

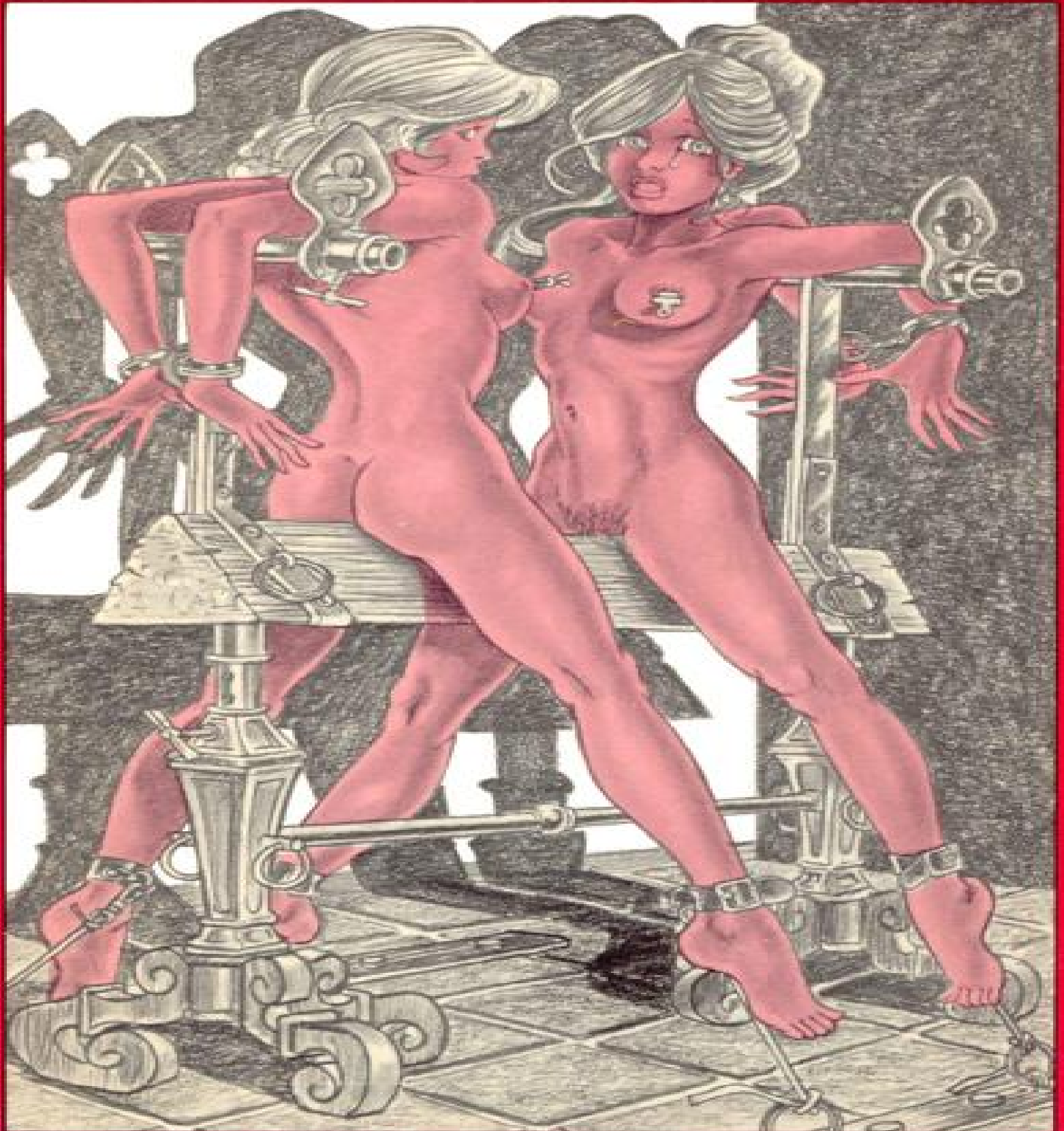
FELLOWES 10

THE CANING OF DEIDRE

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Fellowes 10: The Caning Of Deidre

By FE Campbell

Illustrations: Ashely

Lady Emily Halibut giggled happily. "Girls are a lot better than men, except Fellowes of course!" She looked up contentedly at her cousin Deidre's wet lush lips. "And we're so much less trouble and we don't go limp at the wrong times. I'm so glad Aunt Rosamund let you come and visit."

Deidre ran a limber tongue around her mouth as though savouring something too good to relinquish. "This is gorgeous," she agreed fervently. "But what about that butler chap: doesn't he keep an eye on you? A pair of naked young ladies in the coach house might be hard to explain."

"No one comes here. Hasn't been used in years." Emily giggled again. "Fellowes will be shadowing the young chap who's come to give an estimate on a new floor for the kitchen. He'll never think of us two here. We're quite safe. I say, darling, you do have a marvellous tongue." ,

"Want me to do it again?" Deidre's eyes glowed.

"Of course! Let's do it all day!"

"You're sure about that butler chappie?" Deidre's voice was anxious. "You've told me some awful things. I don't want to get whipped."

“Not to worry!” Emily’s eyes sparkled. “This time we’ll do a proper sixty-nine. Round you go and down...”

“You taste like honey.”

“Pure nectar.”

“A little more of that sideways rasp.”

“Up just another inch.”

“Let’s grow tongues a foot long.”

“Ahem!”

“Did you hear a noise?”

“Probably a squirrel. Get back in.”

“Ahem!”

The second cough was unmistakable. Lady Emily Halibut made a reluctant return to the world. She cocked a wary eye above her cousin’s moist thigh. “Oh hello, Fellowes! Lovely day.”

“Extremely salubrious, Miss.”

“Then don’t let us keep you. Run along and enjoy it.” “It would appear I have a duty, M’Lady.”

“I’m sure you have, Fellowes. Go and deal with it. We’re busy.” “So I noticed, Miss. My duty is here.”

“Don’t tell me you’re about to recondition the old Phaeton?” “My duty lies with you, Miss, and the unmentionable venture on which you are embarked.”

"Oh you mean our proximity! We're keeping each other warm." "The weather is exceptionally clement, Miss. You are also both naked."

"Don't be so picky! I was showing Deidre one of my moles."

"Am I to presume that your cousin was showing you one of hers in a similar location, M'Lady!"

Lady Emily realised her heavy artillery was called for. "But dammit, Fellowes, Deidre's a girl!"

"So I notice, Miss."

"Well then, what are you getting all dignified and stuffy about?" "The British nobility does not engage in lesbianism in old coach sheds, M'Lady."

Lady Emily raised herself another inch above her cousin's tumescent sex and turned a jaundiced gaze upon the guardian of her morals. "You mean a bit of tongue and groove is on the forbidden list too!"

"Quite so, M'Lady. In many circles it is deemed more reprehensible than more normal fornication."

"Don't be vulgar! And can I help it that people are so narrow-minded! Be a good chap and go away and let us finish." "No, Miss."

"You can wait outside the door with the handcuffs."

"No, Miss. I could never condone your enterprise. If you will be kind enough to rise."

"Are we allowed to dress, Fellowes?"

"No, Miss. You will enter correction immediately. You may use one of your underthings to dry excess secretions."

“He means wipe our swats, Deidre,” Emily said bitterly. “I’m afraid we’re in for it. For sure I am.”



"Miss Deidre is in my charge too, Miss. Fortunately I brought a second pair of handcuffs."

"This is where we get marched in chains to our doom, Deidre. Frightfully sorry and all that. Let him handcuff you. He'll only natter until you do. I say, Fellowes, wouldn't you like to fuck us both instead?"

"An honour I must decline, Miss."

"But two of us! And you've never Tucked Deidre before. I'm sure you'd like her, and she's got the most wonderful tongue!" "Yost most kind, but no!"

"Behind my back, I suppose?"

"Thank you, Miss. It is much the best."

"Put your hands behind your back, Deidre. It's positively cunt crinkling when you hear all those little clicks and feel the metal tighten round your wrists. I say, Fellowes, don't be too hard on the poor girl! I mean, fuck her quite often during our punishments, it will cheer her up."

"I will do my duty as I see it, Miss."

"I feel sort of guilty about her, Fellowes. She is a guest, y'know. She can have my share of screwing if that would help?"

"You are most generous, Miss. The handcuffs are now secure. If you will now come with me. I will make a bundle of your clothes and we will take the shortest route to the Punishment Room." "I suppose we get whipped first thing, Fellowes?"

"Quite so, Miss. The whip is a sound corrective base."

"I don't suppose you've been whipped before, Deidre. It's not much fun the first time. I say, Fellowes, could I get a bit extra and Deidre get a bit less?"

"No, Miss. From the dimensions of Miss Deidre's tongue I would deduce a sound correction long overdue."

"I don't think that's quite fair. If she was a boy would you measure her cock?"

"Please, Miss! Let us enter this undertaking with a proper sense of humility and decorum."

"Us girls will end up with a burning bottom either way. It is the cane on our bottoms first, Fellowes?"

"Yes, Miss, then the whip above."

"The whip's a beast, Deidre, it flicks round and nips our tits."

"A rare occasion only, Miss. I am most careful. Your mamniaries are only corrected with the special instrument."

"He's got a special silk whip for our breasts, Deidre. Maybe you can talk him out of using it on you. I never can."

"If you will show Miss Deidre how to position herself, M'Lady, I will fasten you first."

"See, darling, I stand under the trapeze bar thing. Then Fellowes chains my ankles together so I can't run. After that he takes off my handcuffs and straps my wrists one on each end of the bar. See! Now comes the cunt-crinkling bit as the pulley slowly takes your arms up in the air. Dear Fellowes is always terribly unkind about this bit. He leaves us sort of teetering on our toes so we're neither standing nor hanging. It makes us lovely and taut so the whip hurts

more. That's right, darling, Fellowes has two of everything—mechanical, that is!"

"You are most kind, M'Lady. I am sure Miss Deidre will find you a tower of strength during her correction."

"I can certainly show her how to scream, Fellowes. Are you going to cane me first? If you do, the suspense will be awful for her." "The first stroke shall be yours, M'Lady. We will then alternate."

"Ow, ouch! Oh Fellowes, that was a stinger! Not so hard for poor Deidre, please."

"I will strive for complete fairness, M'Lady. And now, Miss Deidre, if you will endeavour to turn slightly to your left ... ah, thank you!"

"OWOWOWOW ... WAAHHHH! Oh dear, oh golly!" "You've hurt the poor girl, Fellowes. Look at that scarlet wound on her bottom. Aren't you ashamed!"

"No, Miss. Miss Deidre's wound is identical to your own." "Poor gull I say, Fellowes, you're not going to whip our cums this time, are you?"

"It is a routine part of the curriculum, M'Lady..."

"Well, bend that thingummy a bit. Whip mine and use hers."

"We have business on hand, Miss. I will make this one impact somewhat lower down."

"Oh damn and ouch and everything else! If you keep hitting us this hard poor Deidre's going to get a terrible impression, Fellowes."



The dungeon door thudded shut. The shooting home of the bolts on the other side were as a knell of doom. The two chained and naked damsels shared a look of disgusted resignation. "We never had a chance, darling," Emily wailed. "After catching us the way he did he was honour bound to chain us to opposite walls. These chastity belts are a sort of reproofing emphasis. If he locks them on us every night and ties our hands every day we're going to get horny as hell."

"He's gorgeous!" Deidre enthused. "So stern and righteous! He whipped me beautifully. And the way he caned my bottom ... !" "He bought the act," Emily said complacently. "It's much the best to have him think you hate being whipped. Scream ever so loud. If he gets the idea a girl likes something she won't get it."

"But can't he guess from a wet snatch?"

"Never for sure. Mine's wet most of the time. So's yours."

"I say, Emily, I wouldn't have missed this for the world." "Don't go overboard, darling. This 'correction' as he calls it will last at least a week. Dammit, he caught us with our tongues right inside each other's cunts! He's bound to do some things you won't like at all. Sorry 'bout that!"

"Aren't these chains scrumptious, Emily! I can't stop shivering."

"Glad you like 'em, darling. I'm not all that keen. We're getting off easy tonight: wrists and ankles and just fastened to the wall by our collars. Some nights we'll get three times this weight. And a stone floor isn't that good to sleep on."

Deidre trembled deliciously. "I'm sure I'll have an orgasm, darling, even with this rotten thing locked over my cunt. It's all so ... so ... well, you know. But I do wish we could get at each other."

She essayed a clinking walk and was snubbed short of her goal by the chain from collar to wall. She turned on it resentfully, and with

her chained hands tugged and yanked with all her strength.

"It's no good, darling." Emily laughed wryly. "A girl can't beat a chain. May as well get used to it."

Deidre shrugged and resumed a cautious seat on the stone. "I say, Emily darling, will he really whip our cunts or was that just to scare me?"

"He'll do it, dear. I don't think you'll like it after the first half dozen. I know I don't. Six of anything is about my limit. After that my screams are for real. I envy you."

"And our breasts ... honest?"

"Sure, what else! You know how men adore a girl's breasts. You'd think we gave milk all the time and they lapped it up. I just plain hate getting my breasts whipped. I look down and see all those pink and red stripes and feel so sorry for the poor dears."

"This happens to you a lot, doesn't it, darling?" Deidre looked at her naked cousin enviously.

"Most of the time when I'm not at school. I no sooner try to get a bit of loose nooky than I end up in here. I'm always striped like a zebra. I no sooner get rid of one lot than I get another. Usually they overlap. Look at me now." Emily did a clinking display. "I'm all sorts of colours always. They make no end of a fuss about it at school."

"Will we get real tortures?" Deidre's eyes sparkled. "I mean like the Rack and the Horse and the Thumbscrew?"

"The Horse mostly. It's a brute! Your cunt is quite sure it's dying. After an hour a girl's willing to believe she's slicing up the middle and that half of her will fall down each side. I'm terribly humble when I'm on the Horse, but it never does me any good. Darling Fellowes

keeps me perched tip there with my cunt full of wood for the full time.”

“And we can’t bribe him with tail?” Deidre sounded incredulous.

“Of course not, silly! He can screw us anytime he likes. He doesn’t need our permission. In fact he uses it as a reward for good behaviour only. You heard him today... .”

Deidre was ecstatic. “And those lovely American magazines, darling, that show naked girls with ropes through their cunts ... does Fellows do that?”

“Not often. I suspect he thinks it’s vulgar. But if you’d enjoy it you could ask. At the worst he’d just punish you with something else.”

“He’s so sweet about everything he does to me, so frightfully polite. I find it absolutely cunt crinkling.”

“It’s the contrast, darling,” Emily explained sagely as one long inured to torture and the whip. “With diction like that you can’t possibly believe anything’s going to hurt. Then when it does it’s twice as bad ... shock, I suppose.”

“But doesn’t Lord Halibut object to his granddaughter, the Lady Emily, getting all these stripes on her skin and stuff and being naked and tossed into dungeons and chained... ?”



"Grandpa!" Emily laughed delightedly. "Grandpa's an old humbug. He just wants Fellowes to take me off his hands and make the decisions. Besides, I think Grandpa had a lurid youth. His specialty was caning girls' bottoms. He mostly had to pay them for bending over and hoisting their skirts, but he boasts of caning more feminine bottoms than any Peer in Britain. He still does a round of visits to ancient old parties who once had lovely bottoms like ours and let Grandpa whip them because they were either in love with it or with him, or both. Grandpa would love to cane my bottom, but he thinks it wouldn't be proper. Ask him to cane yours."

"Do you think he would!" Deidre was ecstatic. "Fancy having my bottom caned by an Earl! Our side of the family doesn't have any titles. 'Bout the best I could manage would be a Lieutenant Colonel or maybe an O.B.E."

"We'd better get some sleep, darling," Emily ventured. "Sometimes if you can get one of your chains under the chastity belt in front and push like blazes you can get a little action. Try it."

"You mean we don't get whipped today!" Lady Emily cocked a surprised eye at the family butler and tugged fretfully at her handcuffs.

"Quite so, M'Lady. I have other stringencies in mind."

"I was sure you'd whip us again. Poor dear Deidre hates it so."

"I have reason to doubt the veracity of that statement, Miss." Emily flinched. Her radar was giving signals.

“You don’t think I’d tell a fib, do you, Fellowes?”

“It is an expedient to which you often resort, M’Lady. I am sustained in this conjecture by the fact of the electronic listening device.”

“What’s a hearing aid got to do with it! You don’t use one.”

“In the dungeon, M’Lady. I took the precaution of installing a hidden microphone. In transatlantic circles I believe they are referred to as a ‘bug’.”

“I say, Fellowes, that’s jolly unsporting. Frightfully un-British.”

“The end justifies the means, M’Lady. I was not entirely surprised to learn of Miss Deidre’s addiction to the whip and cane. I had noticed certain evidence.”

“But a girl might get a wet pussy just looking at you, Fellowes!”



"You are most kind, M'Lady. I am flattered. I must, however, ensure that our guest's correction is by inflictions other than the corporal."

"I think you should be ashamed, Fellowes, especially when I'd offered to take double my strokes to help the poor girl out." "Quite so, Miss. It is my intention to administer a doubled quota of stripes for your improvement. I was much grieved by your deceit of yesterday. You will be soundly whipped throughout the day whilst you hang in a position to witness Miss Deidre's sojourn on the 'Horse'."

"Oh Fellowes..."

"Quite so, Miss. And now, Miss Deidre, your wrists are already handcuffed at your back. If you will be kind enough to mount... ?" Deidre looked askance from bench to butler. "You mean you expect me to get up there and arrange my cunt on that sharp edge!" "Quite so, Miss. If you assume position I will strap on your anklets. The legs are drawn out to either side... ."

"Couldn't I be whipped instead? I hope to marry someday and I'd like to have a cunt still when it happens."

"There will be no impairment of the facility, Miss. If you will position yourself astride, please?"

"Emily, tells me you whip our cunts and that it's awful. Could I have that instead, please?"

"That comes later, Miss. You will be deprived of nothing."

"I don't think I'm going to like sitting on this thing, Fellowes. Is this the way you want me? D'you mind if I sort of wiggle my pussy down while you fix my ankles?"

"By all means, Miss. But kindly confine your motions within the scope you mention."

“Will I pick up the odd orgasm while sitting on it, Fellowes?”

“The Horse is not conducive to sexual stimulation, Miss. I will now tension the foot tethers and remove the bench.”

“OWWWW, wow ouch! Oh Fellowes, put the bench back quick!”

“You are beautifully positioned, Miss. You cannot fall.”

Lady Emily viewed her cousin’s plight with a sympathetic eye. She was still tugging at her own handcuffs, a sign of apprehension.

“That’s it, Deidre love,” she explained dolorously. “You just sit and suffer. Move as little as possible and don’t try and get loose, you can’t! Watch me getting whipped. It may take your mind off your cunt.”



"It's not my mind that's on my cunt, it's all the rest of me," Deidre gasped. "Oh golly ... I can't possibly bear this!"

"We will use the trapeze bar for your correction, M'Lady. If you will be so kind...."

"Oh alright!" Emily's voice betrayed her irritation. "By now I know the drill by heart. Stand under the bar, get my ankles chained, put my wrists in the strap and stand still while I'm prepared for my torture."

"You have a tendency to hyperbole, M'Lady. Ah, thank you ... I will now raise your arms."

"And thank you too, Fellowes old boy. How about a good fuck before you start in with that whip on my back?"

"You have done nothing to deserve the pleasure, M'Lady."

"Just a knee trembler then. I can manage well enough, even if you do have me strung up by

my wrists ... after you get him in I can grip you with my legs, I'll get 'em all the way round... ?"

"You are most thoughtful, M'Lady, but no. I will now commence your correction."

"You didn't really mean that about whipping me twice as much, did you, Fellowes?"

"Indubitably, M'Lady."

"It would be much kinder to put me on the Horse and whip Deidre, Fellowes. Don't be so mean."

"Couldn't I have just a few strokes... ?" Deidre's pale voice came in poignant appeal from her martyrdom astride the punishing edge.

"You see!" Emily accused. "The poor girl needs a nice whipping. I do think you're being terribly unkind."

"Would you care for a sound whipping now and then enjoy a seat on the Horse, M'Lady? I would be pleased to position you face to face?"

"Oh Fellowes, of course I wouldn't care for it. What a thing to ask a poor innocent girl! Alright! I know you're going to whip me, so you may as well get on with it."

"Quite so, M'Lady."

"OOOOHHHH WWWOOOOOWWWW WOOPS! Oh dammit, Fellowes, d'you have to hit me that hard!"

"I was unaware of undue severity, M'Lady."

"It cut me in two. I must be hanging by a thread somewhere."

"Perhaps this may restore a sense of balance, M'Lady."

"WoW, WoW, WoW, UUUPS, oh jeepers! Oh Fellowes, that feels awfully hard to me. If you're going to hurt me like this you don't need to give me double."

"Could I have some instead, please?" Deidre asked hopefully.

"Poor darling, he whipped you terribly." Deidre's voice was tearful. "What a shame you don't enjoy it like I do."

"I don't enjoy this either," said Emily bitterly as she roved her gaze up and down her tractioned legs and that agonized portion of herself

in crushed contact with the wood. "We really must have hurt his feelings last night. I say, Deidre darling, this is simply awful. You don't feel like fainting, do you?"

"I wish I could! It's this awful stretch and not being able to use my hands.... Look at our poor little pussies, they're flattened. I just can't believe they'll ever be any good again. I haven't managed a single climax—the poor dear's just not in the mood... ."

Lady Emily twisted her shoulders despondently. "The first time he put me on this thing I was positive my clit was crushed forever and that the next chap I talked into it would have to do it sideways. But I've discovered a cunt can take almost anything. Cheer up."

"These blasted handcuffs! He puts 'em on so tight. Oh darling, I feel so lost and helpless and I'm sitting on a little fold of skin and some of my cunt hairs are tugging some way, what's there to cheer up about! He won't really leave us sitting on this awful thing all day, will he?"

"He certainly will. We'll be here until dungeon time."

Deidre managed a pale giggle. "I think I hear his steps. I'm going to feign a faint. I expect it will hurt, but I'm going to flop." Emily looked in virtuous horror at the slumped nudity with which she now shared her painful perch. Deidre's act looked shockingly real. Only the taut tethers on the naked girl's feet held her on the cruel edge of the punishment Horse. Her face was hidden among her fallen hair.

"Look what you've done, Fellowes!" she exclaimed accusingly. "The poor darling's fainted in agony. I expect I will soon."

The butler's bland gaze took in the pathetic scene. He was unperturbed. His voice was as bland as his features. "I have always found, M'Lady, that a sound whipping effects a rapid cure for the fainting indulgences of the youthful female. I will administer it."

“Oh thanks, Fellowes, you’re a brick! I knew we could rely on you. Deidre will be so pleased.”

“I am sure she will, M’Lady. She will feel no pain.”

“I’m so glad you understand the darling girl, Fellowes. When she comes to and feels the whip she’ll be terribly grateful...”

“Miss Deidre will not feel the whip, M’Lady.”

“Well, even if she loves it she’ll still feel it, y’know.”

“No, M’Lady. As a remedy for bringing your cousin out of her lapse from consciousness it is my intention to whip you.”

“Oh Fellowes!” Two maiden voices pealed in outraged unison. Deidre resumed her punishment stance, grimacing in pain. Two pairs of female eyes focused accusingly. “I don’t think that was a bit nice.” Deidre’s voice was reproachful.

“I am gratified by your early recovery, Miss.”

“It would serve you right if we never spoke to you again, Fellowes.” Emily’s voice betrayed deep hurt.

“Thank you, M’Lady. I will now whip you.”

“Whatever for! Deidre’s all right now.”

“Deceit deserves correction, M’Lady.”

Lady Emily tossed her head disdainfully. “Well, you can’t whip me like this, silly. My hands are behind my back.. If you unlock them I’ll be able to ease my cunt.”

“You are most kind, M’Lady, in drawing this to my attention. It does occur to me now that a more fitting reminder of misdemeanour will be the small silver clips. I will fetch them for you both.”

“No, never mind. Just whip me.”

“But, darling, they’re the things that clip on our nipples, aren’t they! Surely they’re not as awful as you having another whipping?”

“They’re worse,” Emily affirmed morosely. “That’s why we’re getting them. With a whipping you get it and you hurt and it’s over. With these little silver horrors they stay on our tits all day and never let up for a minute. It’s like having two angry little animals nibbling at your breasts.”

“But can’t we reach them and take them off after he’s gone? These handcuffs are cruel things but they do give a little freedom.”



"I tried that once," Emily admitted morosely. "I was so damned pleased with myself. It was quite a struggle but I wiggled my hand up enough I could just reach with one finger. I pulled the little beast, and my nipple, down to where I could get at it with finger and thumb. It felt so gorgeous to take it off. But guess what."

"You dropped it."

"Worse. I couldn't get it back on. My tit had bounced back up and no matter how I squirmed—and just imagine squirming on this thing!—there was no way I could clip myself again. I was still holding the damn thing when Fellowes came back. He wouldn't believe a single one of my fibs. I got an extra hour on here and twenty with the cane."

"I am sure you will be pleased with the effect, ladies. It is most aesthetic." Fellowes held the four silver clips up for a woeful inspection. "Our guest first perhaps?"

"I'd much sooner you whipped me, Fellowes dear!" Deidre looked soulfully into the butler's eyes.

"I clip them firmly on the nipple itself, Miss. This achieves maximum discomfort and enables the breast to impart a natural vibrancy of motion. If you will pardon me"

"He means he's doing it to hurt the most," Emily translated icily. "Really Fellowes, any other good torturer would be satisfied with crushing our cunts on this lousy Horse. We're in deepest agony."

"Oh, ouch! Oh, oh, oh, ohhhhhh! Take them off, Fellowes. I can't stand them. You've got 'em on wrong or something. Quick!" Deidre's features registered dismay.

"No, Miss, they are perfectly placed. Since you enjoy an excellent view of them I am sure you will come to wear them with pride."

“Don’t tantalise the poor girl, Fellowes,” Emily exclaimed testily. “Stick my two on me now and go away and leave us to our agony. I hope your conscience bothers you all afternoon.”

“Thank you, Miss. It is kind of you to sit so still. Ah! There we are. And again.... Exquisite!”

“I’m sure I am. Now go away. I’m not pleased with you.”

“If I may say so, M’Lady, you accept your penalties with a most enchanting grace.”

“It’s not intentional, Fellowes. Through the coming hours I hope you will be haunted by the memory of two innocent and naked virgins with cunts sundered by this damn plank, our wrists cruelly handcuffed, our poor feet tugged and tied out to either side like a ballerina doing the splits, and heartlessly cruel clips biting our tits so they’re apt to fall off on the floor.”

“Thank you, M’Lady. You are more than kind.”

“It will be your fault, Fellowes, if we both die of frustration. Those chastity belts locked on us in the dungeon every night are inhuman.”

“Bastions against unseemly acts, M’Lady.”

“You chain us so we can’t get at each other. It wouldn’t hurt to let us use our fingers.”

“An ignoble ambition for a member of the nobility, M’Lady.”

"I'd sooner have a cock or Deidre's tongue. But you won't let a girl have either. We do need a little diversion, y'know."

"Such diversions have led to your present correction, M'Lady."

"But surely you could fuck us every morning before torture starts? I'm sure the aristocracy would survive."

"I trust your handcuffs are comfortable, M'Lady?"

"No they aren't! You've clicked them too tight as usual. Which reminds me: those chains last night in the dungeon... ! I've never heard of a chain up between a girl's legs before."

"A change from the chastity belt, M'Lady. The end effect is similar."

"It's cruel. I knew my clit was in there somewhere but I never did find it."

"What are you going to punish us with today, Fellowes?" Deidre asked plaintively.

"It is kind of you to evince an interest, Miss. If you will be so kind as to place one foot adjacent to each of these rings in the floor?"

"Good gosh, Fellowes, I feel like Waterloo Bridge!"

"We both have red runts after yesterday, Fellowes. Do we really have to stick `em out on view again... ? Alright ... alright! Don't get shirty! I'll do it. There! If I wasn't handcuffed I'd feel down to see if the poor dear's wide open."

"I will tie your ankles securely to the rings, ladies, as a preliminary to your day's correction."

"Oh Fellowwwweeeesssss! With our hands behind our backs it's awful hard to teeter like this. We can't move, y'know."

"I am most gratified, M'Lady. I have a small novelty in this box."

Lady Emily did her best to peer. "Looks like a bit of a Fuller Brush to me," she said dubiously.

"It is another importation from the United States, M'Lady."

"It still looks like a length of bristly round brush"

"The folder describes it as a nylon Twat Tickler for vibrant vaginas, M'Lady. There are two adjustments. One is punitive."

"Thanks, we'll have the other."

"It is not a pleasure gadget, M'Lady."

"Anything that goes up our cunts after this arid desert of attention will be a pleasure, Fellowes,"

"You don't mean you're going to push those bristly things up inside us, Fellowes?" Deidre's voice was awed.

"Quite so, Miss. It will enliven a full day."

"But standing spread like this is going to get more and more awful, Fellowes. I wish you wouldn't keep thinking of these small 'extras'. They're really most unfair to innocent girls."

"Fortunately there are none present, M'Lady. Would you care to be the first to accept one of these importations?"

"Don't be so damn polite! You know perfectly well you're going to shove the blasted thing up my cunt whether I like it or not. Go ahead!"

"Thank you, M'Lady. And now, if I may be so bold"

"Ouch! Oh dammit, Fellowes, hold it! Let's go a bit more carefully. Are you sure these aren't designed for Texans?"

"I fail to apprehend the allusion, M'Lady."

"Well, everything's bigger in Texas. Texas girls probably have bigger cunts. This is way above my size."

"I will adjust it to the pleasure position, M'Lady, while making the insertion. I can turn the knob to the punishment spot when safely installed within."

"You make me sound as though I'm getting some new plumbing. Look, Fellowes old boy, let's drop this one. Send it back to Texas."

"It came from Los Angeles, Miss."

"Send it back anyway. King Kong can use it on his girlfriend."

"You are unduly disturbed, M'Lady. I have already achieved a penetration of several inches."

"You're telling me!! It's awful! I feel full of scorpions or antelopes or something."



"An antelope is a small-horned deer, M'Lady."

“That’s just what I feel like—or perhaps a porcupine. Take it out. I can’t bear anymore.”

“We are making most satisfactory progress, M’Lady.” “But look at it all! I can’t possibly take... 1”

“I am sanguine of total penetration, M’Lady. Perseverance is of the essence.”

“Ouch! That was my left kidney you just passed. How do you ever expect to get the beastly thing out! I’ll become known as the ‘Fuller Brush Girl.’”

“There is another small knob, M’Lady. Have no fear. The former colonials are a most ingenious race. This small ‘R’ stands for ‘Retraction.’”

“It more likely means rape. Oh, Fellowes...”

“It’s nearly all inside, darling,” Deidre offered helpfully.

“What comes after kidneys, Fellowes? I can feel it passing by. Should I keep my mouth open in case... ?” Emily’s voice was minus hope.

“I am most gratified, M’Lady. The full eight inches. You are a young woman of infinite capacities.”

“And they’re all full. Oh, Fellowes...”

“I will now flip the adjustment, M’Lady.”

“Wahhhhh! Oh damn! Oh golly. Take it out! Oh, oh, oh ... no, don’t take it out! Don’t touch it! Oh shit!”

“You find it somewhat trying, M’Lady?”

"Oh, it's trying alright! It's killing me. All those bristles are sticking in. My poor slit... !"

"You should find this legs-wide-apart posture beneficial, M'Lady?"

"Oh damn, nothing's beneficial. This whole thing's just too bloody much. Could I be whipped again or stretched on the Rack or something?"

"No, M'Lady. I think you will find some relief as the bristles soak."

"They're nylon, idiot! They won't soak. They'll just stay sticking into me."

"I am pleased by your report, M'Lady. I am sure Miss Deidre will be curious as to her own reactions."

"Don't you dare stick that thing up me!" Deidre warned.

"You have only to stand still, Miss. Cooperation is not essential. I will make the insertion with the same care as with Miss Emily."

"It won't work, Fellowes. My cunt isn't half as big as Emily's. She's trained on cocks. I've just used tongue and finger."

"Surely you cannot reach, Miss... ! Oh, quite so, quite so! A deplorable confession, if I may say so."

"Oh ouch! Jeepers, oh damn! No don't, Fellowes, you can't possibly get that thing inside me."

"Penetration is advancing slowly, Miss. Have faith."

"Faith in what, for Pete's sake! Both us girls will be ruined for life. Wouldn't you like to use hot irons or cat-o'-nine-tails on us instead? You wouldn't like it if someone cut your prick off!" "I fail to observe an analogy, Miss."

"You're reaming our cunts out, that's what you're doing! Only an elephant will be interested in us by the time you've got these horrors in and out of us."

"A few abrasions, Miss, nothing more."

"Oh wah! Wow ... Ouch! Olt Fellowes, it's just not possible."

"On the contrary, Miss. Penetration is proceeding with an even greater facility than with Lady Emily. You appear to have gravely underestimated the penetration of the female tongue."

"Well, I never thought Lottie Renshaw's was that long, but ... Wah! OOOOHHHHH ... ouch! Oh Fellowes, pleaseeeeeeaaasse!"

"Congratulations, Miss. Fully installed and switched to punishment. According to the booklet you are now about to enjoy a vibrant vagina."

Lady Emily had been writhing as vigorously as her bonds and strained position would allow. "It's no good, darling," she wailed. "We're stuck with the damn things. We'll just have to suffer and hope lie knows how to get `em out of us."

"I will return anon, ladies. In the meantime I trust your thoughts will dwell on the impropriety of lesbian indulgence."

"Fat lot he knows!" Lady Emily stuck out her tongue at the doorway through which the figure of the Halibut butler had passed. "All we're going to think about is our cunts. Mine's awful. How about yours?"

Her cousin's reply went unspoken. A cheerful albeit elderly voice demanded: "I say, what the devil are you two standing like that for?

Giving it an airing?"

"Oh, Grandpa!" Emily reproved testily. "We're both tied this way, that's why. And we're handcuffed, too, in case you didn't notice. Do be a dear and untie our ankles."

"No jolly fear!" said Lord Halibut colloquially. "Fellowes knows what's good for you. I just dropped in to see that new Yankee thing Fellowes sent away for."

"Oh Grandpa!" Emily actually managed a spontaneous blush. "You can't see them. Not now."

"And why not indeed?"

"Because they're right inside us." Deidre managed a giggle.

"Inside... ! Oh, I see!" Lord Halibut adjusted his spectacles and gave his granddaughter's furry bush his full attention. "By Jove you're right! What will they think of next! Stiff bristles, I understand?"

"Grandpa, this isn't nice. You shouldn't.... Besides, Deidre's here. Aren't you embarrassed?"

"No. Why?" Lord Halibut gave a brief look around and returned to his scrutiny. "A couple of little knobs and a ring to pull it out with. A really capital idea."

"Don't touch it!" His granddaughter's warning stilled his reaching hand.

"Only wanted to have a look at it.." Lord Halibut defended mildly. "I'll push it back in again."

"Oh no, you can't. You mustn't." Both girls cried out their feminine protest. "We don't think they come out. Only Fellowes..."

"Are you getting some good orgasms?" the elderly Peer inquired solicitously.

"They're not for that at all, Grandpa. We're being punished. And no, we haven't had any of ... what you said."

"I've been a particularly bad girl," Deidre chimed in firmly. Lord Halibut transferred his attention from one loaded vagina to another. In so doing he missed the broad wink that passed between the naked captives.

"I like that," he approved. "Nice frank admission. What have you been up to, m'gel'?"

"I'm afraid I tongued Emily's clit." Deidre's voice was shy.

"Jolly good," Lord Halibut approved absently. "But what did you do to get in this pickle?"

Deidre tried again: "I used my finger on my own, I'm afraid."

"Splendid girl! That's the spirit I admire."

"I have to be punished for it, sir."

"Eh! Oh. Well, I suppose... ."

"I wondered if you'd be sweet enough to whip me, sir?"

Lord Halibut visibly perked. "Looks as though you've had a fair drubbing already," he observed disappointedly.

"But that was yesterday," Deidre informed brightly. "I'm afraid Fellowes has forgotten today. I'd be ever so grateful."

"Well!" Lord Halibut visibly braced. "Can't let a good girl down, can we! Where's the cane?"

"It's the long yellow one on the bench, sir. I'm afraid I can't bend over very well the way I'm tied."

"Well, do your best, m'dear. You have a magnificent bottom. Reminds me of the good old days." Lord Halibut sliced the air with his cane with an increasing enthusiasm. "What's the quota? I mean, how many?"

"I've been such a bad girl, sir. I'm sure it should be a lot." "Give her at least twenty, Grandpa," Emily suggested helpfully. "Fellowes would give her at least that."

"Chip off the old block, both of you." Lord Halibut took up his stance behind Deidre's youthful nakedness. He adjusted his glasses and took a deep preparatory breath. The air sang.

Splay! The thud of the cane on the scarcely bent bottom rang through the room. Emily winced. Lord Halibut beamed. His face was pink.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" The gratitude in Deidre's voice was unmistakable. "You cane awfully well for a gentleman of your age."

"What d'you mean, 'my age'!" Lord Halibut swung on the ball of one foot and arced the cane in a swift sweeping cruelty. Its impact on the stretched maiden flesh set the helpless girl to rocking insecurely on her widely spaced and pinioned feet. "What d'you think of that one?"

His nude victim gasped. Her head raised, her eyes closed. Whether in bliss or agony, the watching Emily could not tell. Every muscle and tendon of the lithe and slender loveliness quivered. "Oh, thank you ... thank you..." The youthful voice was husky with passion. "You do it so gorgeously. Please cane me again."

"Remarkable girl!" Lord Halibut was breathless, his eyes aglow. He appeared to have shed thirty years. "You must come and visit Emily

more often. I'll get this one a bit higher up."

Once more the *whirrr*, the gasp, and the reverent voice. "It's so kind of you to take this trouble with me, sir. I've never been caned properly like this before. It just shows what experience..."

"Don't you feel sorry for her, Grandpa?" Emily ventured.

"Not enough to stop me giving her a sound caning, m'dear," Lord Halibut rejoined affably. "Now then, m'gel, be sure and get those handcuffs well up your back. Don't want them nicking the cane."

"Oh, no sir!" Deidre contrived to sound shocked even at the thought of such a catastrophe. "It's not easy being fastened like this, but I'll do everything possible to help. It's so kind of you.... Ouch!"

"Made you jump a bit there, eh!" Lord Halibut was jubilant. "Got that one well under where the hair is. Takes a certain twist of the wrist. It's not everyone..

"You're so terribly clever, sir." Deidre was still writhing sensuously, totally preoccupied in her own vivid world of concupiscence. "That hurt me terribly. I'm sure it's doing me good. Do you think you could manage another from the other side?"

"No sooner said than done, dear gel." Lord Halibut changed sides and let fly a wicked backhand that sent the pinioned beauty into a tautening heave which resolved itself into small twistings accompanied by gasps that might be variously interpreted.

"I do hope the marks are the way you like them, sir." Butter would not have melted in the captive's mouth. "I deserve so many strokes I just hope I have enough bare skin for them all."

"Does no harm to cut the same place twice." Lord Halibut's reassurance came from many fond memories. "I'll lay this right on

top of number one.”

It was not an idle boast. The scarlet of the vivid stripe across the centre of Deidre’s bottom deepened and turned to purple. The ridge of youthful flesh became more pronounced. The owner of the caned bottom was emitting small moans and tugging at her handcuffs with clenched fists. Slowly her head turned so that she was able to look back over one shoulder at the panting Peer. “Thank you. Thank you... !” Her words were a rapturous whisper.



The cane bit in just beneath her twin wealed curves. For the moment of impact it disappeared into a fold of girl. The recipient tensed, head thrown back, but the wide eyes slowly half-closed as though to capture and hold the ecstasy of pain.

“Oh, sir, you’re wonderful ... so very wonderful... !” The whispered tribute was so heartfelt that it caused Emily to stare in disbelief. Its effect on Lord Halibut was rejuvenating. With bugles sounding and flags flying he struck again.

No one was counting, but after the sixteenth stroke had been sweetly and gratefully absorbed by maiden flesh, Lord Halibut paused for breath. “Mean to tell me no one ever made you an offer, gel?”

“I don’t know what you mean, sir?” The husky voice was arch. “I can offer you a job for life. Twenty strokes a day minimum?”

“Oh sir!!!”

“I could adopt you legally?” Lord Halibut had glimpsed Nirvana. “Please cane me again, sir.”

“Be a damn nice inheritance?” The yellow cane slashed and bit.

“Oh, ohhhh, oh that was lovely! Please don’t stop.”

“What about marriage, by gal?”

“Oh sir, you’re so sweet! Now one just above my knees, please? Would Fellowes be staying on with us?”

“Fellowes... ! Why, of course. Got to have someone to look after young Emily.”

“Oh, sir, you think of everything. What a lovely arrangement! Please try a single on my right cheek only.”

“Here, hold on!” Emily was glimpsing an impecunious future.

“Capital idea, m’dear.” Lord Halibut glowed and slashed both willing cheeks with gusto. “We can honeymoon in Singapore. Fine supply of rattans.”

“Oh sir... ! I’ll see if I can bend over a bit more for you. Of course my answer is y—”

“It’s not fair!” Emily declared firmly. “Grandpa, you ought to cane my bottom, too. My bottom’s just as good as hers, and you don’t have to marry me.”

In a daze of happiness, Lord Halibut transferred his attention from one well-caned bottom to another. “By Jove, you’re right, Emily, m’gel!”

“A real hard one right across the middle, please,” said Lady Emily Halibut in honeyed tones.

