

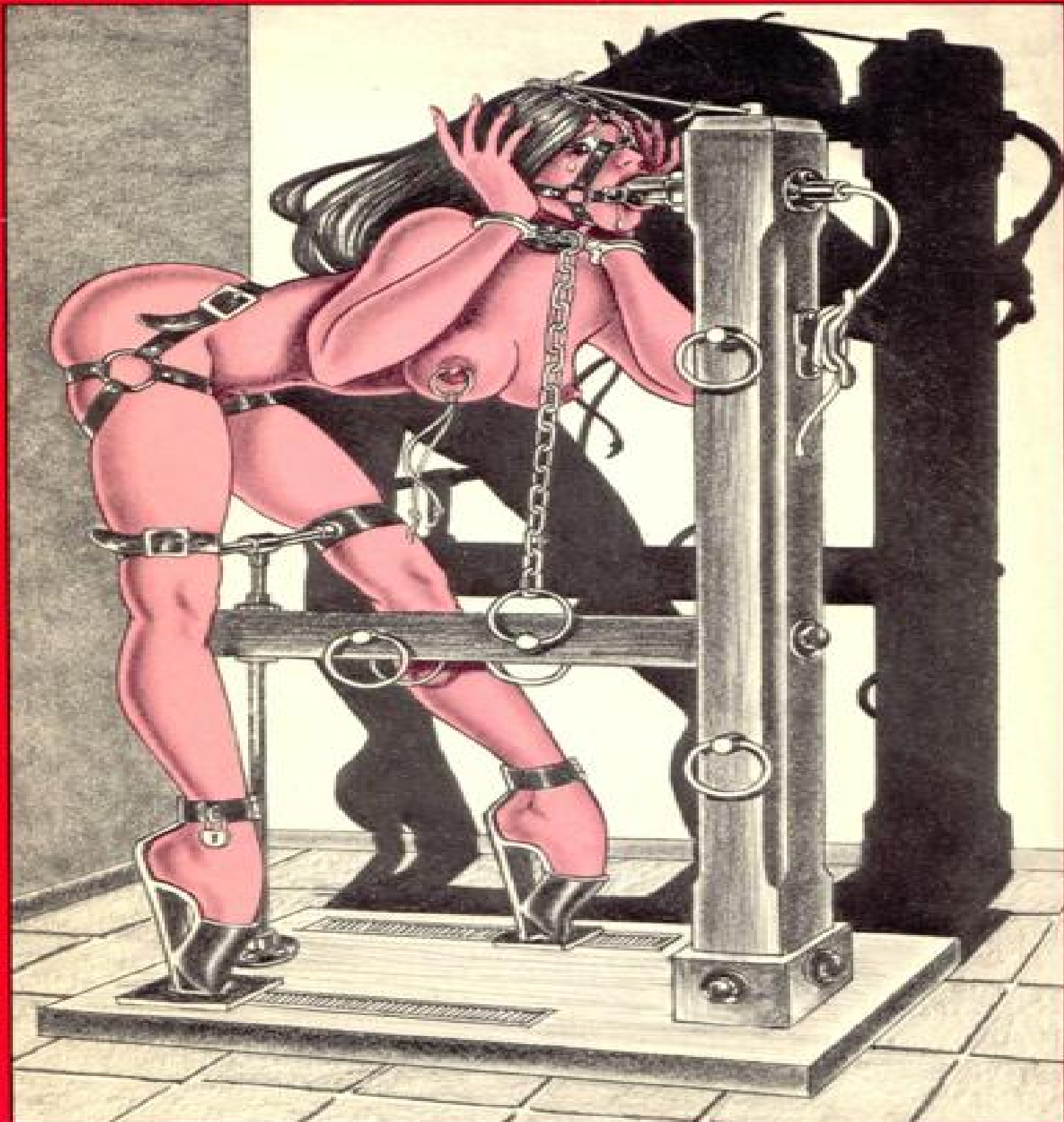
FELLOWES 12

TRIAL BY ENEMA

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Fellowes 12: Trial By Enema

by F. E. Campbell

Illustrations: Ashely

"I want to go home," said Lady Emily Halibut with firm conviction.

"A return to the Castle would hardly be expedient, M'Lady."

"Of course it wouldn't, Fellowes, not with me in this shocking condition. Wrists tied, elbows tied, stark naked. Be a dear and let me loose. My elbows hurt."

Fellowes sighed. Lady Emily's volatile optimisms were apt to be wearying. "Your restraints are admirably suited to the short journey we have just made, Miss. You were adequately covered by the cloak. A modicum of discomfort will keep you alert to the privilege we are about to enjoy."

Emily sniffed and twisted her bound shoulders. "Privilege my ass, Fellowes! A lot of ruddy instruments of torture made by a crazy carpenter. How about untying my elbows?"

"Sir Hubert Hardweapon is neither mentally deranged nor a common tradesman, M'Lady. He has designed some of the finest examples of the baroque extant."

"Chippendale cunt crushers and Hepplewhite Racks!"

"You indulge in hyperbole, Miss. I personally feel gratified at having been chosen, with yourself, to give approval to Sir Hubert's latest creations."

"Can't we just say they're top hole and go home?" Lady Emily gazed wistfully at the Halibut butler. "When we get home you can whip me. I'll enjoy that a lot more than what I suspect I'm in for here."

"No true Halibut shirks a task, M'Lady. Sir Hubert is in town for the day. We have carte blanche. We are alone."

Emily brightened. "That's nice. You can fuck me now before we get to the exhibits. If you'll untie me so I can be really nice to you, I promise I'll let you tie me again after. I won't even argue."

"We did not come here seeking carnal knowledge, Miss."

"I couldn't agree more. I was talking about a piece of tail. Hurry up and untie me."

Fellowes gently sighed. Grasping a firm handful of maiden hair he guided his naked young mistress forward. "Each invention has its separate chamber, M'Lady. If you will be so kind... "

"I don't believe it!" said Emily dolefully. "You call this furniture, Fellowes?"

The stone compartment was narrow. It housed but a single object of interest: A massive wooden platform from which arose an equally solid timber set of stocks and a metal pedestal, the latter obviously adjustable as to height and terminating in a short piece with buckles. Rising above the stocks themselves was a rod and hook from which hung an

enema bag complete with appurtenances. The whole effect was implacable and ornate.

"I'm going home." Lady Emily made a hopeless dash for the door. "Oh, dammit, Fellowes, let go my hair. Oh shit!"

"I must beg of you to stay, Miss." To emphasise his point, Fellowes gave a firm tug to Emily's captive tresses.

"Who wants a beastly enema!" Emily wailed. "You gave me one with that horrible kit you imported from the U.S.A. I don't want anymore."

The butler locked the door. "I am about to untie you, Miss. May I hope for cooperation in positioning yourself?"

Emily eyed the key as it entered a pocket. She snorted disgustedly, then brightened. "If I promise to be good and stick my head and hands into that monstrosity, will you fuck me first?"

"No, Miss."

Rubbing her wealed skin, Emily projected hurt reproach. "I suppose if I make a fuss you'll tweak my nipple ring?"

"Quite so, Miss."

"I do sort of love my nipple rings, Fellowes, even if you were an absolute monster to drill the holes in my tits. But they're frightfully unsporting. I mean, what chance has a girl got!"

"A most practical facility of control, M'Lady."

"Why have you put only one ring in me today?"

"One suffices our immediate concern, Miss. I have the other available as required. Now, if you will be so kind...?"



"Oh balls! I'm always being so kind. Lift the yoke, Fellowes, and let me insert myself beyond temptation's lure. I'm going to be sorry about this, I just know I am."

"Thank you, M'Lady. The fit is snug and secure. I will now snap the padlock."

"You don't need to. This would hold an elephant. I say, Fellowes, d'you realise my head's lower than my behind?"

"Quite so, Miss. The posture enlists the aid of gravity. It will be further emphasised when I have adjusted this pedestal for your thighs."

"My thighs! Oh shit! I say, Fellowes old boy, what are you up to back there?"

"Forgive the intimacy, M'Lady. The straps tight above your knees... and now I raise the shaft so that you stand on your toes. Most excellent! I have rarely seen your gluteal region better exposed."

"And with my pussy sticking out behind." Emily's voice was bitter. "I suppose you know that thing you've strapped my legs into is shoving me forward into this rotten yoke and lifting my bottom. I'm dying."

"You are in the best of health, Miss. I must commend Sir Hubert's ingenuity. You make a most attractive picture. Your positioning is ideal for the purpose in hand."

"Fellooowwwweees! No! Absolutely no! I forbid it! Not that enema gadget! You can't possibly...!"

"Yes, Miss."

"But you can't! Don't you understand. I'm fixed in this contraption for life. I can't move. I can't... I can't... Nothing will be safe behind me. Oh, Fellowes, I'll be so ashamed... and the smell! And the mess...!"

"Do not alarm yourself, M'Lady. Sir Hubert has provided a butt plug to counter the hazard. There is a neatly fitted, ahem, harness for your loins to ensure its safe anchorage."

."But Fellowes, it's just not possible! I'll burst."

"No, Miss. You will simply play hostess to the injection. It will remain within you with its concomitant discomfort for the prescribed punishment period."

"But, to be fixed immovably like this with cyclones and earthquakes going on in my poor tummy! It's torture."

"Precisely, Miss."

"I absolutely refuse." - "I will now insert the nozzle, M'Lady. It is well lubricated."

"Wow! Wooooops! Wah! Take it out--quick!"

"Sir Hubert will be glad to know your reactions, M'Lady."

"Stop it, Fellowes! The Atlantic is rushing in."

"A mere quart, Miss. With the fermenting fluid added."

"Fermenting! Oh Fellowes, I'm not a brewery."

"It provides an added distention, Miss. To aid contrition... "

"I'm contrite... honest! Oh shit! Oh Fellowes, cut it off! Hold the flow! Oh damn! I'm getting the Pacific, too. How contrite does a girl have to be!"

"There, M'Lady! You have accepted the entire measure. I will

just run finger and thumb down the tube to ensure you are cheated of nothing."

"Don't bother. Oh balls! Oh, Fellowes, this is awful! What's that you're up to now?"

"The harness, M'Lady. It is stout enough to withstand the stress of your internal rejection."

"Ohhhh! Noooooooh! Not so tight! Don't cinch my tummy. Oh, Fellowes, with my belly full of thunder and lightning you can't possibly give me a wasp waist."

"One can but try, Miss. The fit is admirable. I will be forced to make a swift exchange of plug for nozzle."

"Serve you right if I let you have it full blast."

"The thought is unworthy of you, Miss. Ah! And so! Most excellent! I now bring the strap down between your legs, through the plug, and up to the buckle. Safety dictates an extreme stricture."

"Pm dying! I'll never be bad again. I love you, please marry me and get me out of this. Whip me! Anything... Oh Felloooowwwweeeees!"

"There are sensations within, Miss?"

"Sensations! Dammit, Fellowes, it's like a girl trying to have a baby with her cunt sewn up tight."

"Since our time is limited I will leave you for a bare thirty minutes, M'Lady. I am sure the turmoil within will repel ennui."

"Nooooooh! Don't! Come back. Oh Fellowes...!"

* * *

"Oh, Fellowes, what am I kneeling on this teak table for? With my thighs strapped down I feel like a female Buddha."



"There is little resemblance, M'Lady. Now, this metal belt."

"Oh wow! Maybe that enema was a blessing. Oh, Fellowes, the damn belt can't be an inch more than a foot round. I can't

breathe."

"Your lungs are not situated within the abdominal cavity, Miss. Sir Hubert has provided this supple harness for ribs, breasts and neck. If I may take the liberty...?"

"You and your liberty! I wish I had some. Oh damn, does it have to be so tight! Look! My tits and the points of my breasts are sticking out through the rings. Oh golly!"

"I will relieve you of your hands, M'Lady. A wristlet on each-- and one on each side of the collar. The effect is superb."

"And bloody awful helpless. Is there more?"

"The second nipple ring, Miss. I will now insert... "

"I wish you'd let me wear 'em just for ornaments. I just know you're about to do something horrid."

"First the head harness, M'Lady. It is unique."

"Oh shit! I don't like the look of it. I say, Fellowes, what's that funnel effect?"

"It goes in your mouth, Miss. When strapped tight it prohibits ejection. Its wearer is compelled to swallow any fluid poured in."

"What sort of fluid?" Lady Emily sounded anxious.

"Possibly not what you're thinking, Miss. Sir Hubert's intent was castor oil."

"On top of an enema! Oh Fellowes, I'll be hollow! Besides, you took out the plug--I can't answer... "

"Do not be alarmed, M'Lady. I will employ judgment."

"But I won't be able to speak!"

"Quite so, Miss. An excellent arrangement."

"Don't be unkind. Oh, Fellowes, don't strap that horror in my mouth. Please...?"

"If you will open your lips, M'Lady?"

"Glug... glug!"

"Quite so, Miss. There are several buckles. Tightness is of the essence."

"Glug... glug!"

"Quite so, Miss. To ensure a vertical flow there is a cord from your head down and back to the table. I will now adjust it to the requisite tension."

"Grrrrrrh!"

"I am glad you concur. You will be pleased to know you make a quite delectable picture."

"Snort... Wuuuuuuggggggg."

"Exactly. The ensemble is now completed by these cords. One from each nipple ring and down to the table... Ah, excellent! Just the proper tension! Their effect is to stabilize the pose."

"Arrrrrrragh!"

"Yes, you cannot move. Thank you, M'Lady, for the confirmation. May I commend your lucidity when gagged."

"Uggggh! Gulp."

"Your interest in the funnel is appreciated, Miss. I will not use castor oil. But the druggist assured me this potion is more predictable. At exactly fifteen minutes after entry... "

"Grrrrugh!"

"A mere ten minutes, M'Lady. I will then return and release you. The time margin should be ample to forestall embarrassment."

"Mmmmmmmph!"

"The bottle is not above a half-pint, M'Lady. You will imbibe with ease. I will now pour."

"Gurgle... gurgle... "

"Ten minutes, M'Lady. Rest assured. I will be punctual."

"Glug... glug!"

* * *

"Oh, Fellowes, that was beastly. I'm not sure I like you anymore. My poor tummy--it's empty. See, you haven't bothered to tie me. I haven't the strength to fight or run. Oh balls!"

"Sir Hubert has contrived a pleasingly rococo effect with this 'T' cross, M'Lady. Do you divine its purpose?"

"Its purpose is to hurt me." Lady Emily sounded dejected. "A lousy quirt hanging from one arm... And what's that bar thing below?"

"For your ankles, Miss. It is adjustable. There are buckles."

"I'll just bet there are! Do I have to help, or just stand still?"

"If you will step on this box, M'Lady, for an initial elevation?" Emily languidly stepped up and placed her back against the post. "At this rate I can't possibly last the day, Fellowes. I suppose Sir Hubert has designed a few coffins? I'll need one."

"Your arms back over the crosspiece please, M'Lady. Ah, thank you! You are most kind. And now the handcuffs... "

"Wahhhh! Wow! Put it back, Fellowes! The box! The box!"

"You will not be needing it, Miss."

"I will! I will! I'm dying. Put it back! Quick!"

"Your first distress will be tempered by these straps and the bar, Miss. I will make them tight to take some of your weight."

"Oh shit! No. No! You're spreading my legs a mile! Oh stop it. Oh jeepers! My arms are breaking and my cunt's wide open."

"A temporary panic, Miss. All is well. Your lower labia are visible but not parted. If you settle quietly you will find this preparatory confinement quite bearable."

"Preparatory?" Emily's eyes widened in alarm.

"Quite so, Miss. The purpose of this excellent device is to ready the young lady for the whipping of her breasts. You may have

noticed your own are well extended."

"But I haven't done anything! I've been a good girl! Oh, dash it all Fellowes, be a sport!"

"We are engaged in research, Miss. Some sacrifice is implicit."

"I don't want my breasts whipped. Oh, Fellowes, please...!"

"It is with the quirt, Miss, the one you observed. No injury will ensue."

"Yes there will! My poor boobs are stretched tight as a drum."

"Their readiness will be further emphasised by the head harness, Miss. It gags you and makes possible the tensioning of your hair down behind the post. There is a convenient ring... and cord."

"But then I can't scream!" Emily was bereft. "Oh, Fellowes, if you're going to whip my breasts with me hanging like this I just have to be able to scream!"

"I appreciate your sentiments, Miss. I will detach one nipple ring only. And now the collar."

"You're not a bit nice to me, Fellowes. To think we could be happily fucking... and here I am tortured on a 'T'. Please don't whip my breasts. I hate having my breasts whipped--you know I do."

"The gag, Miss. Kindly open."

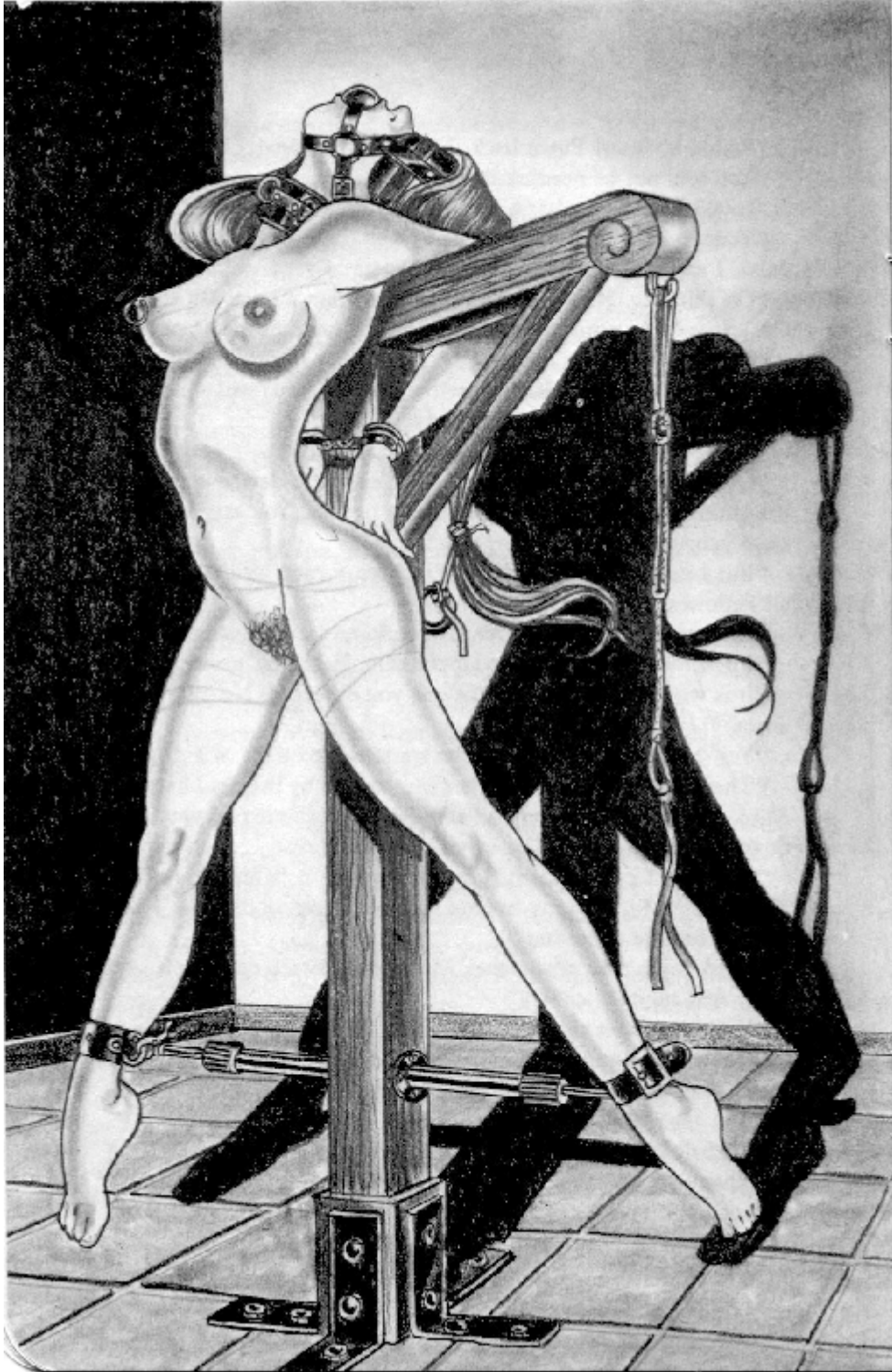
"Oh balls! I don't... Oh glug... grrrrrh!"

"Thank you, Miss. And now your hair. I will tie it well down so

that you survey the ceiling under the blindfold. I estimate the tug adds two more inches to your breasts."

"Ugggggggh!"

"And now the quilt. Exquisitely designed... "



"Ngggggging!"

The air sang. A scarlet line was etched across one ivory mound. Once again the quirt snickered down. A fresh and livid

weal began to take form on the second curve above the pendant ring. The white loveliness of the tied and naked Emily shivered against the agony but did not move. Inarticulate feminine sounds bubbled past the ball within the ripe young lips. For a third time the thongs bedded themselves within the softness of a female breast...

* * *

"We will have a short intermission, M'Lady. I am sure your day is most trying."

"Oh goody! Do you want me on my back or one of the other positions? I do love you... "

"You jump to an unwarranted conclusion, M'Lady. No sexual congress is contemplated. Your rest gives us an opportunity to test some of Sir Hubert's harnesses. The strain should not be severe." Emily made a petulant grimace. "If I wasn't so tired I'd struggle --just to get you horny. But look at me... my breasts are all scarlet... and my tummy's disappeared. You didn't need to thread that cord through my nipple ring, either."

"Your hands behind your back, please, M'Lady."

"Oh Felloooowwwweees! Don't click those damn handcuffs so tight. And my elbows! Oh shit, not my elbows!"

"Sir Hubert believes in contrast, Miss. The rest of this ensemble is with leather."

"Why do you always tie my elbows so ruddy tight... as if I didn't know! Look, go easy on my waist--what there is of it."

"The belt provided is definitely of post enema size, Miss. It is tastefully snug."

"It's tastefully tight. Oh sure! I can always expect to get split between my legs. What's that ring for? Am I supposed to pee through it?"

"A useful utility, M'Lady. It also adds to the discomfort."

"I wish old Hardweapon had it on his cock. Look, Fellowes old chap, must it be so bloody tight? I'm supposed to be having a rest."

"No exertion is called for, Miss. Your part is passive."

"All my parts are passive... and punished--especially the nice ones. Oh damn! A lousy collar?"

"Sir Hubert calls it a meditation harness, Miss. It is designed for meditation in a quiet dungeon."

"Oh blast it, Fellowes, not a gag and a blindfold helmet?"

"I fear so, Miss."

"Oh please... I had enough of the dark last time. Have you any idea what it's like for a girl to have her breasts whipped when she can't see a thing!"

"The whole intent is punitive, M'Lady. We must not complain."

"How long have I got to stand in this beastly collection of straps?"

"You do not stand, Miss. You kneel. While you can still see I will strap your thighs. May I assist... "

"I hate having my ankles strapped up to my thighs--but thanks for the helping hand. Oh shit! Why don't you brace your foot against my poor nakedness? You might tug an extra notch."

"You are most kind, Miss. There! I think that ample."

"I should hope so--considering they're an inch deep in my poor innocent flesh. Oh damn, this is lousy! D'you realise I'm kneeling on rocks?"

"The heels will suffice, Miss. Not your knees."

"I suppose I should say thank you. Look, Fellowes, not that gag and blindfold, eh?"

"They are an integral part of the harness, Miss."

"But old Sir whatshisname won't know. Tell him they're lovely."

"I do not share your carelessness with the truth, Miss."

"Well, don't get shirty. If your honour's involved whip me instead--or hang me up by my toes. I've had enough of being blind and speechless. Fellowes... do be nice to me."

"I am being nice, Miss. Would you prefer to advance to one of the more intricate structures?"

"No, no! Never mind. I'll open my mouth. See, like this... Glug... grrrrrugh!"

The Halibut butler sighed, but viewed the tied and strapped nudity with approval. His mind upon a double whiskey, he tiptoed silently from the cell.

Lady Emily Halibut gently bubbled.

* * *

"How many hours did you have me in that torture, Fellowes?"

"A mere thirty minutes, Miss."

"You still have a leash on my nipple ring. Don't trust me, eh?"



"Quite so, Miss."

"Do I get blindfolded and gagged on this next one?"

"No, Miss. Our next experiment is not with any of Sir Hubert's furniture. It may be taxing, but is relatively simple."

"Just a minor torture, eh?"

"I must deplore your emphasis on the dramatic, M'Lady. It is not more than a pose to which you will do full justice. It will extend your rest period."

"Rest! Oh Fellowes, how can a girl rest while being tortured?"

"I will leave that for you to discover, M'Lady. If you will now stand still I will perform all the effort necessary."

"Gosh, you're sweet. I love it when you strap wristlets on me. Couldn't we take time for...?"

"No! Further requests for sexual congress will be punished. I have been more than patient."

"Well, I only... "

"That's enough!"

"Oh alright!" Emily wriggled fretfully. "And now you want my arms up, I suppose? I can guess what's coming."

"You are most kind. I will endeavour to equalize the tension on both arms. There is also the same treatment for your feet."

"Oh shit! A lousy 'X'?"

"You will never look more beautiful. There are studded thigh straps with a connecting rod."

"Oh dammit, Fellowes, this is as bad as the Rack. You said I

was getting a rest?"

"A change is as good as a rest, M'Lady."

"Balls! I can hardly quiver. Are you going to whip me?"

"No, Miss. The position is ideal, but today we deal in harness."

"You just whipped my breasts."

"The whip is employed only as Sir Hubert Hardweapon indicates."

"I bet this will be beastly anyway. Ouch! Does every strap have to cut my waist in two! Good gosh, two rings! One for my navel and one for my cunt! I suppose it's no good asking you to go easy on the cunt strap?"

"No, Miss. From the navel ring a strap rises to your collar. All have buckles."

"The better to tighten them with, I suppose!" Emily complained "I say, Fellowes darling, if I ask for four instead of two, could I be fucked now?" Her voice was honeyed.

"No Miss, but with that prohibited request you have earned the extra two to a total of four."

"Oh shit! You mean...!"

"Quite so, Miss. You have now raised it to six."

"Oh... ! Oh...!" Emily squirmed as best she could against the tug of rope and chain and strap. Her association with Sir Hubert Hardweapon was becoming increasingly frustrating. The motions she achieved were minimal. "Hurry up and cane me,

Fellowes, before I get it up to eight."

"Thank you, Miss. I will make your strokes reasonably severe, fretfully. "Considering that I've been an absolutely good girl I think today's been a rotten swindle."

"Your travail has been in the interests of science, M'Lady. One might say: 'Pain for posterity.' "

"Piss on posterity, Fellowes."

"Your exclamations have become increasingly vulgar, Miss. I must caution you. The whip is close to hand."

"Goody! Get me out of this horse harness and give me a good thrashing instead."

"The correctional infliction will be administered while you are still 'In Harness,' Miss."

"Oh shit! Ooops! Does that count?"

"Yes Miss. Two with the cane. I will procure it."

With woeful eye, Emily watched the departure of her mentor. She was fond of Fellowes but there were times... ! This was one of them. The testing of Sir Hubert Hardweapon's inspirations was, for her, an unprofitable exercise. However, she was a girl who bore no malice and who, long ago, had reached the conclusion that the world's refusal to condone her sexual amoralities represented an aberration of society rather than herself. She endured her punishments with the same sweet tolerance as she had displayed with measles as a child and her monthly period in pubescence. Lady Emily did not expect the world to be fair to nubile maidens. All she asked was a modicum of carnal attention. Her prospects in this indulgence

seemed, at this juncture, poor. But she had great faith in her butler's potency and in the power of her own blandishments. Painful as her day might be, it was still young!



"Gee thanks! Ouch! Wow! Oh jeeppers... ! I say, Fellowes dear, that was awful but it's sort of nice after all these gimmicks."

"I am pleased to have given satisfaction, Miss. I can

understand your approval of an old friend. I trust you will enjoy the remaining five."

"Wooops! Oh wow... ! Gosh, Fellowes, you're really laying it on. That's a brute of a cane. Old Hardweapon's, I suppose?"

"He imports them from Indonesia, Miss. Should you find an affinity, I am sure Sir Hubert would gladly make you a gift?"

"No, never mind! Is there any way I can talk myself out of the next four?"

"No, Miss. I will now administer number three."

"Oh... oh... oh... ! Oh, Fellowes, it's awful not being able to say anything without getting extra. Gee that cane hurts! Couldn't you allow me just a small damn or something?"

"No, Miss. That request makes one extra. Four still to go."

"You're terribly sweet to me, Fellowes." Lady Emily contented herself with heavy sarcasm, and bore the remaining blows upon her naked seat with maidenly equanimity. Only a single lonely tear trickled down her cheek.

"I will now tighten everything all round, Miss, and leave you to meditation."

"And a burning bottom! I say, Fellowes, must you?"

"Yes, Miss. Sir Hubert's intent is that you be rigidly strictured."

"Gosh, Fellowes, these straps are the absolute--Ooops! I nearly got the cane again."

"I will relieve you of temptation, M'Lady. Alone, you will have no need of vulgarities."

The spread and naked girl eyed the family butler wistfully. "I say, Fellowes old chap, don't leave me. I'd sooner have you and the cane than hang here alone."

"A touching sentiment, Miss. Gratified though I may be, I will not deprive you of the benefits of solitary confinement."

"But I'm tied so tight I have to stand on my toes!"

"Quite so, Miss. I will bid you au revoir."

Lady Emily watched the dignified figure out of sight. One more tear gathered and fell. The Hardweapon Harness gripped and bit at her everywhere. In frustrated distress she spoke an emphatic: "Oh shit!"

"That will be two more, M'Lady," said Fellowes from the doorway.

* * *

"The man's a sadist, Fellowes! These iron shoes... and with padlocks and all! I'm standing on my big toes."

"Most ingenious, M'Lady. The metal plates, of which they are an integral part, may be moved back and forth to, in some measure, control your pose."

"And this rotten bar between my thighs! Gee, you've got the straps tight!"

"A separation of the legs is always desirable, Miss."

"I bet it is! Look, Fellowes, this rump harness passing my cunt and breaking my back? What's it for?"

"It protrudes the posterior, Miss, and reveals the pudendum."

"It feels like I'm going to be caned?"

"Quite so, Miss. A mere five strokes."

"And both my nipple rings... and a tether on each?"

"Quite so, Miss. I find the effect pleasing. It inhibits recalcitrance."

"Does it ever! Oh, Fellowes, I'm scared of this thing sticking at me from the top of the post."

"You have divined its function, Miss?"

"Well, considering it's an iron cock, it's bound to go into me somewhere?"

"Quite so, Miss. You embrace it with your lips. A tube within conducts fluid."

"Oh Fellowes, not more castor oil!"

"No, Miss."

"Well, what then?"

"I am not at liberty to say."

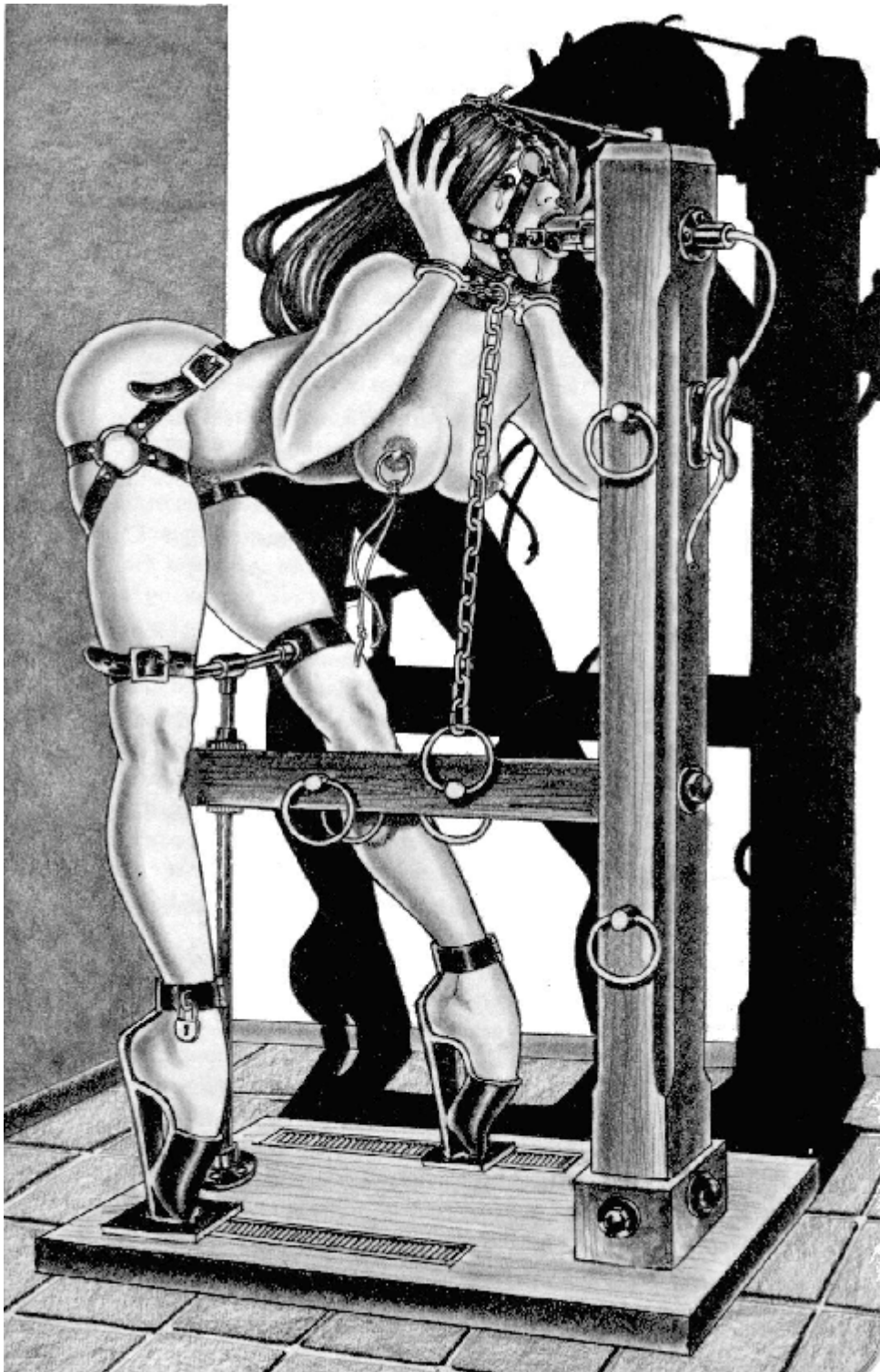
"Horseballs! Look, if I'm going to get that in my mouth I'm going to have to bend way down and push back against these

straps."

"Quite so, Miss. The effect is to prominently protrude your rear."

"Fellows, be a dear and omit the five strokes. My poor little bottom will be so tight it'll split like a ripe melon."

"No, Miss, it is exquisitely resilient."



"With that metal prick in my mouth I won't be able to talk."

"But you will be well able to swallow. If you will be so kind as to accept the phallus, we will proceed."

"Can't I have that awful collection of straps and chains fastened on me first?"

"Very well, M'Lady. The chain so... The handcuffs through the ring in the collar--your wrists please. Ah, thank you."

"Oh golly, Fellowes, I'm not going to like this! It's a beast of a head harness. Are you sure you're not going to tie my tits some way?"

"For the moment, no, M'Lady. Perhaps later I may tension them to the rings on either side of the post."

Emily produced her most woebegone expression. "I suppose this is the awful moment, eh?"

"You are most thoughtful, Miss. Our task is nearly done."

"And I start chewing on an iron cock!"

"Mastication is not mandatory, Miss."

"Gee, Fellowes, it's awful being bent down like this. That lousy chain! And my poor darling bottom...!"

"A temporary tribulation, M'Lady."

"Oh alright! I ought to think up some smashing last words but I can't come up with any except ones you'd cane my bottom for. Good-bye, dear Fellowes... "

"I will be with you in your time of trial, Miss. I will now cord your helmet to the post."

"Glug!"

"Quite so, Miss. I will tie you tight so as to prohibit withdrawal. The phallus is required to be well into your mouth."

"Glug... glug!"

"I am glad it is satisfactory, Miss. I will now leave and get the fluid. I am sure you have guessed its origin."

"Glug... glug... glug... !!!"

* * *

"Fellows darling, you don't have to lead me by my tit tether. I told you I'd behave."

"Better safe than sorry, Miss. If I may say so you are delightfully tractable when nipple leashed."

"Well, so would you be! I'm scared of the least tug, and you know it! It's not fair. Felloooowwwweees... ! Oh look! Oh no! Oh dammit, I've had one enema already. That's what it is, isn't it?"

"Quite so, Miss. In this small compartment Sir Hubert has evolved a quite unique approach to colonic irrigation."

"You make it sound as though I'm about to grow tomatoes. Old Whatshisname must have a thing about enemas."

"The Hardweapons have a long tradition of constipation, M'Lady."

"Well, he doesn't have to take it out on me."

"Your hands please, Miss. These wristlets... "

"Aren't they lovely! Sort of like: 'With this ring I thee wed.' "

"A charming thought, M'Lady. These ropes will raise them up and to either side."

"I might have guessed." Emily shrugged resignedly and dabbed a quick kiss at her tormentor's cheek. "And I suppose my dear little feet go out to these rings in the floor?"

"Quite so, Miss. The classic 'X'."

"You mean I get an enema standing up!"

"An original approach, M'Lady. There is, of course, a harness."

"There would be! If I meet a horse in one of these outfits I'll be with foal immediately."

"An indelicate jest, Miss. And quite impractical. I will now strap you here... and here... and here... Excellent!"

"Excellently tight, if that's what you mean. I say, Fellowes, this seems awfully simple. I bet there's a kicker somewhere?"

"A variation on a theme, Miss. The thigh and crotch straps have rings... "

"Oh, Fellowes, you're not...?"

"Quite so, Miss. The ringbolt in the lower wall and three tensioning tethers."

"Nunno, stop! No! Oh don't! Oh, Fellowes, can't we talk this over or something? Wooooops!"

"Ingenious in its simplicity, M'Lady."

"Fiendish! Oh don't keep pulling! I asked you to stop."

"The final adjustments are delicate, Miss."

"That was my back just broke. Did you hear it snap!"

"No, Miss."

"Well, it should have! Oh stop, I can't bear this! Please...?"

"There we are, Miss. A most feminine pose, if I may say so. You are beautifully bowed and curved.1' "I'm dying! D'you realise only my toes are on the floor? My poor wrists!"

"I will get the mixture and the plug, M'Lady. I am sure you will bear with a short delay."

"How many strokes would I have to pay for a nice vulgar exclamation, Fellowes? I am in urgent need."

"Five, M'Lady."

"Oh well, never mind. I'll think it instead."

"A judicious choice, Miss. Your training is bearing fruit. I will now fill the bag."

"Felloooowwwweees, that nozzle! It's monstrous!"

"It serves also to stem the returning tide, M'Lady."

"It would stem Niagara. Oh, Fellowes, don't shove that up my... Oooops, sorry! I'll split."

"I have found your sphincter muscle most adaptable, M'Lady."

"I say, Fellowes, are you sure it's safe? I mean, with me bent and bowed and all that... Won't something burst?"

"I have abundant confidence in the Halibut constitution, Miss."

"Damn the constitution! I'm thinking of my poor tummy."

"A mere two quarts."

"Nooooooh! Oh no, oh Fellowes! I can't! I'll die!"

"I have well lubricated the nozzle, Miss. Your legs are most adequately parted. I anticipate no difficulty."

"Whip me instead, oh please!"

"You have a tendency to harp on your preference for the whip, Miss. I suspect you are either becoming inured to its impact or are fostering an erotic enjoyment."

"Oh Fellowes, how on earth can anyone enjoy being whipped?"

"Lady Turnipfield employed her second gardener to flog her regularly every Tuesday, M'Lady. She found it a stimulating prelude to coitus."

Emily perceptibly brightened. "Oh well, in that case I'm only too willing. How many strokes for a good screw?"

"I fear you are missing the point of my story, M'Lady."

"Lady Turnipfield sounds like a very sensible woman, Fellowes. Didn't you have a go at her, too?"

"I was only third footman at that time, Miss. My status did not warrant the familiarity."



"Your status is fine with me, Fellowes old boy," Lady Emily tittered. "What say you screw me first and then give me stroke for stroke. Seems a fair offer?"

"-And one I will take advantage of at another time, M'Lady. Your thought has unusual logic, a certain sporting appeal."

"Let's do it now, Fellowes. Just think! Every time you hose me one I'll later get a whack with the whip for it."

"An entrancing thought, Miss. I am sure it will inspire my control--when the time comes. At the moment we have no leisure for dalliance."

"You do find the funniest names for things, Fellowes! When you screw me am I being 'dallied'?"

"You have a pleasing sense of the comic, Miss. And now... if you will permit me... "

"Permit! Oh Fellowes! Oh! Oh! Oh! Help! Oh jeeppers! Wow! No, no, no! I'm having a baby backwards."

"A colourful but inaccurate corollary, Miss. You may now temper your importunities. The nozzle is fully inserted."

"I can feel it touching my tonsils. Gee-whiz!"

"I will now turn on the flow, M'Lady."

"Don't bother. Let's talk awhile."

"It is no trouble, M'Lady. I am glad to be of service."

* * *

"What's old Hardweapon thought up for me this time, Fellowes? Isn't it about time we were going home? Or has the rotter got some sort of baroque dungeon for me, too?"

"You will be glad to hear this is the last of your tribulations, M'Lady. An overnight stay here is not contemplated. If your behavior remains exemplary you will enjoy complete freedom on our return to Bondsleigh Castle."

"And if I ink my blotter?"

"The dungeon, Miss. With chains."

Emily sighed. "I will try, honest I will, Fellowes. I sure would like to sleep in a bed again instead of on cold stone."

"In that case we have an incentive, Miss, for you to place yourself face down on this table. Sir Hubert has achieved a fine curvilinear composition."

"What's that beastly looking metal affair?"

"It accommodates your ankles, Miss. It is adjustable."

"Well apart, I bet! I don't like the look of it."

"If you will cross your wrists please, I must tie them at your back."

"Be a good chap, Fellowes, and tie 'em after I lay down. Otherwise I have to flop forward on my tits."

"Quite so, M'Lady. I am happy to oblige."

"Gee, that's tight! And laying like this without hands...!"

"Thank you, M'Lady. And now the anklets... Ah, excellent! I will raise them to the crosspiece and extend... "

"Oh dammit, go easy on that extension bit! If you spread me

any more you'll be able to see straight through. Wow!"

"I must also tie your elbows. It places additional urgencies on your breasts. You wear only one ring."

"Why the 'must'? You don't have to on my account, Fellowes. And please take off this tit ring. It frightens me."

"There, Miss, the effect on your elbows is pleasing. The nipple ring remains. As I have said... "

"Yes, I know! It makes me a good girl! Dammit, if I'm not good after today... ! By the way, Fellowes, what's this exercise all about? I don't quite follow. But if you put some sandpaper under my tits you'd have a real dilly of a torture."

"Thank you for the thought, Miss. I will pass it along to Sir Hubert. The exercise is the caning of your feet."

"What!" Lady Emily's demand was explosive.

"The soles of your feet, Miss. They are admirably exposed."

"But you mustn't! You can't! Oh Fellowes, no! I won't be able to walk home."

"We are conveyed in a carriage, M'Lady."

"No, it's too awful. I forbid you! Oh gosh!"

"I can understand your perturbation, Miss. But look upon the discomfort as a Grande Finale. One final tribute to Sir Hubert's concern for feminine delinquency."

"Piss on Sir Hubert! Oh Fellowes...!"

"I have delayed this infliction to the last, Miss, in the awareness of its taxing strain on your composure."

"That's a bloody fine way to describe my agony. Please, Fellowes, don't cane the bottoms of my feet. The last time you did it I thought I'd die. If I'd have known I wouldn't have laid down so carelessly."

"Sir Hubert values this test, Miss. He wishes to know how well the pedestal withstands your struggles. He has other refinements in mind... certain insertions...!"

"Do I get 'em now?"

"No, Miss. The caning of your soles will suffice."

"You make it sound like a light lunch. I say, Fellowes, I can't possibly stand to have my feet whipped. I can't! Be a dear and cane my bottom instead. I'll struggle like fury. I promise."

"You are most kind. But we must strive for authenticity. I will administer the blows at well-spaced intervals. We may then return to your ancestral home. I now begin."

"Wahhhhhhh! Brrrrrh! Ohhhhh!"

"You will be glad to know the metal frame is absorbing your writhings without a quiver, M'Lady."

"Piss on the metal frame! Don't hit me again! Don't... don't!"

"If you prefer a more rapid tempo, Miss?"

"Wha! Wow! Ugggggh! No! Stop! Oh shit!"

"That calls for two on your bottom, Miss."

"Go ahead. It will be a pleasant change. Wahhhh!"

"I am proud of you, M'Lady. You have accepted three on each foot and two on your bottom. Your fortitude is praiseworthy."

"I didn't know I had any. And I haven't accepted anything--it's all been forced on me. Is it over now?"

"No, Miss, it is just beginning. The prelude is over."

"Fellows, at the end: promise to screw my lifeless corpse?"

"I am not a student of necrophilia, M'Lady. But I am now prepared to consider such congress with a live body. There is now the matter of the head harness with gag."

"Oh Fellowes darling, you're going to fuck me?"

"I find the term offensive, Miss. But, yes. I feel both Sir Hubert and I owe you tribute."

"Is Sir Hubert Hardweapon going to fuck me too! Oh, goody!"

"No, Miss. You are unduly optimistic. He is not present. May I, however, assure you of my full endeavor to please."

"Oh, Fellowes, I do love you! How many have my poor little tootsies got to suffer before I turn over?"

"Twelve more on each foot, M'Lady. A severe tax. It totals fifteen on each. If Sir Hubert's invention survives your contortions it will have been well tested."

"I suppose my feet don't matter?"



"You have something to look forward to, Miss. And now the gag."

"Oh Fellowes, I know I'm going to nearly die. You will give me one of your best fucks, won't you?"

"Indubitably, Miss."

"You're so sweet to me, Fellowes dear. See, I'll open my mouth ever so wide for the gag."

"Thank you, Miss. It is always a pleasure to punish you. I will get all these straps as tight as possible. The gag ring behind your teeth is an admirable silencer."

"Guggggg!"

"There! All in good order! We may now resume the caning of the soles of your feet. I am sure you are ready?"

"Uggggggh!"

"Thank you, Miss. By the way, I trust there will be no disappointment for you in the forthcoming sexual congress we now plan. I intend to follow your suggestion of stroke for stroke?"

"Glug, glug."

"Thank you, M'Lady. I knew you would concur."

"Glug... glug... glug... !!!"

THE END

