

FELLOWS 9

THE PLUMBERS TOOL

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The Plumbers Tool

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Illustrated by Ashely

"Cor blimey, Miss, you got all your clothes off."

"Of course I have, silly. We can't have fun with them on. Here, let me help you with those trousers." Lady Emily Halibut's fingers sought for buttons with a practiced dexterity.

"I ain't so sure we oughta be a-doin' this, Miss. 'Replace taps in washroom sink' is what that-there work order says."

"You can do that after you've fucked me. Don't argue."

"Ain't never done anything like this afore, Miss."

"What did the plumber send you for if you don't know how?"

"It ain't the taps, Miss. It's what you said."

"You mean it's your first bit of nooky?" Emily's eyes glowed. "How perfectly ripping! But with that underwear, I can understand! It does come off, doesn't it, or do we have to use solvent?"

"Careful with them buttons, Miss. Makes an awful fuss, does my Ma, about buttons... No, Miss, them there is fer the flap at

the back...

"What's your name?"

"Sydney Swithens, Miss."

"I say, Sydney m'boy, you've got a marvelous cock!"

"Thank you, Miss. Fair ashamed I be, the way it's acting."

"Don't"be! I'll just gobble the knob a minute before I spread my legs. Don't worry, I'll pop it in for you."

"Proper 'mazed I be, M'Lady. Never knew young ladies did this 'ere."

"I do." Emily paused for breath. "Wait till I get him inside me, it's going to be super--"

"Ahem!"

The silence in the washroom of Bondsleigh Castle was electric. Lady Emily remained frozen, mouth full and cheeks distended. Then slowly her lips relinquished their treasure. "Did you hear a noise?" Her voice quivered.

"It's that there gentleman wot's just come in, Miss." Sydney eyed his underwear with longing.

In frightened foreknowledge, Emily turned and, still kneeling, faced the family butler. "I say, Fellowes, are you shadowing me or something?" she asked with hurt reproach.

"I have developed an intuitive cognition as to your activities, Miss."

"Bloody radar! Dashed unsporting, y'know."

"When I learned that the plumber's helper was below retirement age I hastened with all speed, M'Lady."

"I was just helping him with his tools."

"I am sure he was grateful, Miss, for your deplorable expertise."

"You're just being unkind. I bent down to pick up a wrench when all of a sudden this thing popped into my mouth."

"No wrench is visible, Miss."

"I could have sworn I saw one. I say, Fellowes, you're not going to get shirty over this, I hope?"

"You are both unclothed."

"It's a warm day."

The Halibut butler nodded curtly to the youthful plumber. "You may leave." Sydney Swithens lost no time. Gathering his clothes and tool-box he departed, sweating. He spared only a single despairing glance at the naked girl kneeling in supplication before the butler's stern visage.

Alone with her nemesis, Lady Emily Halibut was bereft. "He had a lovely cock," she wailed. "You saw it."

"By the time it received my attention it was on the wane, Miss."

"The least you can do is fuck me. I've been robbed!"

"If I may say so, Miss, you have done nothing to warrant the

privilege. Quite the contrary, in fact."

"I suppose you won't consider a reasonable explanation?"

"Begging your pardon, Miss, I have yet to hear you make one."

"It's because you have no imagination. I've just thought up a real dilly."

"I would prefer not to hear it, Miss."

"I suppose you're going to whack away at my bottom with a cane?" Lady Emily's voice was a shrewd combination of heartbreak and reproach.

"Quite so, Miss. Kindly rise and place your hands behind your back."



"Handcuffs! Oh Fellowes! Handcuffs make me feel as though I've been caught with my hand in somebody's till."

"Handcuffs are eminently convenient, Miss. And, if I may be so bold, I can say that I have caught your hand in a number of reprehensible activities."

"It's all in the point of view. I say, Fellowes, how many? And you've got these clicking horrors on awful tight."

"I am considering the figure of twenty to start with, Miss. I will, of course, confirm it with Lord Halibut."

"Grandpa always agrees with you. It saves him making a decision. And what d'you mean, to start with? Twenty on my bare bottom ought to be enough to satisfy even the Marquis De Sade."

"Your posterior has developed a surprising tolerance, Miss. I fear it is inured to the cane."

"That's not true. I scream and scream."

"All too often feigned for my benefit, Miss."

"Can I help it if you're so suspicious! And if my poor bottom doesn't satisfy your savage lust you can slice me here and there... I've got a lot of nice places. But, Fellowes, be a good chap: not more than twenty?"

"Twenty is merely the hors d'oeuvres, Miss."

"Oh, Fellowes, am I to be tortured just because of a bit of knob gobbling?"

"Your terminology is regrettable, Miss--and with a plumber's helper!" The butler's voice was pained.

"I'd do the same for you, Fellowes. And we can't expect the

Prince of Wales to pop in and out of here with his fly open. I just take what comes. Be a sweet and let me have a go at you. My handcuffs will come off as conveniently as they went on. You said so."

"I am greatly honoured, Miss. But no."

"All right, then. If you'll unzip, I can manage the rest while wearing the handcuffs."

"You are more than kind, Miss. But duty dictates our adjournment to the punishment room. Your clothes will be removed and put away. You will have no further need of them."

"Led in chains to my doom," Lady Emily intoned heart-brokenly. "I say, Fellowes old chap, you don't need to clutch my hair like that. I'm perfectly willing to walk meekly to my fate like a lamb to slaughter."

"Begging your pardon, Miss, I prefer to take no chances."

"Naked and handcuffed, and you still doubt me! Oh Fellowes...!" Emily's voice dripped reproof.

"Ah, here we are, M'Lady. I will just ensure your compliance while I confer with His Lordship."

"Oh, Fellowes, don't heave my hands up behind my back! It hurts something awful with the handcuffs."

"A temporary expedient, M'Lady. Some discomfort is not amiss."

"Oh damn! I'm leaning so far forward I'm staring my cunt in the face. One more pull and I'll be off the floor!"

"Quite so, Miss. I will see you anon."

"Oh Fellowes... don't leave me! Oh, shit!"

The naked Emily, her hands and arms tractioned cruelly up behind her back, surveyed her limited view and tried unsuccessfully to ease her discomfort. Anything she did hurt. Her wrists had become two circlets of agony. She thought longingly of Sydney Swithens and his cock. If only she had taken him to the tool shed... and locked the door! It was while she was still lamenting ecstasy lost that a pair of plush slippers entered her range of vision.

"Well I'll be damned! Didn't know you were here." Lord Halibut sounded intrigued. "What have you done this time, Emily, m'gel?"

Lady Emily took a deep breath and a deep gamble. Obviously her grandfather hadn't yet spoken to Fellowes.

"I was just practicing, Grandpa, and did something wrong. Thank heavens you came. Please hurry and get me loose." The flushed face she presented to the startled Peer seemed innocent of guile.

Lord Halibut walked round the strained nudity. He at all times employed a cautious dubiety for his granddaughter's importunities. His judgement was concise.

"Not possible, m'gel. Fellowes fixed you."

"Oh Grandpa, it was only the boy about the plumbing!" Emily had decided to change her approach.

"Was he any good?" Lord Halibut's interest was captured.

"I never had a chance to find out. Fellowes walked in, and now look at me! Never even got the tap fixed."

"Dammit, Emily, you having trouble peeing?"



"Oh Grandpa, the taps in the washroom, not me! Please let me down."

"Oh I say, hard lines!" Lord Halibut sounded genuinely touched.

"Caught you in the act, I suppose. Not much I can do."

"Fellowes is altogether too conservative. But, Grandpa, I'm in agony! If you can't find the key at least give me a box to stand on."

Lord Halibut ignored the plea. Instead he inquired blithely:
"What's the sentence this time, Emily, m'gel?"

"Twenty on my bottom to start off with," Emily admitted morosely.

"Chap's too lenient with you. I'd have said at least thirty."

"Oh Grandpa...?"

"Remember a barmaid at that pub in Islington--forgotten its name--back in the thirties. She used to bend over for it. Gave her thirty swishers once, and I'm damned if she didn't straighten up rubbing her backside and say: 'Thank you, M'Lord, please can I have thirty more?' Magnificent arse! Married into the Peerage." Emily was all too familiar with her grandfather's reminiscences of a better world. But her concern was elsewhere. "If you let me loose now," she suggested brightly, "I'll just have time to tidy up for lunch."

"Miss Emily will not be partaking of lunch, M'Lord."

"Ah, there you are, Fellowes, m'boy. Just in time." Lord Halibut was obviously relieved. "The gel's in good hands now. Carte blanche as usual, y'know. Twenty-five at least, I'd say..." He drifted from the room.

"Fellowes, I'm in agony!"

"Quite so, miss."

"I wish you wouldn't say, 'quite so,' like that."

"Quite so, Miss. I will now cane your derriere."

"Oh Fellowes, not hung up like this!"

"Can you think of a more delightful exposure, Miss?"

"But my wrists are already cut to pieces. I can feel the blood running!"

"It is perspiration, Miss. But perhaps the bench is indeed more suitable. I concede your sentiments."

"Oh, thank you, Fellowes! That feels so good. Oh, sure, sure! I know you'll keep me handcuffed until I'm strapped down on the bench. I would not dream of asking to be unlocked."

"I will accept your assurance, Miss. Now, if you will be so kind... kneel and bend forward."

"You don't have to tell me, Fellowes. Sticking my bottom out is now second nature. I say, couldn't we settle on fifteen?"

"No, Miss. I will adjust the pad in the usual place."

"You mean under my cunt. Must you? I mean, isn't my poor little bottom up in the air enough as it is?"

"A more taut exposure is desirable, Miss."

"You know what that damn pad does for me, Fellowes. I'll have six orgasms. Then you'll cane me for that too."

"Might I suggest a measure of self-discipline, Miss?"

"You mean that 'pure thoughts' thing! Dammit Fellowes, how's a girl going to dream of hearts and flowers while her bottom is being thumped with a whacking big cane!"

"Perhaps if you silently, recited one of the Psalms, Miss. Or perhaps something from Wordsworth."

"It's the pad against my clit that does it, you idiot, not thinking about daffodils. I say, Fellowes, d'you have to have the small of my back cinched down so hard? I must be almost 'U'-shaped."

"It achieves a pleasing posterior prominence, Miss."

"And spreading my legs round each side of the bench... must you really?"

"It enhances availability, Miss."

"I bet my cunt hair's showing up behind?"

"A number of damp fronds are in evidence, Miss."

"What about my fig?"

"That is not a term I would employ, Miss. But the facility in question is indeed, if I may say so, coyly peeping."

"It's probably coyly peeping enough that the poor thing is going to feel the tip of that rotten cane. How about hanging a drape on it, Fellowes old boy?"

"The mechanics are impractical, Miss. In any case it is a precedent I would view unfavourably."

"How about sticking a cork in?"

"I fear you are jesting, Miss."

"No, honest! Why not the dildo?"

"I fear you are seeking comfort, Miss, rather than protection."

"Oh gosh, is this where I lose my hands? I'm strapped so damn tight I can't even vibrate. I say, Fellowes, you don't have to give me twenty, do you? I mean, stretched... I'll split."

"The impact will be severe, Miss. It is a factor you should have considered before engaging in the plumbing trade."

"That's unkind. Oh dammit, isn't strapping my wrists enough! D'you need straps round my elbows too?"

"Immobility is of the essence, Miss."

"I'm going to scream my head off. I can tell."

"You desire the gag, M'Lady?"

"No, I don't. My screams will serve you right. They'll bother your conscience no end. Your heart will bleed for the young Mistress being flogged."

"An improbable contingency, Miss. I anticipate bearing your correction with equanimity."

"I say, Fellowes, which cane?"

"The yellow one with the sizing, Miss."

"Oh, Fellowes... ! No! I was hoping for the shorter one in that nice shade of green."

"Quite inadequate, Miss. And now, if you will prepare."

"What the hell have I got to prepare? I can't move--Wow... ! Oh... WWWWHHHHOOOPPPSS!"

"I will tighten the strap on your thighs, Miss. At the moment of impact I detected a distinct tremor!"

"Tremor my ass, I'm dying! Oh Fellowes... "

"You often mention your demise, Miss, whilst under correction."

"Well, it's bound to happen sooner or later. Am I bleeding badly?"

"No blood is visible, Miss. It was only the first stroke."

"Ouchhhhhh... Wow! Not so hard, Fellowes!"

"The impact is compatible with your status in society, Miss. I would not dishonour you with a plebeian stroke."

"You mean that noblesse oblige thing? In that case, Fellowes, give me something suitable for that girl who does the dishes in the scullery."

"I could never so denigrate the name of Halibut."

"AAAAARRRRRGGGGHHHH! OOOOPPPSSSS! Oh shit! Dammit, Fellowes, that one was designed for at least a Duchess!"

"And this one, Miss?"

"UUUUGGGGGHHHH... ! Oh WOOOOWWWW! Look here, Fellowes, you're going up the social scale, not down! Can't I be demoted?"

"An unworthy thought, Miss. Remember your ancestry."

"AAAARRRRR... WWWWHHHHOOOOPPPPSSSS! Well, go to the cemetery and cane their bottoms!"

"You will be pleased to know, Miss, that the scarlet is coming up on your weals most enchantingly."

"Good! Let's quit while we're winning. Any more will spoil the effect. You can untie me now."

"I regard the patterns as merely a side issue, Miss. Our true concern is with the moulding of your character."

"It's moulded! I can feel it! You can stop."

"What you feel is posterior sensitivity, Miss."

"RRRRHHHHH... BBBBRRRRR! Oh! Ouch! I say, Fellowes, can't we have an Intermission?"

"Not until your penance is completed, Miss. That time is still distant."

"WWWWOOOOFFF... Oh, golly... Oh, jeeppers! Well, at least be a good chap and do a bit of finger work on my pussy. I'm sure it's staring you in the face."

"I would not so demean the House of Halibut, M'Lady. Or my own position. I hope I know my place."

"Right now your place is in my cunt. I need you."

"If I may be so bold, Miss, I would say that you are inordinately concerned with sexual stimulation."

"Well, if you spent half your time in a ruddy dungeon you'd play with yourself too!"

"I would employ my thoughts with philosophy, Miss."

"You mean Plato and Socrates and those chaps. They sound so bloody gloomy. I bet they all had limp dinks."

"There are other things in life besides carnality, Miss. I will endeavour to make this stroke memorable."

"HHHHHAAAAA... GGGGGAAAAAHHHHH! Oh, Fellowes, you're being terribly unkind! Sometimes I think you don't love me at all."

"You could take up good works, Miss. Or perhaps further your academic career."

"You mean I'd get more tail that way?"

* * *

"It's not a good morning at all, Fellowes. I had a perfectly beastly night in those heavy chains, and that rotten iron collar with the spikes. I mean, all I did was get his knob in my mouth."



"It is the intent that is significant, M'Lady. Let us hope you will find today somewhat relaxing. I have had an innovation constructed in the second punishment room."

"Haven't I suffered enough? Look at me! Naked, chained and helpless! Your heart should bleed."

"Quite so, Miss. I am sure you will be pleased."

"Oh, dammit Fellowes! That's a regular pair of stocks; a rotten pillory!"

"Quite so, Miss. A pleasant change."

"And you've got the other one, too, where a girl sits down and spreads her legs. I don't think it's funny."

"Humour is not implicit, Miss."

"What's that on the bench? Looks like a non-skid something?"

"Coarse sandpaper, M'Lady. A caned posterior will find it most trying as the hours pass."

"Oh, Fellowes, you're not going to make me sit on that after cutting my poor bottom to pieces yesterday!"

"Tomorrow, Miss. I am nothing if not humane. Today the pillory."

Lady Emily viewed the massive wooden structure with distaste. "I suppose I'm expected to stick my neck in that hole and my wrists in the other two--then you lower the boom?"

"Quite so, Miss."

"A couple of hours, I expect?" The words held coy optimism. "The full day, Miss. I am sure you will find your powers of reflection enhanced."

"All day? Oh, come off it, Fellowes! I absolutely refuse!"

"May I remind you of the handcuffs behind your back, Miss. I have but to grasp your hair and pull."

"Oh alright! I'll behave. I shall be dead by nightfall, but who cares. You'll have to take my handcuffs off, though, if I'm to stick my hands in those lousy slots. Don't worry; I'll be a good girl."

"Thank you, Miss. I am most grateful. You look quite charming. If you will allow me, I will bring your hair forward to fall becomingly beside your cheek."

"Getting poetic in your old age. I say, Fellows, watch it when you lower that half a tree from above. Don't pinch."

"There we are, Miss. Safe and sound. The padlock is not strictly necessary, but has a salutary sound."

"That click was the knell of doom, Fellowes. It went right through me. I say, is this made to measure? It's damn snug."

"Quite so, Miss. I have all your vital statistics. May I say how lovely a picture you present?"

"You can say it, but I don't believe a word. As far as I'm concerned I've been beheaded. My tits and cunt are way off somewhere at the rear. All I can see of myself is two hands."

"I will drop in from time to time, Miss. I will be interested in your reactions."

"You can have the first one now. Bloody awful! I say, Fellowes, aren't I leaning a bit? I mean, I'm bending more than I've seen

in pictures. It's going to get awfully tiring."

"You are most perceptive, Miss. The effect is to protrude the derriere more receptively."

Lady Emily tensed. "I say Fellowes, you're not going to cane me again?"

"A few occasional strokes will combat somnolence, Miss."

"Don't be absurd! How's a girl going to go to sleep in this fix!"

"The cane also counters boredom, Miss."

"I'd sooner be bored."

"Your sentiments are understandable, M'Lady."

"You just go away and leave me standing... is that it?"

"Substantially correct, Miss. Should you feel lonely, or ill used, I would remind you of the ancient custom of pelting the incumbent with refuse."

"Couldn't you toss the odd cabbage or tomato? I suspect anything's going to be welcome."

"I would never so presume, M'Lady."

"It would be rather fun. I mean, if it wasn't me in the damn thing. Couldn't you put one of the lower housemaids in sometime and we'd have a go!"

"I would regard it as unsporting--a sitting duck."

"No more unsporting than caning my bottom."

"The difference, if I may say so, Miss, is in principle."

"My pussy itches. Be a good chap and rub it a bit."

"I would regard the act as inimical to our relationship, Miss. Your motive is also open to question. I bid you au revoir." Standing with head bent and small pathetic hands held impotently to each side, Emily thrust forward a naked foot, viewed it briefly as though for reassurance that some part of herself actually existed to the rear of the timber monster in which she was incarcerated, then sighed dolefully and returned it out of view. The adventure was far from exciting, but exhausted the possibilities. Her vision of the floor was also uninspiring. It could be supplemented by turning her head to either side. But to do this in excess chafed her neck. She wished Fellowes had taken a more liberal dimension. The pressure of the wood on wrist and throat would keep her well aware of her captive status throughout the day. She shed a solitary tear and helplessly watered it splatter on the stone. After a very long time, and while she was wondering if the hours were slipping by as slowly as she feared, the voice came as a shock.

"Cor lummie Miss, that's a proper old fix you're in. Bare assed an' all!"

Turning to the left, the Lady Emily beheld the entranced and intrigued features of the young woman whose employment with the castle dishes she had previously referred to. The moppet was drinking in her Mistress's nude predicament with evident relish. "Who told you to come and have a look?" Emily demanded irritably.

"Mister Fellowes, 'e said as 'ow you might like some company, Miss." Molly giggled coyly. "You ain't 'alf a bit of alright."

Pleased as she might be for the diversion, Emily felt shame. "If there's anything all right about this I'd like to know what it is," she said petulantly.

"Oh, M'Lady, you got the loveliest cunt... and them tits!"

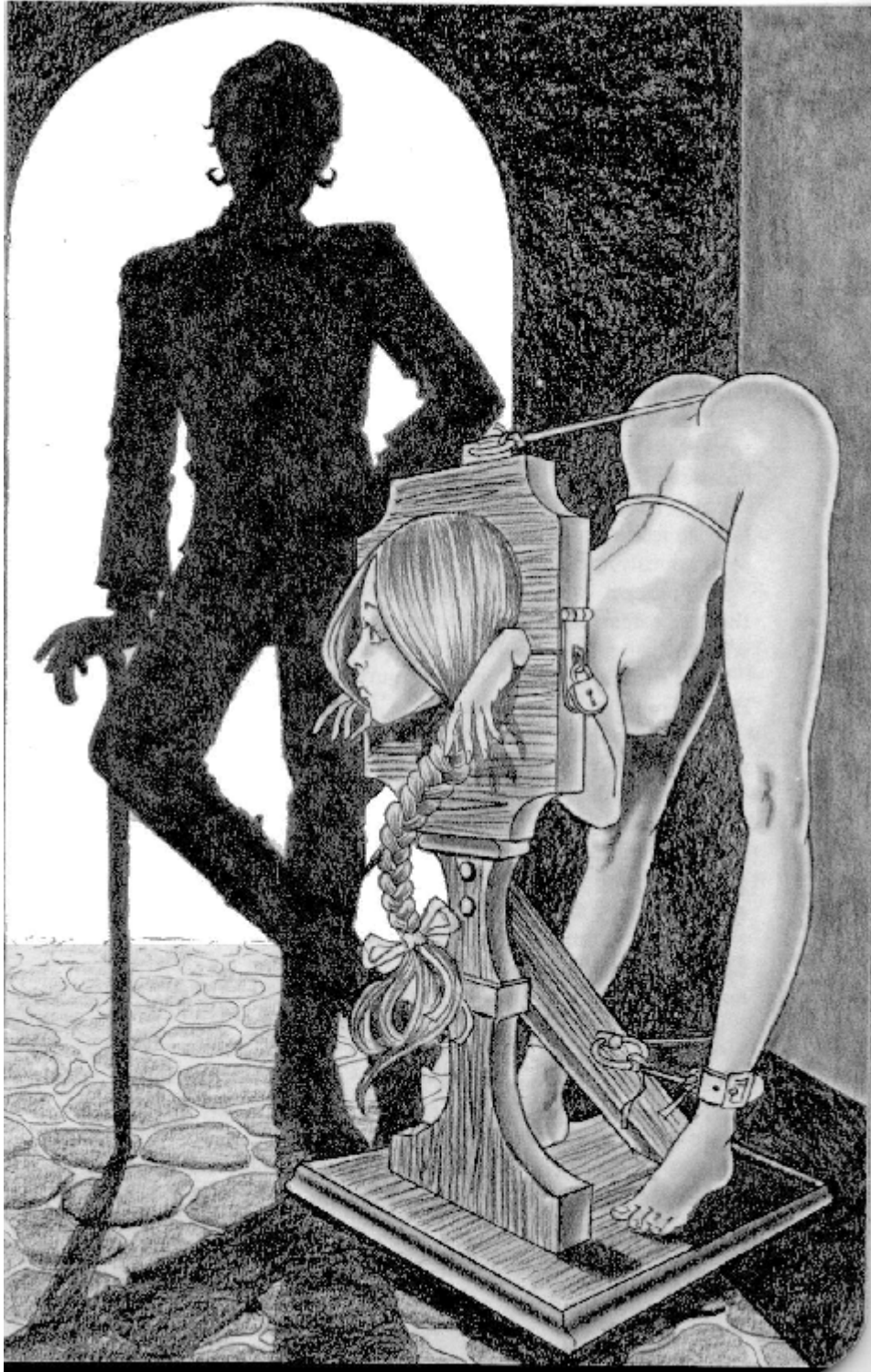
"I'm glad to hear they're still there." Emily's voice was bitter. "Anyway, I'm glad you dropped in. If you'll just unlock that padlock on the end of this yoke-thing we can go and have tea."

Molly tittered. "Mister Fellowes, 'e said that's what you'd ask. 'E told me not ter do it."

"Never mind what he told you. The key hangs on the wall. Do as I say." Lady Emily made her voice as authoritarian as she could.

"Ain't no key there now, M'Lady." Molly managed another snicker. "Took it with 'im, 'e did. 'E showed me. Said fer me ter cane yer bottom."

Inured as she was to exposure, Emily felt herself blush. She was shamingly aware of social distinction hitherto unplumbed. To be caned on the bare by a scullery maid might, under different circumstances, have held a piquancy. But naked and helpless in the pillory! "He was only joking," she retorted hopefully.



"'E told me where to look fer this 'ere." Molly picked up the hated cane and flexed it enthusiastically. " 'Ope yer don't mind, Miss, if I give 'e a few?"

"I shall never speak to you again," said Lady Emily with hauteur.

"Yer don't never speak ter me now, Miss."

Emily perceived dangerous ground. Diversion was called for. "Wouldn't you like to play with my cunt?" she asked sweetly.

"Ooooh, I couldn't do that there, M'Lady. Wouldn't be fair."

"I'll forgive you, Molly. You have my permission." Emily laid on the Grand Dame condescension heavily.

"It ain't that, M'Lady." Molly produced another infuriating snicker. "But yer can't do nothin' fer me, like. I mean, it's a bit one-sided."

Emily longed for freedom to smite the smirk from Molly's proletarian features. "It is better to give than to receive," she offered sententiously, twisting in frustration within her oaken bonds.

The moppet from the scullery tittered openly. "That's where this 'ere comes in, Miss." She made a couple of practice swishes with the cane. "I'm a goin' ter give it to yer proper."

"You hit me with that and I'll murder you when I get out of this," Emily promised darkly.

"Mister Fellowes won't let yer, Miss. Across the arse is best, ain't it?" Molly disappeared to the rear.

Lady Emily had never felt more vulnerable or exposed. Behind her, out of sight, was all of herself that mattered. Behind her also was a determined young woman with a cane. "But you

can't possibly whip me!" she wailed in desperation. "My grandfather employs you. I'm... I'm the young Mistress!"

"My dad, 'e don't 'old with them there titles. Bloodsuckers, 'e says. Ruddy parasites fattenin' on us poor. Chance ter get a bit o' our own back 'ere." Molly giggled and tapped the jutting curves.

"But surely loyalty...?" Emily was alarmed.

"Piss on loyalty."

"But we do pay your wages."

"Fuck me wages. I say, Miss, you got a right lovely little arse 'ere."

"And it's got some right lovely weals on it too!" Emily complained morosely. "It got whipped yesterday. Haven't you any pity?"

"No Miss. 'Smite the privileged classes wherever yer find 'em! That's what my old man says."

There were further exploratory taps that caused the head and hands beyond the pillory to quiver in awful suspense. "Couldn't I give you some money or something--WWWAAHHH! AAARRRRHHHH! Oh, dammit, don't be in such a hurry!"

"You ain't got no money, Miss. You ain't got nothin', 'cept this nice backside and some lovely tits."

"Aren't you forgetting my pussy?"

"I ain't forgetting it, Miss. But my dad, 'e says we don't never give the rich nothin', not even a cunt 'air, 'e says."

"Just a little rub... or one finger?"

"Ow 'bout this, M'Lady!"

"Wow! Oh, shit! Oh, ouch! Oh, damn you, girl! That hurt!"

"Real pretty the way the weal comes up, Miss. Ain't never done this 'ere before."

"It's habit forming. You had better stop."

"Ow 'bout a nice one on yer thighs? Ain't no marks down there. Lovely and soft you is."

"Stop fingering me as though I'm a cabbage in a shop!" Lady Emily ordered hopelessly. "And please don't hit me down there. The pain's too awful for words. Look, can't I sign the Communist Manifesto or sing the International or something? It would please your dad."

"Ruddy aristocrat you is, Miss. Try this 'ere...!"

"AAARRRRGGGGHHHH!! Oh balls and blast and damn! Why don't you wheel in the guillotine and do things right!"

"It's coming up lovely, Miss. A bit purple on one end. I'll have to change sides from time to time."

"What d'you mean, 'from time to time?' "

"Mister Fellowes said I should drop in often. In between polishing the silver, 'e said."

"You can go up to my room and take anything you like in return for not whipping me anymore!"

"Not likely, Miss. I know that trick. 'Ave me arrested in no time, yer would. They done it in a book I just read: 'Lady Fancy's Fanny'."

"Look here," said Emily desperately, "if you lean forward to help out my pussy a bit maybe I can reach back up with my toes and do a bit of something for you?"

"That's bribery, Miss. 'Dead crafty, they is,' my dad tells me. Don't never trust 'em."



"But dammit, what can I do in this pickle! I--Ouchhhh!! Ohhhh!
Oh, blast it, girl, do you have to hit so hard?"

"It's a war between the classes, that's what it is, Miss," said Molly virtuously, and struck again...

* * *

"I'm not a bit pleased with you, Fellowes." Lady Emily's voice was cold. "That awful girl yesterday slashing away at my bottom as though it was Queen Victoria or the Bank of England. And last night in the dungeon with the rotten spiked collar again and the chain to the wall so short I couldn't stand up! That dungeon's getting to be less like home all the time."

"Suffering is the rungs of the ladder by which we mount to nobler purpose, M'Lady."

"Balls!"

"The expletive is inapplicable, Miss. May I draw your attention to this excellent device in which you will spend the day."

"It isn't excellent at all, and you showed it to me yesterday. It's most unkind to make me sit on that sandpaper with a bottom like mine."

"Your posterior is of superlative dimensions, Miss."

"I didn't mean that! The poor thing's cut to shreds."

"Well wealed, Miss, but otherwise in excellent condition. If you would be so kind as to position yourself?"

"I suppose if I refuse you'll pull my hair or something?"

"Quite so, Miss."

"Oh shit! Why don't you torture that Molly female for a change!"

Do her a world of good."

"I am inclined to agree, Miss. But there would be repercussions from her Trade Union."

"Couldn't I join it?"

"It is restricted to the working classes, Miss."

"I could do some work."

"Quite so, Miss. Now, if you will be kind enough...?"

"I'll wash her dishes if she sits down on that bench."

"You are procrastinating, M'Lady. Kindly be seated."

"Oh shit! I'm not going to like this!"

"It will be a vigil conducive to repentance, Miss."

"I'd only just got his knob in my mouth when you walked in and said 'ahem!' There's damn little to repent! I think you're being terribly unkind--oh, alright... alright! Don't get shirty, I'll sit down!"

"Thank you, Miss."

"I say, Fellowes, those holes for my ankles... they're at least a mile apart."

"A few furlongs less, Miss. Now, if you will be good enough to rest your feet in the circlets...?"

"Oh, balls!" Lady Emily looked bewildered. "I'll have to shift a bit to do that, and I can't. You'll have to unlock those handcuffs

at my back so I can use my hands."

"Your wrists remain handcuffed as they are, Miss. It is part of the configuration. You will find that by rising and reseating yourself you will achieve the necessary latitude."

"Won't give me an inch, will you!" Emily pouted but did as she was told. She visibly winced as she made contact with the sandpaper. With an air of martyrdom she stretched her legs very, very wide and placed her ankles in the waiting slots. Her pained expression intensified as the upper half of the stocks was lowered to firmly imprison her feet. "Be sure and make a loud click with the padlock," she said bitterly. "Make me cringe."

"Quite so, Miss. I am most grateful for the thought."

Emily turned and twisted doubtfully. "I say, Fellowes, you'll simply have to take my handcuffs off! Without my hands I can't move on the bench. I can't alter position or ease myself or anything... "

"Quite so, Miss. That is the intention."

"But it's awful! I'm sure sandpapering my rump won't build character. Besides, I'm not even using half the sandpaper."

"It is the prolonged contact with a single spot that induces the beneficial effect, Miss."

"You mean I just sit! Nothing happens?"

"Postulating penitence, if I may say so, Miss."

"How do you expect a girl to be penitent about anything with her cunt wide open. I can see it. The poor dear's overlapping

the bench. I'm sitting on the bones of my bottom."

"I fail to see why an enlargement of the vaginal orifice should inhibit repentance, Miss."

"Well, I'm likely to have birds nesting inside and flies and things popping in and out. It will keep me all excited."

"An unlikely contingency, Miss."



"Well, I mean... just looking at it! I'm sure the saints and all those penitent types didn't do their repenting contemplating their cunts!"

"There is no need for you to lean that far forward, Miss."

"It's the most interesting thing in the room."

"I can offer a blindfold, Miss."

"Oh alright, I'll contemplate the wall and think about cocks."

"Your thoughts are your own, M'Lady. I shall leave you to them."

"Couldn't I use yours for a bit before you go?"

"It is reserved as a reward, Miss; not for entertainment."

"But don't go and leave me like this. I'm slowly splitting. I'll be in two halves by evening. Besides, my clit's catching cold."

"You have a tendency to hyperbole, M'Lady. I bid you au revoir."

Emily eyed the closing door with deep melancholy. Her day offered little to look forward to. The sandpaper and her seat were already in conflict. Undoubtedly they would be on increasingly bad terms. She found it infuriatingly frustrating to be robbed of hands, her wrists handcuffed snugly at her back. No matter how she tried she could contrive no way of easing the steady attrition of her weight upon the bench. She would sit throughout the day as she was now, the burn and scald of her bottom becoming increasingly hard to bear. The ache of sundered loins was already making itself felt. She looked forlornly from one captive foot to another. It was a long way between.

Emily knew not the passage of time to where the door opened

slightly and an unmistakable titter announced the advent of Molly.

"You again!" Emily demanded testily.

"Mister Fellowes said I could, Miss." Molly entered, beaming. But it was not the girl on whom Emily's eye rested in alarm. It was a sizable Dalmatian dog, leashed, but eyeing her with interest.

"Take that dog away! You know what he'll want to do!"

"He'll lick your cunt, Miss... "

"Let him lick yours!"

"But yesterday you said...?"

"I was talking about you, not a bloody Dalmatian!"

"He's ever so nice. I've tried him."

"I hope you have a large litter. It will serve you right." Molly giggled. "I'm going to stay and watch."

Emily tensed. Once again she was aware of social distinctions. She was inclined to place the panting hound somewhat higher in the scale, well above a scullery maid. But to have a scullery maid watch her ravishment by a canine tongue was an unacceptable humiliation.

"I'll scream," Emily threatened.

"I don't think 'e'll mind, Miss."

"I shall tell my grandfather."

Molly tittered. "Think he'll give me a raise?"

"I shall pee on him."

"Whatcher want ter pee on yer granddad fer?"

"On the dog, stupid! I'd pee on you too if I could."

"Yer can't pee all day, Miss. I'm goin ter let 'im loose now." For the pilloried Daughter of the Nobility the moment was fraught with tension and a sense of drama. Countless sacrificial virgins in centuries past must have faced such a moment as the knife, the sword, the fire or the penis approached their shrinking flesh. In shamed fascination Emily beheld the loosing of the leash. As metal to a magnet, the wet and eager snout went in a direct line for her open sex. She gasped, and flinched in every nerve as the sniffing prelude gave way to the lapping tongue. Moaning in frustration, Emily tugged helplessly at her prisoned legs and twisted against the unyielding embrace of her handcuffs. Humiliation soon ousted pain from her consciousness. Her cheeks flamed as she realised the emergence of a sensation she had no wish to evidence with either a Dalmatian or the grinning scullery maid.

" 'E likes yer, Miss," said Molly without raising her eyes from their rapt enjoyment.

"You mean he likes my cunt," Emily gasped bitterly. "All right, you've made me feel cheap and nasty--take him away."

"But we're stayin' a long while, Miss," Molly reproved. " 'E'll lick yer a long time, 'e will. I wants ter watch while yer come. If 'e gets tired I've got some meat to shove up yer." She produced a paper package. "Nicely minced an' all. 'E'll go at yer all afternoon on this lot."

Lady Emily tried hard to maintain a pose of detached contempt for the whole proceeding. But, since it was her cunt that was getting the attention, this was far from easy. She looked steadily at the opposite wall for as long as she could, but inevitably her gaze followed the focus of her companion's to rest on the busy chops gobbling her pussy. Since the naked maiden was powerless to ignore or avoid the canine attention, she devoted all her will power to the end of resisting orgasm. It was her only weapon by which to defeat the plebeian attack on her dignity.



"Yer tryin' 'ard not ter come, Miss... think I can't tell!" Molly snickered in complete command. "But 'e'll get yer. E's good, that dog is."

Emily came! She knew it for defeat, capitulation, surrender. The triumph of the Proletariat! But she came! She came in an exploding orgasm under which she moaned and writhed beneath the avid eyes of the youthful female member of the Trades Union Congress who was patently enjoying her victory over the oppressor of the poor. "Done yer a treat, 'e did," Molly exulted. "Yer don't 'arf carry on."

Lady Emily had met her Waterloo, her Bannockburn, her Trafalgar. But, for her, the fighting did not cease. Fido was still lapping at her gaping sex, as though the white flag had not been raised. "Oh, stop him! Stop him, do! I can't stand it!" she pleaded in a welter of sensation too great to bear.

"Ruddy awful when 'e keeps right on after, ain't it!" the daughter of honest toil commented interestedly.

"Take him away from me! I'm dying!"

"No you ain't. You'll come around in a minute."

"Well, stop him a minute. Let him lick yours, while I recover."

"Bein' punished, aincha! Stop 'im yourself, I'm not goin' to!"

"But you're a girl! You know what it's like! Oh please... !

"Takes a girl ter 'urt a girl, so I'm told." Molly was complacent.

Emily writhed, twisted, and shouted. The busy Dalmatian spared her not a single glance but continued hungrily to make a meal of her proffered pussy. Her clitoris was responding with reactions, currents and spasms such as Emily had never known.

"We'll do the next one proper, Miss," said the loyal serving girl. "I'm a goin' ter play with yer tits while Fido 'ere keeps up the good work down below."

"Keep away from me! Don't you dare!"

"You wanted me to yesterday!" Molly was aggrieved. "Think I ain't washed me 'ands?"

Emily moaned. It was no use! Everything had been taken from her. The busy fingers on her nipples had their inevitable effect.

She moaned and gasped and spasmed to her tormentor's infinite delight. When, after seeming hours, the wet and snuffing snout lost interest in her chafed sex, she supposed her ordeal over. But when the grease-stained paper parcel was opened she moaned anew.

"'Bout a quarter pound, I'd guess," Molly said judicially. " 'E'll be right busy fer a long time, getting that out." She bent forward with the minced mess and thrust and kneaded busily below Emily's captive pubic bush.

Lady Emily did not even bother to protest.

* * *

"I shall never speak to you again, Fellowes! All is over between us!"

"Thank you, Miss. I gather you found yesterday somewhat taxing?"

"Stocks! A ruddy Dalmatian! That giggling little trollop!"

"I have felt at times, Miss, that a diversion from my own

attentions might be appreciated."

"Diversion my arse! That damn dog has worn out my clit."

"Dalmatians are a tenacious breed, Miss."

"It was the ground round that did it. I think there's still some up there somewhere. I heard the cat mewing outside the dungeon door."

"At least you had a restful night, M'Lady."

"I did not! You left my wrists handcuffed behind my back. I had to sleep on my tits."

"Today should be rejuvenating, Miss. Merely the post."

"Merely my arse! I suppose you want me to stand on that box?"

"Thank you, Miss. It is a pleasure to punish you."

"Hell, I've known that for a long time. You love torturing the pure maid who loves you dearly."

"Quite so, Miss. I will remove the handcuffs."

"So I can raise my arms, I suppose?"

"If you will be so kind. One hand back on each side."

"As if I didn't know. Be a sweet Fellowes and tie my waist in real tight so's it takes most of my weight. My poor wrists have such a bad time."

"Thank you, Miss. Your suggestion is opportune."



"Ouch! Careful, or I'll be in two pieces."

"I will now remove the box, Miss."

"Oh golly, that's awful! Oh, Fellowes... ! Gosh you're crafty. Now I've done my sagging you'll tie my feet so they can't help take my weight."

"Quite so, Miss. Thank you. I will bring each well back and bend them upward at the knee."

"That leaves me ninety percent cunt, as usual."

"You are more than kind. The exposure is exquisite."

"All day again, I suppose? Oh Fellowes..."

"You will be glad to know that today expiates your lapse from grace, M'Lady."

"You mean my knob-gobbling is paid for? Oh Fellowes! Please marry me tomorrow."

"Thank you, Miss, but no. I know my station."

"Can I have an Intermission this evening before you put me in the dungeon?"

"There will be no dungeon tonight, Miss. You are forgiven. As for an Intermission, I will be happy to oblige at that time should you so desire."

"I always desire one. How about now!"

"You are still under correction, Miss. Some of these ropes require tightening. If you will pardon me..."

"Ouch! This isn't exactly a fun thing, y'know. I feel as though I've been tossed against this post and stuck halfway up. I say, Fellowes, did that blasted dog leave me any cunt hairs?"

"Your bush is still superlative, Miss. Glossy with curled fronds."

"Gosh, you make me want to have a look at it. All I can see of myself is tits."

"I will leave you now, Miss. You will be glad to know the tedium of your day will be relieved by a visit from Miss Molly; a charming child."

"No! Noooo! Oh Fellowes... not her again!"

"Quite so, Miss. You will also be relieved to know she will not be accompanied by the Dalmatian."

"Well, that's a nice change."

"Quite so, Miss. She is bringing the larger Labrador from the kennels."

"Oh Fellowes!!"

THE END

