

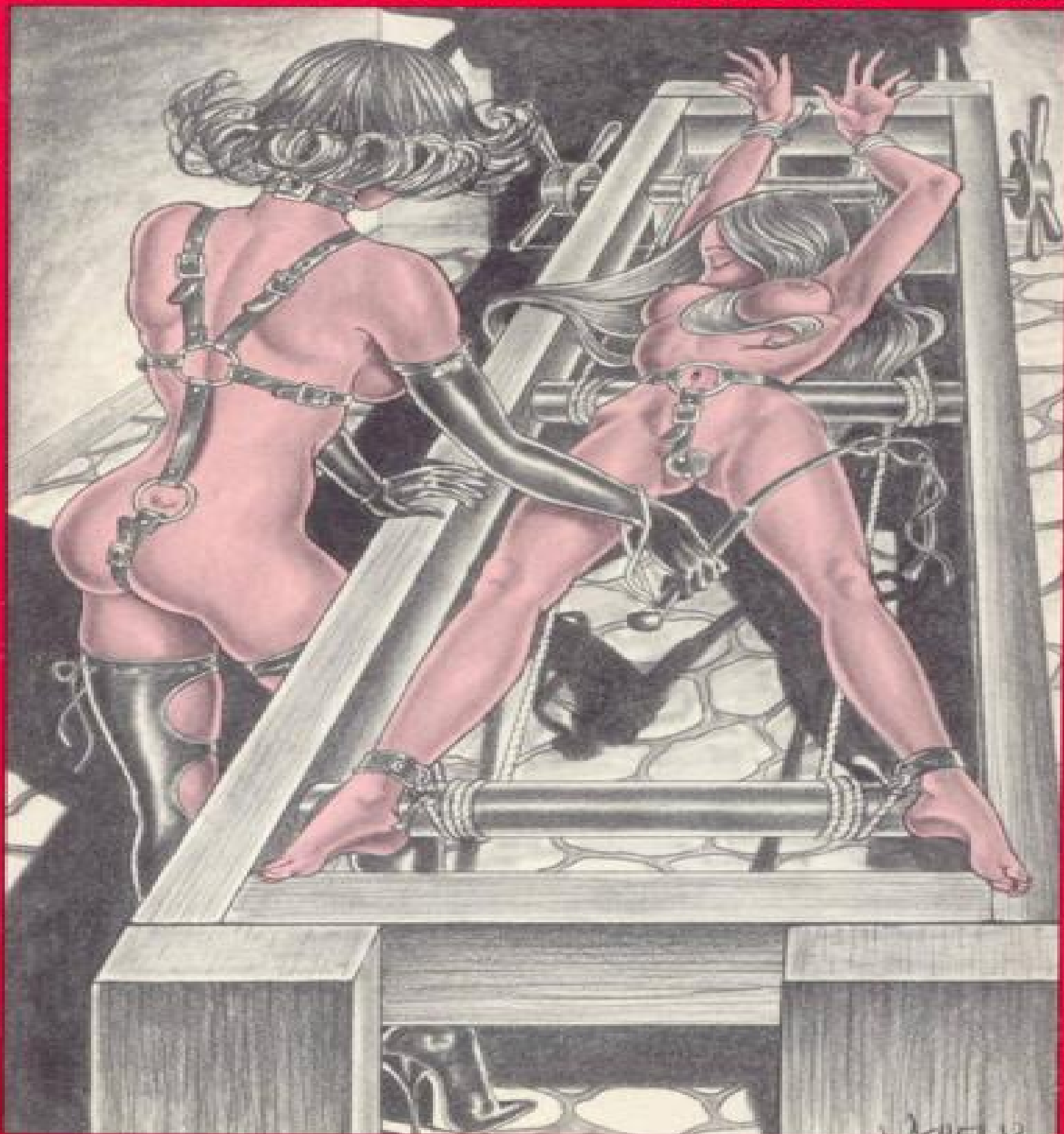
FELLOWES 8

ARCADIAN AGONY

A HOUSE OF MILAN PUBLICATION

ADULTS ONLY

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Fellowes 08 Arcadian Agony

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Illustrated by Ashely

„A regrettable contretemps, M'Lord.“

Lord Halibut tensed. His expression became that of the fox who has heard the bay of hounds. “That dratted girl again, Fellowes? What’s she up to now?”

“Lady Emily appears innocent of wrongdoing, M'Lord. The fault is possibly my own. She was incarcerated in the larger cage of the old dog kennels.”

“Jolly good idea, that!” Lord Halibut approved. “Give the little filly a bit of freedom and keeps her out of mischief.” His features became anxious. “I say, Fellowes, that delivery boy hasn’t got in there with her, eh?”

“No, M'Lord. I have a most adequate padlock. I also took the liberty of using handcuffs to place Miss Emily’s wrists in limbo at her rear. She is in no position to profitably enjoy her habitual wiles.”

The second gardener, then. Damned resourceful wrench, my granddaughter! A true Halibut!”

“Indubitably, M'Lord. However her present dilemma does not involve a male.”

“That’s a change!” Lord Halibut looked worried. “The gel’s not coming down with something?”

“Miss Emily is radiant with *joie de vivre*, M’Lord. The awkwardness arose from Lady Tushington taking a stroll in the rose garden.”

“Who the devil’s Lady Tushington?”

“Your house guest, M’Lord. You may recall dining with her last evening.”

“By George, I’d forgotten! Hefty piece of goods! Had trouble getting her soup up and over those udders she’s got popped up in front. Think they’re real, Fellowes?”

“I would subscribe to that school of thought, M’Lord!”

“Humph! What’s the old trout got to do with Emily? Thought we’d decided to keep `em apart?”

“Man proposes and the gods dispose, M’Lord. Lady Tushington came face to face with Lady Emily through the heavy wire mesh of the kennel. She was much perturbed.”

“Humph. Seeing young Emily caged, I suppose You’ll have to think of something, Fellowes.”

“I can possibly contrive some fictional explanation, M’Lord, but Lady Tushington is principally incensed because of certain suggestions made – ill advisedly – by your granddaughter.”

Lord Halibut brightened. “What’s the little filly come up wit this time? Fine stuff, that gel!”

“She suggested that Lady Tushington insert her hand through the wire and employ it in the manipulation of her pudendum, M’Lord.”

"You mean put her hand on it!" Lord Halibut slapped his thigh in hearty approbation., "I suppose the Tush woman took a dim view?"

"She is speaking of the police, M'Lord. Horsewhips are also mentioned."

"What's she want to horsewhip a policeman for?"

"The horsewhip was for Lady Emily, M'Lord. The police were in regard to the employment of wire cages for the restraint of young women. Lady Tushington is a noted feminist."

Lord Halibut sighed. He asked only peace and quiet of life; two blessings not synonymous with the presence of his granddaughter Emily. "Where is this feminist hellcat?" he asked sadly.

"She and Miss Emily are engaged in controversy, M'Lord. Each is imbued with missionary zeal."

"Good heavens! Not going to be burning incense, are we?"

"No, M'Lord. Lady Tushington is advancing the view that Miss Emily should keep her back to the wire so that her pubic hair is not on display, whilst Lady Emily urges the opening of the padlock with a view to she and Lady Tushington engaging in a lesbian union in the rhododendron bushes."

"Bit of the old tongue-and-groove stuff, eh?" Lord Halibut approved tolerantly. He grunted. "I bet the super dreadnaught has a cavern the size of the Grotto on Capri. Be scared to get near it. myself . . . probably snap at you!"

"The possibility is hypothetical, M'Lord. Placating Lady Tushington is our priority."

"Well, get to it, Fellowes m'boy. Finesse, that's the ticket. Refer to a piece of tail as sexual congress – throw her of the scent." Lord

Halibut's eye brightened. "I say, Fellowes. What the devil would you call young Emily's proposition in the bushes?"

"Cunnilingus, M'Lord."

"Goodness me! What will they think of next! You could have fooled me. I'd have thought that the name for the Irish Parliament."

"I can give you its root derivatives, M'Lord."

"Never mind. I'm sure they're vulgar. Rally to the colors, my dear chap. Refute the Tushington . . . , and gag young Emily." Lord Halibut looked slay. "No need for me to get involved, eh!"

Fellowes sighed. "Quite so, M'Lord."

Lord Halibut watched his butler recede. He felt certain the current spot of bother was in good hands. He returned happily to his collection of stamps.

"Outrageous, Fellowes!"

"If you say so, M'Lady!"

"She's just jealous," Lady Emily asserted from inside the cage.

"What have I to be jealous about, you abandoned hussy!" Lady Tushington snorted.

"My tits and cunt to begin with," said Lady Emily with acerbity. "I'd hate to see you with your clothes off."

Lady Tushington fixed Fellowes with a basilisk glare. "I understand this deplorable female is under your authority. I demand she be punished." Lady Tushington breathed gustily. "I suggest the horsewhip."

"I haven't done a thing!" Emily complained, aggrieved.

Lady Tushington's anger had almost robbed her of speech, but not quite.

"You have cast the foulest aspersions upon my character! I only thought it would be nice if we licked each other a bit in the bushes . . . the rhododendrons, that is," she added hurriedly. She managed to sound plaintively ill-ised.

"Lady Emily has an original character, Madam." Fellowes felt he was building bricks without straw, but did his best. "She is inclined to include us all in her enthusiasms."

"Is that why you keep her in a cage? I would normally disapprove . . ."

"It is contributing factor, Madam."

"What's she handcuffed for?"

"It's so I can't play with my clit," Lady Emily contributed bitterly. "Dashed unsporting, if you ask me."

"Does she talk like this all the time?" Lady Tushington began to sound intrigued.

"Miss Emily has a tendency to hyperbole, Madam!"

"Well, whatever it is I suggest to whip it out of her." Lady Tushington transferred her gaze from the butler to the naked girl behind the wire. "You're nothing but a trollop. Cover up your . . . your . . ."

"My cunt?" Lady Emily asked helpfully. "I can't unless Fellowes wants to unlock these handcuffs. I say, Fellowes, how about it?"

"The matter of Miss Emily's punishment is being taken under advisement, Madam." Fellowes knew himself on insecure ground.

"I want her thrashed!" Lady Tushington pointed her mammaries like a broadside on a Man o' War, and added firmly, "Now!"

"I don't want to be whipped," Lady Emily affirmed dismally as though knowing herself on a losing team. "It's not fair. I only said . . ."

"I know perfectly well what you said!" Lady Tushington kept her two batteries of heavy artillery trained upon the only male present. "Well, man, get on with it. What do you propose to do?"

"I had thought of a ceremonial caning after lunch, Madam!"

"Oh, Fellowes!" Emily's voice throbbed with reproach.

"You mean leave her as she is . . . to think about it!" Lady Tushington sounded faintly appeased.

"I think you're both horrid!" said Emily sadly. "Here I am, chained and locked in a cage and you want to cane my bottom." She eyed the butler hopefully. "I say, Fellowes, what about an Intermission?"

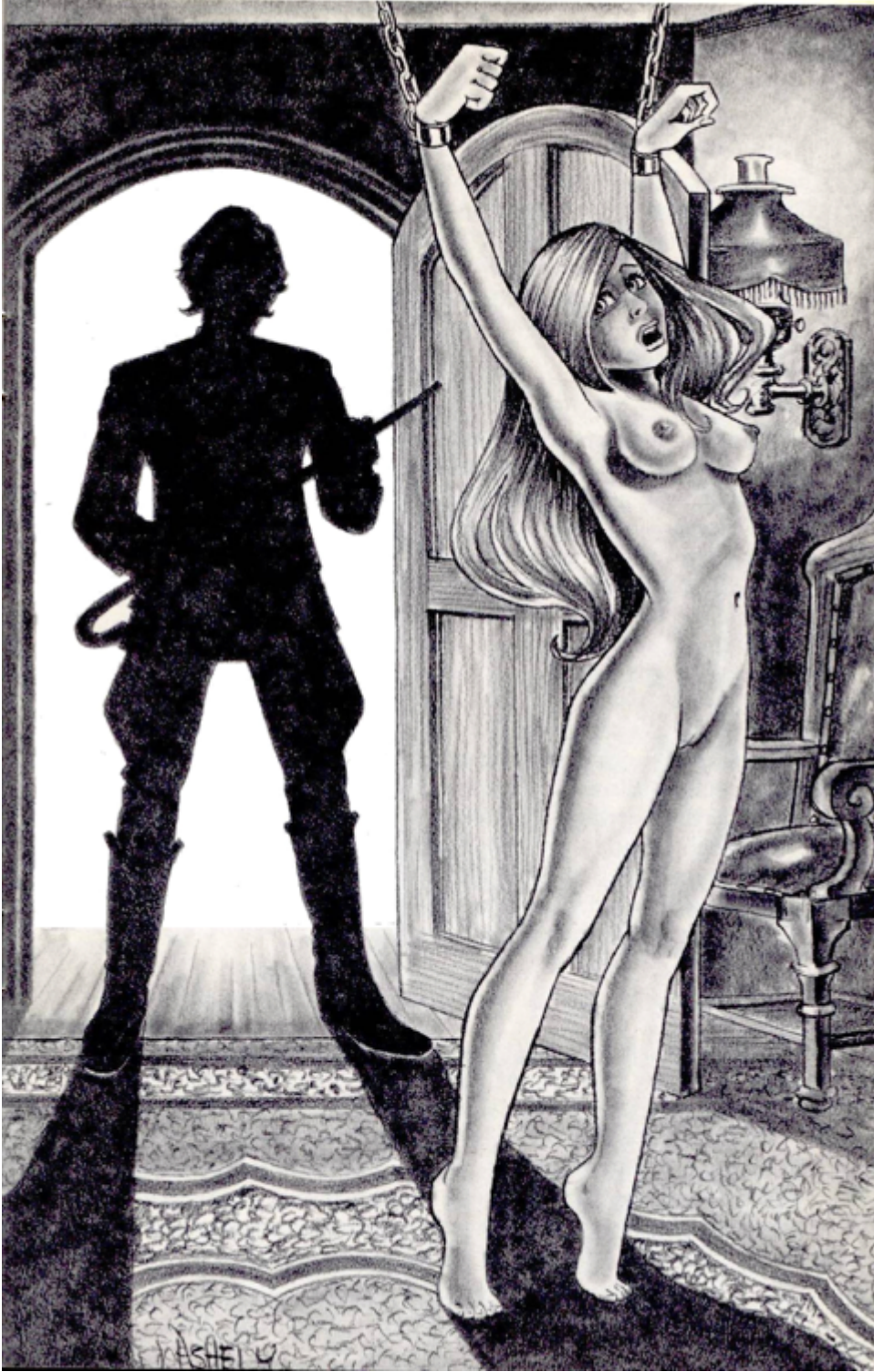
"What on earth is the girl talking about?"

"She is referring to a small recreation, Madam," Fellowes said hastily.

"He fucks me," said Lady Emily succinctly.

Lady Tushington snorted her disbelief. "The girl is beyond redemption!" she stated firmly. "I suggest an extra dozen for that little bit of impertinence."

“Indubitably, Madam.” Fellowes tried hard to evade Emily’s accusing eyes as she wailed her anguish. “What d’you mean an extra dozen! Extra . . . ! Gosh, twelve ought to be enough for anyone, without talking about extras!”



"A dozen would barely scratch the surface of your insolence, young woman! I had been considering sixty. I will be content with a bare fifty. Perhaps they will dampen your ardour." Lady Tushington was on the warpath.

"If I may be so bold, Madam." Fellowes was aware of a formidable opponent. "I cane with severity. His Lordship and I feel that half that number would be a most stringent correction"

"Fifty," said Lady Tushington firmly.

"Thirty, Madam."

"Very well then, but I insist on delivering half of them myself.

"Oh no! I'll die! Oh Fellowes . . . !"

"I'm sure your fortitude is equal to the chastisement, Miss."

"You're just saying that 'cos she's here. Thirty's awful! I can't possibly bear them." She directed a heartfelt appeal to the massive feminine presence. "I say, Lady Tushington, if I ask Fellowes to fuck you, will you let me off our half?"

The silence that fell was heavy and portentous. It hung like a thundercloud for moments before the outraged dowager ejaculated ominously, "Fellowes . . . you heard?"

"Very well, Madam. We will return to your original sixty."

"But I only offered . . . !" Emily sounded genuinely puzzled.

"It would be as well to modify your suggestions, Miss. You have a tendency to vulgar exuberance. I would suggest, too, that you eschew colloquialisms They lack subtlety." Fellowes offered his advice gently. He was far from happy.

Lady Emily, within her cage, watched the butler and the guest depart. She tugged fretfully at her handcuffs. She tried to drive the vision of the cane and the number sixty from her mind, but it would not go. "Oh golly!" she said lugubriously.

There was not much else to say.

"Get you fixed up a treat, eh, Emily m'girl?" Lord Halibut peered earnestly at his naked granddaughter. He had put in an appearance only from a sense of what was proper to the occasion.

Oh Grandpa! Don't let them!" Emily was feeling panic. Her immediate future was far from enviable. She looked up her naked arms to where her wrists were tied far apart causing her to stand upon her toes. "It's not nice to fasten me like this for everybody to see."

"See what, m'dear?" Lord Halibut inquired obtusely.

"Oh Grandpa! My cunt . . . my tits . . . my boobs . . . everything!"

"Ah, see what you mean." The aged Peer squinted through his bifocals, paying scant tribute to the lush offerings so helplessly displayed. "Getting whipped again, eh! 'Pon my word . . . I think you enjoy it."

"Oh Grandpa, it's awful! Tell him, Fellowes, how awful it's going to be."

"Already told me. Glad it's you, girl, and not me," His Lordship mused heartlessly. "I say, Fellowes, looks as though we can't put her in that

cage anymore – gets herself in hot water every time. Damn pity.”

“I am considering a good heavy chain by which Her Ladyship could be attached to a tree or some solid object, M’Lord. I am a believer in fresh air. The chain would allow some latitude in movement.”

“Make sure it’s extra heavy,” Emily said bitterly. “I might break it.”

“Now that’s something more like it!” The feminine bellow of approval came from an athletically clad Lady Tushington whose tennis shoes, shorts and blouse seemed incongruously untidy, but whose bare arms and legs sent shivers up the spine of the girl waiting to be whipped. If whipping was on the agenda, Lady Tushington was suitably clad.

“Jolly nice of you to take the trouble,” said Lord Halibut vaguely, feeling that some such remark was in order.

“You should gag the little baggage when you put her back in the cage,” Lady Tushington declared with judgement.

“Said that m’self.” Lord Halibut was pleased. “Think it’s alright for us to put her back in there?”

“If she was mine she would never leave it,” Lady Tushington said with finality.

“Thought you were a bit inclined to Women’s Rights?” Lord Halibut was bemused.

“I do not regard this youthful female as either a woman or a lady. She is in some vulgar category all her own. ‘Lick my clit’ indeed!”

“Perhaps you would like to commence, Madam.” Fellowes wanted only to get his charge safely through her ordeal and out of Lady Tushington’s sight and mind. Even the shocking total of sixty could be increased – Emily’s tongue was an ever-present hazard.

"I am in no hurry," Emily said helpfully.

"I am," said Lady Tushington.

"You mean you're going to have a go at the gel yourself?" Lord Halibut was intrigued. "I say, I've never seen that. Perhaps I'll stay."

"Oh Grandpa, don't stand there and gloat." Emily was bereft.

"If I might make so bold, I think we should put an end to her Ladyship's suspense." Fellowes was fighting heavy odds.

"I say, Fellowes, that's a whip you're holding. I'm supposed to be caned." Emily's voice was increasingly poignant.

"A young lady's posterior cannot possibly absorb sixty strokes, Miss. It will therefore be needful to utilize other . . . er . . . portions of your anatomy. I trust you approve."

"Couldn't you simply give my bottom all it can take and let it go at that?"

"I must abide by the decisions of others, Miss."

"Look, Grandpa, I can't possibly bear sixty. Please help! Don't just agree with everything the old battle-axe says simply because she's got big boobs and she's a guest."

"The full sixty," said Lady Tushington, lips compressed.

"I expect it will sting a bit, Emily m'gel. But you've got your feet. Just kick a bit. It'll pass."

"Give me the cane," said Lady Tushington.

"Please, oh please . . . not to hard!" Emily was scared.

Viewed socially, Lady Tushington gave no hint of athletic prowess. But in the punishment room of the Halibut estate, and clad as the Games-Mistress of a girls' school, she appeared in a new and frightening guise. Her loving fondling of the cane, her swing and follow-through would have done justice to the Olympic Games. The air whirred and the cane *thrrrrummed*. The considerable poundage of the noblewoman swung nimbly on the balls of rubber-clad feet. The sound of impact was soul-shrinking.

Emily screamed!

"I say, jolly good!" exclaimed Lord Halibut as though applauding a lusty hit in cricket.

Emily did not stop screaming!

"Gel's bloody noisy!" observed Lady Tushington.

"Please, don't gag me . . . oh please don't . . . !" Emily could read the intent all too clearly.

"An impediment to sound might minimize embarrassment, Miss." Fellowes was looking in a drawer.



"Oh, no! Oh Fellowes, don't put that rotten gag in my mouth. I hate it! I'm sorry about the noise. I really am. I'll try and do better, honest I will!"

"Splendid gel," Lord Halibut approved. "I say, that's a really prime welt you've got on your bottom, m'dear."

Lady Tushington swung again. Emily writhed and moaned but did not scream. "You see," she wailed between clenched teeth, "I can keep quiet. I can! Don't use the gag!"

"The youngster has a point." Lord Halibut viewed his naked granddaughter with pride. "Very well, young'un. Show us what you're made of."

Emily showed them. She was a twisting, whirling mess of arms and breasts and legs. The black patch of her pubic hair turned and was stretched out of shape by the threshing of her thighs. But she was flesh and blood. She was a girl. Lady Tushington was a virago, a vengeful fury. Her arm knew no mercy. After the eighth stroke Emily's fortitude broke. Her scream made even Lord Halibut look up in surprise.

"I say, bad show, that." He sounded hurt.

"It's no good, Grandpa," Emily moaned. "I'm sorry. Please gag me, fellows." She looked back over a naked shoulder at the woman with the whip and asked wanly, "Please, Lady Tushington, I'm sorry. Please forgive me the rest. Please!"

"No," said Lady Tushington. "Fellowes, please gag the silly girl."

"Quite so, Madam. If you will permit me, Miss."

"Oh, I'll permit you, Fellowes," Emily laid on the sarcasm heavily as she opened her mouth wide for the rubber ball and strap.

"Now we can get down to work," said Lady Tushington with relish.

Lady Emily screamed and screamed. But no one heard.

"Your turn, Fellowes. I've had my innings." Lady Tushington was panting. The naked body of the girl hanging by her wrists was glistening with sweat. Her bottom and hips from the thighs to the small of her back was a welter of vivid scarlet and purple, the skin ridged and etched in a manner that caused Lord Halibut to adjust his spectacles and Fellowes to play the only card let up his sleeve.

"Magnificent, Madam. I am sure you are proud."

"Think you can do as well?" the perspiring noblewoman stood back and admired her work. "That's a well-whipped rump."

Emily moaned. Her eyes went from one to the other of her audience and came to rest on Fellowes. *Beloved Fellowes . . . Her only hope.*

"Have you considered the efficacy of sudden change, Madam?"

"Change! What d'you mean?"

"A sudden switch in direction, Madam. From something bad to something worse. I have found it most effective. It demoralises, defeats bravado, humbles pride."

"You talking about this little bitch?"

"I would never refer to Lady Emily in such terms, Madam. But I do recall the case of Lady Effingham. His Lordship had me whip her every Friday until it became evident she had made an adjustment. Her manners deteriorated and her morals relaxed. The following week, instead of the whip, she was suspended b her thumbs. His Lordship was most gratified by the result."

Lady Tushington guffawed. He had caught her interest. "And what did Madam think of that?"

"Her reaction was most gratifying, M'Lady. I have rarely achieved such recognition or my efforts."

"You've got something similar in mind for this sweaty wench?" The woman who had whipped the girlish nudity cocked an enquiring, but sceptical eye.

"Precisely, Madam. Lady Emily is expecting the whip – and expecting it now. If I may be so bold I would suggest we apply this psychological change. Defer the balance of her punishment until tomorrow. Allow her time for repentance and suspense as she awaits her suspensions, her time upon the Rack, her crouching in the small cage. I feel sure she will afterwards never again offend your nobility. If you permit I will remove her gag so that you may better assess her reactions."

Lady Tushington regarded the Halibut butler with an approving eye. "By all means! There's more to you, Fellowes, than I thought."

Only Emily saw the knowing wink in Fellowes' eye. Rid of the choking ball she wet her lips and shared his gamble. "Please don't . . . Not all those awful things!" she moaned. "Don't make me wait . . . Oh, whip me now and get it over Please?"

"We will do as you suggest, Fellowes," said Lady Tushington grandly.

"Jolly sporting all around," said Lord Halibut beaming.



"Fellows, I love you. You saved my life."

"I strive to give satisfaction, Miss."

"Do I have to be tied this tight while we wait for Messalina?" Emily fluttered her shoulders against the cords joining her wrists and elbows and made a brief struggle to illustrate her discomfort.

"I deem it expedient, Miss. I am sanguine that your good night's sleep has restored

sufficient vigour to bear with today's tribulations?"

"You're a dear, Fellowes, even if I was spreadeagled on the bed. I slept like a top. I even felt horny when I woke up." Lady Emily's radiance clouded. "I say, Fellowes, I know it's going to be better than the awful whipping scheduled for yesterday, but it's still going to be a bad day, isn't it? Dracula's mother doesn't like me."

"I am confident you will acquit yourself well, M'Lady."

"Am I really going to hang by my thumbs?"

"I fear so, Miss."

"I say, Fellowes, try and keep the old witch off my breasts. She kept staring at 'em yesterday.

"I will endeavour to divert her attention elsewhere, Miss."

"And my cunt! I'm not too keen on having her mess around with that!"

"I will do my best, Miss. But Lady Tushington is an enterprising woman, and we cannot hope to becloud her vision of your principal charms."

"Is my cunt a charm, Fellowes? You're sweet. But don't let her whip it or stick things up."

"I am hopeful of only moderate applications of the more conventional discomforts, Miss."

"Oh, Fellowes! What a word to use for torture! I'd been hoping - -"

"Good morning all!" Lady Tushington swept into the torture chamber of Bondsleigh Castle with a flourish. "All ready, I see!" Her searching eye approved the cords deep in Emily's flesh. "Once more onto the breach, Fellowes! Strike on!"

Lady Emily Halibut was aware that Providence in the shape of Fellowes, was on her side. But, looking up her strained arms to where her bound thumbs stood grotesquely out on their own and bore her weight, she fest unaware of blessedness. Her toes sought the floor and found it not. But optimism was never entirely absent from her spirit. She eyed Lady Tushington wanly and asked in a very small voice, "Could I have a bra and panties put on me, please?" She was still worried about the dowager's interest in the items that might be covered.

"Why?" asked Lady Tushington uncompromisingly.

"I thought, it would be more respectable."

"Don't be absurd. You will remain naked."

"Thank you, Lady Tushington." Emily was trying hard. "How long must I hang like this? It hurts terribly."

"Are you complaining?"

"Oh no! I'm ever so grateful. I'm sure this is good for me. I only thought - -"

"You are not supposed to think about anything except your appalling behaviour. You will stay as you are until we place you on the Rack."

Emily turned a hopeless eye on the attendant butler. "I say, Fellowes, don't they put a box or a block of wood or something under a girl's feet while she's like this?"

"I fear not, Miss."

"I just knew you'd say that," Emily said.

Lady Emily had tried the Rack before. There were certain tensions from which a damsel, having endured her punishment, might rise and walk away. She and Fellowes had not explored beyond. "Please don't stretch me too much, dear Lady Tushington," she implored demurely as she disposed her nudity for the ropes and straps.

"Humph! So it's 'Dear Lady Tushington' now, eh?" The older woman sounded faintly appeased. "Must be doing you good. Get the wench installed, Fellowes. I want to see how this thing works. Had an ancestor who died on one of those things. Must be damned interesting to watch."

"I would hardly recommend it as an indoor sport, Madam. It has a tendency to distort the torso."

"We'll torso the little baggage!"

"Quite so, Madam!"

"I don't think I'm going to like this," Emily said thinly. "I really do think my cunt ought to be covered for this one. It's going to look funny."

"I can bear it," Lady Tushington said magnanimously. "By George, Fellowes! You're right! Look at her tits flattening out! Damn glad it's her and not me. How'd ou know when to stop?"

"I use a gradual process, Madam. I am aware of the limit of tolerance. We leave Lady Emily taut at that point. Lord Halibut would

never approve dislocations."



“Good for Grandpa!” Emily gasped. “Oh golly! Oh . . . Oh . . . !”

“What a pity.” Lady Tushington looked down avidly at the wracked nudity of the punished girl. “Can’t her joints be put back in afterwards?”

“I have been cautioned as to the acceptable limits, Madam.”

“Ah, well” It was obvious that Lady Tushington deplored the tolerance of the current century. “I say, that’s damned intriguing the way her belly goes in and her pelvis stands out. Look at those hips! They should use these things or the anatomy class at hospitals” “I am sure the London General would be grateful or this suggestion, Madam. No doubt they could employ a nurse on probation.”

“Will you get shirty if I scream?” Emily asked.

“Come on, man! One more notch!” The noblewoman was panting.

“I don’t want to be a bore, but perhaps you’d better gag me,” Lady Emily gasped between moans.

“Not just now, girl,” said Lady Tushington irritably. “Go ahead and scream. I don’t mind. A scream or two may produce some interesting effects on what Fellowes calls your torso. I say, Fellowes, have you got another notch?”

“I was saving it ‘til later, Madam.”

“You sure I’m not as far as I can go, Fellowes, old boy?” Emily cocked an agonized eye at her only friend, the contrived a series of pitiful sounds designed to soften Lady Tushington’s flintlike heart.

“Don’t do that again, girl! Those moans have the most amazing effect on me. I feel like a mare in heat!”

"If you'd just let Fellowes ease up on that wheel I'm sure he'd be willing to fuck you while I rest a bit," Emily proposed optimistically.

"Give her another notch tighter, Fellowes, m'boy!" Lady Tushington was adhering grimly to policy.

"Quite so, Madam."

Emily screamed! Her eyes implored!

"Never have believe it! Wouldn't have missed this for the world!" The enthralled dowager peered down at the white agony of a girl who had been impertinent. "It . . . it's . . . sort of ironed her out. She's all ribs and hips. And she was right about her cunt. I just have to feel the female slit."



Lady Emily moaned afresh when the grasping hand clutched her sex. She could not move. No physical reaction was possible. She felt only a bitter shame in her deliverance to the ruthless touch. When a hard finger found her clitoris and began a far from tender massage she managed a feeble but continuous shaking of her head in negation.

Lady Tushington removed her hand. "Thought you'd enjoy it," she said, aggrieved. "You talk about it enough. And now when"

"Miss Emily's predicament is not conducive to erotic thoughts, Madam!" Fellowes suggested gently.

"How much more of this have I got?" Emily asked sadly.

"One more notch, Fellowes old chap!" Lady Tushington sounded as though she was leading her troops into battle.

The Rack creaked

"Seems a bit insipid to me," said Lady Tushington.

"That's because it's my feet and not yours," Lady Emily Halibut said with conviction.

"The culprit's posture lacks drama, Madam. But I can assure you her discomfort is extreme. Whilst in the service of Lord and Lady Herringbone I employed this discipline on Her Ladyship as a counter to an overweening penchant for gin. The cure was complete. After the second session she switched to lime juice and has never regressed."

"I'd settle for water," said Emily.

Lady Tushington viewed her victim with fresh interest. Lady Emily was standing nude upon a large square of plywood from which protruded a myriad of small nail points and other similar serrations. There was no space whereon a maiden's feet might rest without agony. She was impelled to this unhappy condition by well-corded wrists and elbows and a collar around her neck. A short chain tether led from her collar to a ring high on the wall and allowed her the dubious privilege of standing wherever she chose . . . as long as it was upon the torturing square. The chain would not allow her to seek relief beyond. The tight strictures around her elbows forced her to stand erect and to thrust out her breasts like a soldier standing at attention on parade. Her features bore a grimace of infinite distaste.

"We could leave her like that all day," said Lady Tushington as though coming up with a brilliant discovery.



"Quite so, Madam."

"O please" Emily looked from one to the other dismally. "I'll never be able to walk again! I hope you realise what you're doing."

"Tush, tush! Might say you're walking right now," Lady Tushington guffawed heartily. "Come on, girl. Give us one step forward and one back."

"I can't Oh, I can't!" Emily's protest was a wail.

"Of course you can, child!" Lady Tushington picked up the riding crop she had used to such good effect the day before. "See what I have here! Would you like to feel it too?"

"Oh don't whip me – not on the top of this! But don't you see . . . it will mean a whole set of fresh new wounds. I'm . . . I'm sort of impaled where I am. If I try and walk I'll be cut to pieces."

The crop sliced *thrrrrummmingly* across the already wounded bottom! In a gasping reaction to the agony Emily took the desired step . . . and screamed!

"That's better. Shows you're getting a bit of benefit."

The punished, tethered girl stood, sobbing and penitent, knowing that her ordeal was not ended. She looked sideways at her tormentor and asked plaintively, "Must I?"

"Of course, dear girl." Lady Tushington flexed the riding crop with firm and determined hands.

With a cry of desolation Emily took the second awful step. Her moans rose to a heartrending crescendo. When her flesh had accepted the new wounds she looked pathetically at the impassive butler. "Oh, Fellowes, get me off this! Oh, please, please, please!!"

"It's now time for lunch." said Lady Tushington.

The punished girl stood naked on her bed of nails and watched them go. In destitute she wept.

"I say, Fellowes, you didn't have to take me at my word about using a heavy chain." Lady Emily Halibut kicked fretfully at the long span of links that tethered her right ankle to the tree.

"I realised your sarcastic intent, Miss, but the basic precept was sound. I trust it gives satisfaction."

"You know it doesn't, and I don't see why my hands have to be tied behind my back." The captive scion of the House of Halibut tugged irritably at her pinioned wrists.

"I should remind you, M'Lady, that your behaviour in the week since Lady Tushington departed has been hardly exemplary."

"I suppose you mean about that chap who came to fix the boiler!" Emily sounded aggrieved. "You were busy that day. I simply had to have someone."

"The discharge of my duties, Miss, is no excuse for wantonness."

"Well, he wasn't as good as you, if that makes you feel any better." Lady Emily stamped a bare foot on a twig and said, "Ouch!"

"There was also the matter of the Vicar." Fellowes sounded shocked.

Lady Emily sniffed. "You can't say that turned out too bad. He's so sweet. When I offered him a bit of nooky he thought I was talking about some sort of candy bar."

"I would remind you also of the wire from Lady Tushington on her arrival home. Her favourite suitcase was filled with tar."

"Well, she was an awful bitch to me. Besides, it seemed a pity to waste it when that chap left it behind after the paving." Lady Emily tittered. "I did think of pouring it into your trousers."

"I fear you are incorrigible, Miss."

"Oh alright! So I have to be punished! Is this it, darling?"

"A bare preliminary, Miss. The pun is fortuitous. I feel that a period of quite sylvan meditation must be beneficial. Since you have no respectable employment or your hands I have taken the liberty of placing them in limbo."

"Humph! That means I sit my bare bottom on a lot of twigs and grass and look at trees. Be a good chap, Fellowes, and untie my hands. I promise I won't touch my clit – not even once."

"Your promises fail to inspire confidence, Miss."

"You mean you don't believe me?"

"Quite so, Miss."

"I do wish you wouldn't use that expression. It makes me feel as though everything I've said must have been silly."

"Quite so, Miss."

Emily kicked once more at her chain. "You said this was the prelim, so what's the main bout? I may as well know my fate."

"I had thought of a day in the small cage."

"I hate that! You're terribly unkind."

"Quite so, Miss. I had thought, too, of your standing on one leg for a period of quiet reflection."

"You're an absolute sadist. I say, Fellowes, what about an Intermission?"

"I regret that physical limitations prohibit the indulgence you desire twice the same hour, M'Lady."

"You did it to me before you chained me like this. It's been simply ages"

The butler consulted his watch. "It has been precisely thirty-five minutes, Miss."

"Well, it seems a lot longer." Lady Emily looked winsomely at her beloved Fellowes. "Are you quite sure?"

"Positive, Madam. I will be leaving you now."

"Oh, don't go and leave me all alone with beetles and things." Lady Emily genuinely disliked solitary punishment. "Stay awhile so I can talk to you. Maybe you'll think of some other way to tie men," she wheedled in her most dulcet tone.

"I deem it injudicious to expose myself to your blandishments, Miss. But I will be happy to join your elbows. I have the cord."

"Oh, Fellowes, you're impossible. You know I hate having my elbows tied!" Emily cocked a bright and speculative eye at her jailer. "Would you stay another hour if I let you tie my elbows?"

"May I remind you, Miss, you are in no position to bargain."

"Supposing I asked, ever so sweetly, to be tied?"

"No, Miss."

"It might give you an erection?"

"Not at this juncture, Miss. I have duties to perform."

"I'm one of your duties. Look after me."

"My terms of reference do not include sexual congress, M'Lady."

"What a ridiculous way to describe a bit of nooky! I can understand poor Grandpa thinking it's something they do in the United States."

"Your suggestion as to your elbows does have merit, Miss. If you allow me"

"Don't you dare! Stay away! Oh no . . . ! Ouch! Oh damn!"

"If you would stand still, the tying would hurt less, M'Lady."

"Oh, very well then! I `spose I've got to. There! My tits are out a foot. I hope it makes you happy."

"I am grateful or your cooperation, Miss It enables me to place the ropes to the best advantage so that your discomfort is minimised."

"Ohhhh Fellowes! Discomfort . . . ! You know it's torture. I'm in agony! Why don't I keep my mouth shut?"

"I often wonder, M'Lady."

"But you will stay or the hour, won't you, darling?"

"No, Miss. I am needed back at the house."

"Not half as bad as I need you! Who are you going to fuck there – the new housemaid? Lucky girl! Oh, golly, this hurts!"

"Perhaps a gag might inhibit vulgarities Miss? I have one in the bag. There! That looks very neat. Most charming"

"Ohhhh, Fellowes! No gag! Please! I'll be good!"

"Thank you, Miss. I will now say *au revoir*."

"And leave me in this appalling agony!" Emily twisted her wracked shoulders and contrived to look ill-used. "I think I've been swindled on this deal."

"Quite so, Miss."

The chained and naked captive watched the butler vanish down the path. Emily sighed. Life was hard for girls of enterprise. She looked around for a comfortable place on which to sit within the compass of her chain.

There did not appear to be any.

"I say, Fellowes, I can't possibly get in there! It's too small! The Honourable Emily eyed the shining cage without affection.

"You inhabited it on a previous occasion, Miss."

"That was a long time ago. I've grown."

"A bare six weeks, Miss."

"I've put on weight."

"Kindly cease procrastinating, Miss. Please dispose yourself within."

Lady Emily looked in desperation around the punishment room and at the beautifully fashioned cage designed for her discomfort. "All

day, Fellowes?" she inquired dolefully.

"Quite so, Miss."

"I can't possibly get in there with these handcuffs on my wrists and the other pair on my ankles."

"I assure you that you can, M'Lady."

"Why do I have to wear handcuffs in there? I couldn't possibly move."

"Their effect is psychological, Miss. They serve to remind you of your delinquent status."

"Oh, Fellowes, being curled up in a ball will do that! Please take them off?"

"These importunities are becoming tedious, Miss. Perhaps the institution of a penalty would help you control them?"

"Oh, very well!" said Lady Emily petulantly. "I can consider myself put in my place. You're being perfectly beastly to me. I'm a good mind to cry."



"May I take the liberty of suggesting a delay in your lachrymal indulgence until after you are in the cage, M'Lady? It will then provide an outlet for your emotions."

"I think you're horrid! I won't have a thing to dry my tears with."

"May I again request . . . ?"

"Oh alright! I know I've got to get in the rotten little box. I'll start wiggling. It'll probably take me half an hour to insert myself."

"I am prepared to wait, Madam."

"Good lord, Fellowes, what a struggle! Am I all in?"

"Another inch forward, Miss. I do not want the door to pinch."

"This is awful. I even have to duck my head. I swear, if my tongue was a bit longer I could use it on my clit."

"A fortunate limitation, Miss. The act you envision is hardly in keeping"

"Oh damn! My handcuffs are in front so I'm hugging my knees. I can't reach a thing."

"What did you wish to reach, Miss?"

"That's a damn silly question. You know perfectly well about all a girl has to do in this contraption is play with her clit."

"Providence protects your pudendum, M'lady."

"It's not Providence at all; it's you! Now all I've got left is erotic thoughts. I shall strip you and endow you with a twenty-four-inch cock" Lady Emily giggled. "Or have you got some way of depriving me that too?"

"I would not so presume, Miss. I trust you are comfortable."

"Don't be absurd. I'm in agony . . . and it's all your fault. Honest, Fellowes, this is pretty awful!"

"I will leave you to silent contemplation, M'Lady."

The small door clicked shut. A padlock cruelly snapped. The butler's footsteps receded.

It was a real punishment. Emily shed her tears and made her abortive attempts to find physical compensations. Then she settled down to a difficult day and such pleasant fantasies as she could conjure in her dismal plight. She did not hear her grandfather's entry.

"I say, jolly clever, what!" he exclaimed cheerfully.

"Oh, Grandpa, let me out. Please!" Emily's plea was instinctive. The elderly Peer inspected the nude ball of femininity within the bars. "Don't know how you manage it," he enthused. "Jolly good show! Staying in there long?"

"Oh Grandpa!" There were times when Lord Halibut's inanities taxed Emily's affection to the limit. "I don't want to stay in here at all! Please get me out."

"Fellowes put you in there?" Lord Halibut inquired cautiously.

"Yes. He's terribly unkind sometimes. Please hurry."

"I'm not going anywhere," said Lord Halibut absently. "Just thought I'd drop in. I suppose if Fellowes put you in there you'd better stay . . . Chap no doubt had his reasons."

"But doesn't it hurt you to see me like this?"

"No, it's my arthritis. Hadn't noticed until you mentioned"

"Look, Grandpa! I'm handcuffed and anklecuffed and I can't move. It's awful in here."

"Builds character, I expect," Lord Halibut offered helpfully.

"It doesn't! It doesn't!" Emily protested. "It just hurts. If you don't let me out soon I think I'll cry."

"Don't do that," Lord Halibut implored hurriedly. "If you're going to cry, I'm off, Can't stand gels crying."

"Well, before you go please unlock the door. I can still wear the handcuffs. I expect they'll make me behave." Emily was trying hard.

"Sorry, m'dear. Don't have the key." Lord Halibut made for the door.

"Oh, Grandpa!" Emily's wail fell short of the retreating footsteps. She tugged hopelessly at her handcuffs and fell back on the solace of a few more tears.

"Have we done this one before, Fellowes?"

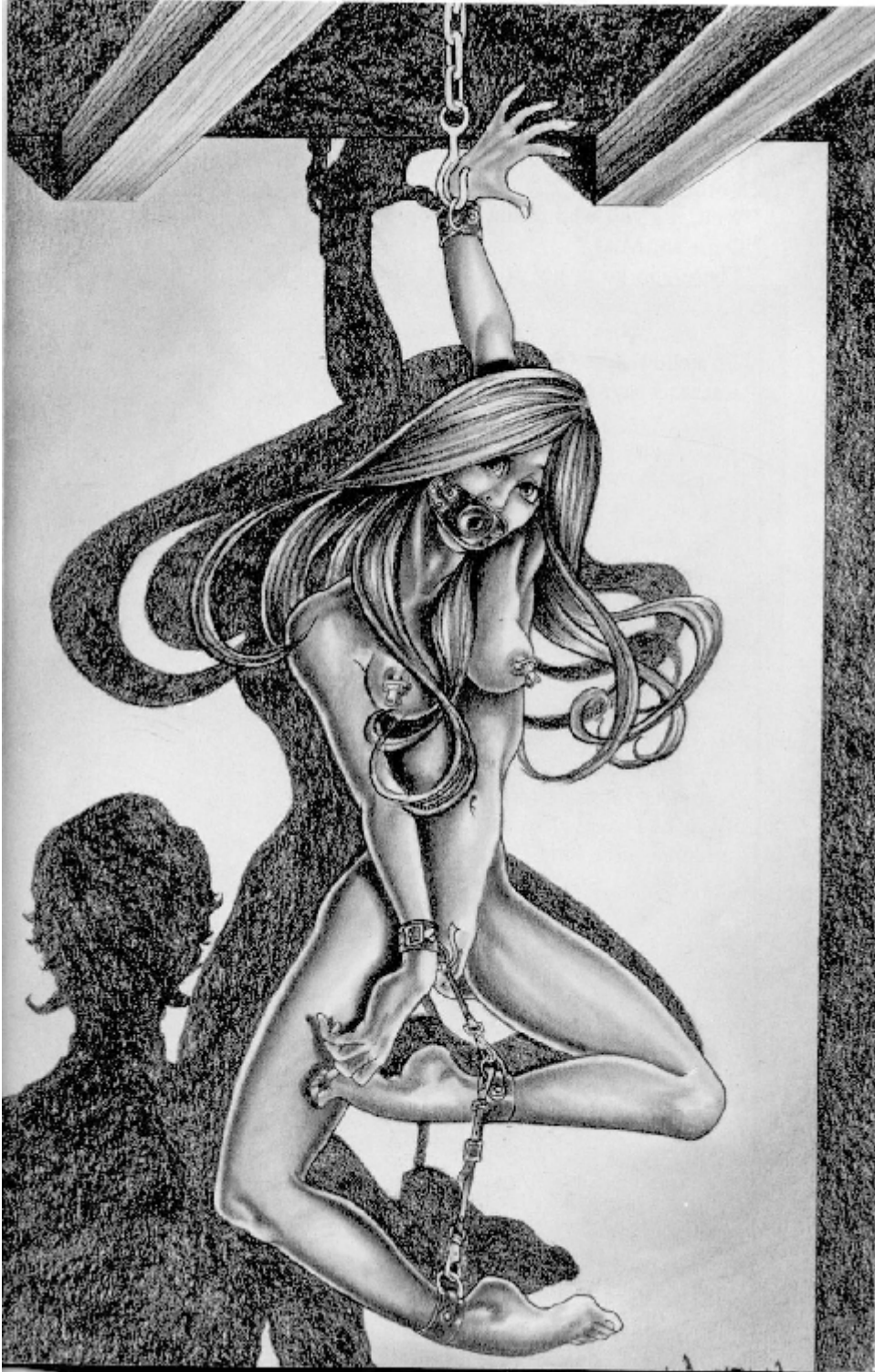
"Not precisely in this posture, Miss."

"I don't think I'm going to like it one bit." Emily looked up to where her left wrist was suspended from the ceiling. A handcuff dangled from her right. She was still standing flat on both feet but was wondering. "This is that one-leg thing, isn't it?"

"Quite so, Miss. If you will be so kind as to raise your left leg, bending at the knee."

Emily was resigned. She did as requested. The handcuff clicked shut, her right wrist and left ankle were now joined by a short chain

between the cuffs. Her left foot bore whatever weight she did not wish to impose on her upstretched arm, around which the cords were already snugly embedded. Far to snugly for her comfort.



"How do you expect me to love you when you do things like this?" she demanded, aggrieved.

"I am sure your punishments in no way affect our respect for each other, M'Lady."

"Well, it's you thinks `em up!"

"Quite so, Miss."

"There you go again! I sounds so damn smug - as though my agonies don't really matter."

"Quite so, Miss. Do you find the posture trying?"

"Oh Fellowes . . . ! You have then most marvellous gift of understatement. I say, my cunt must look a bit odd, me standing like this?"

"The facility you mention is at all times charming, Madam!"

"You do know I'm dying! I can't possibly last the day."

"You will emerge with your usual resilience, Miss."

"How about putting your hand on it?"

"I would not so presume!"

"But dammit man! I've just asked you to!"

"I would feel I was taking an unfair advantage, Miss."

"Well, tickle my tits then . . . good gosh, they're sort of all over the place too, aren't they!"

"The correction you are enjoying has a tendency to distort, Miss. But I find the overall effect most artistic."

“No Intermission?”

“Not at this juncture, M’Lady.”

“Well, be a good chap and use your hand. You’ve kept me from using mine for so long I’ve forgotten what it’s like.”

“If I may say so, Miss, sexual gratification is hardly compatible with penitence.”

“Who the hell wants to be penitent! What I need now is a nimble finger. I know you’ve got one.”

“I have spoken before of importunities, Miss!”

“Oh alright! I don’t want anymore lousy punishments. You’ll probably find a corpse hanging here on your return. I shall go to my grave without a climax.”

“You are jesting, Miss.”

“I’m not y’know! How’d you like to hang from one wrist all day?”

“Your foot is solidly on the floor, Miss.”

Only one . . . be a good chap and rub my cunt just a little. Hey, what are you doing! Those clips . . .?”

“Yes, Miss. On your nipples. I was serious about importunities.”

“Oh damn! Oh no! Gee whiz! Can’t a girl . . . don’t you dare . . . ! Oh! Ouch! Wowwww! Take `em off!”

“Good-bye, Miss. I am sure ou will keep amused.”

“Oh Fellowes . . . !”

