with the cane on my bottom, Fellowes?" Lady Emily's voice was soft and coaxing. "Twenty's a lot," she added, as though offering a bonus.

"Really, M'Lady, you are quite incorrigible."

"I do love that word. So you accept my offer?"

"Certainly not, Miss."

"You did, y'know!" Emily turned to the watching woman. "You heard him, didn't you! Say you did."

"Well... not actually." Natalie was flushed.

"O.K. then how about forty with the whip on my back?" Emily offered belligerently. "I don't think I want forty on my bottom. It's been well attended to lately."

"Really, M'Lady, these blandishments... May I offer you a gag?"

"I'll be good! I'll behave!" Emily was suddenly a frightened young girl. "But I do think... oh, never mind!"

"Were you serious?" Natalie was still trying to adjust.

"Of course I was, silly! I always try. You will too after awhile. It's something to do, and sometimes darling Fellowes surprises a girl. I say, has he fucked you yet?"

"Good heavens, no!"

"Don't say it like that. He fucks gorgeously! You'll be grateful for a nice cock after you've been here as long as I have. You get terribly tired of using your finger."

"But surely he doesn't...?"

"He does, you know! But he's crafty. Keeps it as a bribe for good behavior. Or maybe as a pick-me-up after he's been particularly cruel."

"But how can he? How can you? I'm lost. Don't you hate him?"

"Oh, come now! He's beautiful, and so sweet. He'll grow on you. His whipping us and all that's just in the line of duty. The old Family Retainer keeping his young Mistress on the straight and narrow, that's him. But look, you're a stranger and you're a very beautiful woman. Don't let anything I say stop you trying to bribe him with your cunt... or your lips. You're different from me. He might slip you the odd bargain."

"But how do you keep so cheerful? I mean, this is sort of permanent with you, isn't it?"

"I live here, if that's what you mean. And I go away to school whenever Grandpa can find one that will take me. But during the holidays I do seem to spend a lot of time being what Fellowes calls 'corrected'." Emily mused quietly for a moment. "It's my cunt, y'know. They seem to think nothing should ever go inside, not even my finger. Same with my lips. It makes it awfully difficult for a girl." She giggled. "I do manage a good deal Fellowes never finds out about. But a girl can't go spreading her legs around a place like this without someone seeing. I wish I really liked the whip. I sure get a lot of it. A little gives me wet pants--I mean the nice kind of wet. But after a half-dozen whacks my poor little cunt stops perking up and goes the other way. How's it with you?"

"This is my first time. It's all pain."

"Well, keep trying, darling. Cunts are wonderful!"

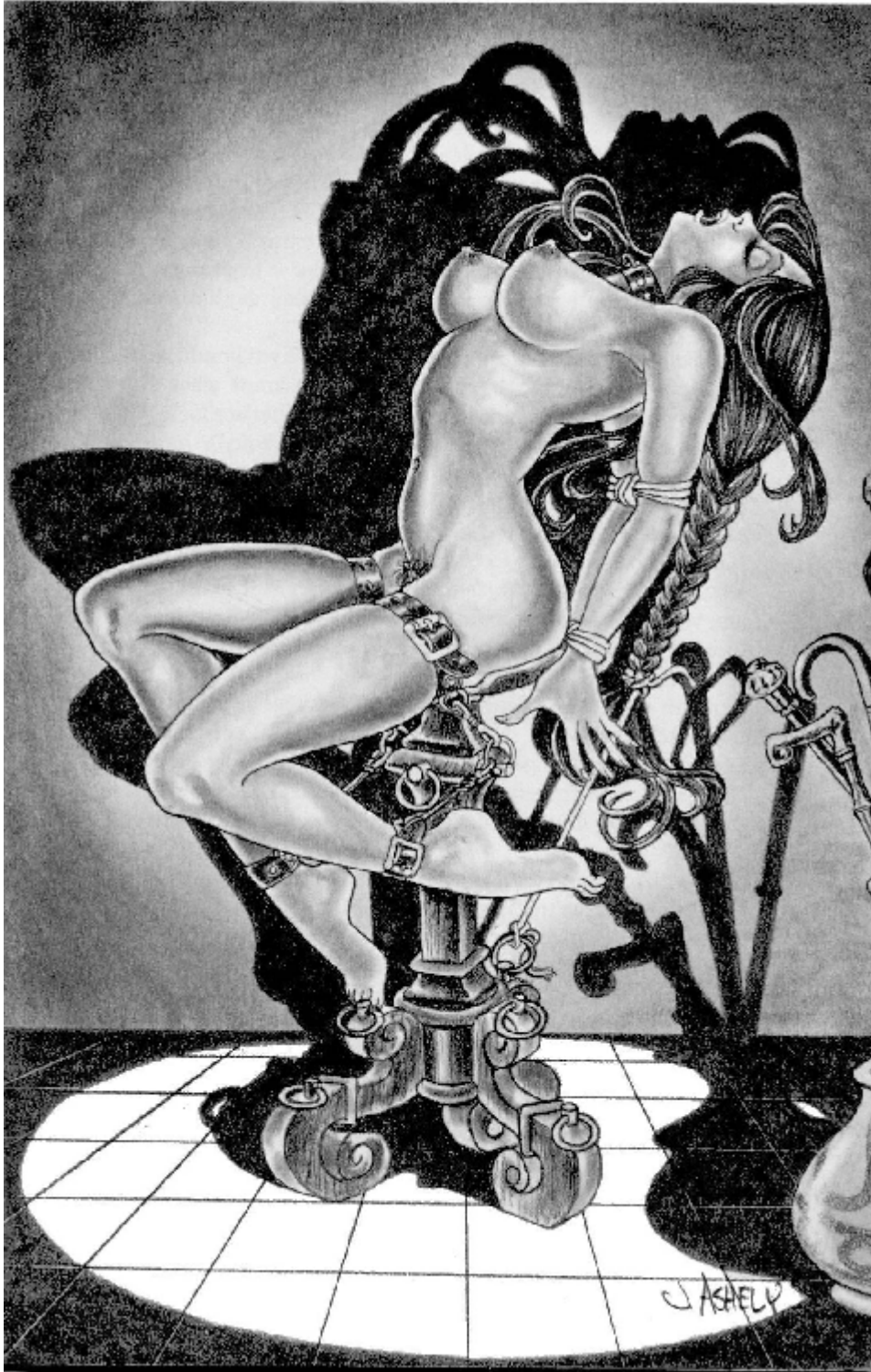
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"I don't see how you can cane or whip me with my hands tied the way you're doing behind my back, Fellowes." Natalie Herkimer was trembling slightly in reaction to the strong fingers winding the cord around her wrists. She was painfully aware that nothing likely to happen to her in Bondsleigh Castle would bring much comfort.

"I believe in contrasts, Madam. I fear that to whip you steadily would negate our purpose. You would become inured and dispirited."

"I'm dispirited now, and as for getting inured to that beastly cane you carved me with yesterday... well! What's on the agenda now?"

"Having secured your wrists, Madam, I now join your elbows. It is a stricture peculiarly efficacious. It enhances an awareness of vulnerability."



"Oh shit, Fellowes. That hurts! Oh... wow! Does it have to be so tight? Do they really meet?"

"They are meeting now, Madam. I will apply a few more strands... the effect is most aesthetic."

"The effect is bloody awful! It's indecent the way it's made my tits stick out. And my shoulders!"

"The effect is intended, Madam. A part of your day's discomfort."

"Oh Fellowes! Sit on a beastly little stool! Why d'you have to lift and pull back my ankles and tie 'em. You know what that does, I suppose my cunt's staring everyone in the face."

"Coincidental, Madam. I will now braid your hair."

"No, don't! Oh please! I don't like pigtails!"

"It is not a coiffure, Madam. Simply a means of threading a cord."

"Oh, Fellowes, I don't like the sound of that."

"A means to an end, Madam. I now, if you will permit me, secure you to the stool with this belt and then exert a downwards tension of your hair. I will do it slowly, so that you may appreciate the ensemble."

"I never expected anything like this! Ensemble my foot! For Pete's sake go easy on that hair! Oh damn, Fellowes, you're breaking my neck. I'll go over backwards."

"The stool is anchored, Madam. Have no fear. I now secure the cord to the stool and your pose becomes perfect. I am gratified."

"I'm not! Is this it? I mean, my bundle for today?"

"There is another trifling matter, Madam. I am sure your posture... "

"Oh sure! There would be! And I suppose you mean the way my boobs pop out. Don't tell me they're in for trouble?"

"Alas, yes, Madam. The feminine psyche is potently influenced by mammary attention."

"Oh shit, Fellowes, this isn't much of a view. I can only see you out of the corner of one eye. Is that gobbledegook you've just delivered mean what I think it means?"

"A special whip is used, Madam. Small, with silken cords. No damage is done, but the discomfort is quite severe. I make a practice of giving both breasts my full attention."

"Couldn't you be satisfied with one today and the other another time? I mean, don't use up all my assets at once."

"Your assets are manifold, Madam. Both breasts today." Natalie Herkimer twisted her lips in a wry recollection: "Chester used to have names for 'em--my breasts, I mean. He called the left one Gertrude and the right one Penelope--after a couple of his 'former wives--he's had five before me. Pm sure he'd approve of what's about to happen to my poor little tits."

"We will commence now, Madam. Your role is entirely passive."

"This has to be a nightmare, Fellowes! Wake me anytime... Good gosh, Pm naked. My twat twinkles at all and sundry. I can't bloody well move. I have to look at the ceiling. Now Pm about to get my breasts whipped by an impeccable British butler... Have you thought of writing a book?"

"Discretion forbids, Madam. I display the instruments of your correction for your attention. I will hold it thus that you may view it properly."

"Do I have to? It scares me to death! I say, Fellowes, Pm only human... Couldn't I offer some sort of consideration for getting excused this one? I sure don't want my breasts--"

"A bribe, Madam?"

"Well, yes... ahhhhrrrrgh! Oh, blast... ! Oh, don't!"

"Butlers are never bribed, Madam."

"Oh alright! I get the hint. Dammit, I can't stand too many like that! Poor Penelope! But, honest, Fellowes, forgetting monetary considerations, would you consider an offer of my... my... oh, dammit, would you like to screw me?"

"In due course, Madam. It is not on the agenda for today." Natalie Herkimer digested the import of the words. "You mean... you mean you just take it when you feel like it. I can't use it as an inducement... It's not mine anymore to give...?"

"A perquisite of my office, Madam."

"I'm foxed for sure, aren't I. Oh shit, what a jackpot! Go ahead with your lousy whip--Gertrude's waiting... ugggggghhhug! Oh golly, what a chump I was to get into this!"

"Quite so, Madam."

The special whip rose and fell. Natalie abandoned repartee and stoicism and gave herself wholeheartedly to agonized screams. She swayed upon her stool. But the tractioned hair controlled her in a way no other bond could do. Her eyes, held wide by

the pull on her hair, could glimpse each arc of the silken thongs as they cut through the air to embrace the soft whiteness of her breasts, a whiteness that rapidly was transformed first to thin pink lines upon the skin and then, as the lashes fell from this angle and then that, merged into a fine scarlet of anguished blush she could not see, but which her fevered imagination pictured as heavy purple laced with blood. At the end of five strokes on each turgid breast the measured blows paused.

"We have an abundance of time, Madam. I have no wish to tax you unduly."

"Hell and damnation, Fellowes, I'm already taxed. Oh, that was beastly! I don't suppose there's more?"

"The day lies ahead, Madam."

"I'm all sweat, aren't I! I can feel it running down under my arms. Sorry about the screams. Gertrude and Penelope weren't too happy with that whip. Neither was I. I say, Fellowes...?" Natalie's voice was tremulous. "How about my nipples... ? Have I got any left?"

"I have never had the privilege of witnessing finer erections, Madam. Tumescient is the word."

"You mean they thrive... ? They like it?"

"The feminine psyche is a thing of wonder, Madam. It is most responsive to frictional stimuli. I would also venture the opinion that at this moment your vulva is effusively lubricated. If I may be so bold... "

"Go ahead, Fellowes. Feel my cunt. Take a handful."

"Thank you, Madam. My surmise was well founded."

"Now you'll have to wash your hand."

"I would not dream of doing so, Madam. Female secretions provide a potent intoxicant for the male. Yours is superlative."

"Gee, thanks! You might as well oil up the other hand too. In fact, rub it around a bit inside. It feels nice."

"Moderation is of the essence, Madam. May I point out that for you to feel 'nice' is inimical to our present endeavour."

"O.K., but what about what young Emily calls your 'Intermissions'? I gather you boost her morale a bit?"

"Miss Emily is inclined to hyperbole, Madam. But she is young. I have on occasion felt it desirable to provide some comfort."

"Comfort to whom; you or her? I don't see why you couldn't massage my clit a bit before we move on to whipping my breasts again."



Fellowes looked severe. "I fear, Madam, we have neglected to explain to you that a modicum of respect is required of a lady under correction. You have a tendency to unseemly levity."

"You mean I can get punished for being natural?"

"For being vulgar, Madam."

"Same thing, isn't it! Or so it seems in England."

"Reference to a clitoris should never be part of a social exchange."

"You call what's happening to me social?"

"I would like to think so, Madam. Feel free to discuss any topic."

"While you whip my breasts, how nice! Harrrrrrah! Wahhhhh!"

"Quite so, Madam."

"Did that one count; or did I get it for impropriety?"

"For emphasis on the 'terms of reference', Madam. You will be happy to know that your breasts, if you will forgive the term, have become most attractively suffused--a becoming scarlet. I will now endeavour to improve on the effect. I shall whip them from side to side."

"Whip on, Fellowes, you're just too kind! Ouch! Oh shit and damn and blast!"

"Quite so, Madam... ! And again... "

* * *

"Bad day, darling?" Lady Emily Halibut gazed compassionately at the beautiful woman who had again been chained to the

opposite wall.

"Look!" Natalie Herkimer thrust out her breasts, striving at the same time to look down at them herself.

"They're beautiful!" Emily sighed in admiration.

"What d'you mean, beautiful! They're cut to pieces!"

"Because they've been whipped?" Lady Emily smiled understandingly. "Oh sure; I know how awful it feels, but I'm not sure our boobs don't thrive on it. If only we had a mirror! Yours are just too lovely..."

Natalie clanked her chains irritably. "I'm still trying to sort this out," she confessed slowly. "Tell me about this thing where it seems a girl gets horny... Fellowes mentioned it."

"Well, don't you? I mean, sometimes? If you ever get a chance, while you're being whipped or something, have a good feel of your cunt. I'll bet it's wet!"

"My nipples got all hard and erect while my breasts were being whipped... it doesn't make sense."

"Does it have to? It's just nice."

"I'm ashamed of myself."

"There! You have felt it! Or you wouldn't be ashamed. I say, darling, have you noticed my new ornaments?"

Natalie Herkimer looked and gasped: "He's... he's chained... "

"It's because I stuck my tongue out at him. Now I have to wear this awful iron belt round my tummy with a chain to the

wall--as if I needed that! And there's these fool chains from my wrists to my ankles. I'd be even madder if we could touch... I'd have an awful time doing much of anything to you. I can't get my hands even up to my waist. I say, darling, d'you think the two of us can ever talk him into chaining us together? I mean, you might have a bit of influence, being from the U.S. and all that, and you're so terribly lovely. I'm surprised he hasn't fucked you yet."

"He seems to be keeping it for some special occasion."

"Well, it's worth waiting for. I do wish he'd let me out of here so I could go and watch what he does to you. Let's suggest it."

"You'd enjoy watching my agony? Are you kooky?"

"Of course not, but I could make suggestions, and if I irritate Fellowes enough he'll divert some of his attention from you to me.

"Then we'll both be-in trouble instead of just me."

"I'd risk that. You've no idea how tired I am of sitting here wearing all this hardware. The food's not that good either; just bread and water and an apple. Don't suppose you could smuggle... Good gosh, of course you can't--you're naked too."

"Don't underrate me, sweetheart. But wouldn't it taste?"

"Oh, it would, darling! Oh, please do! If you get even half a chance... and only half a sandwich! I just know you'd taste gorgeous."

"Oklahoma dressing!" Natalie chuckled, "I must mention that to Chester, after I'm sent home properly shriven. He could make a few more millions."

Lady Emily was suddenly wistful. "Mention to Fellowes how you'd love to have me share your punishment, darling. You never know, you might catch him in a weak moment--oops! Here he is with my food ration."



"I say, Fellowes, if we both beg on our knees will you chain us both on the same side?"

"Yes, M'Lady; with gags and chastity belts."

"Oh don't be so formal! What must we do to soften your heart? I think that's a poor attitude about our cunts. You could have at least kept up a gentlemanly illusion that we were free to offer them."

"A lady's pudendum is not a medium of exchange, Miss."

"Well, some girls do alright with them!"

"They are catering to a different market, if I may say so, Miss. Will there be anything more?"

"Please take my cunt, Fellowes." Lady Emily's voice was infinitely wistful. "I'm not asking a big price?"

"There is one more manacle that links the knees, Miss."

"That's to tell me to shut up," Emily acknowledged disconsolately.

"Fellowes...?" Natalie Herkimer stood as straight as her fetters would allow. With joined hands, captive in their chains, she made a gesture of helpless submission. "I have nothing to offer that is not yours now. But... please... please let us be together tonight?"

The dungeon silence enveloped the small tableau, struck motionless by the simple words. Then, as without volition, the Halibut butler took a key from his pocket and, mutely, fulfilled the naked girl's wish. Then he quickly left, slamming the door and bolting it as though fearful some word of Emily's might destroy the dignity of his noble act.

* * *

"Back to the whip, Fellowes?" Natalie made her voice bright to suit the morning. She stood daintily on tiptoe and raised her arms.

"Quite so, Madam. Your back is, as yet, unmarked. It is, if I may make so bold, a back of superlative symmetry. Your deltoid muscles are exquisite."

"Never heard of them. But, I say Fellowes, when it's a girl's back that gets it, that's called a flogging, isn't it?"

"A coarse term I would never employ, Madam."

"I expect it hurts the same. Is it done with a cat-o'-nine-tails?"

"We do not have one, Madam. That is an instrument suitable only for those of lower social standing."

"Oh jeeppers! I suppose you know my toes are off the floor?"

"Quite so, Madam. I have secured your wrists with straps so that the stress may be more evenly distributed. I trust you are looking forward to your day as a memorable experience?"

"Oh, come off it, Fellowes! I sure do expect to remember it."

"This is the whip, Madam. Specially made for those of noble blood, by the nation's finest craftsman."

"Will there be a pool of the red stuff under my feet when you get through?"

"No, Madam. At the worst a small spot here and there upon your skin."

"I suppose you know I'm in agony, hanging like this? I don't see why I have to be whipped too. This ought to be quite enough!"

"The advantage of your situation, Madam, is that it leaves you free for the fluid expression of motion."

"You mean I'll kick and weave my ass!"

"Quite so, Madam. Ahem... there is the small matter of Lady Emily. She has expressed a wish that you approve her presence?"

"Oh, Fellowes, would you?"

"Since you wish it, Madam. Apart from her lack of moral judgement she is a most engaging young woman. And now... if you will forgive me "

"ARRRRRaaaaaaGGGGGGhhhhhH! Oh, oh, ohhhh!"

"GuuuuuuGGGGGGggggg-H! Oh don't, oh stop! Oh please...!"

"Any new infliction is always trying, Madam."

"If you're thinking of ten or twenty more like that it'll kill me."

"I had the figure of fifty in mind, Madam. Spread throughout the day, of course. It will relieve boredom."

"I can't take it! Tell Chester I forgive him."

"Your breasts will remain inviolate, should you be fearful."

"Never mind my breasts, Fellowes. It's my life I'm concerned with! I shall be dead by the nineteenth... I say, Fellowes, I'm

sorry about kicking and all the rest. It's partly this hanging thing. If you'd let me have my feet on the floor I might behave better."

"Perhaps later, Madam. There is an exercise in which you are required to raise one foot to allow the lash free access to the pubic region."



"You're not going to tell me a girl lifts her leg so's to get her cunt whipped! I don't believe it."

"Miss Emily does it constantly, Madam. The inducement is one stroke with compliance or two without."

"You've really got us girls, haven't you, Fellowes. Alright, I'll cock my leg for one. But there'll be more than one, won't there?"

"A plurality, Madam. Please entertain no fears of damage. The vulva is remarkably resilient. And now once again... "

"WahhhhhhhhaaaaaaaHHHH! YooooooWWWWWWWw - ugh! Oh Fellowes!"

"Your back is a canvas, Madam, on which the lash imprints its tracery of red."

"Good heavens! Poetry!"

"A small conceit of mine, Madam. And again... "

"RrrrrUUUUUgggggHHHH - aggggg!"

"If I may be so bold, Madam, I would say that there is a certain lyric quality inherent in your exclamations under correction."

"Then write the music and we'll make a fortune!" Natalie's voice was bitter. "Oh shit! I wish I could keep quiet. I try so damn hard, but I can't! The pain's just too awful."

"I will backhand this one from the reverse side, Madam. It keeps a nice balance."

"EeeeeeeKKKKKKeeeee--K... Ugh! Stop whipping me! PLEASE!"

"There will be rest periods, Madam. One more... "

"AaaaaaHhhhhh! WowwwwW! Please stop! I'm cut to ribbons, I just know I am! Don't whip me anymore, Fellowes, I'll beg!"

"My heart is with you, Madam, in this time of travail. If I may take the liberty I will test what Miss Emily coarsely refers to as your cunt juice."

"I suppose I'm sopping? That damn thing's no friend of mine!"

"An eminently satisfactory secretion, Madam."

"AAAAHhhhhhRrrrrrAH! Oh shit! Wow! Dammit! Fellowes, I wasn't looking for that one. It hurt like fury."

"I strive to give satisfaction, Madam. Perhaps the time has come to employ a small invention of my own. You may be glad of it."

"An anesthetic?"

"Alas, no, Madam. But I trust you will find it helpful."

"It will probably hurt." Natalie's eyes followed the butler as he produced a shining metal object. Instantly she divined its use. "I suppose I have to open my mouth?" she inquired glumly.

"Thank you, Madam; and protrude your tongue."

"That thing won't nip it off?"

"Have no fear, Madam, the serrated jaws are only to prevent you ejecting it. Screams are inhibited. A pleasant change from the gag."

"You're so good to me! There!"

"Thank you, Madam. The jaws close... so!"

"Glug!"

"Miss Emily will visit you in one hour. Her hands will be bound."

"Glug!"

"Quite so, Madam. My own sentiments exactly."

THE END

