

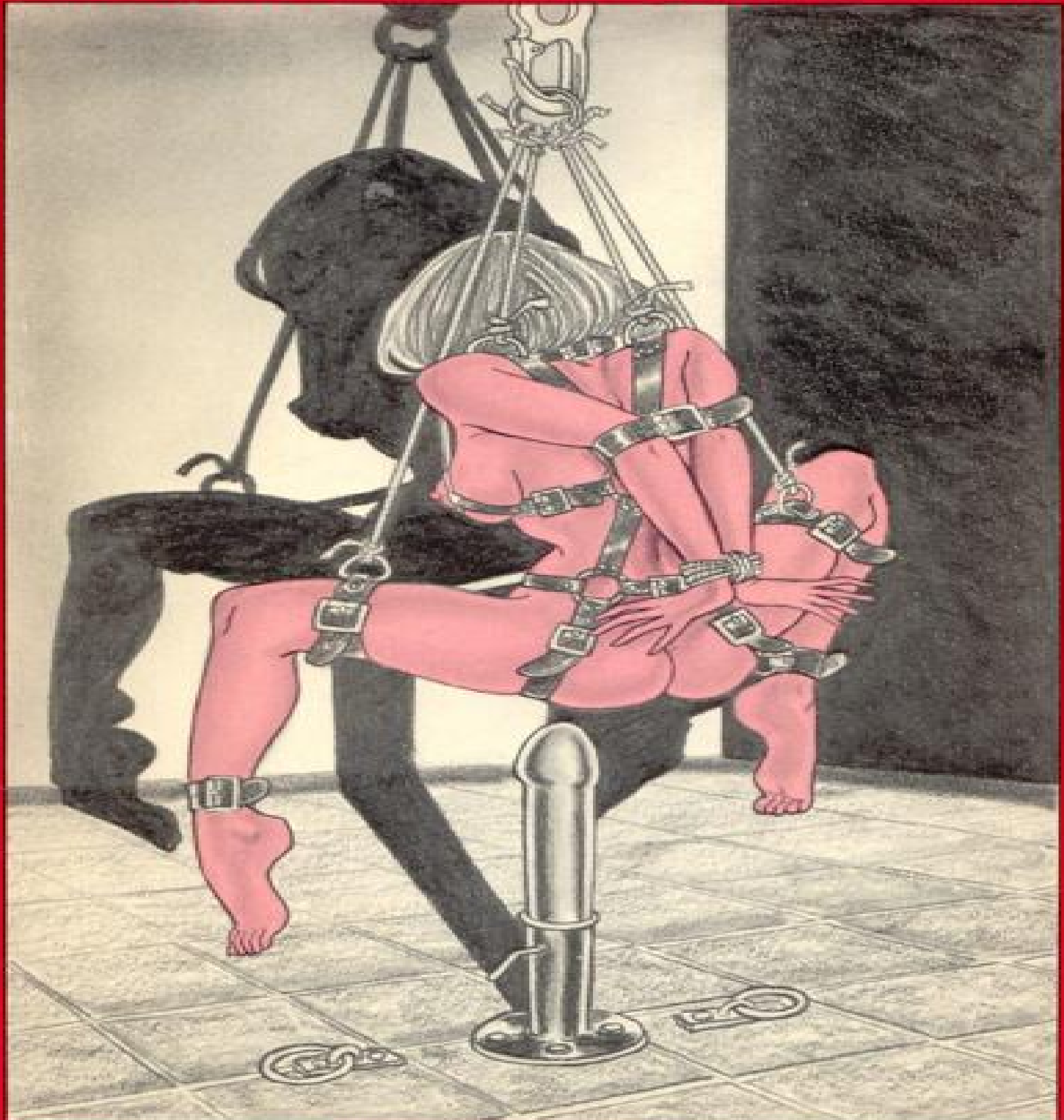
FELLOWES 11

PETUNIA'S PUNISHMENT

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Fellowes 11: Petunia's Punishment

By FE Campbell

Illustrations: Ashely

„Well, bless my soul!“ Lady Thistledown raised her lorgnette and surveyed the cause of her exclamation with disbelief.

“It’s just me,” said Lady Emily Halibut.

The elderly noblewoman examined the unusual manifestation before her eyes. “You’re tied to that tree,” she said accusingly. Then added, with a more severe censure: “And you haven’t any clothes on.”

“It’s just Fellowes,” said Lady Emily brightly. “He does this to me all the time. Please let me loose.”

Lady Thistledown groped. “Fellowes is your grandfather’s butler. Don’t see what he’s got to do with it!”

“Well, it’s sort of complicated. I’m supposed to have misbehaved. I’ll be ever so grateful if you’ll let me loose. The knots are all at the back somewhere.”

“If you’ve been a bad girl you shouldn’t be let loose,” said Lady Thistledown with logic. “Can’t say I approve of that thing you’ve got there staring everyone in the face though.”

“You mean my cunt! Well, I can’t very well toss it away, can I!” Lady Emily complained. “I can’t even put my hand on it.”

Lady Thistledown recoiled. "That's no way to talk to your elders," she reproved. "And what did you do in the first place to earn this?"

"It's a bit complicated," said Lady Emily doubtfully. "You see, there was this fellow who'd come about the electric light or something. We just happened to meet in the old carriage house It's really awful the way people take on so I mean, about things like clothes. It was such a warm day it seemed only sensible"

"You mean you were starkers," said Lady Thistledown succinctly.

"I suppose you could say that." Lady Emily was cheerfully vague. "Are you going to untie me now?"

"What's those marks . . . ?" The lorgnette was brought into play at closer range. "Dammit, they look like . . . ?"

"Yes, they're whip marks." Emily tried hard to look down at her striped nudity but was defeated by her bonds. "I've got quiet a lot of them here and there. Wait 'til you see my bottom! You'll be able to when you untie me."

"Don't keep harping on that," Lady Thistledown admonished. "You say this chap Fellowes attends to you?" Her voice was thoughtful.

"He's terribly sweet really. He only whips me from a sense of duty." She giggled. "Grandpa told me Fellowes has caned more noble bottoms than any other butler in Europe. He's awfully good at it."

"Well, bless my soul!" said Lady Thistledown again.

"Dashed awkward!" said Lord Halibut irritably.

"Quit so, M'Lord."

"Damn woman seems to think we're running some sort of penal institution. Not my fault her granddaughter's been sleeping with the chauffeur." He chuckled reflectively. "Feller probably does all right for the girl . . . what's her name again?"

"Petunia, M'Lord."

"You want to cane her rump? Dash it, you've got young Emily."

"I will be governed by your wishes, M'Lord. I would anticipate no difficulty. Lady Petunia Thistledown is about the same age as Lady Emily. They could share a dungeon amicably."

"Spot of *noblesse oblige*, I suppose," mused Lord Halibut more cheerfully. "By the way, where is the dratted woman?"

"She has returned to speak further with Lady Emily, M'Lord."

"Where have you got young Emily?"

"She is attached to a tree in the park, M'Lord. Lady Thistledown announced her intention of covering Lady Emily's pudendum with a handkerchief. She deems the present exposure incompatible with Lady Emily's social status."

Lord Halibut pondered mechanics. "How the devil's she going to manage that?"

"She is pinning her hope on Scotch tape, M'Lord. She took a roll with her."

Lord Halibut pondered. "That means we'll be expected to Scotch tape up this Petunia filly?"

"Lady Thistledown's visit to the demesne will have terminated, M'Lord. We must simply ensure that prudery is not included in our

terms of reference."



“Stands to reason,” said Lord Halibut firmly. “Can’t give a filly the whip with her clothes on.” He pondered further. “Suppose we’d better take the wench.”

“Quite so, M’Lord. I will order a fresh supply of canes.”

“Up yours!” said Lady Petunia Thistledown belligerently. “You needn’t think you’re going to treat me the way you do Emily. Fancy bringing me here in handcuffs! Take ‘em off!”

“I will attach this collar, Miss. With this chain linking you to the wall, and with your handcuffs removed you will be free to disrobe.”

“Look here Fellowes, old boy, if you want to cop a feel you’re welcome but I’m damned if I’m taking my clothes off in a ruddy dungeon.”

“In that case I will bid you adieu, Miss. I will attend you tomorrow.”

“Hey, Fellowes, you’re not leaving me here! Look . . . you just can’t! This chain is too short. I can’t even sit down.”

“Quite so, Miss.”

“What d’you mean, quite so! You can’t possibly leave me standing here all day and all night. This beastly collar’s horrible.”

“A period for quiet reflection, Miss. The matter of nudity may be renegotiated in the morning.”

"Oh shit!" Petunia stamped her foot in vexation. "I don't see why Grandma . . . ! Here, hold on! Don't go! I'm not hidebound, y'know."

"You are reassessing your position, Miss?"

^ "My position's fucking awful, if you want my opinion. But I'll take my clothes off if that'll make you happy."

"Thank you, Miss. I am most gratified."

"I suppose you leave this chain and collar effect on me while I do it?"

"It protects us both against a change of heart, Miss."

"Humph! Well . . . if I have to. I suppose you've seen a good many cunts in your time, Fellowes?"

"I have been privileged, Miss. I may say that concupiscence plays no part in our relationship."

"Does that mean you don't fuck me?"

"The use of four-letter words will incline my judgment to more severe discomforts, Miss. I do not condone their use by members of the nobility. There are suitable synonyms."

"I don' know any," said Petunia irritably as she kicked off shoes and discarded dress. "There! Aren't my tits nice! And what d'you think of my four-letter word? Isn't that a lovely bush?"

"You are exquisitely endowed, M'Lady. If I may be so bold I will add the overall effect is worthy of Delacroix."

"Who's he?"

"He painted young ladies, Miss."

“Oh, I tried that. It’s fun but it’s messy ”

“I referred to nudes on canvas, Miss.”

“Oh that! I say, Fellowes, now you’ve got me more bare as a billiard ball, what happens next?”

“Your derriere will be soundly caned, Miss.”

“Why?” Petunia sounded sincerely interested.

“It is an introductory exercise designed to engender a suitable humility in recalcitrant young ladies, Miss. A disciplinary welcome, if I may say so.”

“Beat hell out of me so I’ll behave, eh! Look, Fellowes old boy, how about a nice piece of tail?”

“I fail to see the connection, Miss.”

“It’s simple. I give you a bit of nooky and you don’t cane my can.”

“I am not susceptible to bribes, Miss! In any case, the inducement you offer is one of the perquisites of my office.”

“Oh balls! You mean you’re free to screw me any time without asking . . . ! Hey, what goes . . . ! Look here Oh no! Oh damn! Oh, not bent over this rotten bench. My bottom feels like the Eiffel Tower. Hey, don’t tighten that strap over my waist so damn tight. Golly, you’re strong!”

“Thank you, Miss. I will take up the straps at ankle and wrist another notch. Experience has shown me the wisdom of having the subject entirely immobilized.”

“I suppose I’m the subject. Look, Fellowes, can’t we talk this over?”

“There is nothing to discuss, Miss.”

“Well, you can tell me what sort of cane you intend to use and all that sort of thing.”

“I fear you are procrastinating, Miss. I may say, however, that whilst it had been my original intention to administer a mere ten strokes, I have now advanced this figure to fifteen. Your attitude and speech, if I may say so, leave much to be desired.”

“Can’t say I’m sorry . . . ? Oh wow . . . ouch! Oh nooooooh! Oh dammit, Fellowes, that hurt something awful . . . and I can’t even twitch.”



"I strive to give satisfaction, Miss. I am most grateful for our approbation."

"Who said anything about approbation? Arrrrhrrrr! Ooops!"

"You will be gratified to learn, Miss, that your skin marks beautifully. The effect of the scarlet lines is most pleasing."

"WAAAAHHHHH! AHHHHRRRRR! Oh Golly, I do think it's damned unsporting, Fellowes. I can't move all strapped down the way you've got me, and here you are slashing away at my poor bare bottom with that rotten cane. Are you sure you have to hit me that hard?"

"I will value your comments on this stroke, MLady."

"UGGGGHHHHHhhh! WHHHHHHoooooo! Oh, Fellowes, not so hard! I'll never last the course at this rate. You can return my remains to Thistledown Castle. Got a bit easy. I've got a nice little bottom. I don't want to loose it"

"It is gratifying resilient, Miss. I anticipate no damage."

"WAAAAHHHHHrrrrr! Damn and blast ist . . . ! Oh shit, I can't stand this – and not being able to move. Please not anymore?"

"Your reaction is normal, Miss. Have no fear."

"ARRRRRUUUUUUUGGGGHHHHHhhh . . . !"

"You'll have to try and sleep on one hip, Petunia," Lady Emily Halibut suggested sympathetically. "Fifteen on a girl's bottom to start leave

you awful sore." She sighed nostalgically. "It's so long ago for me I've almost forgotten."

How the blazes are we expected to sleep on a stone floor! And all these chains . . . !" Petunia shook a manacled wrist to produce a musical clatter of links. "I wish I could crawl over beside you. We could keep each other warm."

"We're chained to opposite walls so we can't nibble each other. It's part of the punishment," Emily informed morosely. "So't the stone floor. You're certain you can't possibly sleep on it, but you do. What's Fellowes going to do to you next?"

"He said something about suspension."

"Oh that! It's better than whipped real hard, but not much. The day seems to last forever. A girl feels so lost and forgotten hanging there you actually wish he'd come and do things. You know, the clips on your nipples, or maybe even a couple with the whip. In the spot we're in a girl gets terribly grateful for anything."

"Are you put in the dungeon and chained like this every night?"

"Oh, only when I'm being punished and in disgrace," Emily mused pensively. "Of course that seems to be most of the time. Say, Petunia, if you can turn that collar so's the chain falls down in front it's less o a drag on your neck."

"I suppose it's useless to think of getting out of these chains and this dismal dungeon. I mean, some sort of a trick?"

"Quite hopeless, darling. And you'll find you'll always have a little bit o yourself chained somehow when you're being changed around. The best thing is to butter Fellowes up as much as he'll stand or and to persuade him to fuck you as often as you can." Emily sighed ecstatically. "It's the only real bright spot in our day."

"If there's two of us to screw, isn't it going to thin it out a bit? I don't want to spoil things or you."

"Gosh no!" Emily looked wistful. "You see, he sort of rations it. A girl has to earn her trail. You can go for days if you're not careful. Fellowes is terribly noble about the way he doles it out."

"What will he do to you tomorrow, Emily?"

"Well, it doesn't matter much," Emily said cheerfully. "I've run the Course so many times it all seems familiar. I've been tied to a tree in the park for three days in a row. Fellowes says the fresh air is good for me. It's certainly a lot better than this damn dungeon I he didn't tie me so tight. But I can hardly quiver. The bugs have a field day on me. A ladybird spent two hours on one of my tits yesterday. I think there's a pair of finches eying my cunt with a view to building a nest."

"Emily?" Petunia looked sheepish.

"Yes, love?"

"After I'd been caned today, and while I still knew I was going to die, and I was simply burning up with all those stripes on my bottom . . . I got the strangest sensation. It was as though . . . and when I put my hand down to feel I was all wet! Is this the way it is . . . ?"

Lady Emily laughed delightedly. "It's crazy, isn't it? But, yes, that's the way I am, too." She giggled happily. "I'll let you in on a secret: If Fellowes just gives me three or four or five I enjoy it. I've even had a glorious come right in front of him. Instead of being pleased for me he gives me five more. He said I wouldn't enjoy the second lot, and I didn't. So watch that. But if you can goad him into just a very few it's positively cunt crinkling. At least it is with me."



Petunia was playing with her chains, embarrassed but intrigued. "Is . . . is, well, liking it considered bad? I mean, is it frowned on?"

Emily's laugh tinkled through the dungeon like a Spring zephyr. "Everything's frowned on, darling. If you live here with me you can resign yourself to a lifetime of being whipped and chained down here like this. Since I came back from school I've spent more time down here than upstairs. I'm supposed to go back to school next week, but no one will have me."

"Why?"

"I suppose it's because they don't have dungeons; they don't know what to do with me. Besides, there's all sorts of silly laws. School was sort of good though – it gave my skin a chance to catch up. I'd come back here after every term with my skin a lovely virgin white for Fellowes to start working on again."

"But what do you do? Why always in trouble?"

"Same as you, I bet. One look at some chap's prick and you're for it. I have an awful time trying to get enough. If it weren't for darling Fellowes"

"But you're happy!"

"Well, why not!" Emily asked brightly. "It's sort of sporting. Sometimes I win and sometimes the School of Fellowes wins. You can't say it's dull."

"But don't you hurt terribly?"

"Oh sure. But you get used to it. I don't mean it stops hurting: it never does that. But you're not so scared. If I'm tied so I can, I leap around like crazy while I'm being whipped. I think it does touch Fellowes' heart sometimes. But there's times when you're strapped

down tight, and then a girl's only weapon is tears. Fellowes isn't all that susceptible to tears."

"I'm not sure I'm going to like it here," Petunia said dubiously, and rubbed her bottom.

"The chains on your ankles are to inhibit ill-advised action, Miss."

"I know. Emily told me. I'll behave. How do you want my hands?"

"Thank you, Miss. One at a time please. I favour the widely spread position. It is most esthetic."

"I suppose these broad straps are so the circulation in my wrists stays working? They're awfully tight."

"Quite so, Miss. I am hopeful you will find today's travail eminently bearable."

"I suppose once I'm hung up like a ham there's not much I can do about it. Or do you consider pleas?"

"No, Miss. Sentence is pronounced. Its course is immutable."

Petunia shivered. "The way you said that . . . ! Fellowes old boy, am I likely to scream and all that?"

"Vocal expression is a matter of temperament, Miss. When I was with the Earl of Frogpond it was my privilege, at his Lordship's request of course, to suspend Lady Frogpond in this manner every second Tuesday. Lady Frogpond accepted her correction in a most sporting spirit and would chat cheerfully throughout the day with

anyone who cared to visit her. I recall one occasion when she presided at Tea with Lady Waterfall and her family. Nudity was, of course, implicit to the occasion, but there was no embarrassment. Lady Frogpond carried the conversation with verve and complete aplomb despite Lord Waterfall's constant scrutiny of her pubic hair. Since Lady Frogpond was handicapped, it became my privilege to pour."

"I doubt if I could manage that."

"Lady Frogpond was of Norman lineage, Miss. Blood will tell. And now, if you permit me"

"WHHHHooooo, oh golly, Fellowes. This is worse than I thought. Are you sure about all day?"

"Quite sure, Miss. Nothing else is scheduled."

"I didn't mean that. I mean will I still be alive?"

"Indubitably, Miss. I will serve tea in the afternoon."

"How the hell am I going to drink it?"

"I will be honoured to lift the cup, Miss."

"I suppose it's all right if I moan?"

"Please do, Miss. Any such positive recognition is welcome."

"And to think what brought me to this pass! It's hard to believe."

"A solemn reflection, if I may say so, M'Lady. The sins of the flesh can only be tempered by character."

"I don't believe it was a speck over three inches. Smallest one I ever had . . . doesn't seem fair."

“It is not my place to judge, Miss.”

“I mean, he wasn’t all that good with what he’d got.”

“My condolences, Miss. You have my sympathy.”

“Well, let me down, then.”

“I regret my compassion does not extend that far, Miss.”

“Oh, Fellowes, don’t go. Don’t leave me like this. My feet are way off the floor. I’m hanging . . . !”

“Quiet so, Miss.”



"This is pure torture, Fellowes. I've been strung up for hours. I'm dying."

"A mere ninety minutes, Miss. Simply a severe discomfort."

"I wish you had my wrists. They're on fire. What's that you've got! I say, Fellowes, they're not those . . . those thingummys?"

"Indeed yes, Miss. You seem a trifle bare."

"I don't care how bare I am. I don't want those!"

"They complete the ensemble. A finishing touch."

"No! Oh no, don't put them on me. Please . . . ?"

"You will become accustomed to small supplementary impositions, Miss."

"Clip `em somewhere else. Oh please?"

"The lower labia are extremely sensitive, Miss."

"A girl does have other places besides tits and twats, y'know."

"These are of special silverplate, specially designed. If you will permit me, M'Lady."

"Oh golly . . . Oh jeeppers! Oh it's an absolute brute. Take it off!"

"You will find that the right one has a tendency to counterbalance the left, Miss. And now, with your permission"

"Ouch! Oh, dammit, oh no . . . ! Oh, Fellowes, they're awful."

"If you will glance down, Miss, you will see they protrude most attractively."

"I don't care! I think they look awful, and they hurt something fierce. It's unfair when I'm already in agony"

"The path of penitence is strewn with thorns, M'Lady."

"Never mind the poetry. Take 'em off."

"I have two others here, Miss."

"Keep 'em. I've only got two tits."

"They are extremely versatile, Miss."

"Look, Fellowes, I don't want my cunt clipped. I can see the look in our eye. Please, please, can't I do something?"

"I fear, Miss, your role is but to bear with noble fortitude."

"Piss on noble fortitude! There ought to be something I can do or say. You've no idea how demoralising it is, Fellowes, when a girl can't offer a piece of tail - - it's terribly unkind. I mean, what else have we got!"

"I see your point, Miss. The fact that the act of coitus is non-negotiable must be most frustrating. And now, if you will permit me"

"I'll kick and scream!"

"Thank you, Miss. I will attach your feet and employ a gag."

"No! Oh don't! I'm sorry - I'll behave. Oh not that beastly ball thing in my mouth. Oh wow!"

"You will now make no remarks you might regret, Miss. I will tie your ankles firmly, you have no need of them"

"Glug, grrrrrh!"

"Quite so, Miss. If you will pardon the intimacy I will now embellish the vaginal lips."

"Grrrrh – glug!"

"And now the other on the reverse side . . . Ah, perfect!"

"Sssssssh – gulpppp!"

"Thank you, Miss. Your approbation is appreciated. I will now remove the gag. I firmly believe in communication."

"Oh Fellowes . . . ! Fellowes Oh golly."

"I will leave you now, Miss. I am sure you wish to be alone."

"No I don't! Where'd you get that idea! Oh, Fellowes"

Petunia watched the receding back with dismay. To hang naked as she was with the four vicious clips intimately biting her flesh was the last thing she desired. She had little doubt she presented a delectable picture of distressed femininity. But, since there was none to see, what did it matter? She tried, vainly, to look down and examine the small nipping horrors that felt as though they were expending some personal animosity upon her punished sex. But the attempt was too painful. The appendages biting steadily at her breasts mocked her with a closeness she could not bridge. Lady Petunia longed ardently for the use of a hand. Wistfully her eyes followed the strained column of her arm to where the strap nestled within the flesh of her wrist and held it implacably to support her weight. Petunia sighed and shed a tear of pure self-pity.

"Good heavens! You in trouble again, Emily m'gel!" Lord Halibut surveyed the suspended nudity with interest.

"It's not Emily, it's me," said Petunia irritably.

Lord Halibut adjusted his spectacles and took a closer look at his youthful guest's pubic hair. "By Jove, you're not," he conceded. "Yours curls differently." He raised his attention to other delights higher up. "And these two . . . a trifle heavier, I'd say." He then beamed amiably at the flushed features eyeing him with hope. "I do hope you're enjoying your stay?"

Lady Petunia Thistledown gave her host a look of deep loathing. "How the hell can I enjoy hanging up by my thumbs and with cunt clips on my twat and tits!" she demanded indignantly.

Lord Halibut hastened to repair his gaffe: "See what you mean. But makes a nice change, eh?"

Petunia applied the brake to her tongue. "It's so good of you to come and let me loose," she cooed optimistically.

"Did I say that!" For a moment Lord Halibut appeared to examine the proposition, then dropped it and resumed his scrutiny of Petunia's cunt. "Jolly ingenious, y'know, these clips on your thingummy. Don't know what we'd do without Fellowes. The man's a genius."

"He's a fiend and you're a dirty old man." Petunia saw no further profit in withholding her sentiments.

"Nice of you to say so, m'dear," Lord Halibut concurred absently as he continued his survey of Petunia's naked assets. "That jeweller chappie did lovely work on those clips. Do they hurt?"

"No, I'm thoroughly enjoying them." Petunia's sarcasm was heavy.

"Damned remarkable things, gels." The elderly Peer diverted his attention to the silver embellishments biting busily at Petunia's nipples. He gave one a reflective tweak and flicked the other with a forefinger.

Petunia suppressed a yelp of anguish. "And I'm enjoying those, too," she said bitterly.

"Forgotten what you're here for: bit of crumpet, wasn't it?" Lord Halibut inquired chattily.

"With Cuthbert, the chauffeur – he's got a super cock." For a moment Lady Petunia forgot her travail in tender retrospect.

"Chauffeur, eh!" For a moment Lord Halibut pondered the complexities of class distinction. "Trouble with you gels is you give the working classes ideas above their station. In my day a gel like you or young Emily wouldn't have fucked a thing lower than a curate or the estate steward."

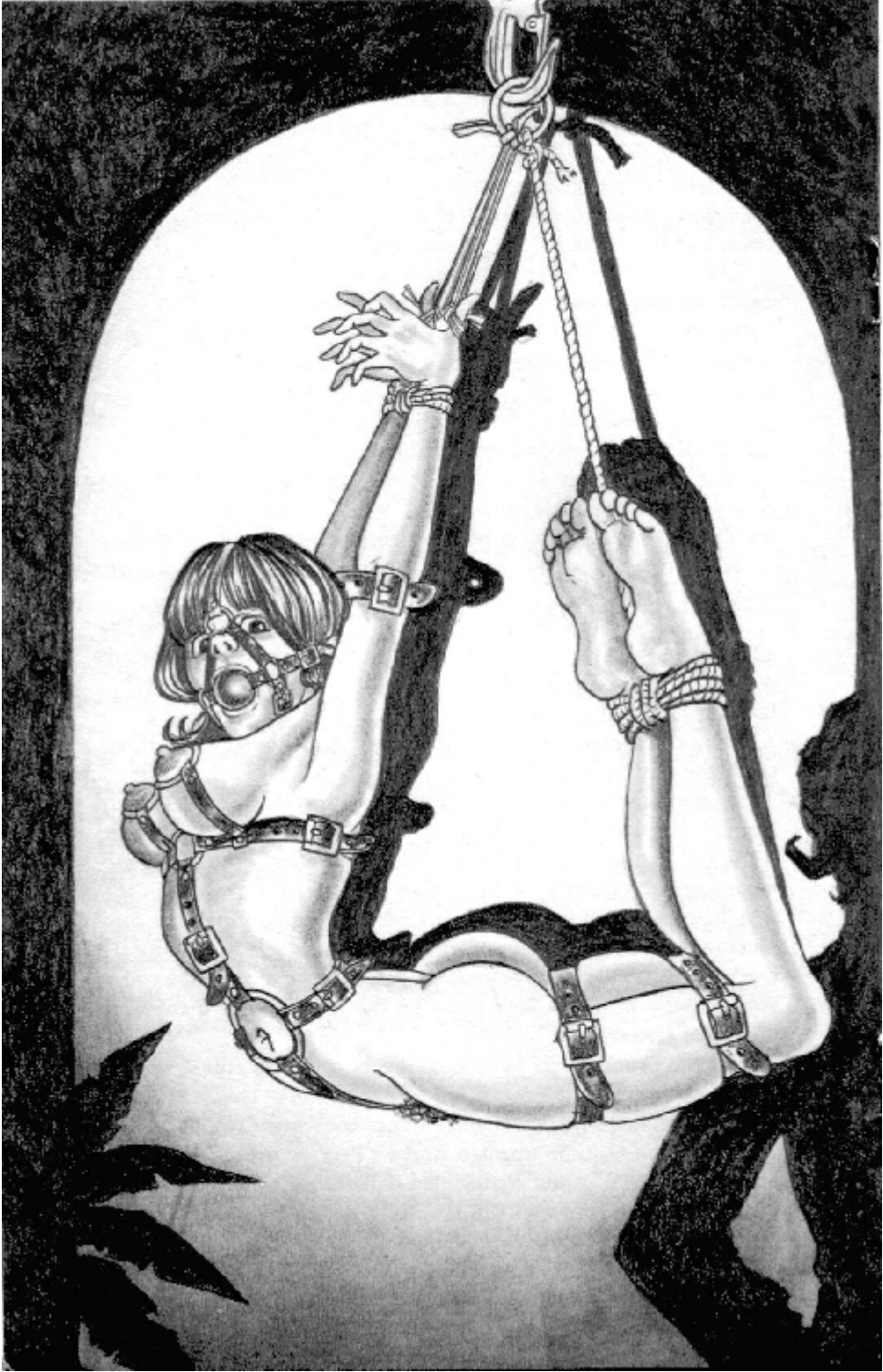
"But the lower orders have such lovely cocks!" Petunia wailed.

"Do no harm to try out a few of the County families," Lord Halibut suggested kindly. "Had a super cock myself in m'day."

"Well, I can't thumb through Burke's Peerage every time I want a piece of tail," Petunia complained defensively.

Lord Halibut guffawed. "I say, jolly good idea, that!" He resumed his intimate inspection. "Been caned yet?"

"Look at my bottom," Petunia retorted acidly, "if there's any of it left to look at."



Lord Halibut shifted sides and once more adjusted his glasses. "I say, damned good show!" he enthused. "Recognize Fellowes' work anywhere. Beautiful lines Bet it tickles a bit, eh?"

"I enjoyed every stroke of that, too." Petunia's cup of bitterness overflowed.

Lord Halibut looked up the suspended beauty. "No sarcasm, now." He reproved. He peered around short-sightedly. "There's some handy weight affairs that go on your ankles How'd you like that, m'gel!"

"I'm sorry. I apologize," said Petunia humbly.

"I don't believe you're sorry at all." The aged nobleman was continuing his search. "Never can find the dratted things when you need 'em . . . probably do you a world of good."

"I am sorry! Oh please believe me," Petunia moaned. "I'm dying already. I don't want any weights hanging on my toes."

"Not your toes, gel, your ankles."

"My thumbs will come out. I think they have already."

"What's your thumbs got to do with it?"

"I'm hanging by them, stupid!"

Lord Halibut made an adjustment to his visual aid. "By George, so you are! I never noticed." He looked hastily around. "Who were you calling stupid?"

"Did you think I was up here by levitation?" his naked guest inquired tartly.

"Jolly interesting, that levitation. Chappie at the Vatican was telling me once"

"Now that you know my awful plight, aren't you going to let me down?" Petunia cut in on his reminiscence.

"What's letting you down got to do with the Vatican?" Lord Halibut inquired, lost.

"Just on humanitarian grounds, then?"

"Why don't you stay on one subject!" Lord Halibut said testily. "Damn gels Chap never knows where he is with them. Those weights are here somewhere if I knew where to look."

"Could I offer you a . . ." Petunia blushed prettily. "If you'd let me down I'd love to let you . . . I mean, you're not too old . . . ?"

Lord Halibut exhibited fresh interest. "Are you offering me a piece of crumpet?"

"You'd have to let me down, of course. We can't do it with me hanging up." Petunia felt she had struck oil.

"Afraid I'm past it." Lord Halibut dashed her hopes regretfully. "Last bit of crumpet I had was back in '59 with the barmaid at the old "Neighing Horse" at Doncaster. Always was partial to barmaids. . . ."

"I was always good with my tongue. It doesn't have to be. . . ."

"You trying to bribe me, gel! Hardly pukkah, y'know."

The naked girl sighed. Men were all difficult. "Well, what about the clips then? It wouldn't hurt you to take one off?"

"Wouldn't think of it," Lord Halibut affirmed stoutly. "Never poach on Fellowes' preserve. . . ." He wandered away in an absent manner, his mind, no doubt, preoccupied with barmaids.

"I trust you have enjoyed a pleasant sojourn, Miss?"

"Oh, Fellowes! What a thing to ask a girl in this fix. I'm so glad you've come to let me down."

"Such a thought had not occurred to me, Miss."

"It jolly well has to me. Try and adjust your mind to it."

"I have been contemplating the appending of weights to your big toes, Miss. If you will pardon the liberty."

"Lord Halibut was going to hang them on my ankles."

"The toes are far more subtle, Miss. I trust you concur?"

"I say, Fellowes, old boy, can't you torture me in some other way! I'm eminently torturable, y'know. It might save my thumbs for posterity."

"I'm not insensible to sincerity, Miss. You might enjoy a change to a small pleantry I have recently devised?"

"I don't suppose I'll enjoy it. But anything, Fellowes, anything."

"Thank you, Miss. I am flattered by your confidence."

"It's not a hot iron or rats in a cage, is it?"

"No, Miss. I leave such crudities to more plebeian tastes. As a matter of fact I have this recent addition to our equipment here. I will position it for your approval."

"Looks to me like a rod with a dink on the end?"

"Your premise is basically correct, Miss. I place it now between your legs. As you are lowered penetration is inevitable."

"I get to sit on a wooden cock?" Petunia's words were vibrant with hope.

"To sit would involve impalement, Miss. Injury would result. To employ a colloquialism, I might say that my Pudendum Penetrator, if you will pardon the coining of a name, is designed to keep a young woman on her toes. When the desired penetration is achieved, the hands of the subject are tied behind her back."

Lady Petunia Thistledown busied her mind with mechanics. "So I just have to stand. But what's to stop me jumping off?"

"To jump, Miss, entails first a crouch, a bending of the knees. Since you will be already on your toes with the penetration to the maximum such a preparatory flexing would be unwise. You will also find the raising of one leg impractical. I am grateful for your interest."

"You tried this out?" Petunia asked dubiously.

"Lady Emily has been kind enough to lend herself to a trial session, Miss. Her observations prompted modifications."

"A longer prick probably?" Petunia said practically. "I say, Fellowes, I'll be having an orgasm every three minutes."

"That contingency has been dealt with, Miss, by serrated protrusions and an adjustment in the angle of thrust."

"You mean I can't rub my clit on it?"

"Quite so, Miss. I am indebted to Miss Emily for that refinement. Witnessing her series of sexual excitations I made the necessary changes."

“Bit of a spoilsport, wouldn’t you say?”

“The Pudendum Penetrator is not designed for pleasure, Miss.”

Sorry, I’d forgotten. I’m being punished, aren’t I? It doesn’t look like a real fun thing, but I bet it’s nicer than the way I am now. Lead on, Fellowes, old boy. Put me on the prod.”

“A simple matter of gravity, Miss. As you descend I will provide manual guidance. If you will pardon the liberty, I may say that you appear to be most adequately lubricated.”

“You mean my cunt’s wet? Don’t let that fool you, Fellowes. It nearly always is. I suffer from impure thoughts.”

“Quite so, Miss. The lowering is gradual so that I may aid the insertion and insure initial immunity from the serrations.”

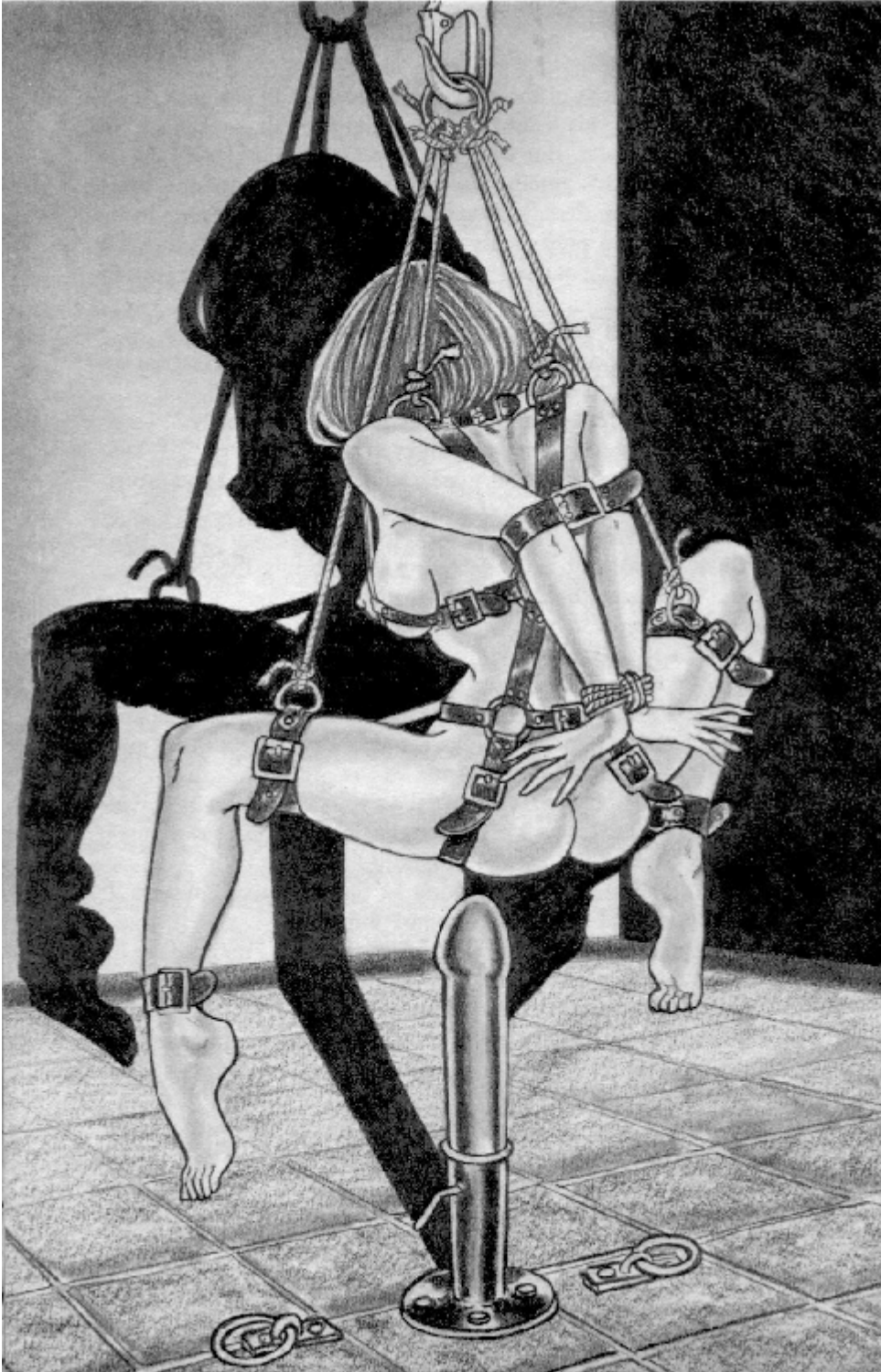
“You’re going to have sticky fingers.”

“A professional hazard, Miss. Lady Emily has always been kind enough to clean them for me. To coin an pun, one might say she enjoys the flavour of Halibut.”

“So I’m going to taste Thistledown!” Petunia was intrigued. “I say, Fellowes old chap, it’s really getting into me.”

“Penetration is satisfactorily progressing, Miss. It will soon be terminable. May I make so bold as to compliment you on your capacity.”

“Is that another way of saying I’ve got a big cunt?”



“Not necessarily, Miss. We deal here with depth.”

"Feels like a bid of width, too, if you ask me."

"Thank you, Miss. I gave much thought to the prototype."

"Took a plaster cast of your own when you had a hard-on?" Petunia asked politely. "Emily told me you had the finest cock in the Kingdom."

"Lady Emily does me honour, Miss. She herself has a better range of comparison than I. I am sure you share her discriminatory judgment."

"Look, Fellowes, let's lay off this punishment kick for an hour so you can fuck me and I can offer an opinion."

"You are more than kind, Miss. The exercise you recommend will be consummated at a later date. For the moment, duty calls."

"I suppose I do have all I can handle at the moment," Petunia observed, slightly and cautiously raising one leg. "Is the knob coming out of my mouth yet?"

"You choose to jest, Miss. I see you are now supporting your weight on our toes. We appear to have negotiated your impalement with extreme facility. I will now lower your arms and release your thumbs."

"Oh, Fellowes, I love you. It's beautiful! My thumbs are dead. Will they ever revive?"

"Indubitably, Miss. The human female is remarkably resilient."

"You've no idea how good it is to have hands again, Fellowes. May I keep `em a minute or two before you tie them again?"

"By all means, Miss. I trust you are settling comfortably below?"

"It's not what I hoped for, Fellowes."

"Quite so, Miss. The euphoric stimulus of friction is inhibited."

"What happens when my toes tire out?"

"Lady Emily stood for four hours, Miss. I am sanguine of your own fortitude."

"Well, if my cunt's ruined before you even use it the fault is yours, Fellowes, old boy. Jeepers, you going to tie my hands already! Look, why must I have them tied; I don't see how they can possibly help my escape or anything. I'm stuck!"

"I am quite sure you would discover some use for them, Miss."

"Oh shit!" Petunia's exclamation was heartfelt. "I could get at my clit and my tits. You really are a spoilsport. . . . Oh, alright, I'll cross my wrists behind my back. A bit more of that and they'll grow together for good. . . ."

"I will secure them only moderately tight, Miss. You appear comfortable in your new position, so I will adjourn to my other duties."

"You mean, you do other things besides torture innocent girls!"

"Perhaps you would like me to replace the clips I have just removed, Miss?"

"Oooops, sorry! You know what you can do with those clips! Oooops, sorry again! Oh honest, really . . . I didn't mean. . . . Oh golly, can't you take a joke! Well, just on my tits then."

"They will serve as a reminder, Miss."

"Will they ever! Oh damn they hurt! Please, Fellowes, be sweet to me. Take 'em off."

"They will be a sober counter to your ebullient temperament, Miss."

"Oh alright, I'll endure them to please you. But I don't mind telling you, Fellowes dear boy, that thing up my cunt is working out a great disappointment. I'm scared to move."

"Thank you, Miss. Your tribute is most welcome."

"I feel like a rhinoceros is having a go at me with his horn."

"A colourful simile, Miss, but inapplicable. The intrusion to which you are offering sanctuary is fashioned from the finest oak."

"From the way it feels I can expect acorns at any moment. Look here, Fellowes, you can't possibly go away and leave the young Mistress in a spot like this?"

"I am unaware of any impediment, Miss."

"My toes are getting tired. If you don't come back for hours my tonsils will be singing 'Under the Old Oak Tree' and I shall be where all good little girls go."

"You are referring to the lavatory, Miss?"

"I'm referring to Heaven, idiot! Oooops, sorry! Oh damn, have I torn it again!"

"I am prepared to make some concessions to emotional stress, M'Lady."

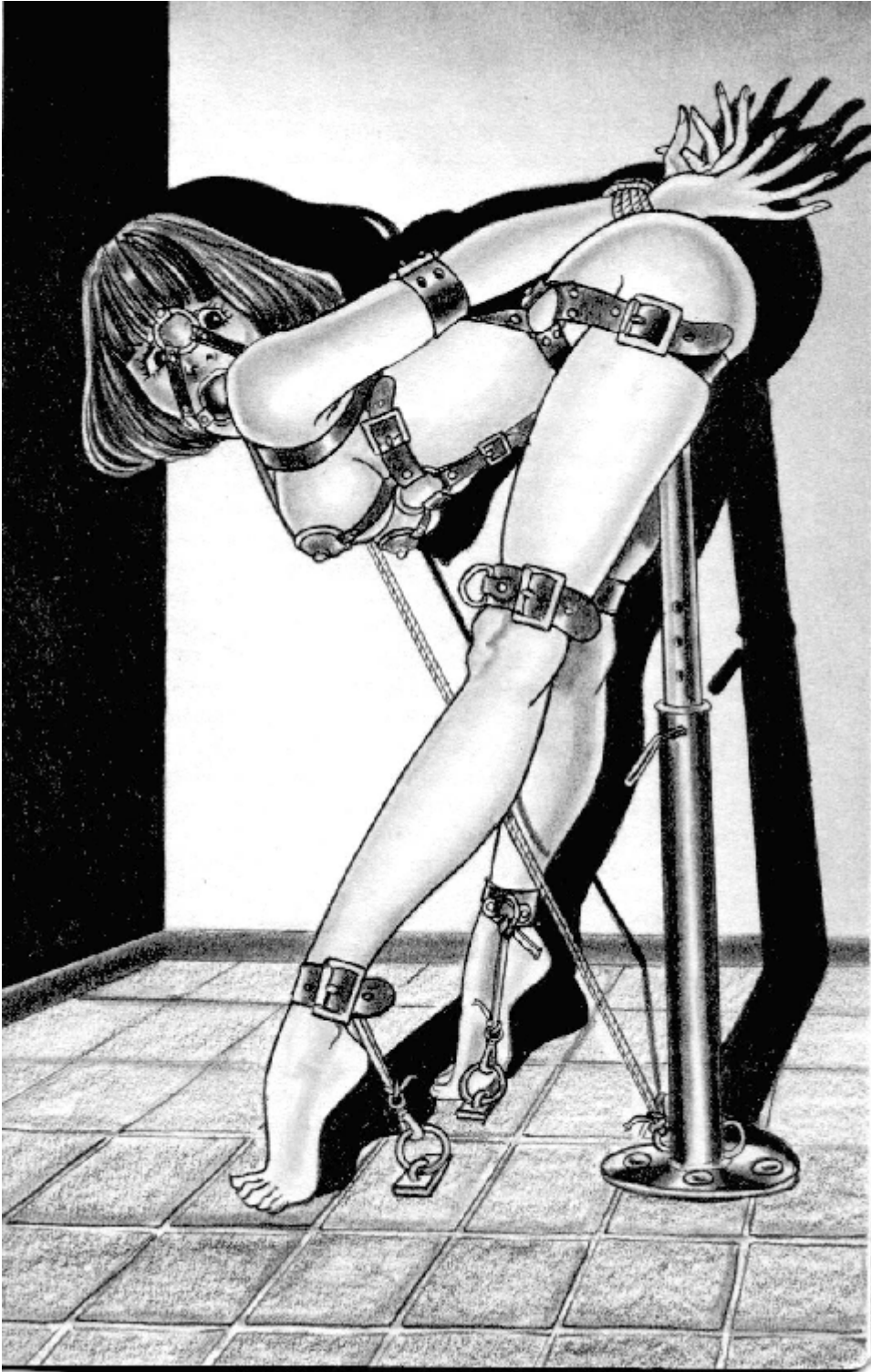
"Oh thanks! I am grateful, y'know, Fellowes. You could have slipped it to me good on that clanger. Although I suppose you can't put those clips on my snatch the way I'm fixed. . . ."

"I am prepared to try, Miss. The congestion there is internal. The labia, whilst distended, is plumply available."

"No, don't. Oh, please don't. Oh Fellowes. . . ! Ouch, oh wow! Why can't I keep my fool mouth shut!"

"A curious imponderable, Miss. Perhaps you would like a gag?"

"Oh golly, not on top of all the rest. Oh please, no gag! And anyway, if you're going to heartlessly leave me alone I won't be talking."



"A nice gag will be an intimate reminder of your delinquent status, Miss. A condition you have a deplorable tendency to forget."

"Look, not that beastly ball and strap thing! It makes me think of the old-time boar's head with the apple in its mouth."

"Have no fear of so odious a comparison, Miss. And now, if I make take the liberty, your mouth please."

"Must I!"

"Kindly refrain from procrastination, Miss."

"Oh alright, how's this? GLLLUUUUGGGG . . . Whhhhooooosssh."

Left alone, Lady Thistledown took stock of a situation which, to her at the moment, seemed to have little commend it. Pain was everywhere. None of it individually unbearable, but in its total sufficient to evoke a couple of dewy tears that spent themselves against the brutal strap compressing her cheeks. She longed to more closely examine the mechanics of her impalement, but between tottering on her toes and the angle at which she was pierced she could not bend sufficiently forward to achieve even a bird's-eye view. Whenever she lowered her gaze her focus was monopolized by the jaunty clips pertly protruding from her breasts. They trembled with her every move and competed in pain with the similar adornment on her cunt. She sighed in maiden dolor at the injustice of being female and young at the same time.

"That thing's a bloody swindle, isn't it!" Emily sauntered in and surveyed the fellow captive's plight. "I've got an hour of," she explained. "I think Fellowes is just trying to be kind. At the end of the hour I get screwed and he pops me back in the dungeon. He said I could come and visit you if I promised not to help. Have you managed a decent come yet?" She unbuckled the gag from the captive mouth.

"How do you do it?" Petunia was cheered.

"You don't! That's the swindle. Want me to use my finger?"

"Oh, darling, would you!" Petunia's heart was in the cry.

Emily knelt, then exclaimed in disgust: "Oh balls, he's got the clips on you down here, too."

"Can't you do it with them on me?" Petunia was bereft.

"No. But I'll take 'em off. Fellowes will never know. It will hurt like hell when I put them back on, but it can't be helped. . . ."

"No, don't. You mustn't. You'll be punished . . . Oh jeepers . . . Oh golly . . . oh, that's wonderful. . . !" Petunia surrendered herself to the expert fractioning of Emily's finger.

"May as well take those off your tits, too, while I'm visiting," Emily mused as she cleaned off her finger with a practiced tongue. "I say, Petunia, you do taste nice."

"No, don't take a chance. But, darling, that was gorgeous! Thank you so much. But I don't want you getting punished because of me."

Emily did not answer, but unclipped the punished nipples with one swift dexterous motion. "We ought to be safe for thirty minutes." She giggled. "I wish I could get you off that prong, but I'm scared. I could put something under your feet though. Want me too?"

"Yes please. Something small. I'm scared to shift this thing inside me. Just to ease my toes."

"Isn't Fellowes a dear," Emily enthused, "to let me visit!" She completed the comforting of her companion's feet. "And now we can have a lovely talk. . . ."

"I am pleased you have enjoyed a pleasant social break, ladies." Fellowes bestowed a benign gaze on his naked charges. "I trust, Miss Emily, you have not tampered with Lady Petunia's discomforts?"

"As if I would!" said Lady Emily mendaciously.

The butler made a slow circle of the punished girl, his eyes lingering. "I am pleased to have your assurance, Miss. I observe that Lady Petunia is substantially in the same circumstances as when I left."

"What's that 'substantially' bit mean?" Emily asked anxiously.

"You may have noticed, Miss, the silver clips are set with stones. A most pleasing feminine touch. I am, however, puzzled that the ones I placed on the right are now on the left. Perhaps you may offer a thought on this phenomenon?"

Lady Emily took a deep breath. "Perhaps you put 'em on differently from last time."

"No, Miss. I made a special note."

"I expect Petunia turned round."

"Lady Petunia has not moved, Miss. In any case, that would not have altered the position of her adornments."

"Must be a trick of the light, then – something like that."

"I fear you are prevaricating, Miss. I note, too, that the buckle of the gag is in a different hole."

"Oh damn! Are you sure?"

"Yes, Miss."

Emily looked wan. "I suppose there goes my piece of tail?"

"Quite so, Miss. I feel, too, that additional measures are indicated. I am thinking of the cane."

"Oh alright!" Emil demanded irritably. "How many?"

"I am thinking in terms of twenty, M'Lady."

"Well, m bottom hasn't had much lately in that lousy dungeon. I suppose I'll live."

"It is not you who will receive them, Miss. It is Lady Petunia."

There was a shocked silence. The eyes of the gagged girl were wide.

"Oh, dammit, Fellowes, that isn't fair!"

"If I may say so, Miss, your posterior is remarkably tolerant of the cane. As you watch Lady Petunia receive your punishment your mental anguish will, I hope, promote good resolutions."

"But poor Petunia, she doesn't deserve it!"

"I think it improbable that Lady Petunia is without guilt."

"You've got the poor girl gagged, Fellowes. She can't defend herself."

"Be so kind as to turn and cross your wrists, M'Lady."

"Oh shit!" Emil stood in flushed vexation as her wrists were tightly bound behind her back. "See here, Fellowes, you needn't think I'm going to stand and watch that poor innocent girl get her bum striped!"

"Thank you for the reminder, Miss. I will attach your ankle to this ring. I am sure that, even though you are a captive audience, Lady Petunia's morale will be strengthened b your sympathy."

"Horse cock! She won't, y'know. She'll be cursing me for making those bloopers with the clips." Emil tugged irritably at the fresh strictures joining her hands and petulantly kicked her fettered foot to achieve a clinking swirl of chain. "I do think the least you can do for the poor darling is give her the piece of tail I'm not going to get."

"Thank you, Miss. Such is my intention. But not now."

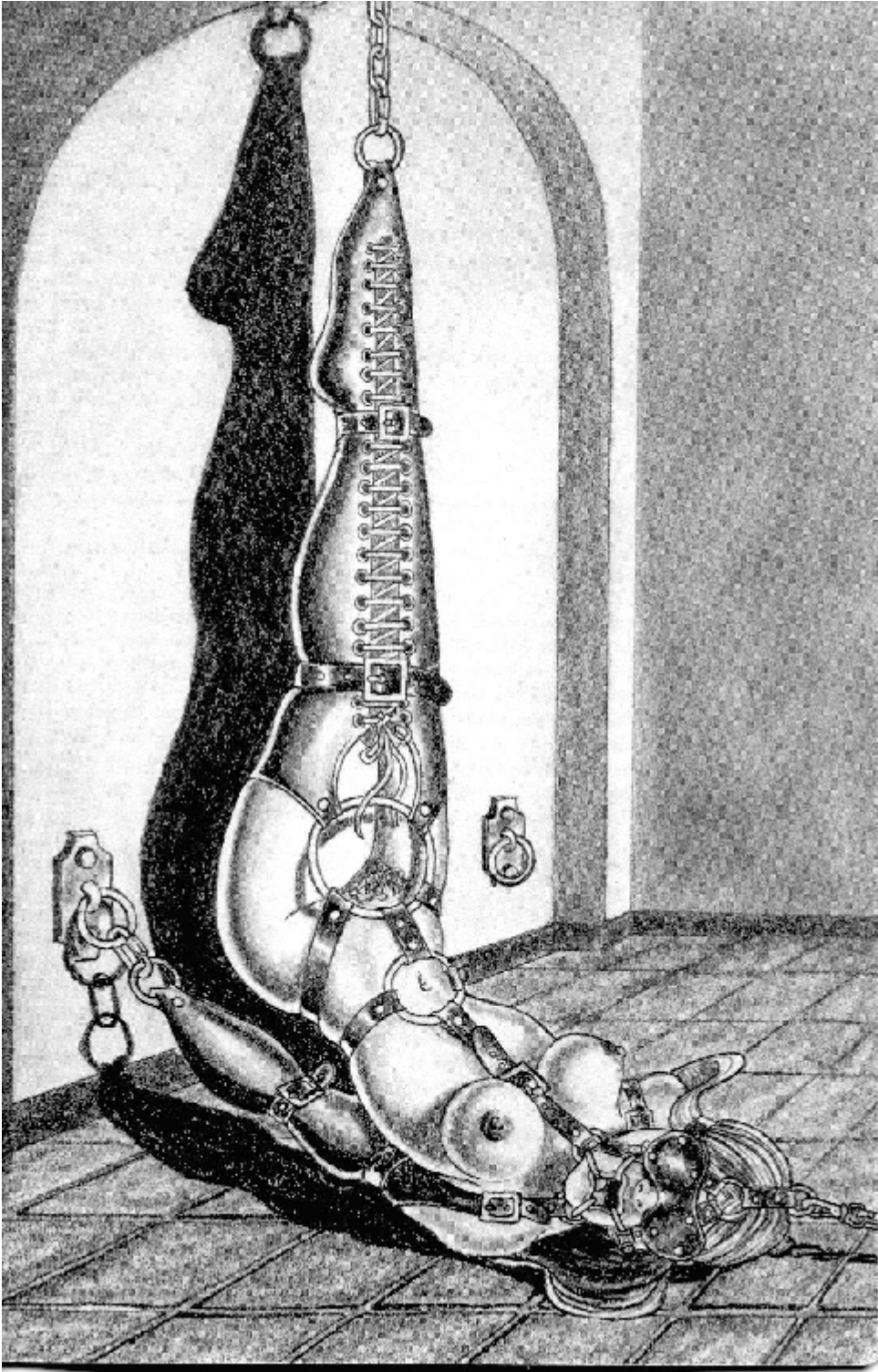
"Can I watch?"

"No, Miss, you will be in the dungeon."

"Oh, balls! That again!"

"With the heavier chains, Miss. And the brank."

"Don't you love me anymore?"



"I hold you in the warmest regard, Miss. But Lady Petunia's bottom awaits my attention.

SWISH.

"Glug!"

"Our deaths will lie at your door, Fellowes. . . ."

"Quite so, Miss. Thank you, Miss."

SWISH

