

FELLOWES 13

NUDE NOBILITY

PUBLISHED BY H.O.M.

ADULTS ONLY

\$3.50



Fellowes 13: Nude Nobility

by F. E. Campbell

Illustrations: Ashely

Lord Halibut sighed gently in a contented knowledge that all was well in the best of all possible worlds. His rose garden bloomed. His cucumbers had won a blue ribbon at the local horticultural show. His sister had after a protracted visit gone home and left him in peace. His castle basked in the sunlight of a July day. The only discordant note in the halcyon setting was Crumpet the gardener who surveyed him dourly.

"Fair put out she is, yer Lordship. Wants ter get out o' that there cage she does right proper," said Crumpet dubiously.

"Spirited little filly, young Emily," Lord Halibut acknowledged complacently. A mental image of his granddaughter behind bars was deeply satisfying. "Been running wild while her aunt was here. Needs the bit again. Fellowes is taking over again now that dratted woman has gone. Where did you say he's got her?"

"In them there dog kennels, yer Lordship. She's in one o' the cages. The big one."

"Splendid fellow! Firm hand, y'know! Do Emily a world of good. Marvelous girl but flighty. Needs the whip! I say, Crumpet, those cages were cleaned...?"

"As a whistle, yer Lordship. But it's the indignity, like. Real huffy with me she were. Proper sharp." Crumpet shuffled his feet. The full portent of his news was yet to come. "Made me an indecent offer so she did. Proper shocked I was."

Lord Halibut was startled. "Good gracious, man, you haven't let her out...?"

Crumpet looked grieved. "Course I ain't, M'Lord. But right surprised I were an' all. Lovely young lady like 'er. Piece o' arse she offers. Just to undo that there padlock."

Lord Halibut brightened. All was well. "I'll report the matter to Fellowes," he promised. "Fellowes is the man. Knows just the right thing." Lord Halibut considered his gardener's report.

"Those offers, eh! Saucy little baggage! Pay no attention, what! That's the drill. Unlock that door and you won't see her for dust. Not worth the candle really... having to chase her and all that... I say, Crumpet, I've been wondering about those parsnips... "

* * *

The Honourable Lady Emily Halibut clutched the heavy wire mesh and peered out hopefully at a world which, at the moment, offered few possibilities of escape. She was pinning her hopes on the gardener's helper, a susceptible youth who had not yet happened to come within sight of her shameful incarceration. She was an exuberant child who shared her grandfather's benign conviction that the world was wonderful. True, her fortunes were, at the moment, at a low ebb and the prospect of a resumption of Fellowes' training regime further darkened her horizon. But she felt certain something would happen. Something did! The ambling figure of Lord Halibut

made its appearance down the path.

"Look what that man's done to me!" she declaimed indignantly when the elderly Peer stood and surveyed his only granddaughter. "He put me in here early this morning. I can't get out. And it's cold."

"Why not put some clothes on, m'dear?" inquired Lord Halibut absently.

"Oh Grandpa!" Emily stamped a bare foot on bare concrete in exasperation and winced accordingly. "Fellowes took my clothes away with him. I haven't a stitch."

"So I notice," said Lord Halibut peering as though noting the feminine attributes within the cage for the first time. "But it's warming up nicely. Be a hot day. Splendid chap, Fellowes!"

"But Grandpa! A dog kennel!"

"Got rid of the dogs years ago," Lord Halibut pointed out. "Got it nicely to yourself. Used to keep the deerhounds in that cage if I remember right."

"It's awful!"

"If you'd prefer one of the others I expect Fellowes would oblige."

"Oh Grandpa, you know that's not what I mean!" The bare breasts of Lady Emily quivered in indignation. "It's out in the open like this. Crumpet came and looked at me not long ago. I didn't know which way to turn."

"Made him an offer, I hear."



Emily wiggled her bottom petulantly. "Well, I've got to get out of here somehow. I didn't realize he was that old... It's

probably his arthritis." She eyed Lord Halibut hopefully. "I say, Grandpa, wouldn't you like to let me out? I'd be ever so good."

"I don't have the key," said Lord Halibut promptly.

"I'm sure Fellowes would give it to you. But I think it's hanging on the wall round where I can't see it."

Lord Halibut pretended to search. "I can't see it either," he affirmed mendaciously. "Have to stay here, m'girl. What time does the horn sound?"

"If you're referring to when I start getting tortured again, I think it's sometime after lunch," his granddaughter replied coldly. "Fellowes said something about whipping me."

"Getting back on course, dear girl," Lord Halibut approved warmly. "Pick up the slack, eh! Now your aunt's gone. You'll feel better when you've had a sound trouncing."

"But Grandpa! I feel better now! Being whipped doesn't make me feel better at all. It's terrible! Especially the way Fellowes wallops me. Do I have to be whipped? I mean, couldn't I write 'I've been a bad girl' a hundred times instead?"

"Not the same thing at all, m'girl, and you know it!"

"How about a thousand... ? It would take me simply ages?"

"No good at all!" Lord Halibut eyed her shrewdly. "You can't tell me you don't feel a little maidenly decorum creeping in when Fellowes attends to you?"

Emily giggled. "What a funny way of putting it!" She blushed very slightly. "Or do you mean do I make good resolutions to behave! Of course I do. I'd behave beautifully now if you'd let

me out."

"Nothing like the crop on a filly's rump," Lord Halibut affirmed. "Keeps her tractable. Counteracts the oats."

"Oh Grandpa! Fancy calling a girl's bottom a... that word you said! And you know I don't eat oats. How about giving me your handkerchief so I could cover up my pussy?"

"It won't catch cold," her grandparent said severely. "Besides, I've been looking at it for the last five minutes."

"But you sort of don't see it. Fellowes doesn't either. But poor Crumpet couldn't see anything else. I did think of putting my hand over it, but I didn't like to embarrass the poor chap."

"Well, you don't have to stand the way you are, spread out against the wire as though you're trying to keep it warm," Lord Halibut pointed out reasonably. "Couldn't you turn your back, or sit down, or something?"

"But, Grandpa, you know perfectly well all prisoners clutch the bars and peer through them looking for rescue. I'm only doing the conventional thing. I think it's expected of me."

"Needn't carry it to extremes, m'girl. You know you're not going to be rescued. Idea's damn silly."

"Well, a girl never knows," Emily opined sagely. "If that delivery boy just happened... I bet those poor deerhounds walked up and down and stuck their snouts in the wire just the way I'm doing. I know how they felt. Can't you ask Fellowes to go a bit easy on me this time?"

"I have given him carte blanche," said Lord Halibut grandly. "At the end of the vacation you will be a model of deportment."

"At the end of the vacation I'll be striped like a zebra, using a crutch and with one arm in a sling," the Honourable Emily affirmed dolorously. "Please, Gran'dad, tell him not to whip me first thing. He's so terribly thorough." She brightened with inspiration. "Tell him to give me six of the best on my bottom with the cane instead. That's bad enough."

"Petition the Stewards yourself, dear girl," suggested Lord Halibut affably. "I can see him coming now. I'm sure he'll listen."

"Listen is all he will do!" Emily said irritably. She felt that at times her revered grandparent was a great trial. She fixed the stately approach of the butler with a jaundiced eye. Hope dwindled.

"Glad you showed, Fellowes," Lord Halibut said with obvious relief. "We were talking about you."

"I am gratified my advent is opportune, M'Lord."

"Gel seems worried about getting whipped, eh."

"I had considered a light whipping a suitable re-introduction to training, M'Lord."

"Light, Fellowes!"

"On the soles of her feet, sir. It is most salutary."

"Splendid, splendid!" Lord Halibut heaved a sigh of relief. "For a moment thought you were slipping. Soles of her feet! Well, well!"

"Grandpa, don't let him! Don't you dare!" Emily wailed.

"Marvelous weather we're having, Fellowes," Lord Halibut observed, suddenly deaf.

"Exceptionally clement, Sir."

"Not on the soles of my feet!" Emily's voice was piteous. "Suppose I'd better be going," Lord Halibut consulted his watch. Have to see a man... Best of luck, old chap. And you too, Emily m'girl." He departed at an accelerated amble.

The Honourable Emily watched his departure sadly. If only he had been the delivery boy... ! She sighed, remembering something about a moment of truth. No doubt this would be it. "Of course you were joking, Fellowes?" she asked brightly but without hope.

"It is not a pleasantry, Miss. I was never more serious."

"You mean to stand there and tell me you're going to beat the soles of my feet! How can you!"

"The method is simple, Miss. I have only to tie... " Emily risked another injury by once more stamping her foot in exasperation. "You know I don't mean that! I'm talking about your conscience."

"It is clear and unblemished, Miss."

"It would be!" Emily said bitterly. She cocked a thoughtful eye. "I know all about your honour and all that jazz. And I know you're going to enjoy me anyway. But there has to be something...?"

"You are seeking to impugn my rectitude with a bribe, Miss?"

"Well, there must be something I can do! Don't you collect

butterflies or stamps, or whatnot?"

"I am a philatelist of long standing, Miss."

"Oh goody! That means you collect stamps, doesn't it. They sell the loveliest packets down at the Village shop for two shillings. How about one of those?"

"Must I assume your evaluation of your posterior is a mere florin, Miss?"

"Oh alright then! They've got one there for seven and six. How would that do?"

"Would you happen to know the whereabouts of a triangular cape, Miss? I would value one."

The Honourable Emily giggled. "The only triangle I know is the one staring you in the face right now. Won't that do?"

"The one to which I refer, Miss, does not nourish a hirsute growth."

"I wouldn't mind shaving it." Emily was anxious to please. The butler closed his eyes as though in pain. "Really, Miss! Wouldn't it be much simpler to thankfully receive what I am about to impart?"



"Thankful! On the soles of my feet! I say, Fellowes, you're not going to do it to me in this beastly dog kennel, are you?"

"We will adjourn to more suitable quarters, Miss. I suppose it

would be unduly sanguine to hope for docility?"

"You don't jolly well expect me to flit light-heartedly to my doom, do you!"

"I took the liberty of bringing handcuffs, Miss. Perhaps if I insert them beneath the door you would be kind enough to put them on? At the back if you would be so kind."

"You know where you can insert your handcuffs, Fellowes."

"In that case, Miss, I will say adieu. I will return tomorrow." Lord Halibut's butler strode purposefully away, but was halted by a piteous wail. "Oh Fellowes-s-s-s! Hey, don't leave me! Oh dammit!" When he once again stood before the wire the Lady Emily was struggling in haste with the metal on her wrists behind her back. She eyed him balefully. "There! I hope you're satisfied! I've clicked them on all by myself. I think you're horrid!"

"If you would be so kind as to turn, Miss, and allow me to inspect..." Emily snorted but did as bid. "So you don't trust the word of a Halibut!" she haughtily accused.

The old family retainer approached the cage and eyed his charge's work reproachfully. "Really, Miss, it is only too obvious you have left them far too loose. You could effect an escape at will. Tighter if you please."

Emily snorted again, but produced a couple of clicks.

"You are taxing my indulgence, Miss. They are still far too loose. I fear your sincerity is questionable."

Angered and chagrined, the caged girl pushed and clasped. A series of satisfying clicks rewarded her efforts. "There!" she

said defiantly. "They both hurt and they're on far too tight and I couldn't get them off in a hundred years and I hope you're satisfied and I think you're frightfully unkind." She was close to tears. "Thank you, Miss. I will unlock the door."

Wrists firmly linked behind her back, the Lady Emily strode forth to meet her fate. She hoped she looked suitably dramatic.

* * *

"It is a punishment hallowed by centuries of usage, Miss." Fellowes pulled tight the last buckle and looped the strap.

Emily snorted. "Hallowed!" She endowed the word with infinite scorn. "Bloomin' torture, that's what it is." Her voice sobered. "It's going to hurt me something awful, isn't it?" she asked pathetically.

"You will find it most trying, Miss."

"But, Fellowes! When they started this bastinado thing long ago didn't they just lightly rap and rap for a long, long time until the poor girl went crackers?"

"So I understand, Miss. I regret we do not have the time. My other duties are pressing."

"I don't mind waiting. I say, must my wrists stay handcuffed behind my back like this? I can't see it does much good. With my knees strapped and my ankles strapped so my poor feet stick up staring at you I can't possibly get loose or do anything."

"That is always open to question, Miss. I think it preferable that you remain as you are."

"You would! Can't you see I'm laying square on my tits!"

"It will do them no harm, Miss. I have spread a rug."

"That isn't what I mean! If you'd take these handcuffs off I could rest on my elbows and then you'd be able to see my breasts and nipples. You do like my breasts and nipples, don't you, Fellowes?"

"It is an aesthetic gratification I must forego, Miss."

The Honourable Emily was acutely aware that time was short. She had never been more vulnerable. She could not move her feet or legs. They were rigidly held with her small unblemished soles staring innocently at the ceiling awaiting the slicing cuts of the waiting cane. Her fertile mind was busy seeking any tactic of delay when her universe was shattered by a blaze of agony beyond expectation, almost beyond belief. She screamed a pealing cry of protest and arched her back in frantic struggles to dissipate the pain. Her legs and feet did not move.

When at last her gasping sobs relaxed enough for speech she had but a single thought: "I can't stand it, Fellowes. I'm going to die."

"No funeral arrangements are contemplated, Miss."

"That's because you don't know how it hurts. I can't possibly manage another. You may as well undo my feet so you can whip me some sensible way."

"This is eminently sensible, Miss."

Emily was distraught. "You don't mean you're going on with it! You can't possibly, y'know. How long do I have between strokes...?"

Her question was answered by the cane. Her other foot was shattered to the winds. Fellowes watched the convolutions of her anguished nudity with an esoteric eye. Using a fine judgment he allowed the writhings to subside to exactly that point at which the Honourable Emily might become articulate, then struck again. He deemed it prudent that her moans and blandishments be delayed until after the final stroke. The pleas of Lady Emily in pain might touch the heart of even the most hardened butler. And Fellowes was a kindly man.

Emily herself had no hope of survival. She screamed steadily and produced remarkable contortions for a girl so tightly bound. Her breasts were off the floor more than they were on it. Her frantic glances over her shoulder disclosed only the grave features of a dedicated man intent upon his attentions to her feet. On such occasions Fellowes cautiously avoided meeting her eye. Emily wondered which stroke would bring about her untimely demise. She hoped it would be soon. She was irritated by her inability to faint. When, after centuries of agony, the swishing cane ceased its cutting of her soles she lay moaning and annoyed by an absence of drama. Save for her wounded feet she appeared to be in one piece and in tolerable health. She announced her return to life by saying flatly: "I suppose you realise I shall never walk again!"

"An overstatement, Miss."

"You must rush me to the hospital."

"An absence of symptoms would ensure your immediate discharge."

"Where are you off to, Fellowes? You're not going to leave me in this awful position are you!"

"A pause for reflection only, Miss. I shall return in an hour and administer one more on each foot. A final benediction."

"Fellowes-s-s-s! You can't! You can't possibly. Oh no-o-o-o-o!"
The Honourable Emily watched the departure of the family butler 'with anguished eyes. Her cup of anguish was brimming over. But, thirty minutes later, the appearance of a cheerful Lord Halibut instilled fresh hope.

"Wonderful position, m'dear. Splendid chap, Fellowes! Where is he?"



"Oh, Grandpa, thank heavens you've come! He forgot to untie me before leaving. Please hurry!"

"What's the hurry, m'gel?"

"You must rush me to the hospital."

Lord Halibut was perturbed. "What's the matter, m'dear. Off your oats?"

"No, silly, it's my feet!"

Lord Halibut gave his full attention to the punished members. Peering intently he came up with the most heartless query his granddaughter had ever heard. "What's the matter with 'em?"

"They're cut to shreds. I may never walk again."

The elderly Peer had another look. "Seem alright to me. I expect they smart a bit."

"Well, anyway, you can take off these beastly handcuffs."

"Don't have the key, m'dear."

"You never have a key! Oh Grandpa! Don't you feel sorry for me?" Emily turned her full feminine wistfulness up to the last notch. "Don't you love me anymore?"

"Of course I love you, child!" Lord Halibut affirmed stoutly, sensing a trap.

"Then you must let me loose!" Emily was triumphant.

Lord Halibut was aware of pitfalls. "You don't turn a filly out to grass in the middle of training," he hedged.

"And you don't handcuff her front feet behind her back either!" Emily retorted petulantly. "Tell you what, Grandpa: Explain to Fellowes that Pm now completely reformed and he can let me

loose. Tomorrow you can take me up to London and we'll have a simply gorgeous time."

"You just said you couldn't walk," Lord Halibut pointed out unsportingly. "And anyway I have to meet that chap who's doing the fencing job in the paddock." He backed away defensively. "Glad you're bearing up so well, Emily, gel... Doing you a world of good." He made good his escape.

Lady Emily watched his departure with lackluster eyes, then relaxed in her bonds with comforting daydreams of all the flowers on her grave.

* * *

It was a most excellent dungeon. The Honourable Emily sat upon its floor and rattled her chains. First one, then another. They were many. It was the only diversion left to her. Her greeting when the door at last swung open was genuinely sincere. "Oh, Fellowes, I'm so glad you've come. All these chains make me feel like the anchor on the Queen Mary."

"I trust they have induced sober thought, Miss."

"And all those ghosts! I had to keep my eyes closed... "Psychic phenomena is a delusion, Miss."

"You're letting me loose now, aren't you?"

"We are about to start your day of training, Miss. We must not lose ground. If you will permit..."

"I don't think I'm going to like this, Fellowes. I mean: do you really have to strap my ankles up to my thighs like that! It's... it's sort of indecent. Didn't some actor chappie endure this so he could walk on his knees?"

"A Mister Ferrar in his portrayal of Toulouse Lautrec, Miss. I have something similar in mind."

"Walk around on my knees! Oh Fellowes, you're bizarre! And I've told you before how it hurts when you tie my elbows together like this! Tying my wrists would be plenty. I couldn't possibly get loose. What say we have an intermission!"

"We have scarcely started our day, Miss."

"We can have another one later. You'll be ready again by then."

"If you will pardon me, Miss, I find your reference to my 'readiness' distasteful. If you will allow me... "

"I don't see why you have to make everything tighter just because I asked you to fuck me." Emily was aggrieved. "After all, it was a pretty good offer. Ouch! That hurts horribly."

"I envisage a quite simple ensemble for your morning, Miss. If I may take the liberty I will assist you to an erect posture while I pull the rope at the back to raise your arms and hands. Ah, thank you, Miss! A most becoming configuration."

"It's not becoming at all! It's awful! Oh Fellowes! You've got my hands raised halfway to the ceiling. I'm all bent forward. And my knees... ! Fellowes... ! I'm standing on my knees. Fellowes...!"

"A trying situation. Miss, which I am sure you will bear with your usual fortitude. A character building experience."

"Character my arse! What about my knees!"

"They support your weight, Miss. I am sure you will not wish to

add to the stress of your shoulders."

"Oh Fellowes! I'd be awfully rude to you if I dared. But honest! Not on my knees like this all morning! They're killing me already."

"You must counter the discomfort with ennobling thoughts, Miss. I have found Socrates most helpful."

He wouldn't be so bloody helpful if he was a naked girl with her arms hoisted up behind her back and having to stand on her knees because some blighter had strapped her ankles to her thighs. "How about letting me have one leg down?"

"If I may say so, it would impair the symmetry of your most excellent figure, Miss."

"Do you really like my body, Fellowes?"

"It is superb, Miss."

"In that case let me loose and we'll... Ouch! What did you do that for?"

"I recognized the imminence of another of your indelicate propositions, Miss. I would be grateful if you would refrain from identifying your pudendum as the carrot and myself as the donkey. It ill befits our social status."

"Wouldn't you like a piece of tail?"

"If I may be so bold, Miss, I would say this is neither the place nor the posture."

"It might be fun. Let's try."

"Perhaps I should leave you now, Miss. Your mood is becoming puckish."

"Don't let's spell that with a 'p', Fellowes. And if you think I'm enjoying this you're nuts! I can't possibly stay in this awful twist all morning."

"Your negative convictions have yet to be realised, Miss. If I may say so you bear up remarkably well in this course of training." Emily took stock. It was a small task. Fellowes was gone. Lord Halibut was unlikely to again expose himself to her allure. The morning stretched ahead. She reflected bitterly that stretched was the right word. In the few minutes since the butler's departure the full menace of the thing done to her was making itself felt. Most of her hurt! She understood that to suffer pain was implicit in her delinquency. It was something she managed to do with some degree of nonchalance while someone was present. But suffering alone and in silence and without knowledge of the passage of time was something else again. It was not long before the tears came. Tears which fell one by one onto the stone which her bent and strained position enabled her to see. Which was, in fact, almost her entire view. Rejecting Socrates, the Honourable Emily had herself a good cry and gave her mind to pleasant anticipations of sexual enjoyments.



"Little filly's coming along well, Fellowes?" Lord Halibut asked happily.

"I am not entirely satisfied, M'Lord. Miss Emily possesses a

remarkable resilience, and there are limits to the degrees of discomfort I feel it advisable to impose."

"Are you sure you cane her bottom enough?" Lord Halibut inquired helpfully. "Was looking at it this morning. Plenty of scope left, I'd say. Her bottom's the place in my opinion."

"The gluteal region is admirably adapted to impact, M'Lord. But it also absorbs inflictions with less distress."

"Gluteal!" Lord Halibut groped. His education, though costly and prolonged, had been roughly divided into two endeavors. Up to about the age of nineteen he had pursued sports, and thereafter had pursued an endless succession of chorus girls. Neither had advanced his vocabulary. "You're far ahead of me, old chap."

"She sits on it, M'Lord."

"Ah, her arse, her bottom, her rump, of course, of course!" Lord Halibut was back on solid ground. "Give her six of the best every hour, eh!"

"Such a concentration on so localized an area might engender resentment, M'Lord. It would also have a deleterious effect upon her epidermis."

"Eh!" Lord Halibut was startled. "Well, I expect you're right," he said hastily. "Carry on, eh! I'm sure you know the best places."

"Quite so, sir. Thank you, sir."

"My knees are all red, Fellowes. They'll probably need an operation to put them right."

"I think it unlikely, Miss."

"Maybe you do, but I don't! And my shoulders! I'll have to go to one of those bone-crusher Johnnies to get my arms back in their sockets."

"If I may say so, Miss, you are a fine example of British womanhood in perfect health."

"Humph! So you're not going to untie my hands?"

"No Miss."



"I say, Fellowes, that was a ripping intermission, wasn't it!"

"Deeply enjoyable, Miss."

"Deeply! Oh I like that! Well put, Fellowes! Well put. I say, y'know, that's a pun. Could we have another intermission this afternoon?"

"Much would depend on your behaviour, Miss."

"You mean if I'm a good girl and let you tie me up in some awful way without struggling I can get screwed again?"

Fellowes winced. "A less explicitly succinct reference would be more seemly, Miss."

"I'm sure it would," Emily agreed vaguely. "But I'm ready if you are."

"For a resumption of your punishment, Miss?"

"That wasn't what I meant. But if I have to I have to. How do you want me to arrange myself? See! I'm going to be ever so good."

"I am most grateful, Miss. As a matter of fact your afternoon is to be devoted to one of the more basic British institutions." The Lady Emily took a deep sigh. "Don't tell me. I can guess. My poor bottom is going to be caned again?"

"Lord Halibut places great confidence in the cane, Miss. It is without doubt an estimable medium of correction."

"If that means it hurts like Billy-O, you're right," said Emily bitterly. "I say, Fellowes, how many this time? Couldn't we just leave it at one of Grandpa's 'six of the best' and then have another intermission? Intermissions are frightfully super when my bottom's on fire."

"A more repetitive pattern is contemplated, Miss. It is to be

repeated hourly."

Emily glowed. "That's a spiffing idea! Who thought of it?"

"The caning, Miss. Not the intermission."

"Oh! I should have known. Must I bend over?"

"It is customary, Miss."

"Well, don't let's be hidebound. It doesn't hurt half so much when I'm standing up. Please let me stand up, Fellowes."

"Your appeal is touching, Miss. I will accede to it in alternate hours."

"Cor blimey, Fellowes, you must have felt the fatal allure of my sex, or something! That's the first time you've ever let me off anything. Not thinking of proposing marriage, are you?"

"It would be a misalliance, Miss. I know my place."

"But you would like to though! Think of all the intermissions we could have! Be a good chap and untie my hands."

"Matrimony should be based on a firmer premise, Miss."

"Well, I'll inherit the castle, y'know. And there's quite a lot of money. And we can get another butler. And I'd still let you cane me on your birthday."

"Why my birthday, Miss?"

"Well, it saves buying you a present, and you do enjoy it. You can't tell me you don't. Please untie me. You don't need my hands tied in order to cane my bottom."

"With your hands tied you are much less contentious, Miss. I deem it wise that they remain bound."

"If we got married I wouldn't have to go through with this rotten training, would I?" Emily glimpsed an uncharted land without pain.

"Our nuptials are hypothetical, Miss. But, assuming them real, I am quite sure both myself and his Lordship would deem it expedient that you finish the course."

"In that case there wouldn't be any point in us getting married, silly! Which of those beastly canes are you going to use on me?"

"I am considering the yellow rattan, Miss."

"What an awful collection! Are they all for me?"

"I know of no other beneficiary, Miss. Perhaps you would like to make your own selection?"

The Honourable Emily glowed. "You see! You do like me," she cooed. "If you'll untie me I'll hug you. I'll have that thin black one, there's less of it."

"Not a judicious choice, Miss," Fellowes sighed.

"It looks a jolly sight better than that yellow peril," Emily affirmed. "How do I have to make my poor tortured bottom available?"

"The 'T' pedestal please, Miss."

"That awful thing where I'm draped over it like a wet sack and

my shoulders get strapped to my thighs so my bum's as tight as a drum."

"An apt simile, Miss. Now, if you will be so kind... "

"Oh alright! There! I'm in position. I do feel foolish! Fancy doing this willingly! And my feet are off the floor... Oh Fellowes, you'll have to untie my hands or I'm going to slip on over on my head."

"The strap I am buckling now will obviate that hazard, Miss."

"Oh, Fellowes, I'm done up like a safety pin. Look, do be a dear and reconsider that marriage thing. I'm sure Grandpa wouldn't mind. It would get me off his hands. Oh, not so tight! I can't move."

"Would you like to be gagged, Miss?"

"So I won't scream? The noise doesn't bother me if you can stand it. I'll try and keep it to one good one for each lick. Be a dear and space 'em out a bit. You're going to start, aren't you! I can see you flexing it. Oh golly..."

Fellowes watched with a critical eye as the crimson line formed and deepened and raised itself into relief across the twin cheeks of Emily's bottom. Her scream was still echoing in the stone chamber. Her fingers, toes and head all attested to her distress. As the scream gave way to moans, and the moans to gasps, he awaited the inevitable.

"Oh Fellowes I didn't know! I mean... that cane... ! I'd no idea. It's cut me terribly, hasn't it? I can feel the blood. Oh jeepers...!"

"I am happy to report a total absence of gore, Miss."

"You must be wrong. Look again. That's impossible... You mustn't use it on me anymore. I'll die! I'm frightfully sorry to be a bother. But please change back again."

"You prefer the yellow rattan, Miss?"

"Oh dammit yes! You don't mind, do you?"

"You made a free choice, Miss. In the structuring of character we must bear the onus of our mistakes."

"That thing isn't an onus. It's something Satan invented."

"He is not in that line of trade, Miss. With your permission we will try again."

As the second vermilion bar engorged its welt on the virginity of Emily's behind her vocalizing reached new heights. It was at this moment the door opened to admit Lord Halibut. "Thought I'd just drop in," he offered indifferently, taking a good look at the female bottom reared for his inspection. "My word, they're a pair of beauties, I must say!"

' "Thank you, M'Lord."

"Grandpa! Make him stop! Make him use the yellow one instead. Oh Grandpa... do something!" Emily was forever hopeful.



"Seems to be doing very well as he is, dear gel. Rectitude and character forming at every pore, I expect."

"I'm dying! He's killing me! That awful cane!"

"You do carry on so, m'girl! Now, when I was a boy at Eton... "

"We've all heard that one, Grandpa. Remember it's my bottom that's getting this little lot. And I'm a girl, not some horribly grubby little boy."

"I say, Emily m'girl, bad form, what!" Lord Halibut bristled. "I say, Fellowes, hand me that cane."

"With pleasure, M'Lord."

"I didn't mean it, Grandpa! Honest! Oh dear! Oh please! I'm sure you weren't grubby. Oh please don't... Wow-w-w-w! Ugh-h-h-h...!"

"You must be taught respect." The pink-cheeked nobleman was every inch a Peer. The cane made a second snickering hiss through the air.

"Ah-h-h-h-h... ! I'll be good! I will, I will! Oh-h-h-h... ! Not again, oh please not again. Oh Grandpa!"

"Horrible little boy, eh!" His Lordship's arm swept back for the third time. His etchings on the palpitating feminine flesh bared and fastened for his convenience fully equaled the vivid evidence of his butler's work.

"Wah-h-h-h-h! Grugggh-h-h-h-h! I didn't mean it! I didn't! Oh stop... ! Stoppit! I'll behave. I'll be a good girl... Oh dammit! Oh!"

"Really, Emily, I begin to despair. Can't impose on poor Fellowes forever, y'know." Once more the cane sang.

"Yah-h-h-h... ! Help-p-p-p... ! Oh yes... oh yes, I'm hopeless! I

know... and I do too try! To be good, I mean! Oh, I will be good! You won't recognize me. I'll be an angel! Don't hit me again."

"You're a preposterous little baggage!"

"Oh yes Grandpa! I'm a baggage... anything! Oh dear I'm dying. My bottom's cut to pieces! I'll never be able to sit down. Can I be untied now? Oh... oh... oh... "

"Six of the best," said Lord Halibut with satisfaction. "Four from me and two from Fellowes. No bottom more richly deserved them."



"Oh yes I'm sure it did!" Emily was in a fever to placate. "I'm sure they've done me no end of good. I can feel it already. Oh thank you for all your trouble. Can I be untied now?"

"What were your plans for her, Fellowes?"

"Her hands are tied behind her back, M'Lord. I had considered unbuckling the strap that enforces her present position and then having her stand in the corner with her face to the wall to await her next half-dozen in approximately forty-five minutes."

"Capital idea! Splendid fellow!" Lord Halibut enthused. "What d'you think of that, Emily m'girl! Got your welfare at heart, y'know."

"I suppose so," Emily agreed doubtfully. "And thank you very much." She was pathetically anxious to please. As the confining strap fell away she straightened up painfully and tugged pathetically at her bound wrists.

"No. They won't be untied!" Lord Halibut forestalled the obvious. "Over in the corner with you now."

"Yes, Grandpa." The caned girl was meekness personified. "Do I have to?"

In exasperation Lord Halibut swung and caught his reluctant granddaughter a ringing slash across her thighs. "Tight in that corner!" he ordered ferociously. "And stay there!"

"Yes Grandpa." Emily bestowed a dewy glance, both pleading and reproachful, and tripped her way rapidly to where she must stand in shame. Settling her striped nudity into its appointed niche she looked back over one shoulder with all the little-girl appeal her eyes could muster.

"Eyes right!" barked Lord Halibut. "Dammit, girl, I'm losing patience."

His granddaughter's head instantly reverted to where her eyes

could work their witchery only on the stone. "I would suggest, M'Lord, if I may be so bold, that regressions from the required stance be penalized."

"Positively inspired!" Lord Halibut enthused. "What would you propose? It'ud better carry a bit of weight."

"An instant six, M'Lord?"

"Capital! Capital! Hear that, Emily girl. Makes it easy for you: real inducement."

"Oh Grandpa!" Emily wriggled her dismay. "It's awful! It's beastly! I don't like it. I'm sure I'm going to cry, I'm so ashamed."

And suppose something happens, a noise or something, and I look round without thinking... It's not fair!"

"Reasonable allowance can be made for such contingencies, M'Lord."

"I don't think it's a bit kind," Emily wailed. But then, remembering: "But thank you very much. I'm sure you mean well."

"Think I'll stay and give you the next six myself," said Lord Halibut expansively.

"Oh no Grandpa! You mustn't! Let Fellowes do it."

"It's a pleasure, m'girl. I insist."

The Honourable Emily sighed. "Could I have my hands untied please?" she asked hopefully.

"And that's another thing," Lord Halibut said sternly. "If your hands are tied it's because they should be tied and you've jolly well asked for it. This business of accosting every passerby with a request to be untied is a fine bit of cheek. Impertinence, if you ask me. It's got to stop."

"Yes Grandpa."

"What d'you say, Fellowes old boy. Shall we give the little minx a sound half-dozen for that one too?"

"An inspired suggestion, M'Lord."

"Oh Grandpa!" In consternation, Lady Emily turned a flushed and indignant face over one shoulder.

"Yes, my dear?" Lord Halibut's tone was icy.

"But can't I say anything? I only want my hands untied."

"That request is prohibited. You have just earned your first six by turning your face from the wall. Come and get them, m'gel."

"Oh, but that's not fair! I was only talking."

"That's your trouble. Fellowes and I will give you three each. You take one cheek, Fellowes, and I'll take the other. Rapid fire, eh! Gives the little filly a chance to show what she's made of!"

"It is possible, M'Lord, Miss Emily may find it difficult to bend for so swift a correction."

"Tie her up, eh!"

"Ohhhhh! I'll be good. I'll bend over." Lady Emily sensed a

regression in her fortunes.

"The matter is easily dealt with, M'Lord. If you will be so kind, Miss, I will attach this excellent collar... "

"It's not excellent at all! Oh, Fellowes, it's a rotten chunk of iron to have round my neck, and a short little chain and so low I have to bend down."

"Precisely, Miss."

"Oh, Grandpa, this is awful. Make him unlock this horror."

"Damn fine idea, m'gel. From where I stand you're all bottom. C'mon, Fellowes me boy, you first."

"Oh please, don't start now! Give me time to think of a decent complaint. I mean, I'll think of something... Wowwwww!"

"You take the left road and I'll take the right road... " Lord Halibut sang in a faintly cracked falsetto as he swung.

"Arrrrrh! Wooops!"

The canes sang in a rapid sequence of six. The taut pubescent bottom bounced beneath the impacts. Emily's prolonged scream sufficed to do justice to the entire infliction. It was loud and came from the heart. With commendable presence of mind she headed for the shameful corner immediately her collar fell away.

"See that!" Lord Halibut said triumphantly. "The dear gel's respondin'. She wouldn't have done that an hour ago."

"I must commend your judgment, M'Lord. I have never obtained a more prompt testimony to the cane."

"Wonder if we'll have to wait an hour for the next go," Lord Halibut mused hopefully. "Should have made it every thirty minutes."

"There is a hazard of tedium, M'Lord. Though, if I may say so, Lady Emily's effervescent temperament renders the contingency improbable."

"You're being most unkind." The accusation was plaintive from the naked damsel who kept her face rigidly to the wall.

"Perhaps I might serve tea, M'Lord? I can bring a small table?"

"Capital idea, Fellowes! I'll keep an eye on the filly."

The Lady Emily, lugubriously contemplating the mellowed dungeon stone, was seriously debating the project of a few tears. Fellowes was immune, but her grandparent might be susceptible. She produced some truly heartbreaking sobs--her shoulders shook.

"Look here, m'gel, none of that nonsense. Stiff upper lip, what!" Lord Halibut was distressed but uncompromising.

"I'm so unhappy, Grandpa--and I hurt."

"Serve you right, you little baggage."

"I'm truly penitent now. I really am." The sobs intensified. "May I turn round?"

"No."



The maiden anguish rose to a pathetic wail. "Don't you love me, Grandpa?"

"Nothing to do with it!" her grandparent admonished stiffly.
"Couldn't I do something for you...?"

"Here, none of that!" Lord Halibut was genuinely shocked.
"That's all very well for a butler. But... "

"I didn't mean what you mean... Oh Grandpa... ! You make me so ashamed. I thought I could get your slippers or something."

"Don't be absurd. You make me sound like an old... " The aged Peer's indignation was cut by the return of Fellowes with table and tray. Lord Halibut sighed with relief. "Damn gel's crying her eyes out, Fellowes. Never could stand tears... "

"Indeed, M'Lord! I smell a rodent." The butler cast a stern eye upon the trembling and naked back. "Be so kind as to turn and face us, M'Lady."

There was a perceptible pause before a hesitant young woman did as she was bid. Her diffident glance betrayed a total absence of tears.

"You were abandoned to grief, M'Lady?"

Lady Emily sniffed defiantly. "I used all my tears last time. May I have a cup of tea?"

"Damn gel's been trying to hoodwink me." Lord Halibut was genuinely vexed.

Emily lost no time in returning her gaze to the corner. Her person followed. "I'll be good... I'll be good!" The promise tumbled from her lips in a cascade of apprehension. "Never mind the tea. I'll just stand still and look at the wall."

"What say, Fellowes, an immediate six?"

"I would suggest tea as a prelude, M'Lord. The watercress sandwiches... "

"May I have one please?" The feminine voice was small and frightened.

"Tea! Dammit yes! Almost forgot. And don't give her any."

"Quite so, M'Lord."

"Could I be caned a little for one sandwich?" Emily was a tryer.
"You'll be caned, m'gel, never fear."

"And perhaps a few more strokes for a cup of tea?" Emily's plea would have melted stone.

"Lady Emily has a healthy appetite. Perhaps we might accede to her suggestion, M'Lord?"

"By Jove, yes!" Lord Halibut indulged in a broad wink. "Six for a sandwich and a dozen for a cup of tea, eh! And she starts out with a round for those tears she didn't have. Splendid!"

"Please Grandpa, one free sandwich?"

Fellowes handed his master one cane and picked up the other himself. In the full majesty of office he turned to the naked back. "M'Lady, tea is served."